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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XVII.

1890-91.

Gaelic literature

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY

OF INVERNESS.

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1890-91.

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COMUNN GAELIG INBHIR-NIS.

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2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 's a' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliunan Gaidheal a dhion; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneimh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le cranncchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumadh tri buill dheug an crann a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

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5. 'S a' cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic Poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of

Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuidheachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheannamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o 'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma 's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic-speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

THE regularity of the appearance of our Annual Volumes of Transactions for the past few years has been broken on this occasion, and this, the 17th Volume, appears over half a year behind its usual time. The Publishing Committee of the Council regret that delay, but various circumstances mastered their good intentions. The Volume includes the Society's work for a year, beginning with the Annual Assembly of 10th July, 1890, and ending with the last literary meeting of the Society, on the 29th of April, 1891. The generosity of good friends has put an end to any fear hitherto expressed of financial difficulties in the publishing of these large Annual Volumes by a Society with a subscription so small. Mr Fletcher of Rosehaugh contributed £50 to the publishing fund; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, £5; Mr John Mackay, Hereford, £2 2s; and Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole, £1.

The contents of the Volume will, it is believed, bear comparison with our other Volumes of the past dozen years; but there are two novelties that require a few words of explanation. The prize of £10 given by The Mackintosh for the best essay on the "Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800," was won by Mr Polson, Dunbeath, and it is published after the regular literary work of the Society in the present Volume. Then follows Mrs Grant's translation of "William Tell" into Gaelic. This appeared originally in the columns of the *Northern Chronicle*. The Council of the Society, moved by the excellence of the translation and by the representations of members, who offered to pay any extra cost, sanctioned its publication, and the Publishing Committee have with pleasure carried out its behest.

The death of the Rev. J. G. Campbell, of Tiree, removes from the list one of our most valued contributors. The folk-tale

which he contributed to the present volume, will therefore be read with much melancholy interest. He was eminent as a folk-lorist, and had contributed largely to various periodical publications, like the *Celtic Magazine*, *Highland Monthly*, and the *Scottish Celtic Review*. Folk tales were his *forte*; and only within a few months of his death appeared his book on the *Fians*, published by Mr Nutt as the 4th Volume of the "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition." Mr Campbell, who was ordained in 1861, was long an invalid, and in his later years was confined to his bed. We do not go outside our province in recording, with much regret, the death of Dr W. F. Skene, one of our greatest Celtic scholars in all senses of the term. Celtic Scotland owes him a debt of deepest gratitude; for it was he who first and completely reversed the aspect in which Scotch and English historians, following Pinkerton and Burton, looked upon the place which the Celt holds in British history. The tangled skein of early Scottish history was, it may be said, fairly unravelled by him for the first time.

In taking our customary glance at Gaelic and general Celtic literature and antiquities, we have to record that a satisfactory amount of work—and good work, too—has been done in matters Celtic. In the summer of last year the 3rd and 4th Volumes of Mr Nutt's series of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition" appeared; the 3d Volume, entitled *Folk and Hero Tales*, was by the Rev. Mr Macdougall, of Duror, and continues the excellent series initiated in the 2nd Volume by Mr Macinnes. The 4th Volume is the late Mr Campbell's, on the *Fians*, where he has gathered together all his lore about Fionn and his men. Rev. Mr Maclean Sinclair is still continuing his Gaelic publications, and has issued the first two volumes of a collection, under the title of "Gaelic Bards." Many pieces appear in these books for the first time, and the annotations are extremely good. The most important work of the present year has been the first volume of *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, the literary remains of the late Dr Cameron of Brodick, edited by Mr A. Macbain and Rev. J. Kennedy. This volume contains a life of Dr Cameron, and all his work upon the Ossianic literature. The second volume, which will be by far the

most important, will contain the Fernaig MS., an important unpublished collection of Turner's, a glossary of Gaelic etymology, and a concise exposition of Gaelic philology and grammar (this last by Mr Macbain). The veteran scholar, Mr Hector Maclean, of Islay, has published a work upon the *Ultonian Ballads*, where he edits and translates the ballads that deal with Cuchulinn and his story. Rev. Dr Nigel Macneill has at last produced his work on the *Literature of the Highlanders*, and it does not belie the high expectations formed of it. *Tales of the Heather* is a collection of legends and romances by Mrs Mackenzie *(Scottish Highlander)*, and they have met with a great, but deserved, success. Mr Macdonald's *Place Names of Strathbogie* is an excellent contribution to topography, and contrasts strongly with Rev. Mr Johnston's *Place Names of Scotland*, published this year. In addition to the *Highland Monthly*, and the good work done by some of the weekly northern press, we have to welcome a new venture in the case of the *Celtic Monthly*, a smartly got up little magazine lately started. It is with a brotherly pleasure that we record that the Gaelic Society of Glasgow has published its first volume, which forms an excellent collection of varied work.

In general Celtic matter, the *furore* over Professor Zimmer's heresies on the Ossianic question has died down, but Celtic myths and heroic tales are left still on their trial as to their origins. Mr Alfred Nutt has a suggestive article on the progress of the last two years in this subject in September's *Folklore*. The Professor himself has devoted his energies lately rather to linguistic matters. Dr Whitley Stokes is as vigorous as ever; articles on the Picts, Cormac's and the metrical glossaries, &c., flow from his pen. Ascoli has a third instalment of his Old Irish Vocabulary (Glossarium Palaeo-Hibernicum), and Holder of his Old Celtic *Sprach-Schatz*, through the press. Professor Strachan, of Manchester, has appeared as a new Gaelic philologist of great promise, his latest being an important paper on "Compensatory Lengthenings of Vowels in Irish." M. Loth has published the words in the Brittonic tongues (Breton, Welsh, and Cornish), borrowed from Latin, and D'Arbois de Jubainville has given to the world the "Place Names in Caesar," and edited "L'Epopée

Celtique," where he gathers together in French the Irish legends. It is an excellent book, and the pity of it is that we have no corresponding work in English. He refers to Macpherson and to the Deirdre story published in our Volume XIII., which he translates into French. Professor Rhys has published his Rhind Lectures on Scottish Ethnology in book form, and been actively engaged on folklore matters lately. A third series of Windisch's *Irische Texte* has appeared, but there is nothing of Scottish interest in it. Mr Jacobs has edited for Mr Nutt a volume of *Celtic Fairy Tales*, wherein again our Society's stores have been drawn upon. Dr Kuno Meyer has published a curious gourmandising romance of Irish mediæval literature, entitled "MacConglinne's Vision," ending with a valuable vocabulary. In regard to Ireland particularly, besides two histories of the early Irish Church (Olden and Healy), several interesting works have appeared, such as Dr Hyde's *Fireside Tales*, Wakeman's *Antiquities*, Standish O'Grady's *Finn and His Companions*, Kennedy's *Legendary Fictions* (second edition), and others. In regard to periodicals, the *Revue Celtique* still takes the lead, and the *Gaelic Journal* still flourishes under Professor O'Growney's charge.

In regard to educational matters little has to be recorded, save that it is hoped the Grants in Aid given to the County Councils will be exclusively applied to the furtherance of higher education, technical as well as literary and scientific. The projected railways, with grants of public money, are in abeyance just now: save that the Highland Railway has been granted a subsidy of £45,000 towards the extension of their line from Stromeferry to Kyleakin. A Commission to inquire into the agricultural suitability of land now under deer forests has been appointed. The revival of the feeling of Celtic—or rather Gaelic—brotherhood, as evidenced by Clan Societies, shews no signs of a reaction; and it is with sincere pleasure we record the success of the great Gaelic gathering at Oban, *a la* the Welsh Eisteddfod. Our only regret is that it should be called by the very Saxon and objectionable name of *Mòd* (that is, Moot), when the good Gaelic word *Coinne* or an equivalent was at hand.

INVERNESS, *December, 1892.*

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TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Eighteenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall on 10th July, 1890. The platform was tastefully decorated, clan tartans gracefully depended from either side, surrounded by handsome stags heads and crossed swords which added to the Highland character of the decoration, and two eagles looked proudly down from their perches as if surveying a scene from their native wilds. Mr Ian M. Grant of Glenmoriston, Chief of the Society, was accompanied to the platform by the following gentlemen, a number of whom, as well as the Chief, did honour to the occasion by appearing in Highland dress:—Mr Cameron, Moniack Castle; Provost Ross; Major Baynes; Major Kemble; Mr Fraser of Millburn; Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; Rev. Mr Bentinck, Kirkhill; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr Steele, Bank of Scotland; Bailie Stuart; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr Douglas Campbell, Kilmartin; Bailie Alex. Mackenzie; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, *Scottish Highlander*; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Roderick Maclean, Ardgour; Mr William Gunn; Mr Mackintosh, secretary of the Society, and others. There was a large attendance of the members of the Society and their friends, as well as the general public.

While the company were assembling, the pipers of the Rifle Volunteers, under Pipe-Major Ferguson, perambulated the principal streets, the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, at the same time playing a selection of Highland airs in the entrance lobby. Shortly after eight o'clock the proceedings commenced by Mr Duncan Mackintosh, the secretary, intimating apologies for absence from the following gentlemen:—Sir K. S. Mackenzie of Gairloch; Cluny Macpherson; Mr Forbes of Culloden; Mr Chas. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Sir H. C. Macandrew; Sheriff Blair; Mr Baillie of Dochfour; Major

Jackson, Swordale; Major Rose, Kilravock; Dr Stewart, Nether-Lochaber; Mr J. Mackay, Hereford; Professor Mackinnon; Capt. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr W. Mackenzie, secretary, Crofters Commission; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr A. Macpherson, Kingussie; Dr Aitken; Mr P. Burgess, Drumnadrochit; Rev. A. Bisset, Fort-Augustus, and others.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said he desired to tell the meeting how much he appreciated the honour which had been conferred upon him by the Gaelic Society of Inverness in selecting him as their Chief for the year 1890, and how proud he felt in occupying the position of Chairman there that night. It afforded him personally a great deal of pleasure to see such a large audience present, which was a proof of the great interest manifested by the inhabitants of the Capital of the Highlands and others in the work of the Inverness Gaelic Society, whose object, as they all knew, was to gather together all the different relics and historic fragments belonging to their country, and also to propagate the study of the Gaelic language. He had heard it stated lately by different people that they would soon see the Gaelic language dying out in Scotland. He hoped this was quite an erroneous idea. Those people assigned as a reason the great influx of English-speaking people—tourists and sportsmen—into their remote glens, and also the way in which their children were taught in the schools now entirely in English, Gaelic being a secondary matter. He did not wish to enter into the vexed question of whether the children should be taught to read or write in Gaelic or English. He thought himself if they were taught in one subject it was almost as much as they had time for, but he believed there was a good deal in the idea that there was a danger of the Gaelic language dying out in the remote Highlands. Therefore he thought it was their duty to strive to do their best in the interests of this Society. He had himself attempted to pick up as much of the language as he could—(applause). In knowing the language they could speak to the people when they met them in private, and then they would get a much better insight into the Highland character—(applause). They would also make the people feel that they should be proud of having a language which was so honourably connected with all the deeds of their ancestors. He knew personally several Englishmen, who yearly visit the Highlands, who had taken the trouble of mastering a great part of the language, and who are able to talk to their keepers and gillies in Gaelic. He trusted a good many Scotchmen would follow their example. The Gaelic, as they all knew, was the principal cause

of the well-known patriotism of the Highlanders, and he thought it would be a national calamity if it ever died out—(hear, hear). But he was sure that as long as the members of this Society took an interest in everything that related to the historic associations of the Highlands, there was not much fear of such a state of matters occurring.

The following is Mr Sinton's address as it was delivered in Gaelic :—

'Thighearn a Ghlinne-Moireastainn, agus sibhse a chuideachd uasal, Ghaidhealach, tha cruinn an so an nochd bho iomadh gleann, agus srath, agus eilean, 's an Taobh Tuath, cha bheag an toileachadh agus an t-urram dhomhsa gun d'fhuair mi cuireadh fialaidh—cuireadh nach gabhadh diultadh—bho luchd-riaghlaidh Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis, thighinn agus 'labhairt ribh ann an cànan aosmhor nan Gaidheal far an do sheas daoine a b'urramaich, agus na b'ionnsuichte na mise anns na bliadhnaichean a dh' fhalbh. Chaidh iarraidh ormsa oraid thabhairt duibh, agus cha'n e sin a mhain, ach chaidh chuir romham gu'm bu choir domh chuir an ceil anns an oraid cheudna cia blasmhor binn's tha na h-oranan Gaidhealach. Nis, cha'n aithne dhomh ciamar ni mi so, mar seinn mi fear na dha dhiubh—agus tha fhios agaibh fein nach bitheadh so freagrach—nach cluinninn a dheireadh bho na chleir nan deanainn a leithid. Ach an nochd, cha'n 'eil feum air oraid air bi uamsa chum so leigeadh ris. Is tiamhaidh, druighteach an oraid na bheil sibh a faicinn agus a cluinntinn aig a choinneamh mhoir-sa, dol air aghaidh. Is taitneach bhi 'g eisdeachd ri fuaim nam feadan uaibhreach bu cheol deireanach ann an cluasaibh cho liuthad òg-shaighdeir Ghaidhealaich air blaraibh na Roinn-Eorpa—mar bha Coirneal Iain an Fhasfhearna a thuit air La Quatre Bras. Is taitneach bhi cluinntinn nan duanag milis o bhilibh ceolmhor, grinn—na duanagan agus na fuinn tha togail cuimhne air laithean ar n-òige, agus duisgeadh sealladh, 'math 'dh' fheudta, orra-san tha, o cheann ioma bliadhna, 'cnamh anns an uaigh—duisgeadh sealladh mar an ceudna air aitreabh gaolach air an d' thainig atharrachadh mòr. 'S iad sin na fuinn tha na Gaidhil bhlathchridheach 'seinn air machraichean Australia, agus air feadh coiltean gruamach America mu Thuath, a chleachd iad 'nuair bhitheadh iad buain an eorna, agus an arair, togal a bhuntàta, no 'cuallach na spreidhe ann an tir nam beann. Ge bu co dh' innsaidh aite an do thog an Gaidheal air, faodaidh e le firinn a rà ann am briathraibh a bhaird—

> "Mar ghath sholuis do 'm anam fein
> Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."

Gu cinnteach cha'n 'eil an diugh ach beag cearna de 'n t-saoghal far nach 'eil clanna nan Gaidheal air an sgapadh. O na cheud dol a mach anns na linntean fada o chian, dh' fhaodadh iad briathra an fhàidh ghabhail mar fhocail-shuaicheantais, "Eiribh agus imichibh, or cha'n i so bhur n-aite-comhnuidh." Ach a dhainean gach caochladh thainig orra, agus air an duthaich far am bu dual doibh a bhi, tha iad mar aon fhathasd ann an gradh bratharais ri guailibh a cheile, cumail cuimhne air na daoine bho 'n d' thainig iad, agus air na laithean bha ann; cumail cuimhne air gach fonn, agus oran, a dh' iunnsaich iad an tus bho 'n athair, bho 'm mathair, no bho 'n leannan. Gun teagamh, thainig atharrachadh air a Ghaidhealtachd agus air na Gaidhil, ach saoil sibh am bheil an t-atharrachadh so, cho mòir agus tha an t-ainme? Nach 'eil beanntan siorruidh an airde Tuath ag eirigh le am mullaichean colgarra fo cheo, agus le an leacainnean boidheach fraoich; nach 'eil gach tobar dhe fior uisge fionnar a mhonaidh, as an d' ol an sealgair a leoir, a boilsgeadh mar dhoimean ann an dearrsaibh na greine maidne; nach 'eil na h-uillt bheaga ri mireig sios air feadh sgairnich chloiche, agus a tuirling a dh' ionnsuidh an t-srath, foluichte fo bharaich uaine; nach 'eil na lochan ainmeil agus na h-aimhnichean iasgaich mar a bha; agus ioma dachaidh, eadar chaisteal agus bhothan, far a bheil clanna nan Gaidheal a' chomhnuidh 's an Taobh Tuath—am mac an ionaid athar? 'S lionar ceann-cinnidh agus ceann-tighe Gaidhealach aig a bheil coir air fearainn a shinnsearachd—tha Mac Shimi 's an Airde, tha Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh 's an Tir Abraich, tha Tighearna Chluainidh am Baideanach, tha An Toiseach 's a Mhaigh, agus tha Mac Phadruig an Gleann-a-Moireastainn, "Dhainean co Theireadh e." Agus air feadh ghleannta na Gaidhealtachd tha da na tri ceudan mile dhe fior Ghaidhil a tha labhairt an cànan matharail, agus tha gabhail tlachd anns gach oran, agus fonn, agus ann an caochladh deadh chleachda, bu mhiann le seann luchd-aiteachaidh na duthcha anns an tim o chian. Agus mar an ceudna gach samhradh agus foghar, tha na ciadan agus na miltean tighinn air chuairt o bhailtean an Taobh Deise, agus as na talmhuinnean a mach, a shealltuinn air a ghleann 's an robh iad og. Agus tha Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis, agus tha an cruinneachadh so, a dearbhadh gu soilleir ged tha na h-uile gnothuch mar a tha, gu bheil Gaidhil anns an duthaich fhathasd a ghabhas tlachd ann am fearas-chuideachd ghrinn—Agus a nis, cleas nam bard sguiridh mi mar thoisich mi. Is taitneach a bhi an so 'g eisdeachd fuaim nam piob. Is taitneach bhi cluinntinn fonn nan oran. Ach is baileach taitneach sinn bhi ann an cuideachd a cheile. A dheadh Mhic Phadruig agus a chuideachd uasal. Slan leibh.

An interesting and thoroughly Highland musical programme was gone through by a large company of performers, who were, each and all, the recipients of flattering honours from the audience, which, it is no exaggeration to say, was quite delighted with the rendering of the songs and pieces generally, and emphatically pronounced the Assembly one of the best that the Society has had. Mr Alexander Ross opened the programme with a Gaelic marching song, "Theid Sinn," which was very well rendered. Miss Clara Fraser followed with "The Maclean's Gathering," of which, with her fine voice, she made the most, and was deservedly recalled. Miss Fraser then sang "Annie Laurie" with much taste, and, at a later stage, rendered "Farewell to Fuinary" with a fullness of tone and effect that were quickly appreciated by the audience. "Mary of Argyle" was sung by Mr D. Miller with delightful expression and vocal sweetness, and, in the second part, the same cultured singer gave "Macgregor's Gathering." A couple of vocal quartets—"The tocherless lass" and "My faithful fair one"—were executed by Misses Robertson and Fraser, and Messrs Ross and Fraser. The enthusiasm of the audience was raised to a high pitch by the ably played Scotch selections—one of which was the overture to "Rob Roy"—contributed by Mrs Mackenzie of Ord (piano) and Mr W. D. Davis (violin), who were loudly recalled after each appearance. The "Nut-brown maiden" was expressively rendered by Miss Gertrude Cowan. Two stirring songs, "A man's a man for a' that" and "Blue bonnets over the border" were spiritedly sung by Mr J. A. Mackenzie, who was rewarded with loud applause. "The crooked bawbee," an old ballad arranged as a duet, was treated with such taste and sweetness of voices by Miss Kate Fraser and Mr Æneas Fraser, that it was one of the most pleasing items in the programme. "Cam' ye by Athole?" and "Maighdean Mhuile," in Gaelic, were rendered by Miss Jessie Forbes with vocal power. "Ae fond kiss," contributed by Miss Kate Fraser, displayed genuine feeling and taste on the part of the singer, who was received as a well-known favourite only is. Excellent pipe music was played during the interval between the parts by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie. Master Sutton Clark smartly danced the "Seann trubhais" and "Highland Fling." Four stalwart Gaels also gave an exhibition dance of the "Reel of Tulloch" in admirable style. The pianoforte accompaniments were played with much taste by Miss C. Fraser, Church Street.

At the close, Dr F. M. Mackenzie proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had entertained them

that evening, especially mentioning Mrs Mackenzie of Ord and Mr Davis, who had come long distances.

On the motion of Provost Ross, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Glenmoriston for presiding. "Auld Lang Syne" appropriately concluded a most successful gathering.

The following is a copy of the programme :—

PART I.

Address.....CHAIRMAN.
Song (Gaelic)—"Theid Sinn".....Mr ALEX. ROSS.
Song—"The Maclean's Gathering".....Miss CLARA FRASER.
Song—"Mary of Argyle".....Mr D. MILLER.
Quartette—{ "The Tocherless Lass" / ("Gun Chrodh gun Aighean") } Misses ROBERSON and FRASER, and Messrs FRASER and ROSS.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch and Highland Airs...Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord and Mr DAVIS.
Song—{ "Ho ro mo nighean donn bhoidheach" / ("My nut brown maiden") } Miss GERTRUDE COWAN.
Song—"A man's a man for a' that".....Mr JOHN A. MACKENZIE.
Duet—"The Crookit Bawbee" *(Old Ballad)*.....Miss KATE FRASER and Mr ÆNEAS FRASER.
Song—"Cam' ye by Athole".....Miss JESSIE FORBES.

PART II.

Address (Gaelic).....Rev. Mr SINTON.
Song—"Macgregor's Gathering".....Mr D. MILLER.
Song—"Ae fond Kiss" *(Ancient Gaelic Air)*.....Miss KATE FRASER.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch Airs.....Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord and Mr DAVIS.
Song—"Blue Bonnets over the Border".....Mr JOHN A MACKENZIE.
Dance—"Reel of Tulloch".....OGANAICH GHAIDHEALACH.
Song (Gaelic)—{ "Maighdean Mhuile" / ("Maiden of Mull") } .....Miss JESSIE FORBES.
Quartette—{ "Mo run geal dileas" / ("My faithful fair one") } Misses ROBERTSON and FRASER, and Messrs FRASER and ROSS.
Song—"Farewell to Fiunary".....Miss CLARA FRASER.
"Auld Langsyne."

15th NOVEMBER, 1890.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date, when Sir Henry C. Macandrew delivered the inaugural address for session 1890-91, the subject being "The Brehon Laws." Owing to pressure of business, Sir Henry was not able to prepare his paper for publication this year, but it will be printed in next volume of the Society's Transactions. Mr William Mackay, solicitor, moved, and Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., seconded, and it was cordially agreed to, "That the Society resolve to record its deep sense of the loss sustained by the Society in the lamented death of Mrs Mary

Mackellar, who has acted as the Society's Bard for the past fifteen years, and whose intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, and her unwearied interest in all that tended to the benefit of her fellow-countrymen, caused her name to be well known and deeply revered among Highlanders in all parts of the world." The Secretary was instructed to forward an extract of this minute, with an expression of the sincere condolence of the Society, to Mrs Mackellar's friends in Lochaber.

26th NOVEMBER, 1890.

The following gentlemen were elected members at this meeting, viz. :—Life member, Mr W. D. Mackenzie of Farr, Inverness-shire; honorary members, the Hon. Lord Kyllachy, Edinburgh, and Mr Æneas Macdonell of Morar; ordinary members, Mr R. M. Birbeck, Lochournhead, Glenelg; Mr Alexander Fraser, solicitor, Inverness; Mr W. M. Lindsay, Jesus College, Oxford; Mr R. A. Neil, Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge; and Mr Ewen Macdonald, Plockton.

Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by the Rev. John Macgregor, Farr, entitled *Amhainn Spe.* Mr Macgregor's paper was as follows :—

AMHAINN SPE.

B' fhearr leam gun robh fear do na seann Bhaird a lathair, air son cliu Spe a chur ann an rann. Num biodh agamsa an comas labhairt a bh' aig Iain Lom, no aig Alastair MacMhaighistir Alastair, rachainn an greim air dan a dheanadh air an amhainn so, a bhiodh iomchuidh air son a leithid do chuis. Nam biodh eachdraidhean Bhaideineach agus Shrath Spe air an sgriobhadh air fad, cha bhiodh sgeul a chaidh aithris riamh anns am biodh tlachd co mor. Ach tha na laithean air dol seachad, agus na bliadhnachan air ruith. Theirig na seann daoine, 's cha 'n e'il cuimhne a nis air neart do na nithean a thachair anns na linntean fad air falbh. Seadh, agus is tearc an dream aig am bheil suim air eachdraidhean nan laithean a dh' fhalbh. Nam faigheadh daoine an diugh a bhi a deanadh air an son fein, bu choma leo ciod a bhiodh ri innseadh m' an dream a bh' ann roimhe so. Is fearr le muinntir an t-Saoghail, nithean an t-Saoghail fein. Cha 'n 'eil durachd ach air son airgid, agus cumhachd, agus gloir an t-saoghail. Nam biodh na nithean sin aca, leigeadh iad leis gach ni eile dol seachad. Is math gum bheil Comunn Gaidhlig

Inbhirnis a'gabhail tlachd ann an eachdraidhean na Gaidhealtachd, agus gur fiach do dhuine sealltuinn an combair a chuil, air son naigheachd a tharruinn as na creagan, 's as a cheo. Uime sin, tha mi a nis a dol a thoirt sul' air bruthaichean Spe, air son sgeil a dheanadh air na daoine a fhuair an arach nam measg, agus air na gniomharan a rinneadh leo, 'nuair a bha na fineachan fo riaghailt nan ceann cinnidh.

Rachamaid a suas gu mullach na Creige Duibhe. 'S i so Creag Dhubh Chloinn Chatain, a ta a seasadh mar thur faire, ag ambarc a sios air na glinn far am b' abhaist do na ceatharnaich a bhi a' gabhail taimh 'nuair a bhiodh an cogadh seachad, 'sa bhiodh na fineachan aig sith. Falbhaidh na daoine, 's thig iad gu crich, ach seasaidh na sleibhtean, nam fianuisean air gach ni a thachair m'an cuairt orra, o 'n cheud latha san do ghabh daoine comhnuidh air an talamh. Togaidh sinn am bruthach o'n Bhiallaid, lamh ri Calldair, a ta a ruith a sios o Ghleann na Beannachair gu ruig uisgeachan Spe. Is cas an t-slighe a ta air thoiseach oirnn. Tha creagan, 's cnuic, 's sluichd san rathad, 's cha b' fhuilear 'do'n bhoc carb e fein aire a thoirt, air eagal 's gun tugadh e ceum cli, 's gun rachadh e le creig. Ach is boidheach am fraoch a ta a sgeadachadh an t-sleibh. Tha an dearg, 'san concur a ruthadh an so mar a rinn iad, theagamh o cheann mhilltean do bhliadhnachan. Am bheil thu sgith leis an direadh? 'S tu gum bheil, agus d' anail 'nad uchd. Dean foighidinn, 's dean air do shocair. Chan ann a ruith reise a ta sinn, ach ag iarraidh seallaidh air an talamh iosal. 'S goirid gus an ruig sinn am mullach, far am feud sinn anail a tharruiun, am feadh 's a dh amhairceas sinn air gach taobh m 'an cuairt oirnn.

Innsidh mi naigheachd dhut, mu righ mor a bh'anns an Aird' an Ear, a bha co uaibhreach 's gun do chuir e roimhe tur a thogail co ard 's gun amhairceadh e sios air gach neach a bha a' gabhail comhnuidh air an talamh. Chaidh an tur a thogail, agus air do 'n righ seasadh air a bhinnein a b' airde dheth, chunnaic e an sluagh gu h iosal mar nach biodh annta ach na cuileagan. Thug e fanear gun robh e a nis air ardachadh co mor 'sa bu mhath leis os ceann an t-saoghail gu leir. Ach an uair a thog e a shuilean an aird os a cheann, ciod a chunnaic e ach gun robh na speuran gorma co fad uaith 's a bha iad 'nuair a bha e 'na sheasadh air an talamh. Uime sin, cha ruig sinn a leas saoilsinn gun teid againn air an talamh fhagail air chul, ged a sheasas sinn air na sgorran is airde air mullach na Creige Duibhe.

Amhairceamaid sios, co dhuibh, agus togamaid do bhi ag iomradh air righrean faoine na h-Aird' an Ear.

Seall air leathad a nis agus faic. Sin agad Spe, a ruith anns a chlais a bha aice 'nuair a bha na Cuimeinich nan uachdarain air Raideineach, le coir o fhear do sheann righrean na h-Alba. Anns na laithean sin bha ceann fine nan Cuimeineach a riaghladh nan Gaisgeach, anns a chaisteal a bha aige mu choinneamh Chinn a Ghiubhsaidh, air taobh thall na h-aimhne. Bha na Cuimeinich sin nan daoine ainmeil gus an do chuir iad fein agus Raibeart Brus a mach air a cheile. Cha bhi fios, fhad 'sa mhaireas an saoghal so, co aige 'bha a choire anns an iorghuill a dh' eirich eadar an righ agus an ceann fine. Feudar a bhi cinnteach gun robh roinn do'n choire aca le cheile, mar as tric a thachras, 'nuair a dh'eirich an righ air ann an eaglais Dhuin-Phris. Tharruinn Brus air leis a bhiodaig, agus dh fhag e triath Bhaideineach 'n luidhe an sin, a toirt suas an deo. 'S coltach gun tainig Clann Chatain gu cumhachd na dheigh so, 's gun do shealbhaich iad an tir. 'Sann do Chlann a Phearsain a bhuineadh a chuid a b' fhear do Bhaideineach o na laithean sin. Co as a thainig iad? Theagamh gum b' ann o Phearsan eiginn a dh' eirich an sliochd. Chan urrainn mi a radh gum bheil cunntas sam bith againn air an fhear so gu sonruichte, ach 's coltach gum b'an do'n eaglais a bhuineadh e. Tha Clann a Phearsain g'an steidheachadh fein fo shuaicheantas Chloinn Chatain, 's tha iad fein agus Clann an Toisich a' giulan iomhaigh a chait air an targaid chatha. Is iomadh blar anns an do sheas na gaisgich sin riamh, o'n cheud latha 's an tainig iad gu taobh Spe, gu ruig an latha 'n diugh.

Thoir suil a null a dh'ionnsuidh na h airde Deas, agus chi thu Truidheam a sruthadh a nuas o chriochan Siorramachd Pheirt. Tha Truidheam a ruith a mach gu Spe, aig seann tigh Ionmhair na h-Amhuinn. Sin aite a ta ainmeil ann an eachdraidh na duthcha. Ciod a dh' eirich a mach an sin? Ciod ach blar mor a chaidh a chur eadar Clann Chatain agus na Camshronaich a Loch Abar, o chionn cor 's cuig ceud bliadhna. Is math is fiach dhuinn iomradh a thoirt air an latha sin, am feadh 's a ta sinn 'n ar suidhe air an tulaich aird so. Is math gun tainig laithean siochail oirnn a nis co dhuibh. Feudar gu leoir do streupaid a bhi 's an tir, ach cha'n e an claidheamh mor a bhios sinn a tarruinn air son buaidh a thoirt a mach air a cheile. Is fearr leinn aig an latha 'n duigh an cath a chur leis an teangaidh 's leis a pheann. 'S iad sin na buill airm is freagarraiche leinn an traths', agus is cinnteach nach beis ind cnaimh, 's nach tarruinn iad fuil. So mar a dh' eirich a mach a chuis air an tug mi iomradh.

Ri linn Righ Raibeart a dha, bha sith eadar Albann 's Sasunn, air son na cuid a bhu mhotha. Cha robh an righ deidheil air

cogadh, agus bha an righ Sasunnach, Ruiseart a dha, rud eiginn coltach ris fein. Uinn sin cha robh na gaisgich air an gairm air falbh as a Ghaidhealtachd, gu bhi a seasadh air son saorsa na rioghachd, mar a b' abhaist, 'nuair a bhiodh Iomhar a h' aon a toirt oidhirp air Albann a chur fo smachd, Ach bha an uiread so do dhanarrachd anns an t-sluagh, 's gum feumadh iad a bhi ri streupaid nam measg fein, do bhrigh 's nach robh ni b' fhearr aca ri dheanadh. Dh' eirich aimhreit anns a bhliadhna 1386, eadar Baideineach agus Loch Abar, mu thimchioll a mhail a bha air na Camshronaich ann am fearann Mhic an Toisich, laimh ri uisge Speain. Bha e mor leis na h Abraich a bhi fo chis sam bith do na Catanaich, agus cha phaigheadh iad am mal ach air an socair. 'Nuair a thachras a leithid sin an diugh, 's e an Siorram agus na maoir a reiticheas an gnothuch. Anns an am air am bheil mi a toirt iomraidh, cha robh meas air Siorram, no air fear sam bith eile, ach air an fhear a thogadh an sgiath, agus a tharruingeadh an claidheamh. 'S e bh' ann ma ta, gun robh Mac an Toisich an eisimeil a bhi a triall do Loch Abar, air ceann a shluaigh, agus a bhi a' togail na criche. Bheireadh e air ais leis, do chrobh nan Camshronach, uiread 's a bhiodh iomchuidh 'na bheachd fein, air son na fiachan iochdadh, no theagamh beagan tuille, a chum 's gum biodh rud aige air son na rinn e do shaothair air son a chuid fein a thoirt a mach. Tha fhios nach do chord so ro mhath ris na h Abraich. Bha iad nan daoine gaisgeil, treuna, mar a ta an sliochd gus an latha 'n diugh, 's cha robh deoin sam bith aca a bhi air an spuinneadh mar sin. Rinn iad mo dheireadh ar a mach an aghaidh nan Catanach, agus thog iad feachd air son ruith chreachaidh a thoirt air na fiurain a bha ag aiteachadh nan raon air gach taobh do spe.

Cha b'e ruith ach leum le Cloinn Chatain air son cur nan aghaidh. Dh eirich Mac an Toisich gu fearail, agus thug e gairm do'n fhine gu leir, a bhi cruinn air son leantuinn 'na chois. Chan eil fios ciod an doigh a ghabh e air son an armailt a thional. Theagamh gun do Chuir e a Chrois Taraidh a mach, mar a b'abhaist anns na laithean o shean. Chan eil e eu cosmhuil gur e so a rinn e, ach ciamar sam bith a fhuair an sluagh sanas, cha robh leisg sam bith orra dol an sas. Thainig iad an ceann a cheile, nan lan neart as gach cearn--Clann an Toisich, 's Clann a Phearsain, 's Clann Bheathain, 's Clann Daibhidh, 's chan eil fios co tuille—gach fear a bha a leantuinn brataich Chloinn Chatain. Nam b' urrainn dhuinn amharc air an da fheachd, a seasadh an aghaidh a cheile aig Ionmhar na h Amhuinn, mar a sheas iad air

an latha sin, nach ann oirnn a bhiodh an t-iongantas an diugh? Nach beag coltach ri cath a ta na raointean sin aig an am so, agus sinn ag amharc orra o mhullach na Creige Duibhe? Chan fhaic sinn a nis ach am feur gorm air bruaich na h aimhne, agus na caoirich ag itheadh an leoir dheth, gun churam, gun eagal, mur cuir fead an eich iaruinn eagal orra, 's e a ruith le fuaim an tairneinich eadar Dail Choinnidh 's an Sliabh. Chan ionann sin 's mar a bha coslas an aite air latha a bhlair. Theid mi an urras gun deachaidh saltairt a dheanadh air an talamh, agus nach robh neoinein geal ri fhaicinn, gus an do thog iad ceann air an ath Shamhradh. Bu chiatach an sealladh a bhiodh ann, an uair a bha na fineachan cruinn, air an sgeadachadh air son catha. Chan eil fios co mheud piobaire a bha a seideadh 's an fhaiche air gach taobh, ach is cinnteach gun tug a phiob mhor fuaim gu leoir air blar Ionmhar na h Amhuinn.

Is coltach gum bu lionmhoire sluagh Mhic an Toisich no iadsan a thainig a Loch Abar gu cur nan aghaidh. Bu choir ma ta gun tugadh muinntir Bhaideineach a bhuaidh a mach air a cheud tarruinn. Ach m' an deachaidh iad an greim an toiseach, 's e bh' ann gun d' eirich comh stri am measg nan Catanach iad fein. Thainig Tighearna Chluainidh, le a chuideachd, 's tagrar coir air seasadh anns an sgeith dheis do'n fheachd. Thainig an sin Mac Dhaibhidh Ionmhair na h Amhuinn, 's cha bhiodh beo dha ach gum faigheadh e fein 's a luchd leanmhuinn an t-aite urramach sin. Chaidh an ceol air feadh na fidhle, 's bha a choltas air na Catanaich nach tarruingeadh iad lann air an latha sin idir. Bha na Camshronaich a tarruinn dluth, 's cha robh moran uine ann air son a bhi a deasboireachd na cuise. Chaidh a cheist a chur ri Mac an Toisich e fein, co do'n da thriath air an tigeadh an t-urram. Thug esan a mach a bhinn gum b' ann aig Mac Dhaibhidh a bha a choir, 's gum feumadh Cluainidh agus na Pearsanaich seasadh air an laimh chli. Cha do thaitinn so gu ro mhath ri Cluainidh, agus air dha a bhi diombach 's ann a tharruinn e air falbh as a bhlar uile gu leir, le a shluagh ga leantuinn. Cha b' fheairrd an guothuch so. Ach co dhiubh chaidh an cath a chur. Shin an da thaobh air a cheile gu cruaidh. Chaidh neart do Chloinn an Toisich a mharbhadh, 's cha mhor gun d'fhagadh fear do Chloinn Daibhidh a lathair. Mo dheireadh thug cloinn a Phearsain fa near gum biodh an latha caillte, 's gun robh an duthalch aca fein an cunnart a bhi air a sgrios leis na h Abraich. Thainig Tighearna Chluainidh, agus feachd mor na chois. Chaidh iadsan an sas, agus b' eiginn do na Camshronaich toirt thairis. Thug na Catanaich buaidh gu h iomlan, agus shaor

an righ Sasunnach, Ruiseart a dha, rud eiginn
Uinn sin cha robh na gaisgich air an gairm air
healtachd, gu bhi a seasadh air son saorsa na
b' abhaist, 'nuair a bhiodh Iomhar a h' aon a
lbann a chur fo smachd, Ach bha an uiread so
ıns an t-sluagh, 's gum feumadh iad a bhi
ısg fein, do bhrigh 's nach robh ni b' fhearr ac
eirich aimhreit anns a bhliadhna 1386, ead a
Loch Abar, mu thimchioll a mhail a bha air
ı am fearann Mhic an Toisich, laimh ri uis
ıor leis na h-Abraich a bhi fo chis sam bith
ı cha phaigheadh iad am mal ach air an soca
a leithid sin an diugh, 's e an Siorram agus
an gnothuch. Anns an am air am bheil mi
ı robh meas air Siorram, no air fear sam bith ei
thogadh an sgiath, agus a tharruingeadh
bh' ann ma ta, gun robh Mac an Toisich
all do Loch Abar, air ceann a shluaigh, agu
iche. Bheireadh e air ais leis, do chrobh
ead 's a bhiodh iomchuidh 'na bheachd fein,
ıdadh, no theagamh beagan tuille, a chun
ge air son na rinn e do shaothair air son a ch
ch. Tha fhios nach do chord so ro mhath
ıa iad nan daoine gaisgeil, treuna, mar a ta
ıa 'n diugh, 's cha robh deoin sam bith aca a
mar sin. Rinn iad mo dheireadh ar a mach
anach, agus thog iad feachd air son
ırt air na fiurain a bha ag aiteachadh nan
spe.
ach leum le Cloinn Chatain air son cur
ch Mac an Toisich gu fearail, agus thug e g
a bhi cruinn air son leantuinn 'na chois.
loigh a ghabh e air son an armailt a thi
lo Chuir e a Chrois Taraidh a mach,
laithean o shean. Chan eil e eu cosmhuil
ımar sam bith a fhuair an sluagh sanas, ch
ı dol an sas. Thainig iad an ceann a chei
cearn--Clann an Toisich, 's Clann a Ph
ı, 's Clann Daibhidh, 's chan eil fios co
a leantuinn brataich Chloinn Chatai
n amharc air an da fheachd, a se
ıig Ionmhar na h Amhuinn, a sh

iad Baideineach o na millteirean. Chan fhacas riamh a leithid do latha anns an duthaich gu ruig an latha 'n diugh, 's nar leigeadh an Freasdal gun tachair a leithid tuille.

Chan eil sinn a dol a dheanadh tair air na Camshronaich, air son gun do chaill iad an lath 'ud. Bu treun, gaisgeil na daoine iad, agus chan eil reiseamaid anns an arm Bhreatunnach is fearr a fhuaradh anns a chath, no an tri fichead 's an naoi deug, a chaidh a thogail le Ailein an Earrachd. Ach an uair a theid da bhuidheann dhaoine an carradh a cheile, 's eiginn gun toir aon taobh a mach a bhuaidh thairis air an taobh eile. 'S ann mar sin a dh eirich a mach aig Ionmhar na h Amhuinn. Chan urrainn duinn a radh gun tainig fear sam bith, air aon taobh no air an taobh eile gearr air a dhleasdanas, ann a bhi a' deanadh mar a b' fhearr a dh fheudadh e air son a chinnich fein. Bu mhor an gamhlas a bha eadar an da fhine ri iomadh linn na dheigh so. Cha robh iad riamh air an reiteachadh gus an tainig bliadhna Thearlaich. 'N uair a dh eirich fineachan na h airde Tuaith fo bhratach a Phrionnsa, chaidh farmad nan laithean o shean a leigeil air di chuimhne, agus sheas na Camshronaich agus na Pearsanaich guallainn ri guallainn, an aite a bhi aghaidh ri h aghaidh, mar a bha na h aithrichean aca o cheann beul ri ceithir cheud bliadhna.

Ach an nair a thoisicheas streupaid, cha 'n 'eil fhios aig duine ciod is crioch do'n ghnothnch. Cha bu luaithe a chaidh an namhaid fhogradh air falbh gu Spean 's Lochaidh, na thoisich iorghuill am measg nan Catanach iad fein. Chaidh Clann a Phearsain agus Clann Dhaibhidh ann an amhaichean a cheile mu thimchioll coir na sgeithe deise anns a chath. Bha iomadh aimhreit eatorra, fad roimh an am air am bheil mi a' toirt iomraidh an traths'. Gu cinnteach cha b' ann ni 'b 'fhearr a thainig iad air a cheile an deigh na thachair aig Ionmhar na h-Amhuinn. 'Se bh' ann ma ta, gun do chuir an da threibh so a mach air a cheile air a leithid do dhoigh, 's gun duraichdeadh iad a cheile a sgrios. Fad dheich bliadhna cha do sguir iad do fhoirneart 's do shreupaid, gus mo dheireach an thaining fios a dh'ionnsuidh an righ, ciod a bha tachairt laimh ri uisge Spe. B' e Raibeart a tri, a bha a nis na shuidhe air righ chaithir na h-Alba, agus chuir esan dithis no triuir do na comhairlichean a b' urramaiche do na bha mu 'n cuairt air, a sios do Bhaideineach, a dh fheuchainn am rachadh aca air stad a chuir air an iorghuill. Thainig na teachdairean le farum, mar a chithear an diugh fein gun tig teachdairean o 'n Bhan-righ, gu reiteachadh a dheanadh eadar uachdarain agus tuath. Ach is coltach nach robh e co furasda reiteachadh a thoirt mu 'n cuairt anns a cheathramh linn deug. Dh' fhairtlich air na teachdairean

sith a dheanadh. Cha tugadh na Gaidhil feairt air na comhairlean a thainig o na morairean Gallda. B' fhearr leo sadadh air a cheile leis a bhogha 's leis a chlaidheamh, n 'a bhi a toirt geill do fhacal a thigeadh o Pharlamaid an Righ. Air do na teachdairean a bhi gun fhios aca ciod a dheanadh iad, 's e thubhairt iad ri cinn nan da chinneach, gum b' fhearr dhaibh a cheile fheuchainn an lathair an Righ, 's an lathair na cuirte aig baile Pheirt, lamh ri Tatha. Chan iarradh na fineachan comhairle a b' fhearr, agus dh' aontaich iad rithe gu h-aoibhneach. Bu dona a chomhairle a bha 'n so da rireadh, ach tha againn ri cuimhne a ghleidheadh gun robh daoine anns na laithean sin co cleachta ri cogadh, 's nach bu mhotha orra an claidheamh a tharruinn no togail do 'n mhonadh a mharbhadh a choilich ruaidh. Chunnacas iomchuidh gun rachadh deich fir fhichead do Chloinn a Phearsain, agus an t-aireamh ceudna do Chloinn Dhaibhidh a chur air leth gu seasadh anns a chath, gus am biodh e soilleir co taobh a bu treise, agus na dheigh sin nach biodh teagamh ann co do 'n da threubh aig an robh coir seasadh air an sgeith dheis anns an armailt.

Air pilltinn do na teachdairean far an robh an righ, dh' aithris iad air beul na comhairle gach ni a chunnaic 's a chual 'iad. 'Nuair a dh innis iad m 'an chomhraig a bha ri bhi air a cur eadar aireamh taghta o 'n da thaoibh, bha righ Raibeart ro dhiombach. Bu duinn cneasda, siochail esan, agus dh' oilltich e ri smuaineachadh gun rachadh buidheann co mor do dhaoine foghainteach an carradh a cheile 'na lathair sa, air son a cheile a chur gu dith. Bu mhor a b' fhearr leis gum biodh iad uile air an tearnadh, beo, slan, a chum 's gun seasadh iad nam freiceadan m'an cuairt air, nan tuiteadh e mach eadar e fein agus an righ Sasunnach. Coma, cha b' ionann beachd na comhairle a bh' ann air cuirt an righ. Bu chiatach leosan gun rachadh an cath a chur. Dh' aithnich iad gu soilleir gun cuireadh e crioch air a chuid mhor do na fir a rachadh an sas ann. Bha iad coma co dhiubh co taobh a bheireadh a mach a bhuaidh, 's ann a b'fhearr leo gun tigeadh call orra le cheile. Nam biodh na h' uile fear dhuibh air a chur gu bas, dh fheudadh suil a bhi aca gum biodh an cor do na treubhan ni' b' fhasa a chumail fo smachd. Air an aobhar sin, chuir iad mar fhiachan air an righ, gun tugadh e a chead do 'n da cheann cinnidh an cath a chur air bonn.

Cha robh riamh dith treubhantas air na Gaidhil, ach bha iomadh uair ann, anns an do leig iad leo fein a bhi air an carradh, le daoine a bu mhotha aig an robh do ghliocas an t-saoghail so, n' a bha aca fein. Cha tug muinntir Bhaideineach an aire ciod an rioba' chaidh a chur rompa aig an am so. 'Nan tug iad aire ni

'b'fhearr dhaibh fein, cha b' urrainn nach faiceadh iad gum b' ann a chum uile a chaidh comhairle na catha 'thoirt dhaibh. Cha b' ionann so agus aon ni anns an do tharruinn iad an claidheamh roimhe. 'Nuair a dh' eireadh iad air a cheile am measg nan gleann, dh' fheudadh an stri' bhi dian gu leoir, seadh agus bhiodh fuil gu leoir air a dortadh. Ach an uair a bheireadh aon taobh buaidh, bhiodh doigh aig na daoine eile air an casan a thoirt as, agus a bhi deas air son an lann a tharruinn an ath uair a bhagraidh an namhaid. 'Nuair a rachadh iad do Pheirt 's ann a bha iad gu bhi air an dunadh a stigh, mar gum biodh annta caorich 's an fhang. Bhiodh an comh-thional do fhíanuisean aca air an aon taobh, agus amhainn Tatha air an taobh eile, air chor 's nach b' urrainn do neach dol as, fhad 's a bhiodh aon fhear beo gu seasadh 'na aghaidh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach b' e so a bh'ann am beachd nan comhairleach a bh' aig an righ, an uair a dh' eignich iad e gu leigeil leis a chomhraig dol air a h-aghaidh. 'S e bh' ann co dhiubh gun tug Raibeart a chead do na cinn chinneach, 's gun deachaidh latha 'chur air leth, mu am na Feill Micheil, air son a ghnothuich a bhi air a thoirt gu crich.

Chaidh na fir a thaghadh, deich thar fhichead air gach taobh. Thriall iad do Pheirt aig an am shuidhichte, 's bu mhor a b' fhearr dhaibh gu'n d' fhan iad aig an tigh, 's nach deachaidh iad riamh thairis air Druim Uachdair. Chaidh an fhaiche' dheanadh deas, le daingnichean m' an cuairt, a chum 's nach b' urrainn do dhuine sam bith dol a stigh ach na gleachdairean iad fein, agus nach rachadh aig fear dhiubhsan air dol a mach gus am biodh an cleas basmhor seachad. Bha an righ chaithir air a h-ardachadh, air chor 's gum bu leir do 'n righ na h-uile car a rachadh a chur, 's a reir coltais gu 'n robh a bhan-righ i fein air a laimh dheis, ged a b' fhearr dhi' bhi anns an luchairt a' deanadh chungaidhean leigheas air son nan daoine a bhiodh air an lotadh. Cha robh duine do ard-uachdarain na rioghachd nach robh a lathair, a chum a bhi nam fianuisean air gniomh co mor, 's is cinnteach gu'n do thog iad iolach gle mhor an uair a thainig na gaisgich 's an t-sealladh. Cha bhiodh iad co cridheil na'm biodh aca fein ri seasadh an aghaidh nan Gaidheal a bha a nis a dol a dh' ionnsuidh a bhais. Thainig na gleachdairean ma ta, leis na pioban a seideadh air an ceann, 's na brataichean ag itealaich 's a ghaoith, mar na h-iolairean a' tional a dh' ionnsuidh an air. Bu mhor am beud nach b' ann air son gnothuich a b' fhearr a thainig a leithid do chuideachd an ceann a cheile.

Ach air a cheud tarruinn, thainig cearb 's a ghnothuch, a theab stad a chur air obair an latha gu leir. 'S e 'bh'ann gu'n

robh fear do Chloinn a Phearsain air chall, 's nach robh ach naoidh thar fhichead deas aig tighearna Chluainidh. Ciamar sam bith a thachair so, cha'n 'eil fios an diugh ciod a bu choireach, Theagamh gu'n d' fhas fear gu tinn, no gu'n do bhuail an t-eagal e. B' eiginn amharc a mach air son fir a sheasadh an aite an fhir a chaidh as an t-sealladh. Bha gobhainn ann am baile Pheirt, fear ris an abairte an Gobha Crom, a bha cleachta re a laithean ri cogadh. Air dhasan a bhi 's an lathair, agus a bhi a' cluinntinn ciod a thachair, thainig e air aghaidh, agus tairgear e fein gu dol do 'n chath air son tuarasdail, gus gu'm biodh an t-aireamh air a dheanadh coimhlionta. Gheall tighearna Chluainidh a thuarasdal dha, agus an sin bha na h-uile ni deas.

Thoisich am blar, agus dh' eirich an da fhine air a cheile. Bu mhuladach da rireadh an sealladh. An aite do na Gaidhil a bhi an guaillean a cheile, 's ann a bha iad an amhaichean a cheile. Mharbh an Gobha Crom fear do Chloinn Dhaibhidh, agus air dha sin a dheanadh, 's ann a rinn e suidhe, mar gu'm biodh e sgith. "Ciod is ciall dha so?" arsa Cluainidh ris. "Choisinn mi mo thuarasdal," arsa 'm fear eile. "Am fear nach cunntadh rium, cha chunntainn ris," arsa 'n triath. Chaidh an gobhainn an greim a ris, agus chog e gu duineil gus an tainig an cath gu crich. Thug na Pearsanaich buaidh, 's cha d' fhagadh do Chloinn Dhaibhidh ach aon fhear. 'Nuair a chunnaic esan gu'n robh an latha caillte, 's ann a thug e duibh leum a mach air Tatha, agus snamhar a null gu taobh thall na h-aimhne. Ciod a dh' eirich dha tuille cha'n 'eil fios. 'S coltach nach do leig an naire leis pilltinn do 'n Airde Tuaith, 's cha'n 'eil cunntas cinnteach againn tuille mu 'thimchioll. Ciod sam bith co fearail 's a bha na gaisgich air an latha so, tha e na aobhar duilichinn gu'm b' ann an aghaidh a cheile a chaidh na lannan aca a tharruinn.

Sin agad an eachdraidh a thainig a nuas g' ar n-ionnsuidh mu aon do na streupaidean a bu mhotha 'bha riamh aig na Speich. Is iomadh ginealach a dh' eirich agus a theirig o an am sin gu so. Ach nan deigh uile tha a Chreag Dhubh na seasadh mar fhianuis air iomadh gniomh a thachair m' an cuairt oirre. Na'm biodh teanga anns na clachan cruaidhe air am bheil sinn ag amharc, rachadh aca air do naigheachdan innseadh, na chumadh ri Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis gus an tigeadh am ficheadamh linn.

Is mithich dhuinn tearnadh as a Chreig. Chuir sinn uine gu leoir seachad ag iomradh air na h-iorghuillean a bha am measg nan Catanach anns na laithean o shean. Cha tachair an leithidean tuille, 's is math gun thainig iad gu crich. Rachamaid beagan ni 's

faide sios taobh na h-aimhne. So agad Cinn-a-Ghiubhsaidh, far am bheil an t-Oifigeir Dubh a bh' ann am Baile 'Chrobhain na shineadh, ann an Clagh a Mhuilinn Chardaidh, a feitheadh na h-aiseirigh. Co nach cual' iomradh air Call Ghadhaig, air an Nollaig mu dheireadh do 'n cheud? 'Sin naigheachd nach gabh innseadh gu h-iomlan, do bhrigh 's nach thainig duine beo air ais as an fhridh. Ciamar sam bith a chaidh na sealgairean a mharbhadh, cha'n 'eil fios. Tha iad a nis 'nan luidhe, taobh ri taobh, far an cluinnear uisgeachan Ghoineag a ruith sios gu ruig Spe. Buinidh e do chliu Oifigeir Bhaile 'Chrobhain gu'n robh lamh aige ann an reiseamaid a thogail, an ceithir fichead 's a dha dheug, Reiseamaid nan Gordanach. Bha na Gordanaich gle chumhachdach 's an duthaich so aon uair, ach thainig iad gu crich, agus cha'n fhada gus an iomair an sgriobhadh so tighinn gu crich mar an ceudna. Ach na deanamaid di chuimhne air fear eile a bhuineadh do 'n aite so, Seumas Mac-a-Phearsain, na'n Rat. Cha mhor do na chaidh riamh arach anns a Ghaidhealtachd a b' ainmeile no esan. Ciamar sam bith a thainig leabhar Oisein 'na laimh, 's ann uaith 's an a chual' an saoghal iomradh air an toiseach. Cha ruig sinn a leas an traths' a bhi a' faraid m' an chuis, do bhrigh 's gun deachaidh gu leoir, agus tuille 's a choir a sgriobhadh mu Oisein a cheana. Rugadh Mac-a-Phearsain am fagus do Chinn-a-Ghiubhsaidh, anns a bhliadhna 1738, agus dh' eug e anns a bhliadhna 1796. Chaidh a chorp a ghiulan do Lunainn, 's a charadh ann an Eaglais Mhoir na h-airde 'n Iar. 'S coltach nach bi fios cinnteach, co fad 's a mhaireas an saoghal, co as a thainig na dain aig Oisein, ach is math co dhiubh nach deachaidh iad air chall.

Air dol a sios dhuinn lamh ri bruaich na h-aimhne, chi sinn Tor Albhaidh agus Dun Rat-a-Mhurchuis, seadh agus Creag Ealachaidh, ag amharc a null a dh' ionnsuidh na'n Garbh Bheann. 'Sin far am bheil da rireadh na beanntan arda, far am faicear sneachd nam Faoilteach na luidhe anns na sluichd gu ruig an Lunasdal. Tha 'n Carn Gorm, agus Braidh Riabhach, agus Beinn Mhic Dhuibhe nan seasadh an sin, mar fhreiceadan air Srath Spe. Cha'n 'eil ann an Albann air fad, aon aite far am bheil ni 's motha r'a fhaicinn do mhaise na Gaidhealtachd n'a tha 'n so, Ach tha sinn a nis air tighinn gu crich Bhaideineach, 's leigidh sinn le feadhain eile, a bhi a' cur cliu Shrath Spe an ceill.

Thainig iomadh caochladh air an tir o cheann leth cheud bliadhna. Tha 'n rathad iaruinn a ruith re iomadh mile ri taobh na h-aimhne, 's nan tigeadh air Clann Chatain dol gu cath aig

Peirt a ris, cha b' ann d' air cois a rachadh iad troimh 'n mhonadh. Chithear na Sasunnaich agus na h-Americanaich, a tighinn gach Samhradh, cha'n ann mar a b'abhaist do na Camsbronaich tighinn, air son crich agus marbhaidh, ach air son a bhi air an lionadh le h-aoibhneas am measg nam beann. Tha triath na'm Pearsanach fathast 'na uachdaran air Cluainidh, agus do bhrigh 's gun tainig e o Chloinn Dhaibhidh air aon taobh an tighe, feudar a bhi cinnteach gun tainig aimhreit Pheirt gu crich. Gu ma fada 'shealbhaicheas e luchairt a shinnsirean. Thainig laithean siochail gu taobh Spe, 's cha chluinnear tuille eigheach na catha, agus gleangarsaich na luiriche aig Ionmhar na h-Amhuinn. Fagamaid beannachd aig na cnuic 's na bruthaich a ta ag eiridh os ceann ionadan comhnuidh nan gaisgeach ann am Baideineach. Bu taitneach leinn a bhi a beachd smuaineachadh orra, ach is mithich sgur.

B' e sud an sealladh eibhinn,
Bhi 'g iomachd air na sleibhtean,
'Nuair 'bhiodh a ghrian ag eiridh,
'S a bhiodh na feidh 's an langanaich.

3rd DECEMBER, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. Mr John Macrury, entitled, *Mairnealachd agus rud no dha eile.* Mr Macrury's paper was as follows:—

MAIRNEALACHD AGUS RUD NO DHA EILE.

Anns an aimsir a dh' fhalbh bha na Gàidheil mòran ni bu bheachdaidhe na tha iad 'n ar latha agus 'n ar linn-ne. Cha robh guth no iomradh 's an àm ud air na nithean a tha 'togail aire agus inntinn an t-sluaigh an diugh air falbh o bhith 'toirt fa near na nithean iongantach a tha ri 'm faicinn mu 'n cuairt dhaibh anns an t-saoghal. Cha robh paipeircan-naigheachd ann, 's an àm ud, a chum a bhith 'tarruinn an aire o 'n gnothaichean fhein a dh' ionnsuidh nithean a bha 'tachairt ann an cearnan eile dhe 'n t-saoghal, agus o nach robh, bha 'chuid bu ghlice agus bu tuigsiche de 'n t-sluagh a' gabhail beachd gu dlùth air gach ni a bha mu 'n cuairt dhaibh, araon air muir agus air tìr. Bha iad gu sònraichte a' gabhail beachd air mar a bha 'n t-sìde ag atharrachadh o àm gu àm cadar da cheann na bliadhna. Ged nach robh iad fòghluimte anns an t-seadh anns am bheil am facal, *fòghlum*, air a thuigsinn

'n ar measg-ne air an latha 'n diugh, bha iad glé fhòghluimte 'nan dòigh fhein. Bha leabhar mòr nàdair fosgailte fa 'n comhair o latha gu latha, agus am feadh 's a bha iad gu glic, dìchiollach a' feuchainn ri 'm beò-shlaint' a thoirt á muir 's á tìr, bha iad aig a' cheart àm a' gabhail beachd air mar a bha aimsirean na bliadhna 'tighinn a steach, agus air na comharraidhean leis am faodadh iad a thuigsinn c' uin a dh' atharraicheadh an t-slìde. 'N ar latha-ne, tha iomadh dòigh aig àrd luchd-fòghlum air fios fhaotainn air mar a tha atharrachadh gu tighinn air an t-slìde air nach robh fios sam bith aig duine beò a bh' air ùr uachdar an t-saoghail o chionn ceud, no ceud gu leth bliadhna roimhe so. Ged a tha so fior, tha e mar an ceudna fior gu'm b' fhearr a b' aithne do 'n chuid mhòir de na seann daoine na comharraidhean leis am faoidte aithneachadh gu robh an t-slìde gu atharrachadh, na 's aithne do 'n chuid a 's mò de na bheil an diugh beò, a dh' aindeoin an cuid ghlaineachan.

Neo-ar-thàing nach 'eil spalpairean òga gu leòr ann an diugh a ni spòrs agus feala-dha gu tric mu na beachdan a bh' aig na seann daoine còire o 'n d' thàinig sinn. Tha iad an duil nach 'eil an leithidean fhein idir ann. Tha iad tuilleadh is glic nam barail fhein, agus tha fnios againn gur e comharra 'n dearg amadain duine 'bhith glic 'na bharail fhein. Air a toradh aithnichear a' chraobh. An uair a tha mi 'cumail a mach gu robh na Gaidheil a bh' ann o chionn cheudan bliadhna ni bu ghlice ann an iomadh dòigh na Gàidheil an latha 'n diugh, faodaidh cuid a bhith 'g iarraidh dearbhaidh orm. Cha 'n 'eil e idir duilich dhomh dearbhaidhean ann am pailteas a thoirt seachad. Thugamaid fa near na tha de shean-fhacail ann am measg nan Gaidheal gus an latha 'n diugh. Dh' aisigeadh a nuas dhuinn iad o linn gu linn. Nach anabarrach mòr an gliocas a th' air fhilleadh a steach annta? C'àit am faighear spalpaire, òg, fòghluimte, eadar Taigh Iain Ghròt an Gallaobh, agus Caolas-na-Frainge, a chuireas briathran an altaibh a chèile, aon chuid an Gàilig no 'm Beurla, cho math 's a th'againn anns an sean-fhacail? 'Nan d' rinn sinne a tha beò an diugh uibhir a dh' fheum de gach cothrom a shealbhaich sinn 's a rinn na seana Ghàidheil de na cothroman a bh' aca fhein, bhiodh gach aon dhinn mòran ni bu ghlice, agus ni b' fhòghluimte na tha sinn.

Feumaidh mi ainmeachadh mu'n teid mi ni 's fhaide nach 'eil mi 'toirt làn-chreideas do gach ni a dh' fhaodas mi chuir sios an so, ged a dh'aidich mi gu bheil beachd àrd agam air gliocas agus tuigse nan seana Ghaidheal. Is e th' anns an amharc agam cunntas a thoirt seachad air na beachdan a bh' aca, cho fad 's is fhiosrach mi.

Air eagal gu faod cuid a bhith ann nach tuig ciod a th' air a chiallachadh leis an fhacal, "MAIRNEALACHD," faodaidh mi ràdh gu bheil e 'ciallachadh, *An t-eòlas leis am bheil e comasach, ann an tomhas beag no mòr, air innseadh gu bheil an t-sìde gu atharrachadh no gu mairsinn mar tha i.*

Tòisichidh mi, ma ta, aig toiseach na bliadhna. Tha sean-fhacal ann a tha 'g ràdh, "Bidh aithne na bliadhna gu léir aig fear na h-aon oidhche." A réir eachdraidh an t-sean-fhacail, tha so a' ciallachadh, gu faod am fear a thachras a bhith air chuid oidhche ann an taigh anns nach robh e eòlach, fios a bhith aige air an dòigh anns am bi muinntir an taighe 'caitheamh am beatha fad na bliadhna, ma ghabhas e beachd sònraichte air gach ni a chi 's a chluinneas e, agus air gach biadh a chuirear 'na làthair. Bha na seana Ghàidheil a' creidsinn gu faodadh iad mòran fiosrachaidh fhaotainn mu thimchioll co dhiu 'bhiodh aimsirean na bliadhna gu math no gu h-olc, le beachd cùramach a ghabhail air ciod i a' ghaoth a' dh' fhàgadh an t-seana bhliadhna aig a' bhliadhn' ùir. A chum fios fhaotainn air ciod i a' ghaoth a dh' fhàgadh a' Challaig cha ghabhadh iad mu thàmh gus an tigeadh a' bhliadhn' ùr a steach. So mar a chuala mi na briathran :—

"Ma 's gaoth a' deas,
Teas is toradh ;
Ma 's gaoth a' tuath,
Fuachd is feannadh ;
Ma 's gaoth an ear,
Meas air crannadh ;
Ma 's gaoth an iar,
Iasg gu caladh."

Ann an Uidhist 's e theireadh iad mar bu trice, "Ma 's gaoth an iar, iasg is aran," no "iasg is bainne." A réir choltais gu robh na seann daoine a labhair na briathran so an toiseach, agus na daoine a bha 'gan gnathachadh o chionn iomadh linn, a' creidsinn gur i a' ghaoth a dh' fhàgadh a' Challaig a' ghaoth bu trice a bhiodh a' séideadh fad na bliadhna. Cha 'n 'eil mi 'gabhail orm fhein a radh co dhiu tha gus nach 'eil am beachd so fìor, ach tha e comh-arraichte gur ann o 'n deas a bha a' ghaoth a' séideadh an uiridh agus am bliadhna an uair a thàinig a' bhliadhn' ùr a steach, agus gu robh a' ghaoth ni bu trice o 'n deas am bliadhna 's an uiridh anns a' Ghàidhealtachd na 's cuimhne le bheag a tha beò. Tha e furasda gu leòr dhuinn a thuigsinn gu faodadh a leithid so 'tachairt gu math tric 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, agus o 'n a bha na daoine a bh' ann o shean an dùil gu'm biodh an aon ghaoth a'

séideadh aig an aon àm anns gach cearn de 'n t-saoghal, bha e nàdarra gu leòr dhaibh a bhith creidsinn gu faodadh "aithne na bliadhna gu leir a bhith aig fear na h-aon oidhche." Bha teas is toradh gu leòr anns a' Ghaidhealtachd an uiridh, ach cha 'n urrainn duinn so a ràdh am bliadhna.

Ach gabhamaid beachd beagan ni 's dlùithe air na briathran so. Tha, agus bha, agus bithidh a' ghaoth a' tuath fuar. Tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh—

> "Ged thigeadh a' ghaoth a' tuath 's an Iuchar
> Bidh am fuachd 'na fochar."

Mar is trice is ann leis a' ghaoith a' tuath a thig na sneachdannan is truime 's is buaine a chithear anns a' Ghaidhealtachd fad na bliadhna. Is iomadh uair a thig pailteas sneachda o 'n deas, ach cha mhair e ùine sam bith. Tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh :—

> "Cha tig uisge mòr o 'n tuath,
> 'S cha tig sneachda buan o 'n deas."

Tha sean-fhacal eile ann a tha 'g ràdh—"Aiteamh na gaoith a' tuath air an t-sneachda—tuilleadh a chur 'na cheann."

Chi sinn uaith so ma bhios a' ghaoth o 'n tuath ro thric fad a' gheamhraidh 's an earraich gu 'm bi mòran sneachda, agus reothaidh, agus fuachd ann. A' bhliadhna 'bhios so mar so faodar a bhith cinnteach gu'm bi am fodar gann ; agus air an aobhar sin, bidh crodh is eich is caoraich a' faotainn a' bhàis leis a' chaoile mu 'n tig a' Bhealltuinn.

Tha 'ghaoth a' deas an còmhnuidh blàth. Eadhon an teis meadhon fuachd a' gheamhraidh agus an earraich, tha a' ghaoth a' deas mòran ni 's blàithe na gaoth sam bith eile. An àm an fhàis tha 'ghaoth a' deas ro thlusar agus ro chaomhail ris na lusan maotha 'n uair a tha iad a' gobachadh troimh 'n talamh. Agus o 'n a tha toradh na bliadhna ann an tomhas mòr gu bhith a reir ceud fhàs a' bharra, tha e ro fheumail gu 'm biodh gaoth bhog, bhlàth o'n deas, ann an àm an fhàis. Mar is trice is ann o 'n deas a thig na h-uisgeachan a thaisicheas an talamh an uair a tha e air a ghlasadh suas gu teann cruaidh le reothadh is fuachd a' gheamhraidh. Aig àm na curachd is miann leis gach neach a chuireas pòr sam bith 's an talamh gu 'n tig frasan de 'n uisge a chum gu 'n taisichear am fonn, agus an sìol a chuir iad ann. Mar a tha fios againn, ged nach 'eil a' ghaoth a' deas fuar tha i fionnar. Tha fionnarachd a' toirt neirt agus cuideachaidh araon do 'n ainmhidh, agus do 'n lus an uair a tha 'n teas tuilleadh is mòr.

Mar an ceudna, is ann an uair a bhios a' ghrian an cridhe na h-àird a' deas is mò teas an latha. Mar so tha blàths is taiseachd is fionnarachd a' tighinn o 'n deas. Cha 'n 'eil e na ioghnadh sam bith gu robh an sluagh a bha 'nan còmhnuidh ann an cearn fuar de 'n rloghachd ag ambarc ris an àird a' deas air son bìdh agus blàiths—da ni as aonais nach b' urrainn daibh a bhith aon chuid toilichte no comhfhurtail. Bha iad a reir choltais a' creidsinn gu robh gach ni ceart ri tighinn o 'n deas, agus gach ni cearr ri tighinn o 'n tuath. 'Nan sealladh bha deiseal is tuaitheal coionnan ri ceart is cearr. B' e 'n car deiseal an car ceart, agus b' e 'n car tuaitheal an car cearr. Mar is trice theirear gus an latha 'n diugh a' "chearrag" ris an làimh chlì—an lamh a bhios ris an tuath an uair a sheasas duine agus 'aghaidh ris an àird an ear. Tha 'n da fhacal so, "cearr" agus "clì," a' ciallachadh an aon ni an so.

Ged nach tig a' bheag de shneachda o 'n aird an ear, tha 'ghaoth an ear gle ghreannach fuar aig gach àm. Tha ghaoth ni's trice o 'n ear anns an earrach na tha i aig àm sam bith eile de 'n bhliadhna. So an t-am anns am bi na craobhan a' cur a mach an duillich, agus mar a tha fhios aig a h-uile gàradair, seargaidh a' ghaoth an ear an duilleach òg, maoth ni 's luaithe agus ni 's mò na gaoth sam bith eile. An uair a theid a' cheud duilleach air ais le seargadh na gaoith an ear, ged a dh' fhaodas cuid mhath de mheas cinntinn air na craobhan 's air na preasan, cha bhi am meas mar is trice ach meanbh. Is ann air a shon so a thuirt an seann duine, "Ma 's gaoth an ear a dh' fhàg a' Challaig, meas air *crannadh.*" Is minic a chuala mi daoine ag ràdh an uair a bhiodh seachduin no deich latha de shìde tioram, fuar ann le gaoith an ear, gu robh i anabarrach *crainntidh.* Tha 'chrann-lach agus an lach-riabhach cho coltach ri' cheile ann an cumadh 's an dath ri da eun a b' urrainn duinn 'fhaicinn, ach o 'n a tha chrann-lach beag, meanbh, thugadh a' *chrann*-lach mar ainm oirre. Ma tha aon a dh' ainmhidhean an achaidh beag, meanbh, meata, theirear gu bheil e *crainntidh.* Tha "meas air crannadh" a' ciallachadh, "meas seargta" (shrivelled fruit). Tha e coltach nach cuir a' ghaoth a' tuath na measan air an ais mar a ni 'ghaoth an ear, ged a bhiodh i 'seideadh gu math tric fad a' gheamhraidh 's an earraich. Dh' innseadh dhomh gur ann a bhios a' chraobh mheas ni 's toraiche na b' àbhaist dhi a' bhliadhna a bhios an geamhradh fuar, reòta, do bhrìgh nach leig am fuachd 's an reothadh leatha a duilleach a chur a mach ro thrath air a' bhliadhna.

Cha 'n e mhain gu searg a' ghaoth an ear na craobhan agus na preasan, ach seargaidh i mar an ceudna an t-arbhar. "Agus dh' fhàs suas 'nan déigh seachd diasan caola, agus air seargadh leis a' ghaoith an ear."

Tha gach neach a tha suas ri iasgach a' gabhail beachd air gu bheil an t-iasg ni 's dlùithe do 'n chladach an uair a tha 'ghaoth o 'n iar na tha e ri gaoith sam bith eile. Tha so gu sònraichte fìor a thaobh nan Eileanan an Iar. Mur 'eil mo chuimhne 'gam mhealladh dh' innseadh dhomh gu faighear an t-iasg ni 's pailte ris a' ghaoith an iar, eadhon air taobh an ear na h-Alba na gheibhear e ri gaoith sam bith eile. Tha fhios agam air so, gu 'n gabh an t-iasg am biathadh ris a' ghaoith an iar 's an iar-dheas anabarrach math. Tha fhios aig na fir a theid a mach gu druim a' chuain an iar le 'n cuid bhàtaichean a dh' iasgach nan langann 's nan trosg nach 'eil gaoth iasgaich ann a 's fhearr na gaoth an iar no 'n iar-dheas, agus nach 'eil gaoth-iasgaich ann a's miosa na gaoth an ear. Tha a' cheart ni fìor a thaobh nan lochan 's nan aimhnichean.

Thug mi fa near mar tha gu 'n can iad ann an Uidhist, "iasg is aran," no, "iasg is bainne." Tha mi a' creidsinn gu robh aobhar sònraichte ann air son gu 'n do ghnàthaich muinntir dha Uidhist agus Bhein-a-faoghla na briathran so. Is ann air taobh an iar nan eileanan so a bha an àireamh bu mhò de 'n t-sluagh a' gabhail comhnuidh 's na linntean a dh' fhalbh. 'S an àm ud gu h-àraidh, b'ann as na machraichean a bha iad a' toirt an teachd-an-tìr. Bhiodh iad an uair ud, mar a tha iad gus an latha 'n diugh, a' leasachadh nam machraichean le feamainn, a chionn nach deanadh leasachadh sam bith eile feum cho math rithe. Is i a' ghaoth an iar a chuireas an fheamainn gu cladach. A' bhliadhna a bhiodh a' ghaoth an iar a' séideadh gu tric agus gu làidir rè a' gheamhraidh agus an earraich, bhiodh pailteas feamann air na cladaichean, agus bhiodh an talamh air a dheadh leasachadh leis an fheamainn mu 'n tigeadh àm na curachd. 'Nan tachradh aimsir fhàbharrach a bhith ann rè an t-samhraidh 's an fhoghair bhiodh pailteas barra air na machraichean. An uair a tha 'm barr pailt tha 'n t-aran pailt, agus faodar pailteas fodair is feoir a thoirt do 'n chrodh. An crodh a gheibh pailteas de 'n bhiadh a shamhradh 's do gheamhradh bidh pailteas bainne aca. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "'S ann as a ceann a bhligheas a' bhò." Uaith so faodar a thuigsinn gu robh e 'na aobhar misnich agus toileachaidh do na seana daoine gu 'm biodh a' ghaoth an iar a' séideadh gu math tric. Anns an àm ud bhiodh daoine toilichte gu leòr nam biodh am pailteas aca de 'n aran, de 'n iasg agus de 'n bhainne.

Thig sinn a nis a dh' ionnsuidh an *Fhaoilich.* O 'n nach 'eil mi cinnteach ciod is brìgh do 'n fhacal "*Faoileach,*" 's fhearr leam leigeil leis mar a tha e na teannadh ri 'reubadh 'na stiallan as a chéile. Air aon ni tha fìos agam, 's e sin, gur e so an t-ainm a bh' aig na seann daoine air a' chòig latha deug mu dheireadh de 'n gheamhradh, agus air a' cheud chòig latha deug de 'n earrach. Mar a theireadh iad fhein, "Coig latha deug roimh Fheill Brìde, 's còig latha deug 'na dheigh." B' e am barail gur ann air Dihaoine a bha e 'tòiseachadh agus a' sgur. '*S ann air Dihaoine thòisicheas e, agus air Dihaoine 'sguireas e.*" Do bhrìgh gur ann air Dihaoine a cheusadh Criosd bha mòran ann a bha 'creidsinn gu 'm biodh an latha so mar bu trice ni bu mhìosa na latha sam bith eile de 'n t-seachduin. Bha àm Faoileach ri marsuinn fad mìos, agus bha 'n Gearran 's an Sguabag ri tighinn 'na dheigh. Chuala mi anns an da dhòigh a leanas rann an Fhaoilich—

"Mìos Faoilich,
Naoi latha gearrainn,
Tri latha sguabaig,
Suas an t-earrach."

Agus—

"Mìos Faoilich,
Naoi latha gearrainn,
Seachduin caillich,
Tri latha sguabaig,
Suas an t earrach."

Cha robh mi-thoileachadh sam bith air na seann daoine ris an Fhaoileach. O 'n fein-fhiosrachadh dh' fhòghluim iad nach robh ni a b' fhearr na gu 'n tigeadh an droch shìde 'na h-àm fhein. Aon uair 's gu 'n tigeadh am Faoileach a steach b' e am miann gu 'n cuireadh e e-fhein an geill mar bu chòir dha. B' ann a reir na seana chunntais a bha iad ag amharc air son na Feill Brìde. Cha robh guth no iomradh air a' chunntais ùir 's an àm ud idir anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. Bu bheag orra sìde bhriagha, chiùin, bhlàth anns an Fhaoileach. Dearbhaidh an rann a leanas so—

"Faoileach, Faoileach, làmh an crios,
Faoilte mhòr, bu chòir bhith ris;
Crodh is caoraich ruith le teas,
Gul is caoidh bu chòir bhith ris."

Ach bu chòir gu 'm biodh beagan làithean de 'n Fhaoileach ciùin, briagha, blàth. Theireadh iad—

"Tri laithean de 'n Iuchar 's Fhaoileach,
'S tri laithean de 'n Fhaoileach 's an Iuchar."

"Tha còir aig an Fhaoileach air tri làin a chur anns a' chlais—a làn uisge, a làn sneachda, agus a làn de thuthadh nan taighean." "Tha tairneinich anns an Fhaoileach cho mi-nadurra ri laogh a' geumnaich am bròinn a mhàthar."

Tha e furasda thuigsinn ciod e an t-sìde 'bu chòir a bhith anns an Fhaoileach—stoirm is uisge, sneachda 's ciùine, an dràsta 's a' rithist. "Feath Faoilich," 's e sin feath nach mair ach ùine ghoirid. Nam biodh reothadh ann b' e "reothadh an lodain làin nach mair gus an treas trath." A dh' aon fhacal, bu chòir gu 'm biodh sìde anabarrach caochlaideach ann o a thoiseach gu 'dheireadh, mar gu 'm biodh na seachd siantanan a' dian strì feuch co aca bu mhò a chuireadh iad fhein an geill fad a' mhìos.

An deigh an Fhaoilich bha na naoi latha Gearrain. Bha na laithean so ri bhith anabarrach sgaiteach, fuar—cho fuar 's nach seasadh ach an Gearran fhein ris. Bheireadh an Gearran am bàs air na creutaireau laga a dh' fhàgadh am Faoileach beò. Tuigidh sinn so o 'n rann a leanas :—

Thuirt am Faoileach ris a' Ghearran,
"C'àit an d' fhàg thu 'n gamhainn bochd?
Chuir mi 'n t-seic' aig 'air an fharradh,
'S chuir mi 'n ceann aig' air an t-sop."

(Ars' an Gearran).

Mu dheireadh thall thigeadh a' Sguabag—stoirm dhearg nach mòr nach sguabadh air falbh a h-uile ni a bhiodh air aghaidh na talmhainn. An sin thigeadh an t-earrach, agus cha tigeadh gus a sin.

Tha e 'na ni anabarrach comharraichte gu bheil co-chordadh eadar na briathran a leanas, agus na tha luchd-fòghlum 'nar latha fhein ag innseadh dhuinn mu 'n àm anns am bheil ceithir aimsirean na bliadhna 'tòiseachadh. So mar a thuirt na seann daoine :—

Foghar gu Nollaig;
Geamhradh gu Fheill Padraig;
Earrach gu Fheill Peadair;
Samhradh gu Fheill Micheil.

Bhiodh toileachd mòr ri Là Fheill Pàdraig—an seachdamh là deug de mhìos meadhonach an earraich. Anns an t-seana chunntais b' e Là Fheill Pàdraig an naoidheamh là fichead de 'n Mhàrst. So mar a theireadh na seann daoine :—

"Là Fheill Pàdraig,
Là mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,
Là 'dh' fhòghnadh a dhuine,
'S a dh' fhòghnadh duine dha."

Bhiodh a' cheud chuid de 'n mhìos Mharst (àm a' Ghearrain 's na Sguabaig) anabarrach fiadhaich, fuar, nam biodh an aimsir nàdarra. B' ann air a shon so a theireadh iad gu'm bu chòir do'n Mharst tighinn a steach mar leoghainn, agus a dol a mach mar uan; no mar a theireadh cuid eile, "Ceann nathrach, agus earball feucaig." Mur cuireadh an Sguabag agus an Gearran iad fhein geill mar bu chòir dhaibh, dh' fhaoiteadh 'bhith cinnteach gu 'n tigeadh an droch shìde mu 'n teirgeadh an t-earrach. 'Nan tigeadh am Màrst a steach mar uan rachadh e mach mar leoghainn. B' ann mu dheireadh a' Mhàirst, mar a thug mi fa near, a thòisicheadh an t-earrach; oir bhiodh an geamhradh ann gu Fheill Pàdraig. Bhiodh gach aon ag amharc air son sìde bhog, bhlàth; no mar a theireadh iad, "earrach ceòthar." Tha e air aithris gu robh fear ann aon uair a thuirt, nam faigheadh e sìde a reir a mhiann gu'm biodh barr gu leòr air an fhearran aige co dhiu bhiodh Dia leis gus nach biodh. B' e so an t-sìde a mhiannaich e—

"Samhradh breachd, riabhach,
Foghradh geal, grianach,
Geamhradh reòta,
'S earrach ceòthar."

Nam b' fhìor an sgeul bha làn a dhroma de bharr air an fhearann' aig an duine so, ach cha robh biadh idir ann. Tha mòran gliocais anns an sgeul so mar a th' ann an iomadh sgeul eile a th' air an aithris mu nithean nach do thachair riamh.

Mu 'n t-seana Bhealltuinn thigeadh làithean de shìde fuar, greannach, le frasan 's le gaoith a' tuath mar bu trice, ris an canadh iad, "Glaisean cumhach na Bealltuinn."

Mar a bha am Faoileach gu bhith fuar, fiadhaich o thoiseach gu deireadh, ach na tri làithean briagha de 'n Iuchar a bha còir air a bhith ann, bha 'n t-Iuchar gu bhith anabarrach blàth, bruthainneach, ach a mhàin na tri làithean de 'n Fhaoileach a bha còir air a bhith ann. Mar a thug mi fa near ma tha, bidh,

Tri làithean de 'n Iuchar 's an Fhaoileach,
'S tri làithean de 'n Fhaoileach 's an Iuchar.

Bha 'n t-Iuchar a' tòiseachadh còig latha deug roimh Liùnasdal, agus a' crìochnachadh còig latha deug an deigh Liùnasdail. Cha 'n 'eil cuimhne agam co dhiu bha gus nach robh aig an Iuchar ri tòiseachadh air latha àraidh dhe 'n t-seachduin mar a bh' aig an Fhaoileach.

Mu Fheill Micheil, an uair a tha 'n latha agus an oidhche 's an aon fhad, tha làithean, no ma dh' fhaoidte seachduinean, de shìde

ro thuaireapa ri tighinn gach bliadhna ris an canar "Steirmeannan an Fhoghair."

Mu Shamhuinn 's e sìde chiùin a tha nàdarra. Ach bidh reòthadh ann. Is ann air son so a theireadh na seann daoine, "Reòthanaich na Samhna" ris an t-sìde chiùin so.

Mar an ceudna bha e nàdarra gu 'm biodh sneachda ann mu Nollaig. Mar a tha am facal ag ràdh, "Is blianach Nollaig gun sneachda."

So na th' air chuimhne agam de na chuala mi o chionn iomadh bliadhna mu 'n t-sìde ris am faoidte dùil a bhith o àm gu àm de 'n bhliadhna. Ach tha fhios agam nach 'eil trian air chuimhne agam de na chuala mi; oir tha da bhliadhna thar fhiched o nach robh mi a bheag a dh' ùine ann am Beinn-a-faoghla far an cuala mi 'nam òige na dh' aithris mi roimhe so, agus na bheil mi nis a' dol a dh' aithris.

Mar a dh' fhaodar a thuigsinn o na dh' ainmich mi mar tha, tha na comharraidhean a thug mi seachad mu 'n t-sìde ann an co-cheangal ri amannan agus aimsirean na bliadhna; ach tha earrann mhòr de 'n bhliadhna mu nach toir iad eòlas sam bith dhuinn a thaobh na sìde. A nis, innsidh mi na th' air chuimhne agam de na comharraidhean eile leis am faodar aithneachadh cuin a tha 'n t-sìde gu atharrachadh, agus ciod an t-atharrachadh a bhios ann.

Bha e air a làn-chreidsinn aon uair gu'm biodh a h-uile Diciaduin soilleir, grianach, ann an tomhas beag no mòr, eadhon ann an dùdlachd a' gheamhraidh. So mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal 'g a chur—

"Cha robh Diciaduin riamh gun a' ghrian;
Cha robh Geamhradh ciar gun smal;
Cha robh Nollaig Mhòr gun fheòil;
'S cha robh bean d' a deòin gun fhear."

A chionn gu 'm b' ann air Diciaduin a chruthaicheadh a' ghrian tha e fìor nach robh Diciaduin riamh gun a' ghrian. Bha muinntir a' creidsinn gu nochdadh a' ghrian a h-aghaidh co dhiu air an latha dhe 'n t-seachduin air an do chruthaicheadh i. B' aithne dhomh iomadh neach a bha 'g ràdh gu 'n do ghabh iad beachd air gu robh a' ghrian ri 'faicinn a' bheag no mhòr a dh' ùine a h-uile Diciaduin o bu chuimhne leotha.

Mar an ceudna, bha e air a làn chreidsinn gu 'm biodh an t-uisge mhòr ann fad an latha Dihaoine nam b' e 's gu 'm biodh an t-uisge ann gle mhoch 's a' mhaduinn. So mar a theirteadh, "Ma gheibh an Aoine na beul e aon uair cha dean i turadh fad an latha." 'Nam biodh Dihaoine fluich bhithteadh cinnteach gu 'm biodh Didònaich fliuch. "Bidh an Dònach a réir na h-Aoine."

Bha na seann daoine a' gabhail beachd sònraichte air gach atharrachadh a dheanadh a' ghaoth, agus feumaidh neach sam bith a ghabhas beachd air, aideachadh gu bheil gach atharrachadh a thig air a' ghaoith na chomharradh anabarrach math air atharrachadh na sìde. Ma théid a' ghaoth tuaitheal, 's e sin, an aghaidh na greine, faodaidh gach neach a bhìth cinnteach gu'm bi an t-sìde gu h-olc gus an tìll i air a h-ais a dh' ionnsuidh na h-àird o 'n d' fhalbh. Faodaidh latha no dha de dheadh shìde tighinn eadhon an déigh do 'n ghaoith car cearr a chur dhith, ach cha tig sìde chunnabhallach gus an tìll a' ghaoth do 'n taobh o 'n d' thàinig i.

Ma bhios a' ghaoth a' sìor atharrachadh, tha e na fhìor droch coltas air an t-sìde. An uair a bhiodh a' ghaoth ag atharrachadh mar so theireadh iad o shean, "Tha 'ghaoth ag iarraidh nam port."

Ma bhios an t-sìde cho ciùin 's nach urrainnear a dheanamh a mach cò an taobh o 'm bheil a' ghaoth, faodar a bhith cinnteach gur ann o 'n deas a shéideas i, "An uair a bhios a' ghaoth air chall, iarr o 'n deas i." Tha 'n comharradh so a cheart cho cinnteach ris na comharraidhean eile a dh' ainmich mi mu 'n ghaoith. An uair a tha ' ghaoth mar so a' grad thuiteam, agus an sin a' séideadh o 'n deas, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig an t-uisge mòr.

An uair a tha 'n t-uisge mòr ann cha bhi dùil ri turadh gus an séid a' ghaoth o 'n iar. Mar a tha am facal ag radh—

"Olc air mhath le fear ga h-iarraidh,
Thig i an iar an deigh an uisge."

Ach mur téid a' ghaoth thun an tuath faodar a bhith cinnteach gu'n till i air a h-ais gu deas mur bi frasan leatha—

"Gaoth an iar gun fhrois,
Bidh i 'triall gu deas."

Ged is ann o 'n deas is mò a thig de 'n uisge, is ann o 'n àird an iar a dh' éireas na neòil a chomhdaicheas na speuran Is ann mar so a tha 'chùis anns gach àite a tha dlùth air a chuan an iar. Mar a tha am facal ag ràdh, "Is i an àird an iar a shalaicheas gach àird."

B' ann o 'n iar a dh' èirich an neul beag mu leud na boise a chòmhdaich na speuran ann an ùine ghoirid an uair a bha Eliah am Fàidh ag ùrnuigh air mullach Chàrmeil.

An uair a bhiodh ceò is uisge mìn ann, no ceò trom gun a' bheag a dh' uisge, bhiodh na seann daoine cinnteach nach glanadh an ceò 's an uisge mìn air falbh ach le gaoith a' tuath, no le uisge mòr. Theireadh iad, "Gaoth a' tuath a sgaoileas ceò," agus,

'Cha téid bàs pathaidh air ceò an t-seann t-soluis." Aon uair 's gu 'm bristeadh air a' ghealaich theirteadh, an seann solus rithe, gu h-àraidh an uair a bhristeadh air a' cheathramh mu dheireadh dhi.

An uair a bhios an t-slìde bristeach agus a thionndaidheas a' ghaoth ris an tuath, tha e gu tric a' tachairt gu bheil a' cheud da latha dhi gle gharbh, ach mar is trice bidh an treas latha dhi ciùin gu leòr. Ann an cuid de na h-Eileanan an Iar their iad, "Air an treas là bristidh a' ghaoth a' tuath a cridhe." Chuala mi na briathran a leanas gu math tric—

"A' cheud làtha de 'n ghaoith a' deas,
An treas làtha de 'n ghaoith a' tuath,
An dara làtha de 'n ghaoith an iar,
'S a' ghaoth an ear gach lal 's gach uair."

A réir mar a thuig mi na briathran so, bhiodh a' cheud latha de 'n ghaoith a' deas, an treas latha de 'n ghaoith a' tuath, agus an dara latha de 'n ghaoith an iar, ciùin gu leòr air son seòlaidh agus iasgaich; ach bhiodh a' ghaoth an ear an còmhnuidh cho ciùin 's gu faodadh daoine bàtaichean oibreachadh. Tha e ainmig, ma tha e idir, a' tachairt, gu bheil gaoth àrd, no stoirm a' tighinn o 'n àird an ear. Tha e anabarrach comharraichte gur ann ris an àird an ear a tha aghaidh nan taighean aig a' chuid a 's mò de shluagh 'nan Eileanan an Iar. Is ann o 'n iar 's o 'n iar-dheas is trice a thig na stoirmeanan, agus o 'n a tha 'ghaoth an ear an còmhnuidh ni 's ciùine na gaoth sam bith eile, ged a tha i gle fhuar, is ann ris an ear is freagarraiche aghaidh nan taighean a bhith.

"Feasgar dearg is maduinn ghòrm coltas na deagh shìde." Mar an ceudna, bha, agus tha e 'na fhìor dhroch coltas air an t-slìde a' mhaduinn a bhi sgàireach, dearg.

An uair a bhios an iarmailt làn a dh' fhir-chlis, 's iad a cur nam both dhiu gu làidir, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig gaoth is uisge gu leòr an ùine ghoirid. Ach ma bhios na fir-chlis gu h-iosal anns an àird a' tuath, is comharradh air an t-sneachda e.

Mar a dh' aithnichear air na neòil gu bheil an t-uisge dlùth air laimh, aithnichear mar an ceudna air na neòil an uair a bhios an sneachda gu tighinn—

"Bonn gòrm agus barr lachdunn,
Pairt de choltas an t-sneachda."

An uair a tha sneachda mòr gu tighinn is e clachan mìne meallain a thig an toiseach. 'Nan déigh thig na pleòiteagan agus an

cathadh. Agus mar is trice is i chlach mhìn mheallain a thig mu dheireadh. So mar a theireadh na seann daoine—

"Tòiseach is deireadh na sìne
Clachan mìne meallain."

Tha e furasda gu leòr neòil an uisge aithneachadh, gu h-araidh na neòil ris an canar an "runnach." Theirear an "runnach" ris na neòil so a chionn gu bheil iad breac mar a tha da thaobh an éisg ris an canar an "runnach." Ge b'e uair a chithear na neòil so faodar a bhith cinnteach nach bi an t-uisge fada gu'n tighinn.

An uair a chithear buaile mhòr mu'n ghrein no mu'n ghealaich, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu bheil uisge agus gaoth dlùth air laimh.

An uair a chithear na beanntan ni 's dlùithe air laimh na tha iad, is comharradh e gu bheil an t-uisge dlùth air laimh.

Aithnichidh na daoine a tha fuireach air taobh an iar an Eilean Fhada air fuaim a' chladaich ma bhios a' ghaoth gu séideadh o 'n ear.

Aithnichidh na h-iasgairean agus na seòladairean air gluasad nan tonn gu 'm bi an stoirm faisge orra.

Tha na h-eòin 'nam màirnealaichean anabarrach math. Aig iomadh àm thig na faoileagan agus na sgàireagan nam ficheadan o na cladaichean a dh' ionnsuidh nan achaidhean, agus o 'n a ghabh na seann daoine beachd gu'n tigeadh uisge trom no sneachda mòr mu 'n àm anns am faiceadh iad na faoileagan air feadh nan raointean, thuirt iad—

"Faoileagan manadh an t sneachda,
Scàireagan manadh an uisge."

Ge b'e uair a chithear ealta de na bigeanan-baintighearna (the mountain linnets) a' ceileireadh gu binn air cliathaich taighe, no air craoibh, no air gàradh, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig sìde glé fhuair no eadhon sneachda, gun dàil.

Ma chithear breac-an-t-sìl a' tighinn dlùth do na dorsan a sgrobadh far am bi na cearcan a' faotainn am bidh, faodar a bhith cinnteach gu 'n tig laithean a dh' fhìor dhroch shìde.

Bha daoine 'gabhail beachd air gu robh an dreadhain-donn glé dhéidheil air a bhith 'dol a steach do na tuill an uair a bhiodh an t-uisge dlùth air laimh, agus bha iad a' creidsinn gu'm b' ann a chionn gu robh an t-uisge gu sileadh a bha e dol 's na tuill. Aig an àm cha robh fhios aca, a réir choltais, gur ann air na cuileagan a tha 'n dreadhain-donn a' tighinn beò. Is e eun is lugha agus is

meata 'th' anns an dùthaich againn; ach cha 'n 'eil eun eile anns an ealtuinn air son an d' rinneadh a leithid a dh' ulluchadh ann an riaghladh an Fhreasdail 's a rinneadh air son an dreadhain-duinn. An uair a bhios an t-uisge dlùth air laimh theid a' chuid a 's mò de na cuileagan a steach do na tuill, agus fo na clachan anns na gàraidhean, agus so an t-àm anns an fhuasa do 'n dreadhain-donn a shàth de 'n bhiadh a 's fhearr leis fhaotainn. Beagan mu 'n sìl an t-uisge cha 'n fhaicear cuileag a' gluasad ach na meanbh-chuileagan a bhios a' dannsadh anns an fhasgadh gus an cuir an t-uisge mòr nan tàmh iad. Gun teagamh sam bith faodar a ràdh gu bheil an t-uisge gu sileadh an ùine ghoirid ma chithear an dreadhain-donn a' dol gu math tric do na tuill.

Ma bhios na coilich a' gairm an àm dhaibh a bhith 'gabhail mu thàmh is comharradh e gu 'm bi 'n t-uisge ann mu 'n tig a' mhaduinn. Ma ghairmeas iad an uair a tha 'n t-uisge ann is comharradh e nach bi an turadh fada gun tighinn.

Direach mar a dh' eireas a' ghlaine-shìde mu 'n téid an t-uisge as, mar sin teannaidh na h-uiseagan ri gairm mu 'n téid an t-uisge as.

Bha, agus tha muinntir a' creidsinn gu bheil an t-sìde ann an tomhas mòr air a riaghladh leis a' ghealaich. Theireadh iad gu 'n atharraicheadh an t-sìde an uair a thigeadh an solus ùr, no an uair a bhiodh an ceathramh slan, no an uair a bhiodh a' ghealach na h-àirde, no an uair a bhristeadh air a' cheathramh mu dheireadh. Bha iad a' toirt fa near gu robh an t-sìde ag atharrachadh gu math tric aig an àm anns an robh 'ghealach ag atharrachadh, agus o 'n a bha iad cinnteach gu leòr gu robh lìonadh agus tràdhadh na fairge ann an tomhas mòr fo riaghladh na gealaich, bha iad an dùil gu robh an t-sìde mar sin mar an ceudna. Tha iomadh neach a dh' ionnsuidh an latha 'n diugh nach toir fa near gu faod nithean tachairt aig an aon àm gun cho-cheangal sam bith a bhith eatorra. Biodh so mar a thogras e, bheir sinn fa near na beachdan a bh' aig na seann daoine. Bha iad a' creidsinn mar an ceudna gu robh an solus a thigeadh a steach air Disathuirne ri bhith anabarrach fiadhaich. "Solus na Sathurna, gabhaidh e 'n cuthach seachd uairean." Ann an Leodhas theireadh iad, "Solus earraich 's bean 'ga innseadh, gabhaidh e 'n cuthach tri uairean."

Theireadh iad o shean, agus chuala mi am bliadhna fhein e, gu sìl an t-uisge mar is trice air tòiseach an lìonaidh. "Silidh e air a lìonadh."

Nach 'eil an t-àm agam sgur de 'n obair so? Tha eagal orm gu fàs sibh cho sgìth ag eisdeachd ris an t-seann seanachus so, 's a

dh' fhàs an gobha de 'mhàthair an uair a thiodhlaic e seachd uairean i. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh—

"Ge math an ceòl feadaireachd
Fòghnaidh beagan dheth."

Buaidh is piseach leis a' Chomunn, an là a chì 's nach fhaic.

10th DECEMBER, 1890

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, Mr Hugh Fraser, Armadale Cottage, Greig Street, and Mr John Mackenzie, Eskdale Cottage, Greig Street, were elected members of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read the first part of Mr Angus Beaton, C.E., Essay on the *Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800.*

17th DECEMBER, 1890.

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, Mr George Buchan Shirres, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, was elected a member of the Society. The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh on *The Camerons of Letterfiniay, styled Macmartins.* Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND SEPTS—No. IV.

THE CAMERONS OF LETTERFINLAY, STYLED "MACMARTIN."

While many histories and memoirs of the Camerons of Lochiel have been written, little or no attention has been given to the Macmartins of Letterfinlay, although nearly every account makes them out as original heads of the clan. It would be out of place. even if possible, to detail with accuracy the early history of Lochaber or of its inhabitants, and its owners, native and imported, During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the family of Macdonald, which particularly favoured Mackintosh and Maclean, predominated, and no rights or titles existing are known, except those flowing from them. The charter of 1337 to Mackintosh is unhappily mislaid, and no other of the fourteenth century, to a vassal in Lochaber, unless to Maclean, is known to exist. Those who have undertaken to write about the Camerons are at one as to there being four races, which ultimately fell under the leader-

ship of Lochiel, as Captain of the Clan Cameron, viz.—(1) Macgillonies, (2) Lochiel, (3) Clan Soirle, (4) Macmartins. The title of captain indicates that the clan was not homogeneous, and that it ultimately became hereditary, with the title of chief, is highly creditable to the tenacity and ability of the successive heads of Lochiel.

It may be well to examine the position of those families in the latter half of the fifteenth century :—(1). The Macgillonies, once important, are conjectured to have been originally Macphees, but, having no charter history, it is beyond the scope of this and similar papers, to do more than mention the name.

(2). The Lochiel chroniclers declare themselves unable to point to any Lochaber charter earlier than 1492, when Alexander of the Isles and of Lochalsh, who had in 1472 given Ewen, Allan's son, some lands in Lochalsh, grants him lands in Lochiel, by charter dated 12th July, 1492, confirmed in 1495. That there were no older charters, which might have been burnt in 1746, may be inferred from the receipt granted on 13th May, 1724, by Lochiel to Grant for his titles, which had been placed for safe custody, wherein the earliest is a charter of 1534. Thus, before July, 1492, there is nothing documentarily authentic establishing the Camerons of Lochiel as Lochaber land owners; and the famous Donald Dubh must have had an antipathy to charters, burning those of Maclean when he got the chance. Here it may be as well, as illustrating Lochiel's position at the time, to give a copy of his bond of man-rent to young Mackintosh. It has been stated in alleviation that this was a mere act of friendship, in consequence of Ewen, Allan's son, having married Marjory, Mackintosh's daughter; whereas the lady he did marry (and in regard to whom there have been put forth shameful stories of unnatural conduct to her children, and ridiculous fables of what occurred when occasionally compelled to speak to the "Black Tailor"), was Marjory, second daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh of Gallovie, commonly called Lachlan Badenoch, by his second wife, Catherine Grant, daughter of Sir Duncan Grant of Grant. Mr Mackenzie, in his history of the clan, does not fall into Balhaldie's error on this point :—

"Be it kenned to all men by these presents,—Me, Ewen Vic Allan, to be bound and obliged, and by these my present letters and the faith in my body to be leally and truly, binds and obliges me to a right honourable man, and my true friend and master, Ferquhard Mackintosh, son and apparent heir to Duncan Mackintosh, Captain of the Clan Chattan, to be a leal, true, and faithful

man and servant to the said Ferguhard, and that I shall never hear or see his skaith, but that I shall warn him, and that with all my men, familiars, party, and purchase, and all others holding or dependent upon me, shall take their plain part, and supply, maintain, and defend the said Ferquhard Mackintosh in all actions, causes, and quarrels that he has, or shall have ado for ever, with all my goodly power, in contrary of all that live and is, or may die (except my service owed to my lord and master, Alexander of the Isles). And if it shall happen as (God forbid) any freak of distance to be betwixt the said Alexander and Ferquhard, that the foresaid Ewen shall take part with the said Ferquhard, and shall cause by all my goodly power the foresaid Alexander of the Isles, and Ferquhard Mackintosh, to appoint, agree, and accord; and if it shall happen the said Alexander will not appoint, agree, or accord with the said Ferquhard, I, the said Ewen Vic Allan, binds and obliges me, my men, familiars, party, purchase, assistance, and holding, and all others dependent upon me, to raise and be upright, and to take plain part with all our power, supply, and keep with the said Farquhar Mackintosh, in contrar and against the said Alexander of the Isles, unto the time that they be both fully agreed and accorded. Attour the said Alexander of the Isles is bound and obliged that the said Ewen Vic Allan shall complete and fulfil all the sundrie points and articles that is here witnessed. In the witness of the whelk tyeing (thing?) because I, the said Ewen, has no seal proper present of my own, with instance, I have procured the seal of my foresaid lord and master, Alexander of the Isles, to this my letter of man-rent, to be appended, at Inverness, the 19th day of the month of February, in the year of God, 1492."

It will be thus seen that the Lochiels owed all their estate to Alexander of Lochalsh, and he it was who brought about this reconcilation with Mackintosh, in the handsome manner above shewn, and followed it up by the charter in the month of July. The Lochiels and Mackintoshes had been crossing swords for many a year prior to 1492, but this document is the first meeting on parchment.

(3). Let us now turn to the other branch of the Camerons, viz., Glenevis, at this period. Mr Mackenzie, in his "History of the Camerons," rather gingerly hints as to their origin in these words:—"Indeed, it has been maintained that the Glenevis family were originally not Camerons at all, but Macdonalds, who settled there, under the Macdonalds of the Isles, before the Camerons had any hold in the district." There are pregnant

sentences in Glenevis's letter of the 9th September, 1785, quoted by Mr Mackenzie. I give two or three in illustration of my present narrative :—"I proceed now to inform you the family of Gordon claimed the property of the lands of Mamore, which, finding they could not peaceably keep—possession being disputed by a powerful family in this country; this and other causes induced them to give a charter of the said lands of Mamore to my predecessor, which consequently entailed upon him the enmity of that powerful family, and nearly lost him his paternal inheritance of Glenevis. In this quarrel my predecessor and yours frequently bled, and at last were extirpated, all but one child, a son of Glenevis, with whom his then nearest of kin—your predecessor—fled to Gordon Castle, and put himself under the protection of his superior, where he remained to the age of manhood, when he was, by a fortunate change of times and circumstances, enabled to resume the property of Glenevis (which was also seized upon), and, by relinquishing his grant of Mamore, to establish peace between said family and Huntly. The lands given up, though at a later period, were divided equally between them, as they continue to be at this day."

Sixteen years before Lochiel had a charter to any lands, and thirty-six years before his first charter to lands in Lochaber, the predecessor of Glenevis received a charter from John of Yla, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, dated at Dingwall, 20th April, 1466. The translation has been done with the utmost care, not only as befitting so old a document, but as containing the gift of an office which has puzzled antiquarians :—

"Be it known to all by these presents that we John of Yla, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, have given and granted, like as by these presents we do give and grant to our beloved Esquire, Somerled (son?) of John (son?) of Somerled, keeper of these presents, a davoch of our lands of Glennyves, with the pertinents, together with the office which is commonly called Tocheachdeora of all our lands of Lochabir whatsover, excepting the lands pertaining to our foster child Lachlan Makgilleon of Doward, in Lochabir, to be holden and to be had the aforesaid lands and office to the aforesaid Somerled, with all the pertinents and fruits whatsoever, and by all their right measures and ancient bounds during all the lifetime of the said Somerled, and after his decease, we by these presents have granted the said davoch of Glennyves and office with pertinents to the eldest son of the said Somerled who for the time may be, for five years immediately thereafter following, in the same manner, form, and effect as above, for their

homages and faithful services, to be well and faithfully rendered to us and our heirs against mortals whomsoever during the time before noted, In witness of the which thing we have caused our seal to be affixed to these presents at Dingwall the twentieth day of the month of April in the year of the Lord one thousand four hundred and fifty six." (Seal in good preservation).

The word "Tocheachdeora," so written by the Latin scribe, has, I have said, puzzled the learned, being rendered "depute to the mair of fee," "Coroner," "Sergeant," "Officer," "equivalent to Bailie," and some sapient antiquaries consulted as to this deed, made it "Governor, or High Sheriff." None of the definitions seem accurate, and I invite the views of the Society, merely indicating that in my view it is a compound word, and may be synonimous with the "Ostiarius" at the Royal Court, or "he who was to stand in front of the door of Macdonald when in Lochaber, as guardian."

The charter describes Somerled as "Somerled John Somerled," but I take this to mean Somerled son of John who was son of Somerled, and these names can point to no other source than that of Macdonald, and this Somerled, known by tradition as "Soirle Ruagh," has left his mark in the Glen by such names as Somerled's Cave, Somerled's Stone, Somerled's Burial-place.

It has been stated, and with truth, that Glenevis was generally opposed to Lochiel, as they had every cause to be (being on one occasion cut off to one child), and in support of this view, I give the following remarkable document, entitled "Assurance be M'Conil duy to Makintoishie, 1577," the spelling being modernised:—

"Be it kenned to all men by these presents,—Me, Allane Cameron, chief and captain of Clan Cameron, bearing the burden of my kin of Clan Cameron, that depends on me, or takes my part, to have assured, and by these presents assures, Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton, his kin, friends, servants, roumes, steadings, and possessions, their bodies, goods, and gear, moveable and immoveable. Further, and by these presents, assures Clan Allane Vic Ayne, Clan Aonas Vic Ayne, Vic Ayne, Vic M'Cyne, Donald Dhu M'Donill Vic Ayne, Vic M'Cyne, and Johanne Vic Ayne, Vic Ewen Roy, with the rest of Sioldonquhy-Vic-Soirle, their bodies, goods, and gear, friends and tenants, tenants and sub-tenants, rooms, steadings, and possessions, corns, and with all the lands that they possessed and manured last within the bounds of Mamore and Lochaber, to be unhurt, unharmed, or molested in any way by me, my kin or friends foresaids, with all others that I may stop

or let from the day and date hereof till Whitsunday next, and immediately following the date hereof, and that they shall win their goods and gear, with their servants and tenants, upon their own towns, and manure the same as peaceably, without impediment made to them by me or any that I may stop, during the survivance of the said assurance; provided that I or none in my name require meat, drink, nor service of them during the time of the assurance as said is, except M'Ayne Vic Ewin Roy, guid talik man (?). I, the forenamed Allane, binds and obliges me that I shall hold Johanne Dhu Vic Ewen's sons in their own towns until Whitsunday, so that they give me meat and drink reasonably (?) as others in the country, and that I shall have the service of their tenants who dwells upon the ground. The same assurance to stand firm and stable upon fifteen days' premonition, to be made at Innerloquhy, gif it be the Erle of Huntlie's pleasure. Be this my assurance given, written, and subscribed by me, at Lochele, the penult of Januar, 1577, before these witnesses—Johanne Vic Allister Duff, the sons of Ewen Vic Ayne, Charles Vic William, with others diverse.

(Signed) "ALLANE CAMRONE, Lard off Lochzill.

"And I, Johanne Macphail, Not., has written and subscribed this with my hand, in sign and token of the veritie, *teste manu mea*, as witness. (Initialed) "J. M'P."

The spelling of names is the most correct that can be made of Sir John Macphail's rather poor caligraphy. The word "M'Cyne," which occurs twice, is either intended for "Ayne" or John, or would indicate some connection with Sweyn or Macqueen. The document speaks for itself, and shews that Glenevis and other dwellers in Mamore, were obliged to ask Mackintosh's protection. Glenevis had been possessed, under the charter of 1456, by Somerled, his son John (styled "Dileas"), and his grandson, Donald Vic Allister Vic Soirle for about a century, until Donald, much pressed by Lochiel, who had contrived ultroneously to obtain charters to Glenevis and other lands, considered it prudent to hold his lands of the Earl of Huntly, who had meantime obtained a Crown grant of the greater part of Lochaber. Accordingly, at Elgin, on 15th September, 1552, a minute of agreement was passed between George, Earl of Huntly, and Donald, whereby the latter agreed to resign Glenevis into the Queen's hands, as superior, to be afterwards held of the Earl, and the Earl bound himself to grant a feu charter, with a feu of ten merks Scots. The necessary deeds were prepared, and charter and infeftment followed, in 1553. No further title was made up afterwards until 1712, when Allan

Cameron is entered by the superior, as great-great-great-grandson of Donald, who is styled in the charter, "Attavus" of Allan. It is thus seen that Glenevis was held since 1456, yet the astonishing statement is made by Drummond of Balhaldie in the first instance, and slavishly followed, that it was not until about 1618 Glenevis and others got charters from Huntly, and for lands formerly possessed by them as tenants and vassels of their chief, Lochiel.

Having cleared up the position of the various Cameron families, except one, which was necessary for the sake of elucidation, I now deal with the Macmartins, the principal object of this paper :—

(4). The name of Letterfinlay, inseparably connected with the Macmartins, first occurs in the year 1466, when it, with Macomer and Stronaba, is found included with other lands in a charter by John of Yla to Mackintosh, dated at Inverness, 14th of November, of that year. One of the witnesses is the well-known Donald Balloch ; and this is the only occasion I have observed him named in a Lochaber writ. This charter was confirmed in 1494. At this period the extent of the Mackintosh possessions in Lochaber was immense, all secured by charters, viz.:—Glenluie and Loch Arkaig, in 1337 ; Brae-Lochaber, in 1443 , the hereditary bailiary and stewardship of Lochaber, 1447 ; Glengarry, Auchindrome, Letterfinlay, Stronaba, and the two Leanachans, in 1466. For a long time prior to this period it may be assumed that the Macmartins had been in actual possession of Letterfinlay, and it may be also assumed that a Lochiel married Macmartin's daughter and heiress. Yet, although no charter appears to have been granted by the Macdonalds or subsequent superiors in the fifteenth century, we find the Macmartins assuming a distinct importance and footing in writs of the period, *commencing* early in the sixteenth century. The titles referred to at the sale in 1851, do not go further back than 1763, but there were valuable papers in existence early in this century. Mr Jas. Fraser of Gortuleg had been previously very desirous to get the papers, and on 7th January, 1803, he writes :—"The young Parson of Kirkhill, having left this some days bygone, with his spouse, would have to hire a chaise from Perth, in return of which the Letterfinlay white iron box may be sent to me." By a subsequent letter he had received the box.

In 1513, and again in 1533—(1) Duncan Macmartin, closely allied with Keppoch, is found ; in 1548, Soirle Macmartin, and by 1549 the line becomes unbroken. (2) In that year Martin Vic Conchie of Letterfinlay appears, and is foster-father to Ewen of Lochiel. There is also found, in 1570, Martin Vic Conchie Mac-

Martin; and by 1584 the ultroneous claims of Lochiel to the lands, which ran on from 1534 to 1580, appear to have dropped. In 1561 one Duncan Vic Ronald intents process in the Sheriff Court of Inverness, against Gille Martin Vic Conchie, in Letterfinlay. (3) Martin was succeeded by Duncan, who is found as early as 1598, and had a brother named Donald. In 1600 Duncan of Letterfinlay is styled Vic Conchie. The Macmartins are found after this period in close alliance with Lochiel, and in 1617 they were Lochiel's chief supporters in obstructing Mackintosh's holding Steward Courts or crossing the Lochy. The principal people summoned by Mackintosh to Edinburgh, to answer for their conduct in that year, were Allan Cameron of Lochiel; Duncan Cameron, alias Macmartin; Dougal Cameron; Dougal Cameron, alias Macmartin Vic Allister; Donald Cameron, alias Macmartin; and Ewen Cameron alias Macmartin Vic Conchie Vic Ewen. In June, 1629, there is found in the records, Duncan of Letterfinlay, who fostered Sir Ewen Cameron, and his son, Duncan Oig Cameron, alias Macmartin.

At this point it may be well to give a description of the lands of Letterfinay, Macomer, and Stronaba, as these were ultimately possessed and owned by the Macmartins. They were in extent nine merks of land, part of the forty merkland of Davochnessie, and were described thus—"All and whole, the town and lands of Letterfinlay, the town and lands of Invergluif or Invergloy, the town and lands of Fortness or Forness, the lands of Stronaba, the lands of Bolnach, the town and lands of Muccomar, or Maccomar, the lands of Strongluy, with the shealing of Achavorie, extending to nine merks lands, with all and singular, houses, biggings, yards, mosses, muirs, tofts, crots, parts, pendicles, outsetts, insetts, woods, fishings, properties, commonties, and commodities, belonging thereto, used and wont, lying within the lordship of Lochaber and Sheriffdom of Inverness." There were shealings higher up the the glen of the Gloy, called Luibindhu, Luibvraid, and Luiack. The feu duty was stipulated at fifty-six merks three shillings and fourpence Scots, two wedders, and a quarter of a wedder, two lambs, and a quarter of a lamb, one stone butter, and a dozen poultry, with four long carriages, not exceeding forty miles; also, that no sale should take place without a first offer to the superior, under an unlaw of one hundred merks.

In the old charters there were ridiculous penalties as to the killing of deer or roe, or cutting the Gordon woods in Lochaber, and the following is a curiosity:—"And further, it shall not be leisome to the said George Macmartin, otherwise Cameron, and his

foresaids, to move or alter the seats of their shealings furth of the place where they were the time the said lands were first acquired in feu, except they put them further back from the forest, but that they continue in all time coming where they first were."

In old times the two Ratullichs were always let to Letterfinlay's people, so that the family and its branches were long a power in Lochaber, possessing that fine block of land fronting the loch and the river of Lochy, extending from the barony of Abertarff at the north-east, to the river of Spean at the south-west, and backwards to Brae Roy, Glen Roy, and Blarour. The divergence of the river Lochy, caused by the construction of the Caledonian Canal, has in effect destroyed the famous Dell of Macomer, on which Highland hosts had so often mustered, and I refer specially to the "Grameid," where, in language nervous and vivid, the place and the assembled warriors are depicted in the time of Dundee.

Duncan of Letterfinlay, as I have said, is found in close connection with Lochiel, and as he first had to stand the brunt of crossing Mackintosh's expeditions, and obstructing him at the ford of Lochy, Lochiel sublet to him the lands of Kylinross, which, though west of the river, lay convenient to Macomer, and the Letterfinlay family for about a century, appear as occupants of that place, except the short interval to be noted. The occupants of Kylinross in 1663 were Martin Cameron of Letterfinlay, John Vic Ian Vic Comhie Vic Ian, and Gilliephatrick Vic Ian Kyndnish. This Duncan was succeeded by his eldest son (4) Duncan Oig, who did not relish the position of buffer betwixt Mackintosh and Lochiel, and in his father's lifetime fell out with Sir Ewen Cameron, and was dispossessed of Kylinross, which had been assigned him by his father Duncan. Matters, however, were made up, for the Macmartins were worth conciliating. Duncan Oig is found in 1642 and 1645, and was succeeded by his son (5) Martin, who is found as owner prior to 1663. He, in turn, was succeeded by his son, named (6) Duncan, who appears to have been put in possession before his father's death. I purpose dealing with them under one head. In 1667 Lord Macdonell, as appears by the Book of the Grants, interceded with Grant on behalf of Donald Vic Ewen Macmartin of Rattulichbeg, and Angus Vic Ian Roy Vic Coil Macmartin, apparent of Rattulichmore, who had been imprisoned as marauders in Strathspey. The name of the Lochaber men as "lifters" was well known in Moray, and there is a curious reference by Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, in a letter to the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, dated Elgin, 25th September,

1682, where the Earl, having been asked to see as to "disaffected" ministers taking shelter in Ross, says little about them, being full of his own special grievance :—

"My Lord,—Ever since my north-coming, I have made it my business to enquire if any of those disaffected ministers you spoke of to me at Edinburgh did resort to the shire I am concerned in, but found no such disorderly people in it; although we suffer so much by the Lochaber men, that if the King and Council take not an effectual course presently, many of us in that place will not have so much of our own as will pay the public dues."

Unless the Earl exaggerated, it is clear the Lochaber men, when they entered Ross, performed the business which brought them, in a thorough manner. In 1685 the name of Neil, son of Letterfinlay, is found. In 1683 the Marquis of Huntly takes proceedings against Duncan Macmartin of Letterfinlay.

In the month of September, 1663, occurred the murder (still counted as the most deplorable event in the annals of Lochaber) of the youths, Alexander and Ronald Macdonell of Keppoch. Those accused of the murder were Archibald Macdonell in Keppoch, either cousin or uncle of the boys; Donald Gorme in Inveroymore; Alexander Macdonald in Tulloch; Angus Macdonald in Murligan; Allister Macdonald in Bohuntin; Allister Macdonald in Crenachan; Donald Macdonald in Blairnahinven; and Angus Macdonald in Achluachrach, all in the Brae of Lochaber; and it would appear that it was not until 1671 the murderers were prosecuted. In that year, at the instance of Mackintosh, as Steward of Lochaber, and of His Majesty's Advocate, they were summoned to appear before the Lords of His Majesty's Justiciarie, in a Justice Court, to be held by them within the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, upon the 24th day of July. Of course they did not appear, and were fugitated. By some means Archibald, the leader, was left in possession, and having married Mary Cameron, Letterfinlay's daughter, became father of the renowned Coll Macdonell of Keppoch. A sister of Mary's was married, as his second wife, to John Mor Vic Allister Vic Allan of Glenevis.

It would be well to have the exact truths of this deplorable business brought out; and my disappointment may be conceived, when, looking over papers at one time in the possession of Alexander Mackintosh of Connage, one of the Sheriffs of Inverness, and seeing one with this backing, "Lord Macdonald's letters to Connage, concerning Allister M'Ranald, 1663," to find, when opened, there was nothing within, the inside page having been used at a later date, for another purpose. I have mentioned about the

Keppoch murder chiefly because the criminal process alluded to contains a separate charge. Martin of Letterfinlay had been busy on his own account, though the crime was not so aggravated. Upon the 18th July, 1671, he and his brother, John Roy Cameron, were summoned to appear before Mackintosh's Steward Court for the murder and slaughter of Donald Roy Vic Ian Vic Inteire (the wright), and for the mutilation and wounding of Angus Macdonald in Shian, sometime in course of the month of June preceding. Angus compeared as a complainer for his interest, but neither of the defendants. The proceedings, which lasted for years, were conducted with pertinacity, one of the papers being, "Procedure at a Court held at Leckroy, on 24th February, 1677, by Murdo Macpherson of Clune, as Steward Depute," showing that Letterfinlay's effects, which had been escheated, consisted of 5 score great cows, worth 2000 merks; 40 young cows, 400 merks; 4 score bolls victual, 480 merks; 25 piece of horses and mares, 720 merks; young horses and mares, 200 merds; 6 score sheep, 270 merks; in all, 4070 merks. John Roy Cameron's stock ran to 3 score great cows and 30 young cows, 1500 merks; 20 piece of horses and mares, 600 merks; 5 score head of sheep, 225 merks; 5 young horses and mares, 105 merks; 50 bolls of victual, 300 merks; in all, 2730 merks. These were very substantial properties. The records of Privy Council from 1683 to 1685 contain numerous charges and counter-charges, Mackintosh against Letterfinlay and Keppoch—these last having, for the moment, a full revenge on the day of Mulroy.

I now turn to a more agreeable picture, the mustering of the clans at Delmacomer, early in 1689, under Dundee; and here is a translation of the description of young Letterfinlay in the Grameid:—

"Here too is Macmartin the younger, rising high above his whole line. His dark locks hang around his face and cover his cheeks, and his eyes shine like the stars, while his neck rivals the white flowers. His father and a great force of dependants accompany him, and an illustrious company of his brethren in their ranks surround him on every side. He himself, in variegated array, advances with lofty mein. The garter ribbons hanging at his leg were dyed with Corycian saffron, and with the tint of the Syrian shell, as was his plaid. The crest of his helmet glows with floating plumes, and the trappings of his mounted powder horn gleam in shining brass. His sister had embroidered his tunic with the red gold, and a double line of purple went round his terrible shoulders. Mighty of limb, mighty in strength,

he could uproot the old ash tree, or with his teeth alone tear away the hard iron. Whenever he turns his head and neck, his arms rattle, and the hollow rocks seem to moan, and as he treads the plain the earth groans under his weight."

This powerful depiction may be contrasted with Allan Dall, in his "Inverlochy Gathering":—

"'S ann d' ar coimhearsnaich àraid,
Mac-'ic-Mhartuinn na Leitrach,
Aig am biodh na fir àluinn,
A dheanamh làrach a sheasamh;
A ghleidheadh onoir nan Gaidheal
'S a reachadh dàna na 'n leithsgeul,
Ri linn cruadail a 's gàbhaidh,
Gum bu laidir an treis iad."

7. George Mac Martin was the next possessor, son of Martin the younger, and was twice married. He had several children by his first wife, from a reference in the contract of marriage with his second wife, Mary, eldest daughter of Angus Mackintosh, senior, merchant in Inverness, and of Culchlachie. This contract is dated at Inverness, 14th December, 1732. The lady's tocher was 6000 merks, and she got a jointure of 300 merks secured over Dellmacomer and Strongluy. One of the witnesses, and Letterfinlay's groomsman, was Allan Cameron, younger of Lindally, and he himself signs "George Mc Martine." Letterfinlay was dead prior to 29th December, 1737, as on that day he is referred to in a deed as deceased. George was succeeded by his eldest son (8), Captain Cosmo Gordon Cameron, who died young without issue. Cosmo was captain in the Highland regiment commanded by Colonel Archibald Montgomery, and was succeeded by (9) George MacMartin Cameron, who, upon 4th August, 1763, had himself served heir to his Grand-uncle, Martin Cameron of Letterfinlay. In the service, George styles himself as son of the late Evan MacMartin, otherwise Cameron, sometime of Barlowbeg (Ratlichbeg?), thereafter in Dellifour of Badenoch, and through the failure of heirs male, descended of umquhile Martin MacMartin, otherwise Cameron, of Letterfinlay, commonly called Martin Mor MacMartin, he, George, was nearest heir male of Martin Mor, his Grand-uncle. There is a tradition that George was not the lawful heir, the alleged propinquity being falsely sworn to by one named "Ian-Mor-na-Cath-ruagh." George is stated to have been a herd lad, and, after his service as heir, was taken from the kitchen to the dining-room, and educated. John

Cameron in Glenroy, whose descendants are still living in Brae Lochaber, was said to be son of the true heir, and it was common report that the successful claimant's family would never prosper. Certain it is that George was in difficulties for the last fifty years of his life, being under trust for forty-six years, and the trust ran on till 1840, a period of fifty-seven years. George married, on 28th February, 1767, Isobel Fraser, sister of Simon Fraser, last Laird of Foyers, of the race of "Huistean Frangach," by whom he had a numerous family, some living to very great age. He was of careless disposition, not unmingled with obstinacy, which involved his estate. Gortuleg, in one of his letters, calls him "poor thoughtless man." He executed a trust in 1783; a bond of interdiction in 1798; a deed of entail in 1807, which was held null; and a further deed of trust in 1817. The family originally had their residence at Letterfinlay, but had removed to Mucomer by 1770. In 1788-1790 George writes from "Claiggin, by the Nevis," as his abode. The house of Letterfinlay was converted into an inn. Lord Cockburn speaks of it in 1819 as comfortable, but, in 1841, as a poor place. That portion of land called Davochnessie was formerly occupied by a race of Camerons renowned above all others for strength, activity, and daring. So late as 1780 a body of Macmartin men, to the number of forty or fifty, as noted in the "Book of Grant," attacked the lands of Glenmoriston, and well-nigh took the life of the well-known Alpin Grant, the laird's brother. To this day, that a Cameron is of the race of Davochnessie is held an honour, but the place itself now knows them not.

Without referring to the clean sweep of the Ratullichs by Mr Belford, let us contrast the Letterfinlay, Macomer, and Stronaba of to-day with these places in 1805. What they are now may be seen by the Valuation Roll of 1890-91, little over a dozen occupants. Luckily I am able to give a full list for 1805. In Macomer and Torness there were John Macdiarmid, Alexander Cameron, shepherd; Donald Cameron, Donald Cameron Smith in Forness, Mary Macintyre—5. In Stronaba—the Rev. Thomas Ross of Kilmonivaig, John Cameron, Catherine Macarthur, Alexander Macarthur, George Cameron, Donald Macdonald, Alexander Macdonald, John Mackinnon, weaver; Katharine Mackinnon, Janet Cameron, Flora Cameron, John Macneil, Duncan Cameron, Evan Cameron, John Macpherson, weaver; John Macpherson, labourer; John Maclachlan, *alias* Cameron—17. In Invergloy—John Cameron Vic Coil-vic-Ian Vic Ullay, John Cameron Vic Aonash Vic Ian-dhu, John Cameron Vic Ewen, Donald Mor Cameron, Ewen

Cameron Vic Allister, Duncan Cameron, tailor; Ewen Cameron Vic Aonash, John Roy Cameron, John Roy Cameron, junior; Alexander Breck Cameron, Samuel Cameron, Widow Mary Kennedy, Ewen Cameron Vic Coil vic Ian, Donald Ban Cameron, and Donald Ban Cameron Vic Ewen Vic Allister—16. In Inverskilliroy—Martin Cameron, Alexander Breck Cameron, Donald Ban Cameron, Ewen Cameron, Ann Cameron—5. In Letterfinlay—Duncan Doun Macnaughton, Duncan Macnaughton Vic Homas, residing at Borline of Glengarry; Donald Macnaughton, John Macnaughton, Evan Cameron, innkeeper; Duncan Cameron—6. In Tartness—John Cameron, Widow Anne Cameron, and Widow Vere Macdonald—3. In Bolluach, Glengloy, and Strongloy—Allan Cameron, tenant in Meople of South Morar; Peter Stewart, James Mackay, Donald Mor Cameron, and Duncan Roy Cameron—5; in all, 57 heads of families, perhaps 300 souls. The family of George Cameron of which I have any note, consisted of four sons, Gordon, Hugh John, Hugh, Duncan, and five daughters, Jane, Isabella, Christian, Anne, and Charlotte. Miss Charlotte, the youngest daughter, died at Macomer 15th June, 1812—all the others survived their father. Upon George's death in June, 1829, he was succeeded by his eldest son (10) Gordon Cameron. He entered the military service, and in 1794 went abroad in Erracht's Regiment. He was one of Glengarry's friends and supporters in the unfortunate duel with Lieutenant Norman Macleod, and when volunteering was rife early in the century, he raised a local company called the Letterfinlay Volunteers. Like his father he was much embarassed, and he did not survive him long, dying on 20th September, 1830. He was succeeded by his next brother (11) Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh John, who had served with distinction. The estate was under trust until 1840, Colonel Cameron, however, taking an active part in the administration. He was of a proud, reserved, but honourable disposition, quite unfitted to cope with the difficulties which surrounded him. To add to these, he had barely succeeded, when he found himself involved in a serious litigation with the Gordon trustees, in reference to the marches of Stronaba and Blarour. He struggled on, affairs getting worse, until 1847, when he was obliged to execute a trust deed. Fortunately, he did not live to witness the actual sale to Mr Baillie, in November, 1851. Sensitive in disposition, proud of his descent, and of being the oldest head of his clan, Colonel Cameron's heart was broken at the prospect of what had become inevitable. I had hoped to get access to a memoir of his

family, which, some forty years ago, I had heard rumoured as being in existence; but, having failed, the genealogy now given is to be taken as subject to correction.

The last of the Macmartins was (12) Hugh, who was served heir in 1851 to his brother Colonel Hugh John, as also to his brother Duncan. This Hugh and his sisters lived latterly at Inveruisk-a-Vullin, in Glenluy, and none of them having married, the race of the Macmartins through George, both male and female, terminated. The burial place of the Macmartins (Cill-'Icomar) is at Achnanaimhnichean, even now a pretty spot, but no longer, through the Canal operations, to be compared to what it was when really at the confluence of the rivers.

That there are heirs of line, and male, can, from what has been above stated, hardly admit of doubt; and it would be well that such as can establish their connection, should do so legally, and prevent what is at present the virtual extinction of this ancient and honourable House from becoming actual and total.

20th JANUARY, 1891.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Nineteenth Annual Dinner of the Society took place in the Station Hotel this evening. In the unavoidable absence of Mr Ian Murray Grant of Glenmoriston, Chief of the Society, Provost Ross occupied the chair, and was supported on the right by Dr Norman Macleod, and on the left by Colonel Murray, commanding the 72nd and 79th Regimental Districts. Bailie Mackenzie and Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Raining's School, were croupiers.

After dinner, the Chairman proposed the loyal toasts, followed by that of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, which was coupled with the name of Colonel Murray. Referring to the army, the Provost said they had two depots of Highland regiments at Inverness, but he did not think that was sufficient to give a good idea of the true military life. He believed that comparatively few recruits were now obtained for Highland regiments in this part of the country; and it was his opinion that if the Government really meant to make the regiments territorial, and to keep up their proper strength, they must do something more for the North

than merely to have the depots of the regiments here. They had excellent barracks at Inverness, and there was no reason why they should not be extended, and a regiment sent north. This would do good to the town of Inverness, and would also tend to keep up the strength of the regiment. He hoped the Government would consider this idea, and also send companies of their soldiers throughout the country, to inspire the people with a military spirit, which had to a great extent been lost. The same remark applied to the navy. They heard much about the navy, but saw little of it. The Government ought to encourage the people in these northern parts by sending ships oftener round the coast, and so let the seafaring and other inhabitants see what the navy is really like.

Colonel Murray, who was cordially received, in the course of his reply said he thought Scotchmen had every reason to be proud of the men who composed the national regiments—(applause). There never had been an occasion when they failed to respond most nobly to any call of duty which was made upon them—(applause). With regard to what the Chairman had said about recruiting, he should only be too glad to see more soldiers coming from this district, more especially as the military authorities wished to make the regiments territorial and thoroughly representative of the counties from which they were supposed to be drawn, and in which they to a great extent were raised.

At this stage, the Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, submitted the annual report of the Executive, which was as follows :—

"In submitting the nineteenth annual report, the Council have much pleasure in stating that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continues to increase. Within the last year a large volume of Transactions, consisting of upwards of 320 pages, has been issued to the members, and that volume has been well received by the press all over the country. Volume XVI. is in the press, and will soon be delivered to the members. Already this session valuable papers by Sir Henry C. Macandrew; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Rev. Mr M'Rury, Snizort; Rev. Mr Macgregor, Farr; Rev. Mr Sinton; Mr A. Macbain; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Mr Alexander Macdonald; Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, and others are promised. The Treasurer's report is—Balance from last year, £29 19s 11d; income during year, £71 11s 1d—total, £101 11s; expenditure during year, £93 15s 3d; balance on hand, £7 16s 9d. During the past year one life member, five honorary members, and nineteen ordinary members joined the Society, and several volumes were added to the library. The

Council regret to report that only one essay was received last year in reply to the prize of £10 10s, offered by the Society for the best essay on the social condition of the Highlands. Through the kindness of The Mackintosh, they again repeat the same offer this year, when, it is hoped, more members will come forward and compete for the prize."

The Chairman, who was received with loud applause, then rose to propose the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." I may first be allowed, he said, to thank you for the honour conferred on me in asking me to take the chair and preside on this occasion—the 19th anniversary of the Society. When I look over the list of eminent men who have filled this chair on similar occasions, it is with some trepidation I undertake the work, but, feeling assured as I do of your kindly sympathy and indulgence, I shall endeavour to do my duty. The object of the Gaelic Society is given out in rule No. 2 of the constitution, and is of most general character, viz., the cultivation of the language, the poetry, and the music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, tradition, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and material interest of the Highlands and the Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people, and generally the furtherance of their interests, whether at home or abroad. Now, we must all admit that the scheme is wide and comprehensive enough, and we may on this occasion pause for a short time and ascertain how far the Society has fulfilled the objects and aims laid down in its prospectus and constitution. To take the poetry, traditions, and cultivation of the language first, I think the handsome volumes issued for the last nineteen years is a sufficient answer, and the contents of these volumes show research and work of which any Society may be proud. Not only is the poetry and tradition well represented, but the records show determined and commendable efforts to perpetuate a knowledge of the Gaelic language, and obtain the recognition of it in our Public Schools. In this direction I think the Society has fairly well done its work. A library of volumes appropriate to the work the Society has in view has been established, but the efforts made in this direction have been scarcely so successful as might be wished. In music I do not think there has been so much done, and the volumes are singularly bare of articles bearing on this subject. I note several articles by writers now, alas! gone from amongst us,

notably one by Mr Hugh Rose, in which he dwells at some length on ancient Highland music, and the instruments then in use. This is a subject on which much more might have been done. It is true that we have an annual gathering, but it can scarcely be called a representative one, nor does it confine itself to Gaelic music, nor Highland instruments. In this direction our Welsh cousins seem to have got the lead of us, and their "Eisteddfod" has become a national institution. I observe that Professor Masson advocates the establishment of a Highland institution of the Eisteddfod kind. Oban has taken up the matter, and surely the Gaelic Society of Inverness will not be behind. A Society in the Capital of the Highlands, powerful and wealthy, and with such a record as ours cannot fail to do good and be a success. In this department of music I feel that the work of the Society is decidedly weak. The Welsh Eisteddfod is, as I understand it, a system of public competition in both poetry and music, and was and is an institution whose senatus was composed of all those qualified in literary, bardic, and musical lore. If one can judge by the reports of the result in Wales, the effect of this institution has been most beneficial, and has preserved the ballads and music of Wales in a marvellous manner. I throw out these hints, and I think the time has now arrived when the Gaelic Society should take up the matter in earnest, and cultivate the musical talent of the Highlanders in a systematic manner. With regard to the instruments, it is remarkable how completely the old instruments have died out; and now the only instrument one hears is the great Highland bagpipe. In olden times, the cruit, or three-stringed lyre, was the instrument on which the bard accompanied himself, and we have ample proof that the harp was also in use. This beautiful instrument has entirely disappeared from the Highlands, and the violin and piano are their modern representatives. We cannot be expected to go back to these imperfect and primitive instruments; but, at anyrate, the violin, great and small, harp, and bagpipe are worth cultivating, and these, with the chanter and Scotch pipe, would give sufficient variety to express the national music, whilst original compositions in poetry should be specially encouraged. Our present annual gathering is held in July, at the time of the great Wool Fair, but I am not sure that the Northern Meeting week would not be a more suitable time. The Highland farmers are too busy and the Wool Fair is becoming daily less important by reason of auction sales and salesmen, whilst the Northern Meeting week is given up to things Celtic. The No. 2 rule of the constitution, as I have mentioned, is wide enough, and covers all Highland interests, both literary and

material, and I think that it may not be out of place to refer to the probable improvement in the condition of the inhabitants from the proposed assistance by Government in opening up and developing the Highlands by means of railways and harbours. We have reason to believe that material aid will now be given, and that we may yet see the condition of our crofter population improved, and a very considerable development of the extension of railways to various points on the West Coast. In another place I have gone more fully into the question, having recently, when in Ireland, seen the working of the light railways and steam trams, and I think it possible that a number of these, multiplied and extended to various points, would do more good than one full-sized and fully-equipped railway, with all its stations and officials. The creation of harbours and the more fully lighting of the coasts is also very necessary, and it is by means of these and the thorough opening up of the country, rather than foolish and often harmful eleemosynary aid which has come to be so much the practice in the present, culminating in the amusing fiasco of a party of Englishmen going to the marriage of the Queen of St Kilda and having to return ignominiously with the viands untasted. Let the Government assist in making harbours, and provide easy means for reaching the southern markets, and I do not fear for the Highlander. The best mode of eviction is to make a good road, and if it is worth his while the Highlander will soon find his way to the south or the Colonies. The establishment of various industries at various centres is also essential, and if many of our townsmen would put a little of their money into local schemes, instead of sending it away to the ends of the earth, never to return, they would not, I venture to think, ever regret it. He asked the company to drink to the continued prosperity of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Mr A. Mackenzie, in proposing the toast of the Highland Members, said that whatever people on either side might say of them he believed they were quite up to the average of the other Scotch members, and some of them in particular had done a good deal for the Highland people. But whatever they might think of political questions, there was one thing referred to by the Chairman on which he thought all Highlanders ought to be perfectly unanimous, and that was to insist upon their representatives, whatever views they might hold upon political questions, extracting not only from the present Government, but any other that might come into power, every single sixpence that it was possible to draw from them for the benefit of the Highland people. The Chairman had

been referring only to the good things in store for them from the present Government, but it must not be forgotten that very great benefits had already, during the last five years, been obtained for the Highland people, largely through the influence of members of the Gaelic Society. He quite agreed with the Chairman that a large number of small railways in various parts of the Highlands would be much more beneficial to the people for the opening up of the country than one or two great schemes; and this argument applied with even greater force to the proposal as to piers and harbours. To those who knew the West Highlands it was perfectly clear that a large harbour of refuge at any particular point would be of very little use to the general body of the people. What was really wanted was a large number of small piers and breakwaters that would enable the people in almost every part of the Highlands to conduct the fishing almost from their own doors.

Mr William Mackay, in proposing "The Language and Literature of the Gael," said it was happily no longer necessary to show that their language was worthy of preservation, and that they had a literature that was worthy of study. They had now not only Celtic professors in Edinburgh and Oxford, but all over the country students were hard at work studying their language and literature. But, while that was the case, they had to deplore the loss of the great and good men who bore the brunt of the fight in the days when Gaelic language and literature were not so popular as they now were. They had within recent years lost Dr Clerk, Dr Maclachlan, Dr Cameron of Brodick, and Dr Charles Mackay. And within the last few months they had lost the bard of their Society—Mrs Mary Mackellar, who occupied that honourable office from 1876 till September last, and was an enthusiast in all matters that tended to the welfare of the Highlands. She had an inexhaustible store of Gaelic lore, which she dealt our periodically in the Transactions of the Society, and in the newspapers and magazines. She was diligent in collecting and giving to the Gaelic world the songs and ballads which she found floating among the people, and her own verses would, he ventured to think, be remembered as long as the Highland glens were inhabited by the children of the Gael. She now slept in the old Churchyard of Kilmallie. Let them say in her own words—

Sleep soundly near the beloved home,
Where often thou life's golden dream did weave;
Sleep soundly by the hill o'er which did roam
Thy youthful feet on many a joyous eve.

But while they deplore these losses they must remember with thankfulness that others were ready to take the places of the departed. It might not be out of place especially to congratulate themselves on the acquisition to their strength of the Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, whose family had done more for the language and literature of the Gael than any other family that could be named. The air of Morven must have a wonderful effect on the Celtic mind. They all knew the dictionary of old Dr Norman Macleod, but it might not be so well known that a hundred years before his time a minister of Morven, Rev. Archibald Campbell, was a skilled expounder of Gaelic words. Mr Campbell was brought before the Presbytery in 1733 for drunkenness. One of the witnesses described his condition on one occasion by the word *corghleus*, which the Presbytery rendered into English by the words "the worse of liquor." Mr Campbell objected to this rendering. "Corghleus," said he, "or the word inverted, *gleus-cor*, shows no more that that cheerful humour which a moderate glass puts one in—which humour or temper is not his ordinary, or which he did not fully discover at first sitting down. That was the term the deponent used to express my disposition that night, but wrongously translated in the minutes. I appeal still to the deponent, with whom I was conversing, with some others, if this be not the notion he affixes to it. But, further. this phrase, 'the worse of liquor,' admits of great latitude, for if one exceeds the due measure that suffices nature, which with most constitutions is a single dram, he oppresses it, and is indisposed in his health—and in proportion as he exceeds this strict measure; so that he may be said to be the worse of liquor in both cases. Yet is it not true that at every sitting, most exceed the precise measure?" He found that Dr Macleod translated in his dictionary *corghleus* as "good condition," so that the Presbytery were, after all, pretty correct in their rendering of it. Mr Mackay concluded by coupling the toast with the name of Mr Colin Chisholm, whom he described as the father not only of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, but of the London Society, which was much older.

Mr Colin Chisholm, who was very cordially received, in reply said he had had the honour of being connected with Gaelic Societies since he went to London in 1835, and he could honestly say that he had never been connected with any society that could at all compare with them either in courtesy or good works. He considered the Gaelic Society was now an honour to those who started it. During the nineteen years of its existence it had gone on without a hitch, and he was glad to think that it still continued

in a flourishing and prosperous condition. The only deficiency in its proceedings was, he thought, a want of Gaelic conversations, stories, and songs, which he should like to see encouraged. Mr Chisholm concluded his remarks in Gaelic, for which he was warmly cheered.

Dr Norman Macleod, who was received with loud applause, proposed the toast of Highland Education, and said—I may perhaps be allowed, before I propose the toast which has been entrusted to me, to express the pleasure which it gives me to be present for the first time at the annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. I have no claim either to the linguistic acquirements or the antiquarian lore which may be supposed to distinguish those who are members of your Society, but, as a Highlander born and bred, I am in entire sympathy with the objects for which it exists. My toast is the cause of Highland Education. It is a subject which invites a retrospect and a comparison. Events move quickly in these days; so quickly, indeed, that some hearing me may have hardly realised the great and almost immeasurable progress which has been made in connection with Highland education even within the lifetime of many now present. Let me carry back your thoughts to a date memorable in this connection. It was in the year 1824 that the great education scheme of the General Assembly was founded, mainly through the exertions of two men who deserve, if for no other reason than this, to be held in lasting and grateful remembrance by all true Highlanders. One was Principal Baird, of the University of Edinburgh, the other my own near kinsman, whom you will recognise under the title of the "Teachdaire Gaelach." These men did much to awaken the Church and country to a proper sense of the appalling educational destitution which existed at that time throughout the Highlands. Take the county of Argyle, for example. There were then in that county, according to carefully prepared statistics, no less than 26,326 children between the ages of 5 and 15, for whom there was no provision whatever, except such as was provided in a desultory and intermittent way by certain private societies which then existed. It was ascertained that in the six Synods of Argyle, Glenelg, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, Orkney and Shetland, containing 143 parishes and a population of 377,730 souls, as many as 258 additional schools were urgently called for. As late as 1833 the Education Committee, reporting on the state of education in the Highlands and Islands, founded on returns from the parochial clergy, stated that the number of the young between 6 and 20 years of age, untaught to read, and beyond the reach of any

of the existing provisions for elementary education, was 28,070, and that the number between 5 and 20 unable to write was 84,210. The legal provision for the maintenance of Parochial Schools was in operation no doubt, and in many instances their slender endowments had been sub-divided by a plurality of schools to an extent which frequently reduced the endowments of the poor teacher to a minimum, which seems almost incredible in these days of School Boards and school rates, as low—I believe, as £10 or £15 a year. No grander educational machinery was ever devised than the old Parochial Schools, to which Scotland owes so much, but in the Highlands, in consequence of the immense extent of parishes intersected, as we all know, by arms of the sea stretching far into the country, and by mountain ranges, which are covered for months by snow, it never had fair play, and the result was that, at that time, and well within the present century, there were tens of thousands of children who were practically without any means of religious or moral improvement. Well, gentlemen, this is a condition of things which has entirely passed away. Whatever be the deficiencies of Highland education in the present day, I am not aware that in any respect it will compare unfavourably with other parts of the country. Very striking is the contrast between the palatial school buildings now to be found in the remotest glens and islands, and the thached-roofed, mud-floored huts which used at that time to be dignified by the name of school-houses. Yet we should never forget the noble efforts which have been made by the generation which immediately preceded us to promote the cause of education. I refer more particularly to the ministers and schoolmasters of that period. They had difficulties to contend with of which we can form no idea, and they met them with a courage and devotion worthy of praise. The Highlands owe much to the General Assembly Schools, and at a later period, of course, to the schools of our Churches, and they owe much to the old Christian Knowledge Society. That Society has now passed, so far as it is educational, into other hands, and is to be known henceforth as the Trust in behoof of Highland education. As one of the new Board, I have no desire to disparage the work which lies before it, but I feel that I can express no better wish for its success than that it may confer as great and lasting benefits on the Highlands as did the Society throughout many years. And here you will permit me to mention a point which should be of some interest to your Gaelic Society. I am speaking of the Society for Propagating Christian

Knowledge in relation to Highland education. Had that Society never done more than have translated the Word of God into the Gaelic language it would deserve to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of Highland education. Now, you are possibly aware that some years ago—ten or twelve, I think—the Society resolved to issue a revised edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, which had long been recognised as a most necessary and desirable step. For this purpose a Commission of eminent Gaelic scholars, selected from the Free Church and the Church of Scotland, was appointed. It comprised some who, alas! are no longer with us—men like the late Dr Maclauchlan of Edinburgh, and Dr Archibald Clerk of Kilmallie; Mr Dewar, Kingussie; Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Professor Mackinnon; Sheriff Nicolson; Mr Blair; Dr Maclean; and others whose names I do not remember at this moment. I had myself the honour of being the Chairman of that Commission, and I may say that I never was connected with any body of gentlemen who did their work more pleasantly, and I think more efficiently. Well, we had just completed the revision of the New Testament when those changes in the constitution of the Society, to which I have referred, became imminent, and our work was stopped. The Old Testament—a much easier and less expensive undertaking than the New Testament—has yet to be overtaken. Under the present scheme, the old Society and the new body may agree to divide the cost between them, but I very much fear that my colleagues in the old Society will find that they have no means at their disposal for any such purpose, and I do not know that the new Board have any great interest in it. Now, it occurs to me that a society like yours might very well bring some pressure to bear on both the boards, and might even, perhaps, do something to help financially. Unless the work is completed, our labours will be practically lost, inasmuch as the New Testament is stereotyped in quarto size, and I suppose no one would think of publishing the New Testament alone in that form. One of the objects which the Highland Trust is intended to promote is the teaching of Gaelic, and it seems to them to be entirely in harmony with that object that the Bible should be given to the people in as pure and unadulterated a form as it can be presented. I have always been a believer in what is called Gaelic teaching, not for any sentimental reasons, but in the interest of English education itself. I cannot conceive how a teacher can give an English education intelligently who cannot avail himself of the vernacular for the purposes of explanation and enforcement, and surely it is reasonable and proper that Gaelic-speaking children

should at least be taught to read the Bible in their own tongue. There is much room for improvement in connection with the whole subject of the training of Gaelic-speaking teachers, whose way into the Training College is at present practically closed. But I cannot detain you longer. I have great pleasure in connecting the toast with the name of a gentleman who is a most worthy representative of Highland education, as well as an honoured and useful member of your Society, Mr Macbain.

Mr Macbain, in the course of a short reply, said he had spoken to the toast so often in former years that he did not propose to inflict on them a speech that night upon the subject. With regard to Highland education, Mr Macleod, inspector of schools, would agree with him in saying they were doing extremely well in the North. The only difficulty they had to encounter was a financial one. As to the teaching of the Gaelic language, he was afraid the school teachers were not qualified to do it. There had been too great an importation of teachers from the South, and, besides, good Gaelic teachers generally found their way to the South, where, finding themselves more comfortable, they of course elected to stop. He trusted that, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the cause of Highland education would continue to flourish.

Bailie Mackenzie said the toast he had the honour to propose was the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Northern Counties. It was an important toast, embracing the welfare and well-being of the inhabitants of the whole Highlands and Isles, and deserved more than a passing remark. He thought he was justified in saying that agricultural and pastoral pursuits had not looked so encouraging for some time as they did at present. Arable farmers had come through years of deep depression; but the cloud had now passed, and a wave of prosperity was moving along, and would, he hoped, continue for many years to come. There was no doubt that proprietors saw the wisdom, as well as the necessity, of making substantial reductions of rent, and of meeting their tenants in a generous manner, which was a true indication on their part of a wish that their tenants should prosper, and that their interests were mutual He was sure no other country could produce such a body of intelligent, hard-working men, as northern agricultural farmers were. Pastoral farmers and farmers changing holdings had received similar, if not larger, reductions in rents, but there were still many large sheep runs in the hands of several proprietors, which it would be desirable to see let to practical tenants. The Royal Commission, appointed by Her Majesty's Government, to enquire as to the condition of the

crofter and cottar in the Highlands, had been doing good service by placing this large, loyal section of our fellow-countrymen in more hopeful circumstances, so that all who live from the products of the land may do so in comfort The commercial interests in our northern provincial towns depended, to a large extent, on the agricultural prosperity of the country. For many years the tide was entirely against the commercial trade, in consequence of the agricultural depression referred to, and it will take several years to rebuild and restore it to its normal condition. Indeed, it was a grave question if the present generation will see such good times in the north again. There were several reasons besides agricultural depression why commercial interests were crippled. There was keen competition in every branch of trade, and a limited field of operation; their home industry and local enterprise were not sufficiently encouraged by landlords and independent residents. Money was invested in public companies and foreign ventures (which looked well only on paper), and was thus drawn away from the north, whereas it could be safely applied in various ways so as to develop home resources, such as the purchasing and improving of land or other industries.

Mr A. F. Steele, banker, said, in reply to the toast, that situated as the town of Inverness was, thrown out of the field of industrial or other productive enterprises, they could not look forward to any great development or expansion in that direction, and consequently must look to the development of the country districts, and that rested very largely with the agriculturists. It was gratifying to know that the Government has had its attention fixed in this direction, and that very substantial aid was to be given in that way. For himself, he felt perfectly satisfied that though, as purely commercial speculations for shareholders, local railways in the Highlands might not yield immediate dividends, they would tend very much, and speedily, to develop the country in the way of population, and the extension of trade throughout these important counties. Our own local company was doing well in that direction at present; and they would all be pleased to see the Government putting its hands into its pocket, and laying down railways, as the best means of increasing facilities of communication in the Highlands, which meant a greater degree of prosperity for the Highland people. Inverness was the main depot for the distribution of products throughout the northern counties, and when the proposed railways were opened the commercial interests of Inverness would

be extended in an important way. He was gratified to observe that within the last three years the manufactures of Inverness had extended. He particularised the extension of the tweed industry, and thought more might still be done in this direction.

Mr Huntly Macdonald, farmer, Charleston, briefly replied for the agricultural interest.

Mr H. V. Maccallum, in proposing the toast of "Success to Kindred Societies," said that the fact that the great majority of those present were members of the Gaelic Society shewed that they believed that, as members of that Society, they enjoyed certain privileges, and although he spoke as a young man, he was old enough to realise that any society that lifted its members for a few hours in the week out of the routine of their daily duties, and away from the rush of life, which was so characteristic of this century, conferred a great privilege upon its members. The members of this Society would, therefore, be indeed selfish if they did not wish all success to kindred societies, let those societies have for their object the pursuit either of literature, science, or art.

Mr Barron, in responding to the toast, spoke of the importance of the work done by the Gaelic Society, Field Club, and kindred societies, and said that in the light of these labours he had been struck with the necessity for a new history of the Highlands being written, shewing, in particular, the relation in which the Highlands had stood to the rest of the country. The Clan Histories by Mr Mackenzie were valuable from a genealogical point of view, and of course Skene was an unrivalled authority for the period which he embraced under the title of *Celtic Scotland*. But the Highlands for a long time continued to be jealous of the central authority, and there were movements and uprisings which received very indifferent treatment from ordinary historians. It was only when the relations of the Highlands and Lowlands were better understood that they could have a proper history of Scotland.

Councillor Gunn proposed the toast of the non-resident members, which was responded to by Mr Æneas Mackintosh, The Doune. The other toasts were the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, by Mr James A. Gossip; the Clergy, by Mr G. J. Campbell; the Press, by Mr John Mackintosh; the Chairman, by Mr E. H. Macmillan; and the Croupiers, by Mr James Ross. Gaelic and English songs were given by various gentlemen, and the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Seaforth Highlanders, played selections of pipe music at intervals during the evening.

21st JANUARY, 1891.

The meeting this evening was devoted to the Nomination of Office-bearers for 1891.

28th JANUARY, 1891.

At this meeting of the Society the Office-bearers for the year were duly elected. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz :—William Gillies, 16 Mountgrove Road, Highbury, London, W. ; Dr George G. Macdonald, Inverness ; Dr Macdonald, Stratherrick ; and Councillor Donald Macdonald, Inverness.

4th FEBRUARY, 1891.

At the meeting of the Society on this date the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Honorary Member—Mr W. J. Bell, LL.D., of Scatwell ; Ordinary Members—Mr Robert Macgillivray, 20 Madras Street ; Mr Hugh Macdonald, 20 Chapel Street, Inverness ; Rev. Colin C. Mackenzie, Free Church Manse, Fasnakyle ; and Mr Hugh Munro, Ladypool Lane, Birmingham. Thereafter the Secretary read a western island Gaelic tale, contributed by the Rev. John Campbell, Tiree, entitled, "*Sgoil nan eun, no, mac an Fhucadair,*" with an English translation. Mr Campbell's paper was as follows :—

SGOIL NAN EUN, NO, MAC AN FHUCADAIR.

Duine beairteach a bh' ann 's se am Fucadair a theireadh iad ris. 'S e aona mhac a bh' aige. A cheud seachd bliadhna de aois cha robh am mac ri moran sam bith do mhath na cron, ach a caitheadh na h-uine mar a thoilicheadh e fhein ; ga chluich fhein a mach 's a stigh le toil-inntinn ; 's a gabhail a bheidh ; 's a fas mor agus fallain. An ath sheachd bliadhna cha d' rinn e aon char ach 's an sgoil ; 's an uair a bha a chuid sgoil thairis cha robh sgoilear 's an aite cho math ris.

Chual' athair gu 'n robh fear ann a bha ag ionnsachadh sgoil nan eun do dhaoine, 's dh' farraid e de 'mhac am biodh e toileach a

dhol do 'n sgoil aige. Thuirt am mac gu 'm b' e sid an sgoil anns am b'fhearr leis a dhol dhe na h-uile. Dh' fhalbh e fhein 's athair comhla, 's bha astar fad aca ri dhol. 'Nuair a rainig iad am maighstir-sgoil cha ghabhadh e sgoilear sam bith nach fhanadh seachd bliadhn' aige. Ach chord iad, agus dh' fhuirich an t-oigear 's an sgoil. Thaobh 's gu 'n robh an t-astar fada, cha robh am Fucadair a tighinn a dh' fhaicinn a mhic ach an ceann na h-uile bliadhna. An ceann sia bliadhna chaidh e latha 'dh' fhaiciun a mhic, air nach robh a nis' ach bliadhn' eile 's an sgoil. Dh' fharraid e 'nuair so do 'n mhaighstir-sgoil ciamar a bha 'mhac a tighinn air aghaidh na ionnsachadh. Thuirt am maighstir-sgoil gu'n robh e 'm beachd, gu'n robh e cho math ris fhein a nise; ach gu'm feumadh e bliadhn' eile 'thoirt a mach. Air an latha so, 'nuair a bha am Fucadair a tilleadh, chaidh a mhac greis do 'n rathad leis, agus thubhairt e ris 's an dealachadh—"Bliadhna bho 'n diugh thigibh ga m' iarraidh air fad. Bithidh am maighstir-sgoil a g' iarraidh oirbh m' fhagail aige fhein, ach their sibhse ris nach 'eil agaibh do chuideachd ach mise, 's gu dearbh nach fhag sibh mi. Tairgidh e 'n sin dhiubh dròbh de na h-eich aige, 's buaile chruidh, ach their sibhse ris gur e daoine 's gainne dhuibh-sa; gu bheil gu leor do 'n t-seorsa sin agaibh fhein; 's mar chi sibh gu'm bi esan ag iarraidh mis' fhagail aige, bheir sibh an aire dha calman ruadh anns an uinneag, agus bheir sibh leibh e, a radha ris a mhaighstir-soil gu'm bi e agaibh mar chuimhneachan air 'ur mac. Ma bheir sibhse leibh an calman bithidh mise stigh roimhibh."

An ceann nan seachd bliadhna dh' fhalbh am Fucadair a dh' iarraidh a mhic. Thuirt am maighstir-sgoil ris—"'S fhearr dhuits' an gill' fhagail agam fhein." Fhreagair e naah robh aig' ach e fhein, 's nach fhagadh e gu dearbh e. Thairg am maighstir-sgoil an sin dha drobh each agus buaile chruidh. Thuirt am Fucadair gu'm b' e daoine fhein bu ghainne dhasan na'n seors' ud; "Ach," ors' eise, "bho 'n tha sibh a deanamh na h-uiread airson a ghille, bheir mise leam an calman so mar chuimhneachan air." Cha dubhairt am maighstir-sgoil ris, "Thoir leat e na fag e," 's dh' fhalbh am Fucadair dhachaidh, 's 'nuair a rainig e 'n tigh bha a mhac a stigh roimh'. Cha d' rinn e fhein 's a mhac car an latha sin ach a sraid-imeachd feadh an fhearainn.

Bha iad mar sin gu ceann latha 's bliadhna. Air maduinn is iad a tilleadh dhachaidh thuirt a mhac ris an Fhucadair, "A bheil e bhur beachd a dhol a dh' fhaicinn an ioghnaidh tha gu bhi aig mor-mhaithibh na duthcha?" "De 'n t-ioghnadh a tha dol a bhi aca?" orsa 'm Fucadair. "Tha," orsa mhac, "cath sheobhagan." "Cha 'n 'eil," ors' eise, "seobhag agams' ann." "Theirigibh ga fhaicinn, co-dhiu," orsa 'mhac.

Ghabh am Fucadair a stigh, 's rinn e e-fhein cho glan 's cho deas 's a rinn e riamh ; 's 'nuair thainig e 'mach bha seobhag cho briagha, 's a chunnaic e aig a mhac dha aig a gheata. "Ma reiceas sibh," orsa mhac, "an seobhag na reicibh a chlogaid a th' air a cheann, air neo cha bhi mise stigh roimhibh." A mach a ghabh am Fucadair, 's bha 'n cath air aghaidh 'nuair 'rainig e. Bha iongantas uamhasach air a h uile duine c'ait an d' fhuair am Fucadair an seobhag briagh 'bh' aige. Dh' iarr iad air an seobhag mor ud a leigeil as. 'Nuair a leig e as an seobhag cha robh gin do chach air am buailadh e 'speach a bha 'n comas a chorr feum a dheanamh. Dh' iarr iad an so air an Fhucadair an seobhag mor a chasgadh, 's thuirt esan, "C'airson, mata, a dh' iarr sibh a leigeal as?" "Caisg e," ors' iadsan, "'s an duais agad ri fhaighinn." "De an duais a th' ann?" ors' am Fucadair. "Tha," orsa fear an sin, "lan ud do dh' òr, agus lan ud do dh' airgiod." Fhuair am Fucadair sid 's charaich e ann am poc' e; 's an ceann tacain thainig fear (duin'-uasal) eile far an robh am Fucadair, 's dh' fharraid e dheth an reiceadh e 'n seobhag. Thuirt e ris nach reiceadh. Thuirt am fear eile na'n reiceadh gu'n d'thugadh e dha lan ud do dh' òr 's lan ud do dh' airgiod. Reic am Fucadair an seobhag, 's an uair a bha e ga shineadh seachad spion e a' chlogaid a bha mu 'cheann deth. "Thoir dhomh," ors' 'm fear a cheannach an seobhag, "a chlogaid." "Ged a reic mi an seobhag, cha do reic mi a' chlogaid," ors' esan. Ghabh e dhachaidh an latha sin, 's 'nuair a rainig e an tigh bha 'mhac a stigh roimh'. "Ciamar a chaidh dhuibh an diugh?" orsa mhac ris. "Cha deachaidh riamh cho math leam 's a chaidh 'n diugh," ors' am Fucadair. Chaidh iad an sin air sraid-imeachd mar a bha iad roimhe.

An ceann latha 's bliadhna, thuirt a mhac ris an Fhucadair an robh e dol a rithisd a dh' fhaicinn an ioghnaidh bha gu bhi aig maithibh an aite, 's dh' fharraid am Fucadair gu de an t-ioghnadh a bha gu bhi ac' an drasd, 's thuirt a mhac gun robh sabaid chon. "Ged is iomadh cù a th' agamsa tha mi cinnteach nach 'eil a h-aon agam a fhreagaras an sin," ors' am Fucadair. Thuirt a mhac ris gu'm b' fhearr dhasan a dhol air aghàidh, co-dhiu. Ghabh am Fucadair a stigh 's nigh is ghlan e e-fhein mar nach d'rinn e riamh roimhe; 's 'nuair a thainig e 'mach, bha cù cho briagha 's a chunnaic e riamh aig a mhac dha aig a gheata. Thuirt a mhac ris, "Nis ma reiceas sibh an cù na reicibh an con-iall, no ma reiceas cha bhi mise 'stigh roimhibh."

'Mach a ghabh am Fucadair 's 'nuair a rainig e bha 'm baiteal air aghaidh Bha iongantas air a h-uile duine c'ait' an d' fhuair am Fucadair an cù mor a bh' aige. Dh' iarr iad air a leigeal as;

's an uair a leig am Fucadair as an cù mor, cha robh cu a leigeadh esan as a bha 'n comas an corr feum a dheanamh. "Caisg do chu," ors' iadsan. "C'airson a dh' iarr sibh orm a leigeil as, mata?" ors' am Fucadair. "Caisg do chù," ors' iadsan, "tha 'n duais agad;" 's b' e lan ud do dh' òr, is lan ud do dh' airgiod an duais. 'Nuair fhuair e 'n duais chuir e sid seachad, 's thainig aon de na daoine mora a cheannach a choin uaithe. Dh' fharraid e an reiceadh e 'n cù, 's thuirt am Fucadair nach reiceadh. "Reic e," ors' am fear, "is gheabh thu lan ud do dh' òr 's lan ud do dh' airgiod air a shon." 'Nuair 'thug am Fucadair seachad an cù spiol e dheth an iall. "Thoir dhomh fhein a choin-iall," ors' am fear. "Ged a reic mi an cù cha do reic mi a iall," ors' esan. "De," ors' an duin'-uasal, "na daoine cruaidh-chridheach ga'm buin thu, no 'o 'n d' thainig thu, 'nuair nach 'eil thu airson dealachadh ri ni sam bith?" "Gheibh thu fios air sin," ors' am Fucadair; "'s mise mac do Choinneach Reubalach, 's ogha do 'mhac Glùmag na Mias." Thill am Fucadair dhachaidh, 's bha a mhac a stigh roimh'. Dh' fharraid a mhac ciamar a chaidh dha an diugh. Thuirt am Fucadair nach deachaidh riamh na b' fhearr.

An ath bhliadhna 'rithisd bha reis each gu bhi aca, 's dh' fharraid a mhac do 'n Fhucadair an robh e 'm brath a dhol gu reis nan each. Thuirt e ged bha gu leor do dh' eich aigesan, nach robh a h-aon diu a fhreagarradh an sid. Thuirt a mhac ris gu'm b' fhearr dha 'dhol ann co-dhiu. A stigh ghabh am Fucadair 's chuir e e-fhein air doigh, 's a 'nuair a thainig e a mach, bha steud cho briagha 's a chunnaic e riamh aig a mhac agus srian airgiod ann. Thuirt a mhac ris 'nuair bha e 'falbh, "'Nis ma reiceas sibh an steud na reicibh an t-srian. Ma reiceas sibh an t-srian cha bhi mise roimhibh." Dh' fhalbh am Fucadair, 's bha a chluich air a h-aghaidh aig na daoine 'nuair a rainig e; 's dh' iarr iad air an steud aigesan a chur air aghaidh 'nis. Rinn e sin 's far am b' isle do chach 's ann a b' airde do 'n Fhucadair, 's cha chumadh iad sealladh air. Fhuair am Fucadair an duais, 's cho math ris a chòrr, lan ud do dh' òr is lan ud do dh' airgiod; agus thainig duin'-uasal 's thairg e dha a cheart ni airson an steud. Reic e e, 's an uair a bha e faighinn an oir thuit e air 's chaidh a sgapadh; agus, mar is dual do bhuaras an oir, bha e cho dian ga thriusadh 's gun do dhi-chuimhnich e mu 'n t-srian, 's leig e as i; 's air falbh ghabh an duin'-uasal 's an steud; 's nuair a thill esan dachaidh cha robh a mhac a stigh roimh'.

'Nuair a rainig an duin' uasal dhachaidh cheangail e 'n steud ris an ursainn, 's thainig caileag bheag ruadh a dh' ionnsuidh an doruis, agus thuirt an steud rithe i ga thoirt sios thun an

t-sruthain a dh' òl dibhe. Thuirt ise nach robh math dhi 's gu marbhadh a h-athair i. Dh' iarr an steud a rithisd oirre 'thoirt sios; 's thug i sios e air an t-srian a dh' ionnsuidh an t-sruthain. Dh' iarr e 'n sin an t-srian a thoirt as a bheul, air neo nach b'urrainn dha deoch òl. Cha deanadh i so idir, ach dh' fhuasgail i 'n ceangal. Ach fhuair an steud a cheann as, agus 'nuair a thuit an t-srian, leum e na Mhanach beag, 's dh' fhalbh e feadh an loin. An sud a mach ghabh da dhobhar-chu dheug an deigh a Mhanaich 's dh' fhairtlaich orra breith air. Fhuair am Manach e fhein a thiormachadh air cloich anns an lon, 's leum e na sheobhag do na speuran; san sud a mach da sheobhag dheug as a dheigh. 'S cha d' rug iad air. Cam gach rathad do 'n t-seobhag ach a dol os cionn tigh an righ; 's bha iongantas fuasach air a h-uil' aon riamh a dha dheug do sheobhagan a bhi a ruith na h-aoin.

Bha nighean an righ 's a ceann a mach air an uinneag. Leum an seobhag mor a bh' air an toiseach na fhainn' oir mu mheadhoin meur nighean an righ, 's an sud na seobhaig eile na'n cruitearan ciuil mu thiomchioll tigh an righ. A nuair a chaidh nighean an righ a laidhe am oidhche dh' innis esan dhi a h-uile car mar bha. Cha ghabhadh na cruitearan ciuil paigheadh ach am fainn' oir a bha mu mheur nighean an righ. Suas ghabh an righ a dh' iarraidh an fhainn' air an nighinn. An lath'-r'-na-mhaireach cha robh ise toileach am faine thoirt seachad 's thilg i 's an tein e. An sud na cruitearan ciuil na 'n da bholg dheug a sheideadh an teine 's bha na h eileagan a leum ris na sparran. Mu dheireadh bha am fainne dol an cuil chumhang 's thug e air gu seileir braiche 'bh' aig an righ. Dh 'fhas e 'n sin na spiligein braiche. 'N sud iadsan nan da choileach dheug, sios as a dheigh a dh' ithe' na braiche, agus dh' ith iad an leor di; agus mar a dh' ith chodail iad. 'Nuair a chunnaic esan gun do chodail iad chuìr e car an amhuich an da choileach dheug, 's mharbh e iad, 's chaidh an tilgeil a mach as an tigh. B' e a cheud naigheachd a fhuair am Fucadair air a mhac gun robh e fhein 's nighean an righ a dol a phosadh agus phos iad is bha iad lan thoilichte riamh an deigh sin.

THE SCHOOL OF BIRDS, OR, THE FULLER'S SON.

A WESTERN ISLAND TALE.

This story is of interest as shewing, more than is ordinarily the case, an Eastern origin. The word *Fucadar*, as translated in dictionaries, means a Fuller, but unless such was the case in

former times, it does not indicate a wealthy man, as was the case with the person denoted by the name in this tale. It rather points to a man well to do in life. The reciter of the story, when asked what he understood to be the meaning of the word *Fucadar*, and told the meaning to be found in dictionaries, said that the word might mean a fuller of cloth, but that he understood that it meant here a pushing person, as *fuca* is commonly used to denote a person pushing his way through a crowd or against difficulties, and through obstacles. Fullers, dyers, and others whose occupations are about cloth-making, are not now so highly esteemed, but in remoter ages every trade connected with cloth, from dyeing the thread till the garment is ready for wear, cannot but have occupied an honourable place. They required knowledge and skill and continuous attention, and, when the secret of the work was not commonly known, must have been looked upon as wonderful.

The number of years devoted by his son to each branch of education is worthy of particular attention. The first seven years were allowed without any task, that of growing and physically developing being deemed a sufficient task for a child. At seven he is sent to school, and kept there for another seven years, when he becomes fitted to study the mysteries of nature or the School of Birds *(Sgoil nan ian)*, in other words, instead of being sent to learn his alphabet at an early age, the first seven years are allowed in idleness, to be spent in the development of the child's growth and making him strong in thews and sinews. During that time he acquires much knowledge, and thus is a particularly good listener to all kinds of tales and stories. Mentally, he cannot but become observant of much and learn much, all of greater value because none of them were set before him as a task. In early life the mind is peculiarly receptive of lessons which may prove useful in later life, and without effort assimilates what may prove invaluable. The appetite for stories is insatiable, and, though the incidents of a story may in a few months or even days drop out of memory, the lessons which they teach are abiding. When all the branches of an ordinary good education are gone through, reading, writing, arithmetic, from the first to the sixth standard, the youth becomes fitted for a higher education, and even to enter on the study of occult science, such as metamorphosis, metampyychosis, &c. On every hand there is a mystery in nature, and birds and the lower animals seem to have a language of their own which guides their cries and makes them understood by one another, "Even geese understand one another" *(Tuigeadh na geoidh a cheile)*. What is called truth recognises only exact sciences, such as chemistry,

mental philosophy, humanities, &c., but in the East sleight of hand, necromancy, witchcraft, and the various delusions of sorcery occupy a much more prominent place, and are more believed in. Such tales, therefore, as the School of Birds find a ready credence in Eastern countries and, in their very nature, are more like Eastern growth than anything belonging to the matter of fact West. The story, heard principally from John Brown, is as follows :—

There was a rich man who was known as the *Fucadar* or Fuller. He had but one son, who during the first seven years of his life was not doing very much good or harm, but spending the time as it pleased him to be playing out and in, enjoying life, taking his food, and growing big and healthy. During the next seven years he did nothing but in school. When he was finished with his schooling, there was no better scholar in the place. His father then heard that there was one who could teach people the School of Birds, and he asked his son if he would be willing to go to be taught by this man. His son said that that was the school he would best like to go to of any. He and his father went away together. They had a long way to go, and when they reached the schoolmaster, he would not take any one for a less time than seven years. They agreed with the schoolmaster about keeping him. As the distance was long, the *Fucadar* was only able to come to see his son at the end of every year. At the end of the sixth, he went one day to see him. His son had now but one year to serve. This time the *Fucadar* asked the schoolmaster how his son was progressing with his learning. The schoolmaster said that he thought he was as good a scholar as himself now, but that he would have to serve another year. This day the *Fucadar's* (Fuller's) son went a part of the way with his father, and he said to him in the parting—"Come a year from this day to take me away altogether. The schoolmaster will ask you to leave me with himself, but you will say to him," said he, "that you have no company but myself, and for sure that you will not leave me. He will then offer you a drove of his horses and a fold of cattle, and you will say to him that men are the scarcest with you, and that you have plenty of the other sort yourself; and when you see," said he, "that he wants me to be left with him, you will notice a red *(ruadh)* dove in the window, which you will take with you, and you will say to the master that you will have it as a remembrance of me, and if you take the dove, I will be at home before yourself."

At the end of seven years the Fuller went away for his son. On parting, the schoolmaster said to him, "You better leave the

young man with myself." He replied that he had none but himself, and that he would not leave him. The schoolmaster then offered him a drove of horses and a fold of cattle. The Fuller said to him that men themselves were scarcer with him than that sort, "But since you are pleading so much for the young man, I will take this dove as a keepsake of him." The schoolmaster did not say take it or leave it. The Fuller went away home; and when he reached, his son was there before him. They did nothing this day but walk about the land, and were like that for a year and a day. One morning then, when they were returning homewards, his son said to the Fuller, "Are you thinking of going to see the wonder that the nobility of the country are going to have?" "What wonder are they going to have?" the Fuller asked. "It is," said his son, "a hawk fight."

"I am not," he said, "I have no hawk."

"Go to see it, at anyrate," said the son. The Fuller went in and made himself as ready and trim as he had ever done in his life. When he came out his son had as handsome a hawk as he had ever seen for him at the gate. "If you sell," said his son, "the hawk, do not sell the hood it has on its head, or I will not be at home before you."

Away went the Fuller, and the fight was going on when he reached. Every one there wondered where he got the fine hawk he had, and they asked him to unloose it. When he did this, there was not one of the other hawks that it struck its spur into that was of any more use. They then asked the Fuller to call off the big hawk, but he said, "Why then did you ask it to be let loose?" "Call it off," they said, "for you are to get the prize." "What prize is it," the Fuller said. "It is," said one, "the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver." The Fuller got it and he put it in a bag. In a short time another came to him and asked if he would sell the hawk. He said he would not sell it, but the other said, "If you will sell it, you will get the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver." On this, the Fuller sold it to him, and when he was handing it over he pulled the hood off its head. "Give me," said the buyer, "the hood." "Though I sold the hawk I did not sell the hood," he said. He went away home this day, and when he reached, his son was there before him. "How did you get on to-day?" his son said to him. "Never so well as to-day," the Fuller said.

They were now walking about together as before. In a year and a day, his son asked again of the Fuller if he was this time going to see the marvel the nobles of the country were going to

have. He asked, what marvel it was they were going to have. His son said it was a dog fight. "Though I have plenty of dogs, I am sure I have not one that will answer there," said the Fuller. His son told him he had better go forward at anyrate. The Fuller went in, and washed and dressed as he never did before. When he came out, his son had as fine a dog as ever he saw in his life at the gate for him. "Now," said his son, "if you sell the dog do not sell the leash, for if you do, I will not be at home before you." Out went the Fuller; and when he reached, the fighting had commenced. They were all curious to know where the Fuller got the big dog he had, and they asked him to let it go; and when the Fuller let it go, there was no dog that it let go that was of any more use. "Call in your dog, Fuller," they said. "Why did you ask me to let it go?" said the Fuller. "Call your dog off, for the prize is yours;" and the prize was the full of that of gold, and the full of that of silver. When he got the prize he put it past. One of the great men came then to him to buy the dog. He asked him if he would sell the dog. The Fuller said he would not. "Sell it," said the man, "and you will get the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver for it." When the Fuller gave the dog away, he plucked off the leash "Give the leash to myself," said the man. "Though I sold the dog I did not sell the leash," he said. "What," said the gentleman, "hard-hearted people are they that you belong to or have come from, when you are not willing to part with anything." "You will be told that," said the Fuller. "I am the son of Kenneth the Rebellious, and grandson of the son of Platterpool."[1]

The Fuller returned home, and his son was there before him. His son asked how he had got on to-day, and the Fuller said, "Never better."

Next year again there was to be a horse race, and his son asked the Fuller if he meant to go to the race. He replied that, though he had plenty of horses, he was sure he had none that would suit there. His son said to him that he better go at anyrate. In went the Fuller and put himself in order, and when he came out, his son had as fine a steed as ever was seen, and a silver bridle on it. His son said to him when he went away, "If

[1] Kenneth the Rebel is not mentioned in Gaelic lore in any other connection, so far as the writer knows. But the "Son of Platter-Pool" is well known in the Island of Tiree as a hobgoblin or bugbear to frighten children when they make too much noise. He is said to be at the window, ready to come in and take them away. His full genealogy is, the Son of Platterpool, from Greyworm, Son of Silkworm, son of Caterpillar (Mac Glumag na Mias, o Liath-Dhurrag, 'o Dhurrag-Shiodhe, o Bhurrach-Mor).

you sell the horse, do not sell the bridle, or else I will not be at home before you." The Fuller went, and when he reached, the men had the play going on, and they asked him to put forward his steed now. He did so, and where the others was lowest he was highest, and they could not keep him in sight. He got this prize also, as well as the rest, the full of that of gold and the full of that of silver, and the gentleman came and offered him the self-same thing for the steed. He sold it then, but when he was getting the gold it fell and was scattered, and, as belongs to the greed of gold, he was so eager gathering it that he forgot about the bridle and let it go. Off went the gentleman with the steed, and when Fuller returned home, his son was not there before him.

When the gentleman and the steed arrived at home, he tied the steed to the door-post. A little red haired girl came to the door, and the steed said to her to take him down to the streamlet for a drink, but she said that she durst not, for her father would kill her. The steed asked her again to take it down. She then took it by the bridle down to the streamlet. It then asked the bridle to be taken out of its mouth or it could not take a drink She would not, however, take the bridle out of its mouth, but she undid a buckle. The steed was working the bridle round, until at last it got its head out, and, as the bridle fell, then all at once the steed became a small angel fish *(mannach beag)* and went away through the pools, and out went twelve otter kings after it, and they could not overtake it. The angel fish *(mannach)* got itself dried on a stone in the pool, and it flew as a hawk up in the air. Out at once went twelve other hawks after it, but they did not overtake it. Crooked was every way for the hawk but above the king's house. Every one wondered to see twelve hawks chasing one hawk. The king's daughter had her head out of a window. It became (the big hawk that was foremost) a gold ring on the finger of the king's daughter, and the others became musical harpers round the king's house. When she went to sleep the ring told her everything that had occurred. The musical harpers would take no other payment than the gold ring that was on the finger of the king's daughter. Up went the king to ask the ring from his daughter. Next day she was not willing to give the ring, she threw it in the fire. There they became twelve bellows blowing the fire, and the sparks were flying up to the rafters. At last the ring was going into a narrow corner. Then it jumped into a pile of malt belonging to the king, and it became a grain of malt. There they were twelve dunghill cocks down after it to eat the malt, and they ate their fill of the malt.

At anyrate, when they ate that, they slept. When he saw that they slept, he twisted the necks of the twelve dunghill cocks, and killed them, and they were thrown out of the house. He himself and the king's daughter were married, and the first news the Fuller got of his son was that he was to be married to the king's daughter. And they were happy ever after.

11th FEBRUARY, 1891.

At this meeting of the Society, Mr Simon F. Donaldson, librarian, Free Library, Inverness, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alexander Macdonald, Inverness, was called upon to read his paper on "*Observations on Highland Ethnology, with special reference to Inverness and District.*" Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows :—

OBSERVATIONS ON HIGHLAND ETHNOLOGY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO INVERNESS AND THE DISTRICT.

The subject of Ethnology is getting daily more and more into prominence, and the success which has attended the researches already made by Dr Taylor, Dr Beddoes, and others, gives us every encouragement to hope for even greater things in the future But I would preface this paper by a critical remark, which I hope will not be considered too presumptuous on my part to make. In my opinion, the mode of treatment hitherto followed in dealing with ethnology has been rather one-sided, inasmuch as it does not give sufficient prominence to the psychological aspect of the question. The science of ethnology, properly understood, takes as much to do with the mental as with the physical characteristics of a race—indeed, mental ethnology must be the best and surest of all systems of reading the unwritten history of man. Some years ago language was the great repository of history. I ventured to predict that it was not a safe guide in building up an historic edifice. Now, the study of the physical features of races is becoming the main mode of laying down safe foundations in the world of history; and I venture to yet predict that the time is not far distant when due consideration must be given to the systematic study of the mind of races, before the history of races can be

written correctly. Philology must continue an important means of working out many hidden principles bearing upon the early movements of man in the world; but the affiliated studies of form, features, and mind, must decide results. My very cursory treatment of this subject will then deal, in the first place, with the physical features of the races embraced in my paper, and, thereafter with the mental characteristics which we generally find allied to certain external appearances.

But you will naturally expect me to give you, at the outset, an idea of the particular race-elements at present found in the Highlands of Scotland. This is, however, very difficult matter to enter upon, as the exact number of races in our country has not yet been determined beyond dispute. I may mention, to begin with, that by the Highlands of Scotland I mean geographically that portion of this country peopled by the Gaelic-speaking race; and, to arrive at an intelligent understanding of the racial constitution of these districts, I must glance summarily at the early racial history of the British Isles. I think the opinion ought to be risked that the earlier migrations to our country from the Continent would have been practically composed of dark races; for, if we go back a little upon the written history of Britain, we find that the peoples driven away to the hills from the plains by succeeding conquests, are to this day racially dark; while the conquerors, on the other hand, are mainly of the fair type. The barrows, however, disclose the fact that at a very early time in the history of this country it was inhabited by two considerably different races — one small-limbed, and dolicho-cephalic; the other larger-limbed, and brachy-cephalic. As to the existence of an aboriginal race little can be said. It may here be mentioned that there is some evidence in our midst of a non-Aryan type having at one time come in contact with us; but for a foundation we should say that the pre-historic population of Britain consisted of two main races —one long-headed and dark-complexioned, the other round-headed and xanthous. Very much the same may be said to apply to Ireland, of whose early traditional history little of consequence can be made. For all practical purposes we should hold that the Fir-Bolg of Ireland—the legendary Children of the Mist; the tin-workers of Cornwall; the Silures in Wales, as well as all the people of the same element in Scotland, should be classified as belonging to the same parent race, and also to the earlier population of the country. They were the dark races among us, while later incomers went undoubtedly more to swell the fairer types. But there is something peculiar in the fact

that both Britain and Ireland were peopled first by dark races, and then almost simultaneously by fair colonists. There must have been a bond of attraction at work secretly—something like trade perhaps—which historians have not yet fully grasped. Then at the time of the Roman invasion this country would have contained the following peoples:—First, a possibly aboriginal race, the identity of which still remains an open question; imposed upon this race a small-limbed, rather sharp-featured, darkish race, partaking of a non-Aryan character to a small extent; and after these, very probably a second migration (so to speak) of a dark race, probably brachy-cephalic, and speaking a Goidelic tongue. These would have been followed by the fair or xanthous Celts, who spoke the Gaelic much as known to us. As it is generally supposed that the influence of the Romans upon the British ethnologically was practically nothing, all to be dealt with, then, from our point of view, is the mere mentioning of the successive invasions of Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Normans, and Scandinavians, which, from time to time, took place, and which brought over to us new peoples and new governments; but, always keeping in mind that these different peoples were considerably related to each other fundamentally. Taking, then, both England and Scotland in consideration, we have at this stage a great process of race-amalgamation going on. All those peoples are fast becoming united in the struggle for civilisation; and in Ireland we have principally the same, with this difference, that there was less Saxonic or Anglic blood in the sister isle than in Scotland. There was less of this element in Scotland again than in England, of course. This would have been the state of matters racially in Britain till about the 10th century, which brings us on the threshold of Scottish history. Any trace of an early Finnish race having mixed with our peoples will have no great interest from the point of view of this paper. If there was a Finnish type in Britain further than the traces of such which fundamental relationship would account for, it can be taken as swelling the fair races. Among all those peoples we have altogether two head forms, namely, the dolicho-cephalic (long head), and the brachy-cephalic (round head). The dark races are mainly long-headed, but also embrace an important broad-headed type; the fair races are mainly broad-headed, but also include a large percentage of long-heads. Between these we have a small infinity of intermediary stages, resulting in all conceivable cranial configurations. But the above generalization pretty correctly applies to Britain and Ireland, and gives us the different large and small, regular and

irregular, types of heads that we have among us. Coming now to the condition of Scotland, say, two centuries after the union of the Pictish and Scottish crowns in the person of Kenneth M'Alpin, the population would have been more or less as follows:—The border counties and East Coast were fundamentally British, but largely imposed upon by Germanic types, this element being so strong in the Lothians as to materially raise the ethnic cast of the district. Along the coast from the Lothians to Caithness were the early settlers, also imposed upon by later layers, consisting of a strong Germanic mixture, particularly the Scandinavian type, which was stronger and purer in the northern parts. Mid-South-Scotland had a population of a heterogenous nature, being composed of an imposition of Welsh, Saxons, and Angles, and some Scots upon the earlier strata; while the west all along contained a large proportion of the dark races and red Celts; and, imposed upon these, an important colony of Scots—then a somewhat mixed people—from Ireland, telling upon West Scotland in somewhat the same manner as the Saxons did upon England. Grouping these now into a broad ethnological generalisation, embracing the whole population of Scotland, except the Highlands, the elements in it would be--fundamentally the early dark races, dolicho-cephalic mainly, but also brachy-cephalic to a certain extent; above these the xanthous race, mainly brachy-cephalic, but also dolicho-cephalic to a degree. Imposed on these again were the purer Germanic elements—Saxons and Scandinavians—with, perhaps, a more or less equal percentage of long-heads and round-heads among them. These last incomers and the Celts should be pretty nearly related, though dissimilar in physical features. Now, in the Highlands we should have, to begin with, a fundamental proportion of the dark, early settlers; and, after these, a strong colony of red Celts, that settled and flourished in the districts. These would form the principal elements on the mainland, while the North-East coast would contain, as already stated, a considerable Germanic element, and the West Coast the former two, with a large proportion of Scandinavian blood, as well as a Scottish element from Ireland of greater strength than is commonly supposed. Pure Saxonic blood was never of great consequence in the Highlands, and depended upon migrations from the south, after the Normans began to affect the history of our country. The Normans themselves are not to be considered as by any means purely Saxonic or anything like it; but they introduced a civilisation which went to augment Saxonic influence all round. Ethnologically, then, the Highlands should contain:—A

dark-haired, dark-eyed, sharp-featured, long-headed people, with a percentage of round-heads among them, having the same darkness of skin, hair, and eyes; and a fair-haired (or red-haired), light-eyed, more or less square-featured, round-headed race, with a certain number of long-heads among them, giving the same fairness of skin, hair, and eyes. Though the Scots were a mixed race, I think the dark types in Scotland must have been re-inforced by the invasion from Ireland. The civilisation and literature which those Scoto-Irish settlers carried with them would seem to have been assimilated by the dark races more readily than by the fair. It will now be seen that, one way or another, we have a considerable mixture of race-elements in the Highlands; and it would be a nice field of observation for ethnologists to endeavour to determine how those different bloods retain their individual identities in their actions and interactions upon each other; or to see whether any one of them is making for a predominating balance. When two or more races meet and exist side by side, it is found that the stronger one generally eats up the weaker and finally gains the ascendancy. It is very difficult, however, to decide which of two or more races the stronger one may be. The stronger in civilization may not be the stronger in the ethnic world. There is a persistence in race which has not yet been fully understood; and the great importance of woman in this direction has been too much overlooked. Races are said to have a direct tendency to revert to originals, and, as surely as the mind of man will, by a secret law of its own, find its balance or disrupt, so surely will a race find its own ethnic balance or die out. I think the proper understanding of mixture in races is that it is merely a state of transition through which peoples foreign to each other are struggling to get back to their respective individualities—a struggle which, of course, ends in the "survival of the fittest." I think, also, it may be taken as axiomatic that if numbers and conditions were equal, an aboriginal race would have every advantage. Political influence is to be considered in a country like ours; but yet we should keep a look-out to observe whether the different peoples among us are being merged backwards into an individual race such as should be considered autochthonous. Already it has been noticed that what is usually known as the "Celtic element" in Britain is greater than at one time it was thought to be. Of course in this connection we have to consider that England, probably, has never been thoroughly Saxonised. Large districts of it remained Celtic long after the great invasions which so much altered the face of the country;

and, even to this day, whole communities, such as the population of Devonshire, remain substantially Celtic in type. No doubt it is difficult to determine what could be taken for exclusive race-belongings. Even as to the colour of eyes and hair it is not easy to draw hard and fast lines. Dr Beddoes takes about five hair colours and three or four eye colours in making up his statistics of the "Races of Britain." All these, except two, are intermediate. They can be dealt with as belonging in a sense to both the fair and dark; but can only relate to the predominating tendency of either. It is here that psychology serves to decide differences. Leaving aside what may be the hair and eye colour natural to humanity in certain conditions, it is extraordinary how much the dark and fair colours are mixed and intermixed in Europe. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land we find these with their intermediate stages. In Scotland there is a considerable prevalence of brown, both in respect of eyes and hair, so far as I have observed. Is there any relation between it and a possibly aboriginal race? Or is it a climatic result? Or is it an effect of mixture? It is now maintained that the hair does get darker as a result of progressive civilization. It has long ago been noticed that the hair of children often turns from fair to dark as they advance in years; but in this connection it is sometimes held that hair in the case of children also changes from dark to fair as they get old. Hector Maclean tells us that he noticed a yellow tinge under the hair of some dark persons whom he examined. This is not at all uncommon. Yet I find it mostly in winter to be so; and the two facts ought to go together. If we could suppose that there would be any truth in the theory that the climate of Europe was at anytime such as would produce a dark race—for we find hot climates peopled by dark tribes—we should be disposed to say that the dark races were an outcome of that time; and, on the other hand, the fair a product of altered climatic conditions. The fair do stand cold better than the dark even now. But more of this further on. It is the same mystery all round, from which all we can gather is that Nature secretly works to strike a balance with the laws of the universe for her figures.

I should now like to give a short, comparative view of the main characteristics which we find expressed by the two peoples chiefly making up the population of the Highlands. This will include the mental and physical contrasts peculiar to both, as these struck me in my observations upon them. I wish, however, to make no nice distinctions between intermediate race-stages, nor

to take any particular notice of the existence of small, more or less psychologically unaffecting, races. I shall begin with the old dark race; and one of the most prominent points of difference between them and the fair is the great and pronounced idealism of the former. This has been noted by most writers on the subject, and it has, no doubt, a considerable bearing upon their life as a people. Arising out of that idealism we find several of the characteristics which mark them out as, to a certain extent, a nation by themselves. They are dreamy by day, and believe in night visions and supernatural appearances as a matter of course. In this connection, let us quote Solinus, as given by Mr Elton in his "Origins of English History." He says of the ancient Silurians, the prototype of the present dark races—"They are devoted to the worship of the gods, and men and women alike show their skill in divination of the future." The world of the dark race, as a whole, is one filled with improbabilities, and, indeed, impossibilities. Their real relation to the things which go to make up every-day life seems never to be properly understood by them. In the words of the poet, "Their heads are in the stars, while their feet wade the gutter of the earth." Facts are of secondary consideration, and fiction becomes what I cannot, even at the risk of being considered illogical, call anything else than *abstract reality*. They are given to sublime thinking and sentimental imaginings, which, if realisable, would undoubtedly convert this world into an Elysian Field. Given, then, so much to poetical conceptions, it is no wonder that they are not extremely fond of manual labour. Thus they cannot understand how the fair races get rich where they cannot. To this high standard of idealism may also be attributed their purity of morals, and perhaps, as well, their simplicity, if unfortunate enough to commit anything like a criminal offence. Of the dark Highlander it is particularly noticeable that he cannot well deny anything in this direction into which he happens to fall. The possibility of circumstantial defence on a plea of "not guilty," against the silent voice of conscience, would never occur to him. But it gives him infinite relief to unbosom his mind even to those who can punish him. Much of all this could, perhaps, be traced in ultimate analysis to passion. The dark Highlander is essentially a man of deep passion. What he feels he feels with all his heart; and what he covets he thinks he should possess at any cost. If disappointed he becomes melancholy—sometimes disagreeably so. He is also very proud, and nothing hurts him more than to have to ask a

favour from any one. While not historically the greatest lover of freedom, he is independence incarnate. Tyranny of any description maddens him, and the victory of wrong over right saddens him. It puts him into despair. He cannot tolerate it. He is not inherently selfish; but a selfish world makes him often somewhat revengefully inclined. The dark races, all in all, are a very refined type of man; and I think that most of the learning and the mental civilisation which we have must be ascribed to them. Culture seems to be born with them. They have, to a great extent, by intuition, what other peoples take a term of lifetime to acquire a knowledge of. They seem to be creatures of mind. They are extremely musical—indeed, would make life "one grand sweet song." But, in religion, the position they take up is somewhat peculiar. However, the art, associated with religion, should have great attractions for them. Their history on the Continent in all times shows this pretty clearly. Everywhere, indeed, they love art and order. Their idea of money is extraordinary. So far as I can gather, they do not look upon it as a medium, but more as a thing to possess for its own value—not altogether that they love money inordinately, but they never seem to have acquired a thorough grasp of the nature of speculation. Their's would be a world without Budgets and National Debts, without banking, insurances, and all monetary connections. While on this point, we may refer to another quotation by Mr Elton from Solinus, in which that writer, still speaking of the ancient Silurians, says—"They will have no markets or money, but give and take in kind, getting all they want by barter and not by sale" —("Origins of English History," page 139). To the fair race, all money-work, it appears, must be ascribed. The dark races are not, in common language, so worldly-minded; but they are more highly strung in nerve-tension, and, in every respect, more sensitive. They are also more receptive, more impressionable, and more highly organised in soul-feeling. Perhaps this is why they are better speakers than the fair, who, on the other hand, are generally considered better writers. But here I may mention a few imperfections the dark suffer from. A great and outstanding one is the quality of availability, which they almost entirely lack. There is an elasticity in the Germanic type, and largely appearing in the red Celt, which the dark man is nearly devoid of. This is an important source of failure and disadvantage to him in life, and accounts for many of his weaknesses. Following close upon it we also find another disqualification no less prominent, that of hesitation. The character of Langham, in

"Robert Elsmere," represents the dark Highlander with remarkable correctness in this direction. These and the proverbial want of unity, which characterised the Highlanders generally, and particularly the dark type, will perhaps have something to do with the rather objectless life of the Scottish Highlanders in past times.

Physically the dark type are smaller in person than the fair, and have thinner and sharper features. This sharpness, however, is not given to the face by the nose. That organ is often pretty thick and long; but, so far as my observations went, not tending prominently or characteristically to sinuosity. The head is, in the great majority of cases, long or coffin-shaped, and somewhat irregular in configuration. The forehead recedes a good deal, and is not infrequently a little rounded, the skull is not prominent at its base, and the back-head shows a tendency to taper towards the medulla. The crown is generally flattish, and the parietals and upper occiput bulge out, as if the race had some extraordinary occasion to develop these parts, as one would be disposed to think, within given conditions of time or circumstances, supposing that external surroundings really do affect the configuration of the cranium. Then, again, the eyebrows and cheek-bones are, as a rule, prominent, and the chin decidedly sharp. The characteristic sharpness of the face is, indeed, very much to be ascribed to the appearance of the chin. One physical difference between some men and others struck me as peculiar. I should like to know what have scientists to say about it. It is this With many of this dark type, I found the knee-cap (patella) prominent, as it were, rising up from the bones of the knee joint; while, on the other hand, I always found it somewhat sunk in the fair. In the one case the knee is sharp and angular; in the other, much more rounded. I only throw this out as a suggestion, but perhaps it should so far emphasise the proverbial angularity of the dark race. Yet another point of difference between these and the fair. They are, I think, less apetitious. They do not eat so much, and they prefer light, easily-digested food to heavy animalistic diets. It has also been noticed that they take longer to grow to maturity, and that they live, and retain their youth, to a considerable age. They seem to possess a recuperative energy which renews their systems long after they might be called old. This energy, however, is remarkably dependent upon their spirit. They are equally susceptible to encouragement and discouragement.

While calling this type small in person, it must not be understood that the fair race have all the strong men. So far as I have been able to ascertain, a really big, dark man is the strongest man

to be found. Not long ago I saw a few men together, among whom were three of these dark giants. Their countenances put me in mind of the Cumbrian type of Britons. They spoke Gaelic fluently, and were Highlanders by birth and bringing up. Their features were not by any means like those of the fair, Gaelic-speaking Highlander. They had a more antiquated appearance, and suggested descent from an earlier race. I believe I would be correct in saying that the most of our heavy-event athletes are darker than fair, and such names in past history as Donald Dubh Balloch, Evan Dubh Lochiall, Tailleir Dubh na Tuaithe, etc., will suggest themselves to the reader.

I now come to the other element in Highland ethnology—the fair, or red type; and it will be observed that I want to show the ethnic identity of this race, whether denominated red (xanthous), or fair (yellow), with that historically known as the Germanic or Teutonic. Of course, we shall find great differences between the man called the red Celt and the one known as the present-day German; but I should humbly risk the opinion that these differences are not fundamental, and could be accounted for as results of divergent paths in their respective historical developments.

But I must here digress a little to make a few remarks on the significance that we should attach to the colours "red" and "fair" historically. I need not state, I am sure, that in fact there is no reason to make any distinction between the two. This colour—fair, red, yellow, lightish, other than brown or dark—is spoken of a great deal in the early histories of our country. In Ireland the great giants were golden-haired and blue-eyed. On this point, Mackenzie, in his introduction to the "Beauties of Celtic Poetry," page 9, says—"To whatever cause is to be attributed the general mixture of dark-complexioned individuals among the Gaels, inducing the assertion so often repeated that they display the genuine Celtic hue, nothing is more particularly noticed than the fairness of skin, the blue eyes, and the yellow hair of all branches of the race. So anxious were the Gaels to improve the glowing brightness of their flowing locks, that, in the desire to heighten by frequent washing and other artificial means its natural colour, they hit on the manufacture of soap" (quoting from Pliny, 28, 12). Continuing, he says that the general appearance of the Celts must have been very peculiar to excite the notice of so many ancient writers as we find referring to it. The distinction drawn between the dark and fair in these remarks is important from our point of view. I think it would be comparatively easy to identify this "red" or "fair" Celt with the German of a later day. This

idea is not by any means new, for we find Tacitus, when expressing himself as uncertain of the original nationality of certain ancient races, unhesitatingly remarking that the "Caledonians, with their red hair and large limbs, pointed clearly to a German origin" (as quoted by Mr Elton in his "Origins of English History," page 134). The reference in the "Albanic Duan"—"Ye well-skilled host of yellow hair"—would also apply to this red Celt, as well as the numerous references to "fair-haired heroes" in the great Ossianic Ballads. So much has been made of this in some quarters that it is not uncommon to find a position of aristocracy assigned to the fair in Celtic history, while the darker population are supposed to have been in most respects subject to them. But we should not be too ready to grant belief to this idea, at least without some investigation. Deirdre's description of the man whom she wished to marry, as given to us in the beautiful poem called after her name, would lead us to understand that the dark colour was then, as now, to be met with in the higher circles. Her choice was to be a man with cheeks red as blood, with skin white as snow, and with hair dark as the wings of the raven; and when she saw the son of Uisne, he presented to her all these charms in combination, and she married him. Of course, it must be admitted that the whiteness of skin in this case makes the racial identity of this man somewhat questionable, but instances are not wanting where the dark colour and heroism—the heroism of the ancient ballads and chronicles—are found side by side. My own opinion is that little, if any, significance should be attached to the frequent mentions of "dark" and "fair" in legendary and traditional records; for it must be clear that the bards are to blame for making much use of stereotyped phrases in poetry, without observing particularly whether they were applicable in individual cases or not. But, leaving all this aside as matter of secondary moment, there is no doubt that in modern times, even in the Highlands, the presumption is strong that the fair-coloured race have got, if anything, the better of the situation. They understand much more what it is to catch the things which life is made up of than their darker neighbours. Mechanical civilisation is the hereditary legacy of the fair race all the world over. Put a fair man into any part of the world, and the first thing he begins to do is to arrange for the cultivation of that spot. Work is what he feels at home in, and he loves speculation. He does not dream; he acts. There is a strong element of this spirit in the Highlands. Indeed, it was on the pronounced and persistent nature of the existence of this spirit among such as cannot be anything else

racially than the descendants of the "red" Celt, that the writer's advocacy of the original identity of this race with the Germanic is principally founded. For I have ever seen reason to believe that the elements of character most natural to any race express themselves in the struggle for existence more clearly and more truthfully than in any of the other numerous forms of racial development; and, though surroundings and mediums alter, the fundamental principles of the self-preserving functions in human nature remain the same, and betray themselves for ever. The Germanic type of man has made living an art; and accordingly we find him everywhere representing progressive civilisation. From several causes this civilising spirit did not get room to express itself in the Highlands. Be this as it may, the grasping, hard-working persistence with which we find some Highlanders pushing themselves on in the world suggests the closest similarity to that of the aggressive Teuton. But there is one great difference between the two, and that is that the latter is generally more open-minded in his dealings; not that the Highlander is unfairly close, but he is unscrupulously self-provident and not particularly considerate as to the rights of individuality. He lives in the world, and very much for the world. Yet he is intensely religious, without allowing religion to interfere with him in his speculations; but here it should be mentioned that the struggles of this type of man for freedom of conscience in religion, and his great interest in personal liberty generally, have been noted in almost all histories of him. This is characteristic of his head form.

As we should expect, this man is a most elastic person, which enables him to get into favour with his betters and the world where a less available individual would fail. All things with him are means towards the one end of making himself powerful against his fellow-creature. Home and settled communities, with all their complications and wheels within wheels arise from this type of man; and I should be disposed to believe that Socialism would not on any condition be acceptable to him. The individualism of Liberalism is his political creed; but self-aggrandisement, as already hinted at, frequently overbalances this, and makes him anything but liberal where he has the power to domineer. Learning and intelligence are in his hands merely means whereby to obtain other ends, and have little or no attraction for him as sources of intellectual pleasure or enjoyment. He has some sentiment and idealism in him; but he is not led by either to do or think anything. He keeps them subject to his will power, and does not allow them to enter into his every-day movements. He

is not given to art. In all times he has been fond of show. "Personal decoration among the early Britons consisted of a dress, we are told, which was woven of many colours, and which made a gaudy show. The Celts apparently had learned the art of using alternate colours for warp and woof, so as to bring out a pattern of stripes and squares. They were fond of every kind of ornament." (Mr Elton's "Origins of English History.") This is quite consistent with a very incipient stage of civilisation. We find this type of Highlander also superstitious and strong-headed, but very faithful. In this direction, indeed, he was inclined to hero-worship till lately, and little encouragement would still develop this weakness in him. The relation of chieftains to clans in the history of past times is sufficient proof of this. Physically this man is big and strong. He is generally fair-skinned, in many instances showing a good deal of colour; and in others is freckled. His hair is mostly fair, bright-yellow, or red; his eyes are, as a rule, grayish or bluish, in fact range between all colours but brown-black or black. He eats well, and is rather fond of animal food. It has been mentioned, I am aware, that he is not so prone to illness as the dark. I should like to know what is the experience of medical men on this point. I have heard it often remarked that the dark were, if anything, more subject to chest ailments than the fair; while, on the other hand, the latter were more susceptible to infectious diseases, such as fevers. Perhaps the line might be drawn thus: troubles arising from an unhealthy condition of heat would more affect the fair; whereas those arising from an unhealthy condition of cold would tell more on the dark.

These, so far, are the two opposing elements to be found among us in general. But, in reality, the two peoples are so inextricably mixed that it is impossible in many a case to say what particular race a subject may belong to; and it will be interesting in this connection to give a quotation from M'Firbis—an old bard who wrote at the end of the seventeenth century—made use of by Mr Elton in his great work (pages 152-153). His words are:—"Everyone who is fair, revengeful, and big, and every plunderer, and every musical person and professor of music, and all who are adepts in Druidism and magic: these are the sons of the Tuatha-Dè-Dannan in Eirinn" (the fairer population); but "Every one who is black-haired, and a tattler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy and contemptible, every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh and inhospitable person, every slave, and every mean thief, these are the sons of the Fir-Bolg, of Fir-Gailuin, and of the Fir-Domhnan in Eirinn" (the darker population). This estimate of

the respective peoples—the fair and dark—though containing much truth, is strangely mixed, and, in my opinion, not correct of either. But the races are themselves mixed, over and over again, and at any time it is not an easy matter to give delineations that would cover all cases. The Highlands of Scotland were for years a ground for divergent bloods and customs and manners operating upon each other; and thus, racial characteristics, at one time strange to a particular race, became through imitation or compulsory assimilation, practically so natural to them as their own.

In Inverness we have this mixture as well represented as we should expect from a town of its history and position. All centres, of course, contain a mixed population. As a small port-town, Inverness has several racial elements in it decidedly foreign to itself, but, upon the whole, it maintains its Highland connections fairly well. The inhabitants might be divided into two portions, namely, the old and the new. The former would embrace the race element in the town belonging to it as a purely Highland settlement, and the latter, the additions made to these from time to time through the introduction of civilisation on a greater scale. Railway and steamboat communication with the West and South has very much affected the town by bringing into it many peoples strange to it. But this is again more than counterbalanced, perhaps, by the influx of young men and women from the neighbouring districts. Yet, in sentiment, the town is practically becoming non-Highland in several respects. This transition process has been going on for a long time, but has been accelerated by the opening up of the country all round. Ethnologically the effect is not so visible. Dr Beddoes found the non-Highland element comparatively small in it ("Races of Britain," page 242); but if we take the town from the point of view of ideals, we find it almost entirely non-Highland—in fact, fast becoming a small London. As a Highland town, Inverness is not what it should be. For instance, the games peculiar to the Highlands, as a small nationality, are out of place and discarded among us. The music of the bagpipes, an instrument supposed to have peculiar attractions for every Highlander, is in Inverness put on a level with caterwauling; and the unfortunate man who plays it is seriously suspected of incipient insanity, except by some from the country who come to make their homes with us. Many customs dear to the Highlanders are scouted as idiosyncrasies, and the language in which the Highlanders spoke and wrote their history, in which they "moved and had their being," is thought little of. I mention this not in any deprecatory spirit, but to show how clearly the town is becoming non-Highland in

spirit. Its peculiarly shifting political faith is good proof that it is still undergoing changes.

The features with which we meet from day to day are interesting. In the parts facing the sea we have the South and Norse elements comparatively strong, betraying their origin by the colour of their skin and hair. Along the streets which form the old country connections we find, on the other hand, the Celtic element always purer, and abounding in excellent specimens of both the dark and fair races.

The town also offers exceptional facilities to a resident for observing the ethnology of the districts around. Every day brings us visitors from the country, and periodical occasions provide us with much material for speculation. These reveal the peculiarity, that certain types prevail on certain occasions. For instance, the Communion brings to us a number of rather square, old looking heads, apparently long, but scarcely so in the cerebral parts. I have observed many heads at large Communion gatherings which seemed each to belong to more than one race. But this, I understand, is not uncommon. I have found the nose in these cases pretty straight, and the face upon the whole, good, and denoting very high moral parts, great fixity of principle, and an eternity of resignation. Our feeing markets, however, give us another cast. Irregular faces and rather coarser features prevail here, with lips inclined to thickness, cheek-bones high, and noses of every description. The foreheads are not always easily seen, but I should take them to be on the receding side. The eyes of many of the women are dark, and of many of the men greyish or hazel. The hair, at a glance, should be considered as more fair than dark. The same features appear again among us largely at the disbanding of the Inverness-shire Militia. The faces in this case, are irregular, and denote passion; but the eyes betray much kindness of heart, though also a susceptibility to change, if passions were agitated. Among these we find some good specimens of what "the men of the naked knee" were in past times. The Wool Market and the Northern Meeting are patronised by a strong mixture. Making a good allowance for the unusually high Southern element then among us, we have, after all, a predominance of Highland features on these occasions. Of course the attendance at these gatherings may be taken as made up of the better to do and the younger blood, and no one can avoid being struck with the greater regularity of countenances to be observed. A most peculiar case attracted my attention last year in the Meeting Park, where I observed a pretty young girl having one eye Iberian black and the other Saxonic blue. That was the

second time I noticed the same thing—the first time in the case of a grown-up man, who was, as much as one could be, to look at, a cross between the dark and fair types. Such cases as these are rare, but it is a common thing to find a few members of a family belonging to the dark race, and their brothers and sisters representing the fair, or *vice versa.*

Their lives among us what we might in a manner call a separate tribe—I mean the Gipsies—and it has often been a matter of curiosity with me how to classify them in their relation to our general population. Their peculiar habits must be more than mere accident. It seems to me that they throw considerable light upon the life and customs of a possible race, existing in quite different circumstances, and subject to a quite different civilisation. I am led to understand that they are inclined to sneer at settled living, and look upon the "husbandman" as infinitely beneath them in dignity. If I am not mistaken the Bedouin of the desert entertains the very same feelings towards his settled-down neighbours. I have often thought that the *sang froid* with which the Gipsies beg and accept charity from their betters has something hereditarily interesting attached to it. The Gipsies are as a rule very dark; but in Scotland, particularly, there is a large proportion of the red colour among them. The women in several respects suggest a great resemblance to some of what we call the Spanish element, which we find here and there scattered over the country. But there is a strong red type of woman among them, having bones of great size and strength. There is, however, a nomadic element about them, which point to very early stages in the history of Europe. In our country they partake of the general characteristics of unsettled humanity; but it ought to be remembered that there is a vast difference between them and the moving population of the low parts of great cities—a difference, indeed, that suggests development from a now lost organisation.

I have seen a few interesting faces among them, though my opportunities of observing were but few. Not long ago I saw one of them begging for help whose countenance struck me as rather uncommon. This person was a woman, whose face was particularly small, but whose features were most delicately and regularly set. She was dark in complexion and hair, her nose was beautifully straight, and her lips much closer than is often seen among this type of people. The cheek-bones were extremely small, and the chin finely tapered, with a vacant expression on the countenance which denoted meditation and melancholic feeling. I saw a man recently who had a rather foreign face. His lips were remarkably thick, his cheek-

bones high, and his eyes had a kind of reddish tinge about them; altogether the general expression of the face was nigritic. He was a rather well-to-do person. This nigritic element is, indeed, more common among us than is generally supposed. I have met with faces which betrayed African, Chinese, and Indian connections. Some of these features have no doubt come to us through the marriage of people of this country with men and women belonging to those nationalities; but this may not account for all. By-the-bye another facial rarity is to be seen at times among the gipsies. This is a dark-complexioned face freckled. Not once or twice have I noticed boys going about with our tent-dwellers, having dark hair, dark eyes, freckled, dark skin; and all round a blackness which gave them an uninviting appearance.

The Highland face, upon the whole, is yet rather irregular. But I would be disposed to think that the features in general should be getting more regular one way or another. At present there is nearly as much difference between an ordinary Highland face and that of an Englishman, say one hailing from Sussex, as between the hills of the North and the plains of the South. The principal points which give irregularity to the Highland face at present are the chin, the lips, the cheek-bones, the nose, and the eyebrows. The Highland chin is yet, as a rule, prominent, a little inclined to the prognathous. The lips are in many cases thick, and, not infrequently, insufficient to cover the teeth, leaving the latter somewhat exposed, and giving the mouth an ill-looking largeness. The cheek-bones are high and sharp, the nose of uncertain shapes, while the eyebrows, in numerous instances, meet, and even come down on to the nose, especially in men. The head is very much the coffin-shaped of some ethnologists; but in the case of many of the dark type the forehead is still too much of the receding kind, showing what phrenologists term the perceptive faculties highly developed, while the reflective organs appear to be not so much so. The rounding of the head and the regularising of the countenance should, I think, be the inevitable concomitants of advancing civilisation.

REMARKS.—(1). This paper must not be taken as covering *individual* cases. (2). The observations embrace a great number of cases, and aim at a generalisation, calculating from circumstances and conditions, such as locality, history, character, heredity (where ascertainable), colour of hair and eyes, &c., &c. (3). Differences are reconciled with a leaning to psychological preference.

18th FEBRUARY, 1892.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, on the "*Macdonells of Antrim.*" Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

A SKETCH OF THE MACDONNELLS OF ANTRIM.

Two great families of the name of Byset flourished in Scotland during the reign of William the Lion. They had come over at first to England with William the Conqueror, whence they came, at a later period, to Scotland. One of these great families was situated in the north, and the other in the south of Scotland. The northern branch failed in the male line with Sir John de Byset, who left three daughters. Mary, the eldest, inherited Lovat, in the Aird, and from her the Frasers of Lovat are descended; the second daughter, Cecilia, inherited Altyre, in Moray, and married a man of the name of Fenton; Sir Andrew de Bosco became the husband of the third daughter, Elizabeth. She had for her marriage portion, along with other lands, the estate of Redcastle, in the Black Isle, and Kilravock, on the banks of the river Nairn.

The Bysets had become rivals of the De Galloways, Earls of Athol; and it happened in the year 1242 that Patrick, the young and popular Earl of Athol, son of Thomas, son of Rowland, son of Fergus de Galloway, was found dead in his bedroom at Haddington. The house was set on fire, so that it might be thought that his death might have been the result of accident. The Bysets were known to cherish inimical sentiments towards the deceased earl; and they were consequently suspected of having been instrumental in causing him to be murdered. Albeit, they were able to produce many witnesses in support of their innocence, including the queen, who maintained on oath that they were guiltless, and gave evidence to that effect. They were, notwithstanding, condemned to banishment from Scotland. John and Walter Byset were compelled to take a vow on oath to join the crusade, and never to return from the Holy Land. There they were to stay during the remainder of their lives; and they had to promise on solemn oath to pray fervently and often at certain shrines for the soul of the deceased earl. To provide a respectable retinue to follow out their journey they were allowed to dispose of their extensive lands, as well as of their immense amount of stock and chattel property.

Nevertheless, they felt themselves outraged and unjustly used in being punished at all, and their haughty spirit was especially galled by such humiliating terms being imposed upon them. So, instead of going submissively to the East, they did what suited their proud nature much better—cursed Scotland, took their journey westwards, and sought a home in Ireland. They had with them as much means as was enough to establish themselves in their previous position as territorial lords, by buying extensive lands on the coast of Antrim from Richard de Burgo, Earl of Ulster. Before the end of the thirteenth century the leading family of the Bysets held the seven lordships of the Antrim Glens, and later, by another century, the sole heir to this large property was Margery Byset. She was the fifth in descent from the first settler John, and daughter of *Mac Eoin fionn Biset* (fair-haired Son John Byset), who was killed by the followers of Sir Robert Savage near Carrickfergus. Here is the record of this affair in the *Annals of the Four Masters*:—

"A great army was led by Niall O'Neill, with his sons and the chieftains of Kinel-Owen, into Trian-Chongail against the English, and they burned and totally plundered many of the towns. The English of the territory assembled to oppose them. Hugh O'Neill and Raibilin Savadge met each in a charge of cavalry, and they made two powerful thrusts of their spears into each other's bodies. Raibilin returned severely wounded to his house, where Mac Eoin Bisset killed him; and Hugh O'Neill died the third day afterwards of the effect of his wound; and Mac Eoin Bisset, he was killed by Raibilin's people the third day after the killing of Raibilin himself."

Sabia, daughter of Hugh O'Neill, was a descendant of Neill of the nine hostages *(Niall Naoigheallach)*, so called from the nine hostages he was said to have taken—five from the five provinces into which Ireland was then divided, and four from Alba or Scotland.

Maria or Margery Byset, the heiress to the seven lordships of the Antrim Glens, the descendant of Regal Irish families and of a Greek family, who were followers of William the Conqueror, was sure to have suitors and admirers, and among these suitors the successful one was *Eoin Mór a Hile* (Tall John from Islay), equally illustrious in descent. John More Macdonnell and Margery or Maria Byset were married about the year 1399, by which the lordships of the Antrim Glens passed to the Macdonnells of Islay. She was the daughter of Owen Mac Bisset and of Sabbia, daughter

of Hugh O'Neill, and wife to Owen Mac Bisset, a lady who is said to have surpassed all the ladies of the Clanna Neill in all good parts requisite for the character of a noble matron.

John More was the second son of John, Lord of the Isles, whose mother was Margaret, daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland. His eldest brother was Donald, Lord of the Isles, who fought the battle of Harlaw against the royal forces of Scotland, subsequent to which he was called Donald of Harlaw, and his youngest brother was named Alexander.

John More Macdonnell about the time of his marriage dwelt in Kintyre, where the family had two seats, one at the head of Loch Kilkerra *(Ceann-loch-Chille-Chiaran)*, so called from St Ciaran, who settled there in the year 536. The Macdonnells' Castle stood at the head of what is the present main street in Campbelton. The site is known as Castle-hill, whereon the Presbyterians have erected a wofully common-place church excessively unworthy of the poetic associations of the situation. James IV., when engaged in extinguishing the Kingdom of the Isles, rebuilt the Macdonnells' Castle, and named it his "New Castle of Kilkerane in Kyntire." In 1536 it was fortified by James V., but soon thereafter retaken by the Macdonnells. Another castle stood near the Mull, known in early times as Dundonnell. It was situated in the old parish of Killean, or about the centre of the present united parishes of Saddell and Skipness. Likely it was erected by Donnell, son of Reginald, and grandson of Somerled. Here the charters given to vassals by Princes of the Isles are said to have run thus :—" I, Macdonnell, sitting in Dundonnell, give you a right to your farm from this day till to-morrow, and every day thereafter, so long as you have food for the great Macdonnell of the Isles." Another of these grants, conveying lands to a chief of the Mackays, is expressed in these terms :—" I, Donnell, chief of the Macdonnells, give here, in my castle, to Mackay a right to Kilmahumag from this day till to-morrow, and so on for ever." The fortress of Dunaverty was not used as a family residence, and at the time of John More's marriage Glen Sauddell Castle had become the possession of the Bishops of Argyll. Forthwith, subsequent to the marriage, the young married pair paid a visit to Islay, where the brother of the bridegroom, " Donnell of Harlaw," then resided. John More Macdonnell was styled Lord of *Dunyveg* and *Glennis ;* the former part of the title was the name of the family mansion in Islay, and the latter the name of the Antrim estates obtained along with his wife, Margery Byset. He was so styled in the year 1400, which was shortly after his marriage. He

had obtained from his father 120 marklands of old extent, or about 3600 acres, in Kintyre, and also 60 marklands, or about 1800 acres, in Islay. So he and his successors besides were styled *Lords of Islay and Kintyre*, a title whereby they were better known in Scotland. It would seem that John More was not satisfied with the portion of his father's possessions which had been settled on him; and disputes upon this point arose between himself and his brother Donald, the Lord of the Isles. These disputes ended in a civil broil, wherein John More was overthrown. So he and his adherents were obliged to make as quick a retreat as was possible for them to the Glens of Antrim. Here is an account of this dispute and quarrel, recorded by Hugh Macdonald, the chronicler of Sleat:—"About this time lived the subtle and wicked councillor, the Green Abbot Finnon, by whose daughter John More had a natural son called Ranald Bane, of whom descended the house of Lairgy. Maclean fostered Donald Balloch, John More's eldest legitimate son, by the Abbot's advice, who told John More that he had but a small portion of his father's estate, and that he should seize upon all that was beyond the point of Ardnamurchan southward. The Abbot being a subtle eloquent man, brought over to his side the chief of the Macleans and Macleod of Harris, to get the islands for themselves from the Lord of the Isles, who, hearing of the insolence of the new faction, raised some powerful forces, viz., the men of Ross, Macleod of Lewis, his own brother Alister Carrick, Macintosh, Mackenzie, the chief of the Camerons, the Islanders, the men of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, the Glencoe people, and Macneil of Barra. Now John and his party could not withstand the forces of his brother, so, leaving Kintyre, he went to Galloway. Macdonald followed them. John went from Galloway to Ireland, and remained in the Glens. Donald returned to Islay. John More and his faction, seeing that both they themselves and their interest were like to be lost, unless Macdonald pardoned himself and spared the rest for his sake, thought their best course was to go to Islay, where Macdonnell resided in Kilcummin (Kilchoman). Upon John More's coming into his brother's presence, and prostrating himself to the ground, his brother rose and took him up, and embraced him kindly. This sedition was owing to Mac Finnon and his kinsman, the Green Abbot. Mac Finnon being found guilty and convicted, was hanged, and the Abbot was all his lifetime confined to Icolumkill, his life being spared because he was a churchman, where he built a stately tomb to himself, which is still to be seen." —*Collectonea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 303, 304.*

John More's brother, Donald, the Lord of the Isles, died about the year 1425, at the Castle of Ardtornish, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and his son, Alexander, succeeded him, who, at the time of his father's death, had not attained his majority. His kinsman, James I. of Scotland, who had been for eighteen years a prisoner in England, was now released, and he returned to his native country to become its king. He seems to have been jealous, as well as afraid, of the great power which the island princes had attained by the annexation of the great earldom of Ross, which came to them by Mary Leslie, Countess of Ross, the wife of Donald of Harlaw, and the mother of Alexander, Lord of the Isles. Certain members of the Royal Family surrounded James, on his return to Scotland, who had been disappointed in their hopes by the result of the battle of Harlaw, and who, consequently, became the mortal enemies of Donald, who, after that battle, secured possession of the earldom of Ross, and also of Alexander, his son, who was heir to it in his mother's right. It was determined by James and his Council that the whole of Scotland should be entirely ruled by one King, and they offered to take John More, the uncle of Alexander, into their counsels, and even to bestow upon him the lands which they meditated to take by violence from his nephew. One James Campbell was sent by the King, in the meantime, to ascertain if John More of Kintyre, Macdonnell's uncle, would consent to take his nephew's lands; but it was merely a stratagem to weaken the Macdonnells, that they might be the more easily subdued. A man was sent by James Campbell with a message to John of Kintyre, asking him to meet him at a point called Ard-dhu, with some prudent gentlemen, and that he had matters of importance from the King to be communicated to him. John arrived at the place appointed with a small retinue, but James Campbell with a large train. He informed John More of the King's intentions of granting him all the lands that his nephew possessed. John replied he did not perceive in what respect his nephew wronged the King, who was as deserving of his rights as he could be; and that he would not accept of those lands, or serve for them, till his nephew should be set at liberty, who was himself as nearly related to the King as he was. James Campbell, on hearing this response, told him that he was the King's prisoner. John made all the resistance that he could, but was overcome by numbers, and slain.

James I. quickly learned that he had erred seriously in this manner deceitfully contriving the capture or destruction of John More. The murder excited a profound feeling of indignation

through the whole country, more particularly among such potent and formidable opponents of the King's policy as the Douglases, Lindsays, and Hamiltons. James felt ashamed, and ultimately, terrified by the results of his own dissimulation, he protested that he had only instructed Campbell to capture John More, and at the same time he actually gave orders to have Campbell tried for the murder. Campbell, on being convicted, earnestly and strongly maintained that he had the authority of the King for what he had done. Nevertheless, he could not produce any written order from James, and he was executed. His death was intended as evidence of his Royal but pusillanimous master's innocence in the affair. It was, notwithstanding, insufficient to assuage the fierce feelings of revenge which were aroused by the base and treacherous murder of John More Macdonnell. The fire had been kindled, and blood alone could extinguish its rapidly spreading flames. This thirst for vengeance, intensified by the deceitful capture of the youthful and popular Alexander, Lord of the Isles, pervaded the Highlands and Isles. To meet this emergency, James bestowed the lands of Lochaber, which had been wrested from the Macdonalds, on his own kinsman, the Earl of Mar, who immediately proceeded to raise an army, which was hastily marshalled under the Earl of Huntly, Allan Lord Caithness, Fraser of Lovat, Mackay of Strathnavern, and the Chieftain of the Camerons, who prevailed on several branches of the Macdonalds to join them, by promising that the lands which they held under the Lord of the Isles should be bestowed upon them by King James.

John More's eldest son, Donald Balloch (Gael. *ballach*, spotted or speckled), a young man of twenty years of age, put himself at the head of the Islesmen and of a small force collected in the glens of Antrim. He speedily put his men on board a fleet of galleys, and landed them on the shore of Lochaber, within somewhat more than a mile of the foe. The young Lord of the Isles was at the time a prisoner in Tantallon Castle, and when he heard of the muster in the Highlands, under his cousin Donald Balloch, he sent a message from the prison to encourage his kinsmen and subjects to face his foes gallantly, albeit they should never see him again. The Highlanders and Islesmen, fired with the desire of revenge for the murder of one of their chiefs, and for the tyrannical and unjust imprisonment of another, were eager and keen for fight. Young Macdonnell, on reconnoitering the position of the enemy at Inverlochy, ordered an instantaneous attack. His men rushed forward, with unquenchable thirst for vengeance, at the word of command. The Lowland knights, who were very

numerous in the Royal army, placed much confidence in the superior armour and discipline of their men; but these advantages were of no consequence against the fierce assault of their Highland antagonists, who wielded their broadswords and Lochaber axes with all the terrific energy and activity of northern warfare. One thousand men of the Royal army were killed, chiefly in the retreat from the field of Inverlochy. Among the slain were Allan Stewart, Lord Caithness, with sixteen of his personal retinue, and many barons and knights from the southern counties of Scotland. After this great victory the Highland host dispersed, and returned to their native hills and glens. They lost no more than fifty men on the field of Inverlochy.

Donnell Balloch, as well as several other leaders, after this splendid victory, in vengeance of the foul murder of John More, steered their galleys over the Channel, and sought rest and security, of which they stood greatly in need, in the woody glens of Antrim. A despatch from the Scottish king to O'Neill soon followed them, wherein King James requested O'Neill to send back to him Donald Balloch, alive or dead. O'Neill, who had, prior to this request, entered into a treaty with the King of Scotland of mutual aid against England, sent King James a human head, which was accepted with joy as that of Donnell Balloch by the Scottish Court, then at Perth. Nevertheless, Donnell was still in possession of his own head; and, at the time of the transmission of the other head to Scotland, he was using his own head in paying his addresses and making love to O'Neill's daughter, whom he married shortly afterwards. By the help of his wife's powerful connections—the O'Neills—he was restored, with but little delay, to his estates in Islay and Kintyre.

It has been asserted by some writers that the king came to Dunstaffnage after the battle of Inverlochy, and that 300 of Donald Balloch's followers were executed. These writers are very much mistaken, for no such thing ever took place. None of them was every missed, or as much as mourned for, either in the Isles or in any other place. Otherwise they had their choice, were they pursued, either to betake themselves to the hills or to go to Ireland.

Although the earlier portion of Donald Balloch's life was passed in tumult and warfare, he enjoyed more than an average share of peace from his marriage until the time of his death, about the year 1480, which took place on Ellan Nave, on Loch Gruinert, Islay, where the Macdonnells had a residence.

His son Eoin (John), succeeded him, who married Sabina, the daughter of another Ulster chieftain, named Felim O'Neill. He does not seem to have lived long after his marriage. He was succeeded by his son Eoin, or John, called *Cahanagh*, on account of being fostered in Northern Ulster with the O'Cahans. Other Anglicised forms of *O'Cathain* are Caine, Cane, Kane, Keane, Keen. John Cahanagh is in its Gaelic form *Eoin Cathanach*, who was a warrior worthy of his race.

Without any delay, after the forfeiture of the aged John, Lord of the Isles, in 1493, James IV. set off speedily to the Western Highlands, to receive personally the submission of the potent vassals who had given allegiance to the throne of the island-kingdom, but were then ready to transfer their fealty to the Scottish crown. Among these was John Cahanagh. James was especially anxious to conciliate him, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood. It is supposed that James granted to this extensive land proprietor, both in Ireland and Scotland, a charter of all his lands, reserving the fortress of Dunaverty, to be occupied, when necessary, in the royal service. This reservation nevertheless seems to have entirely expelled the weak commencement of loyalty in the heart of the island potentate. Dunaverty was a position strongly and especially associated with the eventful history of his family; and he felt it probably of greater importance that it was the place of all others through which his Antrim large estates was more effectually preserved. The king was so keen to get his northern troubles thoroughly settled that he returned to the island in July, the ensuing year, 1494. He brought with him an imposing force, and he bore himself in every respect towards his island subjects as a sovereign who was resolved to compel submission. Without any further explanation or ceremony beyond what he had stated the preceding year to John Cahanagh, he took possession of the Castle of Dunaverty, placed in it, as well as in that of Tarbert. a large garrison, and supplied these castles amply with artillery and skilful gunners. Sir John Cahanagh was, by these proceedings of King James, disagreeably enlightened regarding his intentions. So he decided on his own plan of action. He secretly assembled his faithful followers, watched for a chance to expel the royal garrison from Dunaverty, and take possession of Kintyre. King James did not anticipate any opposition to his arrangements, and was in the act of sailing away with his personal attendants from the Mull, when Sir John stormed Dunaverty, and hanged the Governor, from the wall, in sight of the king and his departing ships.

James was unable to avenge this insult at the time, yet he contrived in his own mind, as he sailed southwards, a dreadful amount of retribution. To accomplish his vengeance he summoned the Earl of Argyll to his assistance. Through the agency of Argyll, a kinsman of Sir John Cahanagh was found to undertake the foul and treacherous seizure of the latter, with as many of the doomed family as it was possible to capture. This kinsman was John Mac Ian Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, who had a feud with John Cahanagh in regard to the lands of Sunart contiguous to Ardnamurchan. Mac Ian, on account of being a kinsman, had better opportunities of perfidiously seizing the Clandonnell chief than other more openly avowed enemies. Mac Ian went to Islay, where he visited his relations at Finlagan Castle, who were not aware that he visited them with a deceitful purpose. There he seized Sir John Cahanagh and two of his sons, and brought them to Edinburgh, where they were soon subsequently found guilty of high treason, and executed on the Burrowmuir. Their bodies were buried in the Church of St Anthony. These facts are recorded by Hugh Macdonald of Sleat, and also by the Macvurich manuscript. They are also mentioned in a charter from the king to John Mac Ian of Ardnamurchan, dated the 24th of March, 1499, and preserved among the Argyll papers, rewarding Mac Ian of Ardnamurchan for his services in seizing Sir John, together with his sons, and several of his accomplices. This grant conveyed to the grantee lands in various districts to the extent of 200 marks of old extent, or about 6000 acres, including the portions disputed between the two kinsmen in Sunart.

To ensure the extirpation of all the sons of John Cahanagh, none of whom were left alive, except Alexander, who concealed himself in the Antrim Glens, Mac Ian was ordered to go after him and seize him. Mac Ian hearing of his hiding places, went to cut down the woods of the glens in order to destroy Alexander, and annihilate the whole family. At last Mac Ian and Alexander met. They were reconciled, and a marriage alliance took place. Alexander married Mac Ian's daughter. This alliance likely remained a secret to the Scottish King, who expressed his disappointment that the entire extirpation of the Macdonnell leaders could not have been then attained. But baffled in this respect, he considered the next best thing to be done was to have a penal enactment immediately passed in the Scottish Parliament, prohibiting Alexander of Islay and Kintyre from ever setting foot on Scottish soil, or owning an acre of land in the kingdom of Scotland. A measure for this purpose was actually passed, and

it continued in force during the lifetime of James IV., who was killed at Flodden in 1513.

Notwithstanding, in the interval the young chief of the Clan-donnell had become distinguished in Ulster. He had been followed thither by great numbers of his own broken clan and by many soldiers from several smaller clans which had agreed, when the kingdom of the Isles was surrendered in 1476, to follow the banner of the Clan-Ian-vore. With the aid of these hardy *Red-shanks*, as they were termed, who are largely represented at the present day in the population of the coast of Antrim, Alexander Macdonnell was enabled not only to hold the family inheritance of the Glens, but even effectively to check the progress of the English invader throughout Ulster. James V. soon found it to be the best policy to reverse the vindictive laws of his father towards this exiled Scottish chief. During his occasional visits to his native snore many highly distinguished marks of honour were bestowed upon him. When we find the last mention of him in the State Papers he is returning from Scotland at the head of 8000 men provided by James V., and meant to counteract the warlike operations so energetically carried on by the English in Ulster during the earlier years of the sixteenth century. This force was added to his own, and, so supplemented, was vigorously and successfully employed, not only in counteracting the English invaders of Ulster, but also in consolidating the Scottish settlements on the coast.

By his wife, Catherine Mac Ian, Alexander Macdonnell had six sons and three daughters. The sons were all leaders among the Scots of Ulster. His daughter Mary married Hector More Maclean, Lord of Dowart, in Mull, and of Morvern or Kenalban, in Argyllshire. This couple left two sons, namely, Hector Oge, who succeeded his father in the estates of Dowart, and Ian or John Dhu, who inherited the family property in Morvern. They had also seven daughters, six of whom were married into leading families of the Isles. Alexander's second daughter was married to a chieftain of the Macleods, and the third became the wife of a kinsman named Gillaspick Macdonnell of Lecale, in the County of Down. Mary Queen of Scots, in the year 1545, granted lands to James, his eldest son, with remainder to his brothers Angus, Colla, Alexander, Donnell Gorme, and Sorley. Mary Queen of Scots and her husband, Francis, in 1558 renewed the grant of 1545, with remainder to his brothers Angus, Coll, Alexander, and Sorley. Six brothers are here distinctly named in the first grant, but only five in the third. Sorley Boy (*Somhairle buidhe*, yellow-haired

Sorley or Somerled) was the youngest of the sons. Four of Alexander's sons fell in the battle-fields in Antrim. James, his eldest son, on the death of Alexander of Islay and Kintyre, succeeded his father as the Chief of the Clandonnell South. He was the Lord of Dunyveg and the Glens, as well as the military leader of Clan Ian-Vore, or descendants of John More. A short time after his father's restoration to Royal favour in Scotland, when James Macdonnell was still a young lad, he was invited to the Scottish Court, and there put under the care of William Henderson, Dean of Holyrood, who had been chosen to give him such a course of education as Scottish noblemen of the same period were believed to require. It was then, obviously, that young Macdonnell was taught to write, and he seems to have been the only one of the sons who had learned that useful manual art. Few, indeed, of the Highland nobility or gentry aspired then to a knowledge of penmanship, as they considered it as an attainment suitable for monks and for secretaries for lords and chieftains. It was probably during his residence at Court that he met the Lady Agnes Campbell, a daughter of Colin, third Earl of Argyll, to whom he was married.

The Macdonnells conquered the Route, the furthest north part of the county of Antrim, which they added to their other possession of the Antrim Glens. It was previously possessed by a native tribe which was named the Macquillins. At the death of his brother Colla, to whom the Route was allotted by Sir James, he offered it then in succession to his brothers Angus and Alexander, both of whom declined to accept it. His youngest brother, however, Sorley Boy *(Somhairle Buidhe)*, did not refuse the offer. His appointment, notwithstanding, seems to have been very disagreeable to the former owners, the Macquillins, and had likely been the principal cause of their struggles, shortly thereafter, to re-assert their claims as owners of the Route. A battle was fought on the left bank of the small stream Aura, in which the Macquillins were hopelessly overthrown. The night before the battle, Sorley Boy ordered rushes to be strewn on a dangerous swamp which lay between the hostile camps, and over which the Macquillins imagined their foes intended to charge them very early. They were deceptively led to believe that Sorley's road across the swamp had been made completely safe for a charge of cavalry; so they determined to move without waiting for his attack. They rushed at the swamp. Their horses soon sank to their saddles among the thinly-strewn rushes, and were unable to move. So their riders became an easy prey to the arrows and Lochaber axes

of the Clandonnell. It subsequently became a saying in the district that "a rush-bush was never known to deceive anyone but a Macquillin."

At this time quarrels took place between the English and the O'Neills. Shane O'Neill quarrelled with his father, Con, and with the English, and afterwards became reconciled to Queen Elizabeth, with whom, for the time being, he became a favourite. The Scots of Antrim wished to keep neutral, but Shane pronounced them to be enemies to the Queen, and invaded their territories. He commenced operations on the 5th of September, 1560. He began re-building a castle on the eastern side of the Bann, and sent a detachment over the river to occupy the monastery on the western side, which was held by his men against the Scots during a siege of twenty-four hours. In this conflict Sorley Boy had been wounded. O'Neill actively employed himself in preparations for the following spring. His plan for the spring campaign was admirably arranged and dexterously put into execution. Early in April, 1565, all his forces were armed, and ready to engage in fighting. He determined to attack the Macdonnells in their furthest-off positions, and while it might be impossible to call Sir James Macdonnell to their aid. He solemnly celebrated the festival of Easter, at his Castle of Fedan, near the Newre. He marched on the ensuing Tuesday as far as Dromore, and thence, the next day, to Monynimrock, in the neighbourhood of Edenduffcarrick. He continued there, assembling his most efficient troops, until the succeeding Sunday afternoon, and then marched quickly northwards. The Macdonnells were now undoubtedly fully aware of his purpose. Their warning fires flamed along the Antrim headlands during that Sunday evening; and not speedier had the first flames ascended from the hill near Torr Point than faithful *Fir Chinntire*, or men of Kintyre, seized their weapons and manned their galleys with indomitable valour. Sir James Macdonnell, who then resided at his ancient Castle of Saudell, without the slightest delay mustered the whole of his available forces, and crossed the Channel on May-Eve. He previously made arrangements with his brother, Alexander Oge, to go after him speedily, with whatever reinforcements could be gathered. Sir James arrived in Cushindun Bay—then named Bun-Abhann-Duine[1]—as the dawn of May morning dissolved the mists from the promontories along the coast. At the time of his disembarkation his own castle at Red Bay was in flames, and he quickly subsequently discovered that the work of destruction was rapidly advancing inside and round the castle

[1] The first syllable of Duine is short.

walls. Sorley Boy, with the remnant of his overthrown force, a few hours later came forward, retreating before O'Neill. The Kintyre men now united with him. The retreat was continued northwards to Ballycastle, where there was hope that Alexander Oge would arrive that day with assistance. This hope was disappointed. So Sir James and Sorley had to prepare in the best manner they could for the conflict that was shortly to follow. On the morning of the 2nd of May, before five o'clock, O'Neill moved forward and attacked them. O'Neill had double the number of men; the Macdonnells did not exceed one thousand. After a sanguinary contest the Macdonnell host was almost entirely annihilated. Its officers were all either slain or taken prisoners. Few of the men were allowed to leave the field, and yet fewer to survive the retreat.

Sir James Macdonnell was left to die in O'Neill's dungeon, although his release had been asked from Shane by Queen Elizabeth, earnestly sought by Mary, Queen of Scots, and demanded by the Earl of Argyll, in the name of the great lords of the Western Highlands and Isles. He offered a vast ramson for himself, and the Clandonnell would freely give his weight in gold. Shane, however, had now secured his great rival in Northern Ulster, and believed that Macdonnell's destruction was the removal of the principal obstacle to the accomplishment of his own visions of irresistible supremacy. There is no direct evidence whether his distinguished prisoner, who died soon after his capture, died of deliberate neglect or of violence. The Macdonnells, nevertheless, freely and frequently charged Shane with the murder of their chief. His own people in Antrim and the Isles grieved for his fate, and the Four Masters tell us—"The death of this gentleman was generally bewailed; he was a paragon of hospitality and prowess, a festive man of many troops, a beautiful and munificent man. His peer was not to be found at that time among the Clandonnell of Ireland or Scotland; and his own people would not have deemed it too much to give his weight in gold for his ransom, if he could have been ransomed."

Shane's ambition, which nothing else could satisfy than the sovereignty of Ulster, led him into a hopeless quarrel with the English. Alexander Oge Macdonnell, the fourth brother, according to an arrangement with Sir Henry Sydney, had arrived at Cushindun, to take part in the war against O'Neill. Shane O'Neill, notwithstanding his treachery to the Macdonnells, was induced to open negotiations with them, by some means, through Sorley Boy, whom he had retained so long as a captive. An

invitation was sent by Shane to Alexander Oge, desiring that he and they should have an amicable meeting for the purpose of forming a permanent alliance against their common enemy, the English. The invitation was joyfully and readily accepted by the Macdonnells. It was agreed that the meeting should take place within a short distance of the present village of Cushindun, above the bay, on the north-western slope. O'Neill went thither at the appointed time. He was accompanied by the Countess Dowager of Argyll, his secretary, and a little troop of fifty horsemen. A magnificent banquet had been prepared to inaugurate the re-union of the O'Neills and the Macdonnells. The festivities were carried on agreeably for two days, when one of the Macdonnells charged O'Neill's secretary with originating or spreading a report of a marriage then said to be contemplated between O'Neill and the widow of Sir James Macdonnell. This report, which had reached the Government, and was alluded to in a letter from the Irish Deputy to the Council in England, was considered by the Macdonnells as a base slander on the lady of their late chief. The secretary, instead of using mild speech, taunted the Macdonnells as not deserving the honour which they appeared so desirous to repudiate; and he reminded them that O'Neill was the hereditary prince of Ulster, so, consequently, he maintained that, by his ancient pedigree, as well as by his high position, he was, in every respect, entitled to match even with their Queen, Mary of Scotland. Shane himself approached at this point in the conversation, indiscreetly took up his secretary's quarrel, and, no doubt, spoke his mind freely on the subject in dispute. The Macdonnells were exasperated by his insulting language, and, recollecting his former treachery to them, drew their dirks, hewed him to pieces, and threw his mutilated remains into a pit, near the place where he was slain. So the disaster on the field of Glentaisi was thus, to a certain extent, avenged, and Sorley Boy was restored to freedom, after a painful and mortifying captivity of more than two years.

Sorley Boy was now the chief leader among the Macdonnells of Antrim. In June, 1567, he crossed the Channel to Kintyre; but he did not go till he had assured himself that the Scottish settlers in Antrim remained on their lands. He spent the remainder of that summer in the Isles and among the hills of Argyllshire. He was successful in forming an alliance between the Campbells and the Macdonalds. So he collected eight hundred chosen men, and returned to Ballycastle on the 27th November, 1567. His return was speedily announced to the English Government by both Piers

and Malbie, two of its most energetic agents in the North. On his return, he re-introduced himself modestly to the authorities of the Pale, requesting to have quiet and immediate possession of the Glens, by grant from the Crown, which were his family possessions, and also of the lands of Monery and Carey. The Government hesitated and delayed. So Sorley found that he had no alternative but an appeal to arms, and he was not slow, when thus obliged, to commence a quarrel. By the beginning of 1568, the English garrisons along the coast, except that of Dunluce, had disappeared, and their places were occupied by bands of stern Islesmen and Highlanders. A few months thereafter Sorley was the central figure of a number of Ulster Lords, whom he had attracted around him. All these united in a league against the Government. Of these, the two most conspicuous, after Sorley himself, were Brian Felim O'Neill, the chief of Upper or Southern Clannaboy, and Turlough Luinech O'Neill, cousin of Shane, who now renounced his allegiance to Queen Elizabeth, and proclaimed himself the rightful hereditary Prince of Ulster. Not content with this significant movement, Sorley returned to Scotland, and secured an alliance with Donnell Gorme Macdonnell, the potent Chief of Sleat. With his aid the Chief of Antrim quickly assembled a force of 4000 men, which he sent to the Antrim coast without delay, by means of thirty-two galleys and several boats. The English offered no opposition to the landing of this formidable host, and there was no campaigning in Ulster during the two succeeding years. The Macdonnells, therefore, were allowed to till their lands, and enjoy the triumph of re-entering them in peace.

This was truly an auspicious interval for Scottish Antrim colonists, and during it the Ulster League was extended and strengthened by two distinguished marriage alliances. The widow of Sir James Macdonnell, known as Lady Kintyre, daughter to Colin, third Earl of Argyll, became the wife of Surlough Luinech O'Neill; and her daughter, Inneen Dubh Macdonnell was married to Hugh O'Donnell of Donegal. The lady of Kintyre was exceedingly influential among her own people, the Campbells, and soon after her husband's death she became an object of great interest with such Ulster chiefs as then happened to be in want of wives. Whether she possessed great personal charms is not recorded, but she could command the services of numerous redshanks; so with Irish chiefs this power on the lady's part constituted a superior claim, for that leader who could bring the greatest number of

Scottish soldiers into the field was usually very sure to come off a victor. The Northern League, which had shown symptoms of decline, was revived and strengthened, and the redshanks became again the most conspicuous people of Ulster. Sorley Boy fought for many years with the English in defence of his own and his people's rights. He outwitted and circumvented Essex and the other English rulers with whom he had to deal in diplomacy. He regained one after another all the fortresses in Antrim garrisoned by the English, and the last and strongest of them, Dunluce (*Dun-lios*, strong fort), was taken by him. After so long a struggle, which was carried out with consummate valour and sagacity, as he now understood that Queen Elizabeth was disposed to be favourable to him, he went to Dublin, and made his submission to her, and all his lands were granted him. His submission was made on the 11th of February, 1586. So terminated successfully Sorley's long and stormy disputes and conflicts with the State. He died in 1590. His wife, Mary O'Neill, daughter of Con, first Earl of Tyrone, died in 1582. Their sons were Donnell, Alexander, James, Randal, and Angus. Sorley Boy was succeeded by his third son James, who died at Dunluce on Easter Monday, April 13, 1601. He was a gay, a handsome, and a very hospitable knight. He was a frequent guest of James VI. of Scotland, from whom he received the honour of knighthood.

The accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England was a cause of rejoicing to the Macdonnells. Randal Macdonnell succeeded his brother James. He was the fourth son of Sorley Boy. He was fostered in Arran, and was hence called *Ràuall Arannach*, Anglicised Randal Arranach. He was created Earl of Antrim on the 12th December, 1820. His son Randal succeeded him as Earl, and the title of Marquis was subsequently conferred on him. On his death his youngest brother, Alexander, succeeded him as third Earl of Antrim; his son, Randal, was fourth Earl of Antrim; his son, Alexander, followed him as fifth Earl of Antrim; and his son, Randal William, was created second Marquis of Antrim. He died in 1791, and left no male issue. His eldest daughter Anne Katherine, succeeded him as Viscountess Dunluce and Countess of Antrim in her own right. On her death the Lady Charlotte, youngest daughter of the second Marquis of Antrim, succeeded as Countess of Antrim in her own right. In 1799 this lady married Rear-Admiral Lord Mark Robert Kerr, third son of the fifth Marquis of Lothian, and by him she had a numerous family. The Countess Charlotte died in 1835, and was succeeded by her fifth son, Hugh Seymour, as seventh Earl of

Antrim. He married the Lady Laura Cecilia Parker, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Macclesfield, and had by her one daughter, Helen Laura, who married Sir Malcolm Macgregor. His successor was his brother, Lord Mark Kerr, who married Jane, daughter of Major M'Cann of Castlewellan. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Randal William. This is a long line, all of whom were worthy, generous, and illustrious.

25th FEBRUARY, 1891.

At the meeting of the Society on this date Mr John Cameron, S.S.C., Edinburgh, was elected a member. Thereafter Mr William Mackay, solicitor, read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford, on *Sutherland Place Names—Parishes of Farr and Tongue.* Mr Mackay's paper was as follows:—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF FARR.

This is the most extensive parish of Sutherland, comprising an area of 195,197 acres, of which 343 are foreshore and 6442 water; it is throughout mountainous, and at the south-west boundary culminates at Meall-nan-eoin, one of the peaks of Ben-chlibric, in a height of 3154 feet above sea level.

The rivers Naver and Strathy, gently gliding along their courses, fall into the North Sea, and divide the parish into three parts, Strathnaver, Armadale, and Strathy.

Along the banks of these, more especially the Naver, are luxuriant meadow and arable lands, flanked by brown hills and fragrant birch woods. The hill pasture on the high grounds in the interior, away from the coast, is reckoned to be the best in the county.

It was from these two beautiful and fertile valleys, that in 1814-19, the inhabitants were ruthlessly driven to the sea coast, and congested into townships on the bays and sterile headlands, which will be hereafter described. The area alloted to the 300 families displaced did not exceed 8000 acres, and upon this small area of rough, sterile, rocky, tempest-exposed land, they have ever since subsisted. The average arable land to each family is even now only about 2½ acres, reclaimed by themselves from rocks,

moors, and mosses, and of enclosed land, or land susceptible of reclamation and cultivation, there is none, within the alloted area, to reclaim.

While the natives were thus huddled together and congested in the small townships on the coast, 180,000 acres were devoted to sheep farms, of which there are now eight, averaging 22,000 acres each, inclusive of the rich meadow lands along the Strathy, the Naver, and the Mudale rivers, and the sides of Lochnaver. In the face of this, the native population of upwards of 1800 are obliged to find subsistence upon 4½ acres per head, a less area of land than the sheep farmers allot to one sheep. Can the irony of events go further? Is a man said to be created in the image of his Maker of not more value than a sheep! "Tempora mutantur nos mutamur in illis."

In the not remotely past, this parish was a very nursery of soldiers. Until the dire evictions, the whole population was imbued with a martial spirit of no common order. At the call of its two best native chiefs, two or three companies, each 100 strong, responded to the "call to arms" for limited service in Fencible regiments, besides those who entered the regular Highland regiments of the line. In 1760 254 gallant young men marched out of Strathnaver in one day.

The coast line of this parish is indented by bays to such an extent that measured along this line it is 21½ miles, while measured in a straight line it is only 11 miles. These bays are Farr, Swordly, Kirtomy, Armadale, and Strathy, all of them well adapted for cod, haddock, ling and herring fishing. These kinds of fishes swarm along the coast, but for want of any kind of harbours, landing-places, or protection of boats, the population, esteemed able, expert, and intrepid seamen, are unable to avail themselves of the rich harvest the sea presents to them all the year round.

This neglect, inattention, and apathy to the best interests of the evicted population, evinced by the evictors and their successors, in not providing small harbours and curing-places for the evicted to earn a decent living in the townships situated on these bays, and into which they were forcibly congested, is really the most surprising in the astounding deeds committed in Sutherland.

The coast also projects the bold and sterile headlands of the Creag-ruadh, 331 feet high; Ard-Farr, 369 feet; Kirtomy, 467 feet; Creag-gharbh, 462 feet, and Strathy point, 267 feet. These headlands or promontories are composed of bold, perpendicular rocks, against which the North Sea beats with fearful and

thunderous violence, and are excavated into caves and caverns of varied dimensions, the resort of vast numbers of seals and sea birds. Upon such headlands, too, were the evicted of Strathnaver thrust and located.

In the Valley of the Naver, are still seen the ruins of many so-called Pictish towers and Picts' houses, so situated that a beacon fire could be seen from the one by the other, showing that even in prehistoric times a large population existed in the beautiful Strath. Scattered here and there throughout the district are numerous hut circles, and tumuli. Half way up the Strath, at Langdale, "were," says Pennant, "the noble remains of a Druidical temple, being a circle of 100 feet in diameter, surrounded by a trench, so that the earth formed a bank. In the midst of it a stone was erected like a pillar, where the Druid stood and taught. There was in the 'town' a large building and cemetery."

Lower down the strath, on the east side of the Naver, are the ruins of an ancient Dun, or fort, called Dun-Viden, probably Scandinavian, after Wodin, or Odin, the great deity of the Norse warriors.

"Between Kirtomy and Farr," says the same writer, "is a singular curiosity, well worth the pains of a traveller to view, being the remains of an old square tower or building, called 'Borwe,' standing on a small point of rock, joined to the mainland by a narrow neck ten feet wide. The point is very high, on both sides is deep water, and a tolerable harbour for boats. This tower seems to have been built by the Norwegians, and there is a tradition that one Torquil, a warrior mentioned by Torfaeus, was the person that built it. But what is most curious is, that, through the rock upon which the tower stands, there is a passage below of 200 feet in length, like a grand arch or vault, through which they row a boat. The writer (Mr Pope of Reay), has been one of a company that rowed through it. The passage is so long that, when you enter at one end, you fancy there is no possibility to get out at the other, and *vice versa*. How this hard rock was bored or excavated I cannot say, but it is one of the most curious natural arches in the whole known world."

Pennant was not informed by Mr Pope that this was a stronghold of the Mackays after the expulsion of the Norsemen; or that, about 1550, the Earl of Sutherland, assisted by the Gordons of Huntly and Aboyne, invading the Mackay territory, beseiged this stronghold, took it, and hanged its gallant defender, Rory MacIan-Mhor. Probably it was at this time demolished, for its name has ever since disappeared from record. While the Earl was thus

engaged, the Mackays, by a flank march, descended into the south-east part of Sutherland, ravaged the land, defeated some Sutherlands and allies left to defend the country, carried away a great prey, and returned into their own country, eluding the Earl, who, after demolishing "Borwe," endeavoured to intercept them.

At the mouth of the Baligil burn are to be still seen the ruins of a similar fort, perched on a rocky pinnacle, the sea surrounding it on three sides. It is connected, like "Borwe," to the mainland by a very narrow neck, where it is "fossed," and over the fosse was probably a drawbridge. On the sea face the tower was circular, with a straight face landwards. This semi-circular portion seems to have been the hall. There are indications of walls leading to the drawbridge, as if forming an outer or entrance hall. In the floor of the semi-circular portion is an entrance to a subterranean passage dug in the rock, flagged on top, and led down to the sea. This passage is from three to four feet wide, and five to six feet high. There is no record or mention of this fort. The writer explored it in September, 1889, coming upon it by chance, having no idea that such a ruin existed.

The locality of this old fort presents to the geologist some very interesting features. Here there is a belt of limestone of very good quality, intercalated with old red strata, grey, and red, flagstones, and calcareous shales.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Ben-Chlibric.—A mountain mass, the highest in Sutherland. the highest peak of it, "Meall-an-Eoin," the hill or eminence of *the* bird, which was the resort of the ptarmigan. It has several other peaks, ranging from 2750 feet to 2367 feet in height, scarified and bare from the storms of winter and the violence of the elements. The definition of Clibric is doubtful, from the various significations that may be given to the first syllable. Cli, of which the gen. is chli, is an O.G. (obsolete, or oldGaelic) word signifying strength, and bric, gen. of breac, spotted or speckled. Hence the signification of the term Cli-breac would be, Spotted strength, the "Mountain of spotted strength," Spotted or speckled mountain of strength. It is a fact that the northern side of this mountain, looking down on Lochnaver at its foot, has a variegated or speckled appearance. "Cli" still means left hand or left side, as "deas" does the right hand or right side. In olden times, a man standing with his face to the Orient, his right hand represented the south, or the meridian line, his left, the north, or

Polar Star. If this analogy be accepted, Cli would signify the left or north side of the mountain, and the term Cli-breac would mean speckled north side, and the definition would become, The mountain of the speckled north side; but more probably the meaning of the word Clibric may be from Cleithe, O.G. for eminence or peak, of which, as we have said, the mountain has several. Hence we would have the term Ben-na-Cleithe-bric, or mountain of the spotted eminences. The change of pronunciation from Cleithe to Cli, in the lapse of ages, is easy. Cliathag (see Lhuyd) is O.G. word for back or spine. Hence, if we take the root word Cliath to have been anciently back, we have Ben-nan-Cliath-bric, or Mountain of the speckled back. Now we have to choose which is the more probable derivation of the word, or rather the syllable, Cli:—

1. Cli, meaning strength, Mountain of spotted strength, or rather Spotted mountain of strength.
2. Cli, left or north side, Mountain of the speckled north side.
3. Cleithe, eminences, Mountain of the speckled eminences.
4. Cliath, back, spine, Mountain of the speckled back or summit.

The writer favours No. 2, though No. 3 seems equally applicable.

'Ben-stomino.—G., Beinn-an-tomain. *Stomino* is the Anglicised form of Na-tomain, tufts or bushes. The mountain of tufts or bushes, or small hillocks. 1728 feet high.

'Ben-na-glas-choille, G.—Mountain of the grey or green wood. Glas in Welsh is both blue and verdant. Glas, O.G., green, verdant (see the 23rd Psalm, v. 2, "An cluainibh glas"—in green, or verdant, pasture); 1230 feet high; Ir., glas; Wel., glas, blue, green; Arm, glas; Corn., glas, blue, green; Corn., marc glas, a grey horse; Arm., march glas, a grey horse; Gael., each glas; and Ir., each glas., a grey horse.

Cnoc sgeireach, G.—Cnoc, hill, or hillock, a common prefix in Scottish, Irish, and Manx topography. It appears in Radnorshire as "knuck las," proper spelling, cnwc-glas, green hill; sgeireach, rocky, the rocky hill (1728 feet); sgeir = to Norse sker, Gr. Skiros, a rocky isle in the Greek Archipelago.

'Greag-na-h-i laire, G.—Rock of the eagle, the eagle's rock. 2278 feet high. Creag is a primitive word of great antiquity, meaning everywhere the same; G., creag or craig, rock, or rocky cliff; Wel., careg; Ir., craig; Manx, creg, and cregg; Manx, Carrick, rock in the sea.

'Creag dhu-mhor, G.—The big black rock, 1820 feet high; G, dubh; Ir., dubh; Wel., du.; Corn. Arm., douh, tou, smoked; du, black; Heb., dua; Malay, du, bad; Manx, doo, black, dark;

G., duine dubh; Ir., duine dubh; W., dyn du; Arm., deen du; Manx, doinney doo, black man.

· Meall-an-amar, G.—Meall-an-amair, amair gen. of amar, a trough, a water channel, hill of the water channel; Gr., amar-a, a drain.

· Meall-an-fhuaran, G.—Meall-an-fhuarain, gen. of fuaran, a spring, a well; meall, common in Gaelic and Irish topography; in Scotland, applied to hills with rounded summits; in Ireland, generally applied to hills and promontories with bare, bald and rounded summits. The primary signification of meall is lump, mass. It is common in Wales with the same application, as moel; Manx, mooyl; Meall-an-fhuarain, the hill of the spring or well, 1549 feet high.

· Meall-na teanga, G.—Hill jutting out in the shape of a tongue, 1200 feet high.

Meall-carr-preas-na-ruaig, G.—Hill of the bushy rock of the chase or pursuits.

Ben-cheir' ail, G.—Ceire, buttock, and geal, white, mountain of the white buttocks. Beinn-a-cheire-geal—It is said that all stags, hinds, and hares found on and round about this mountain have white buttocks; 1032 feet high.

· Monadh-stairneach, G.—Monadh, moor; stairneach, noisy—the noisy moorland. Here it is an elevated moorland plain, from which streams issue to the north and south, and called so from the noise of the streams, or the bellowing of the deer in the corries below.

Meal-a-bhata, G.—Hill of the cudgels, probably in reference to disputes amongst herdsmen about disputed boundaries of grazing, when cudgels were drawn and used; Ir., batta; Arm., baz.; Fr., baton; Gr., bat-os; Fr., bat-tre, to fight.

LAKE NAMES.

Loch-Naver, N.—Naver, from naefer, Icelandic and Norwegian for birch cabers and birch bark, with which they cover their house-roofs (See Laing, "A Tour in Norway"). Hence birch wood, lake of the birch wood. Both sides of this lake are fringed with birch woods, so is Strathnaver, leading from this lake. The lake gave its name to the river, the river to the Strath. It is only 247 feet above sea level, and therefore falls only 247 feet in 18 miles, with an equal fall all along its course. At its upper end it receives the waters of the Bagastie, the Harra, the Mudale rivers, with various smaller streams on each side of it. It is 6¼ miles long, and ½ mile wide. Notwithstanding the definition

giving here a Norse origin to the river or lake name Naver, ancient Greek and Roman geographies give another name to this river, as they had done to the Helmsdale river in Kildonan in the south-east of Sutherland, centuries previous to the Norse era. Ptolemy of Alexandria, who flourished in the year 140 of our era, improved the geographies of the times preceding his day, especially that of Marinus of Tyre. He calls "Iligh," Il-a, and the "Naver," Nabar-is. Contemporary and subsequent Roman geographers call it Navae-as. The change in the letter b to v frequently happens. Then Ptolemy's Nabar-is easily becomes Navar-is. The last syllable is added by the Greek geographer simply for declension. Hence we have Naver, the name probably given by the natives of the day to the Tyrian explorers and mariners, the same way as they gave "Iligh" to the same men. What does "Naver" then mean? In the Basque provinces of Spain we have a similar word, "Navarre," one of the Basque provinces, a Basque, or Iberian word, descriptive of the country. Naba or Nava, Highland, and erri, country; Nava-erri, highland country; Navar-re, Naver. May not this river be of the same origin, and signifying the river of or from the high lands?

Loch-coire-na-fearna, G.—Coire, corrie, and fearna, alders, which grow luxuriantly along its southern shore—lake of the corrie of the alder wood. It is 515 feet above sea level, ensconced by hills on each side, discharges its waters by the river Mallard into the Naver at Achness.

Loch na Cuinne, G.—Cuinne, O.G., corner, or angle—lake of the corner or angle, in reference to its shape. At this angle there is a channel connecting it with Loch-a-Chlar, and Loch-a-Chlar is in the same manner connected with Loch-bad-an-loch. The difference in level being small, the waters of one lake are discharged into the other, from the first-mentioned to the second, and from the second to the third, forming reservoirs for the Illigh, or Helmsdale river. These lake connections are locally called Uidh, O.G. for smoothly flowing water; Wel., gwy, now Wye, at Hereford, Wey, in Surrey, Sussex, and Dorset. The O.G. word, cuinne, an angle, is cognate with the Latin cune-us, a wedge; Ir., coin, wedge; modern Gaelic, geinn, wedge; Gr., genia, and konos, wedge; Wel., cyn, wedge, and gaing, wedge; Arm., guen, cuen, and cyn, wedge. This lake is 3 miles long, 1 mile wide at the angle, and 392 feet above sea level.

Loch-a-bhealaich, G.—Bealach, a pass between hills, a defile, lake of the defile; Wel., bwlch; Ir., bealach. $1\frac{5}{8}$ mile by $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

Loch-Coire-na-sith, G.—Coire, corrie, and sith, stillness, lake of the corrie of stillness, or lake of the still and quiet corrie.

· Loch-Meadie, G.—Meide, O.G., neck, lake of the neck, in reference to one portion of it contracting into the shape of a neck, the other portions being wide. Another lake of the same name and shape is in Tongue parish.

· Loch Buidhe mor, G.—The large yellow lake.

· Loch Buidhe Beag, G.—The small yellow lake.

· Loch na Caorach G.—Lake of the sheep.

· Loch mo Naire, G.—Lake of my disgrace; hereby hangs a tale. This is a lake a mile below Dunviden, east side of Strathnaver, celebrated in the north for the extraordinary curative properties of its waters for certain diseases. The tradition relating to this lake name, and the healing virtues of its waters, is thus:—A woman from Ross-shire came to the heights of Strathnaver, pretending to cure diseases by means of water, into which she had previously immersed some pebbles she carried about with her. In her progress down the Strath, she lodged for the night in Dunviden. Her host wished to possess her charmed pebbles, but, suspecting his design, she decamped. Finding she was gone, he pursued her, and almost overtook her before arriving at the lake. Seeing she could not escape her pursuer, in her desperation on reaching the lake, she threw the pebbles into it, exclaiming, in Gaelic, mo naire! my shame! or, my disgrace! From this incidental exclamation, the lake received its name ever after, Loch mo Naire! lake of my disgrace! The pebbles were supposed to impart to the waters of the lake their curative efficacy. There are only four days in the year on which its supposed cures may be effected, "a cheud luain do'n raidh," the first Monday of the quarter, that is, of February, May, August, and November (old style). During February and November no one visited it, but in May and August numbers from Orkney, Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and even Inverness, came to this far-famed loch. The ceremonies to be observed were—Patients to be at the loch-side about twelve o'clock at night; as early as one to two o'clock on Monday the patient is to plunge, or be plunged, into the loch three times; is to drink of its waters; to throw a coin into it as a sort of tribute; and must be away from its banks, so as to be fairly out of sight of its waters before sunrise, otherwise no cure is supposed to be effected.

However much we may ridicule all this, it cannot be denied that the mind, fortified by belief, influences matter. Those who resorted to Loch-mo-Naire for cures, were persons afflicted by nervous complaints and disordered imaginations, to whom a journey of forty or fifty miles, plunges into the cold waters of the

loch, and the bracing, healthful air of the hills and glens contributed in no small degree to the improvement and even the restoration of health. If there was, in our modern opinions, a great deal of folly in the ways of "the days that were," we may not deny that there was a kernel of wisdom, too.

Loch-Suidhe, G.—Suidhe, seat, lake of the seat, see Joyce on Irish place names.

RIVER NAMES.

Naver, N.—Takes its name from the lake from which it issues; naefer, birch bark, birch copse wood. See lake names, ante.

Mallard, G.—Mala, brow, and ard, river of "the high brow," in reference to its rushing down the "brow" of Strathnaver, at Achness. It falls down this brow 150 feet in one mile, and forms a series of cascades which give the name to Achness, Achadh-nan-Eas. See place names, post.

Strathy.—G., srath, valley, and Uidhe, O.G., gently flowing water. The river gives the name to the strath; Ir., srath; Wel., ystrad; Corn., strath. The insertion of t between s and r is an expedient for avoiding the combination of sound. It is found in Norse, stromr, a stream; in the River Strymon in Thrace, both from the sanscrit root, sru, to flow. We have the same word in Gaelic, srath, strath, a stream. See Joyce Irish Place Names, vol. I. p. 61.

Allt-fada, G.—The long stream. Manx, foddey, far (G., fada 's giorad, far and near; Manx, foddey as gerrit, far and near).

Allt-na-harra, G.—Allt-na-h-aire, the stream or burn of watching; tigh-aire means observatory, and a house in which vigils are held over a corpse.

This word is locally pronounced as if spelled Allt-na-h-airbhe, hence, airbhe may mean in O.G. profit or produce, the definition then would be the profitable or producing stream, in reference to fish.

Allt-staing-a-choire, G.—Staing, gen. of stang, a pool or standing water; a-choire, gen. of coire, a corrie, the stream of the corrie pool; G., stang, a pool; Fr., etang, pond or pool from the Arm. stancy, pool; Scot., stank, the dam that forms the pool.

ISLANDS, PROMONTORIES, BAYS.

Boursay, N.—From bjārr, wall, and ey, island, the wall island, in reference to its perpendicular sides. It is an island on the west of Strathy, and quite close to the mainland. There is a Birsay in Orkney.

Ard-farr, G.—Farr, headland. See Farr.

Rudha-na-cloiche, G.—Promontory of the stone.

Rudha-na-craoibhe, G.—Promontory of the tree.

Geodha-glas, G.—The grey geo, or creek.

Geodha-ghamhan, G.—The creek of the stirk, geodh'-a-ghamhdan.

Geodha-ruadh, G.—The red creek; Lat., rufus; Fr., rouge; Wel., rhudd; Pro., reeth; Arm., ryudh; Cor., rydh; Scot., roy, red haired; Gr., ereud-os.

PLACE NAMES.

Achina, G.—Pro., acheena, accent on the second syllable, achadh, field, and caoineadh, lamentation, achadh-a-chaoineadh, the field of lamentation.

Ach-na-burin—G., Achadh-na-buireadhean, field of the bellowing.

Acu-na-burin—G., Achadh-na-burraidhean, field of the boors, or the surly, uncouth fellows.

Achoul—G., Achadh-a-chuil, field at the back, or beyond a ridge.

Achineiskich—G., Achadh-an-iasgaich, field of the fishing, near the mouth of the Naver, where salmon were landed.

Achness—G., Achadh nan-eas, field of, or near, the cascade.

Ard-niskich—G., Ard-an-iasgaich, hight above the fishing place.

A-ghlasraich, G.—Green fields, or green spots.

Alt-vulin—G., Allt-a-mhuillium, stream of the mill.

Altnaba—G., Allt-na bà, the cow stream, the stream giving the name to the place, or croft upon it.

Ault-aphurist—G., Allt-a-phuirst, the stream of the port or landing-place, the hamlet named from the stream and landing place.

Baligil, N.—Boli-gil, the township of the ravine; bal, residence; gil, ravine; bol, Norse, is equivalent to baile, Gaelic.

Brawl—G., Braighe-a-bhaile, upper part of the township. In charters the spelling is, "brath-well." There is Brawl in Halkirk, Caithness.

Clerk-hill, anglicised form of Cnoc-a-chleireach, hill of the cleric.

Crask—G., Crasg, ridge between two valleys, common in Sutherland.

Clach-an-righ, G.—The King's Stone, a pillar on the battlefield of Dalharald.

Clach-an-t-sagart-ruadh, G.—Stone of the red priest; an ecclesiastic famous in the Reay country "in the days of yore," officiated

in Durness, Tongue and Strathnaver, where he is supposed to have ended his days. He is said to have predicted the evictions, and to have desired to be buried in a meadow near the banks of the Naver, in sight of his cell, or chapel, at Skail, saying, "when the river had worn away its banks to his grave, and carried away his remains, then the people would be restored to their possessions." Some ten years ago, the river had worn its way very near the stone of the red priest. The people were jubilant, recollecting the prophecy of the red priest, but Mr Sellar retarded its fulfilment by protecting the river bank, with wattles and stones, from further encroachments towards the "Clach-an-t sagart-ruadh." Nevertheless the people still believe in the prophesy of the red priest, and trust to the mutations brought about by time.

Carn-achie, G.—Carn-achadh, field of the cairn, township name derived from a field near a large Pictish tower by the side of Carnachie burn. There is a second Pictish tower at the upper end of this township, a bonnie place, in bonnie Strathnaver.

Ceanna Coille, G.—Ceann-na Coille, Wood end. Another sunny, bonnie place in the same Strath.

Coil-lyal, G.—Coille-liathail, greyish wood, giving its own appellation to the township at foot of the same Strath.

Corri-huran, G.—Coire-an-fhuaran, the corrie of the well.

Dal-charn, Dail-a-Chairn, field of the cairns or rocks, in reference to the numerous boulders of granite seen on its surface.

Dal-langal, compound or composite word; Gaelic and Norse. Dail G., meadow; langal N., langi-dalr, lang dale or long dale; hence, from both languages we have *tautology* in dal-lang-dal. The Norse called the dale, Langdale. The natives, on the expulsion of the Norse, and taking re-possession, named it after their own way, from the Norse, prefixing their own term Dal, or Dail, meadow—meadow of the long meadow as it is.

Dal-harald, G.—Harold's meadow. Torfaeus relates that a severe battle was fought here between the forces of Reginald of the Isles (King of the Sudereys), sent by William the Lion to expel the Norse from Sutherland and Caithness, and Harold Madadson (son of Maddad, Earl of Athole), Earl of Caithness. Here it was that in 1196 or 1198 the two warriors with their armies met on a plain, east side of the Naver, two miles from the east end of Lochnaver. It was a fair field for the contest of heroes. Judging from the numerous tumuli and cairns still to be seen on this battlefield, the conflict must have been very severe. The Norsemen, commanded by Earl Harold, were worsted, and retreated down the strath, pursued by the Scots, under Reginald. They

will be again heard of at Fiscary. On this battlefield is still seen a pillar stone commemorating Reginald's victory, and to this day called Clach-an-righ. There are also other stones and cairns, no doubt reared where commanders fought, fell, and were interred.

Dalvina--G., Dal-na-beinne, or Dal-bheinne, the dal, at the foot of the hill. Here is a hill 200 feet in height; or Dal-mhin, the smooth, level dal.

Farr—G., Faire, watching; faire, a height. Norse, fjar, cattle; faer, sheep. The term Farr may be of Gaelic origin, from faire, watching, for the Norse pirates, or from the altitude of Ard-farr, a conspicuous object; or the Norsemen may have imposed it, from the number of cattle and sheep they found here and in the neighbourhood. A Norse writer, Dicuil, states that the *Far-oe* islands were so named from the multitude of sheep found in them by the Norse invaders. In like manner the Norse invaders and occupants of Farr may have given, from the same cause and for the same reason, its name to this place, Far, signifying, as given above, sheep and cattle. If there was a multitude of sheep in this parish at that time there are more now.

The township of Farr lies low, surrounded by hills all round, except at the bay, at the end of which it is. Here was an ancient church and cemetry. The township, with its ancient church, gave its name to the parish for ecclesiastical and civil purposes.

Fiscary—G., Faisg-àiridh, faisg, near; àiridh, sheiling—the near sheiling. In the valley of the Farr burn, in contradistinction to other sheilings away on the hills.

On the high grounds above Fiscary, the Norsemen, after their defeat on Dal-harold, made another stand, probably after being reinforced from Caithness. They chose their ground with great judgment on the steep hillside. Here they waited, and watched for the advance of Reginald. A bloody conflict must have ensued. The Scots fought their way up the hillside, gradually forcing the Norse men to the summit, upon which the battle of heroes was continued and fought till the Norse men were again defeated, and fled into Caithness, Harold taking himself off to the Orkneys, leaving Reginald to do as he thought best. Reginald remained in the country for some months, putting affairs in order for the King of Scots. He appointed three governors to rule, one in Thurso, one in the south of Sutherland—supposed to be in Dun-robin or in one of the Pictish towers in the vicinity—the third in Strath navernia. Probably this ruler was the ancestor of the Mackays, chiefs of Farr. No sooner was Reginald away than Harold ascertained the coast was clear. He sent some of his men over

from Orkney; they assassinated the Thurso ruler and the South Sutherland ruler. Hearing this, Harold came over from Orkney and re-took possession. Having misgoverned the country, and mutilated the Bishop by cutting out his tongue, William the Lion marched into Caithness, and brought the whole district under his own control, putting an end to Norse superiority for ever.

Fiscary-hill still shows by the great number of tumuli and cairns upon its flank and summit the severity of the battle that was waged upon it. In the church-yard of Farr, which is but a short distance from this battlefield, is a most curious sepulchral monument, which may be of this date, 1196 or '98. It is of very hard granite, a kind unknown to the district, well cut and sculptured, considering its era. What the meaning of the sculpture may be cannot be made out. There being a cross upon it, the inference is that the warrior there buried was not a Pagan. That he was a warrior, and one of distinction, may be inferred from the shield upon it. He is supposed to have been one of the principal commanders of the Norsemen in the battle of Fiscary. Torfaeus has a long story about these battles.

Fleuchary—G., Fliuch-airidh, the wet sheiling.

Grumbmor—G., Guirme-mhor, the big green patches, in reference to the large green glades in the place, interspersed with blue plants; guirme, from gorm, blue, green, verdant; Wel., gwrm, dun.

Grumb-beg—G., Guirme-bheag, the small green glades.

Invernaver—G., Inbhior-naver, flat land at the Naver mouth.

Inshlampie—G., Innis-lamba, meadow of the thick milk, in reference to the cows fed upon its grass giving thick, rich, milk.

Kirtomy, N.—(Sea-side place), from Kjōr, copsewood, and tomr, valueless, thin; Kjōr-tomr, place of thin scrub or brush-wood.

Lednagulin—G., Leathad-na-gillean, slope of the lads, probably where they played.

Langdale—N., Langi-dalr, langi, long; dalr, dale, long-dale. Langi, frequently appears in Norse place names as lang-ey, long-island, langi-fell, long moor.

Mullach, G.—The top, the summit.

Mudale—N., Mosa-dalr, mosa, moorland; dalr, dale; mos-dale, moorland dale. It is to be observed that when dal, or dale, is an affix, the origin of the word is Norse; when dal is prefix the origin of the whole must be looked for in the native language.

Newlands—Anglicised term adopted for a new township, at the evictions.

Poleriscaig—G., Poll-ùr-iasgaich, the new fishing pool, a township formed at the evictions. No fishing had been done from the same point before, hence the name. It is at the mouth of a small stream.

Rhe an chath—G., Ruighean-a-chatha, or chadha, slopes, or declivity of the narrow pass; ruighean, slopes; cadha, a narrow pass; or Ruighean-a-chath, the slopes of the battle.

Rhifail, G.—Ruighe, slope; fail, walls; circular enclosures, slope of the circles or circular enclosures; or Ruighe-a-Phail, Paul's slope.

Rhiloisk—G., Ruighe-loisge, the burnt slope or declivity, in reference to the thinness of its soil, the grass upon it soon withering by summer heat.

Ricroy—G., Ruighe-cruaidh, the hard slope; Wel., rhiw, slope.

Rhi chaisteil—G., Ruigh'-a-chaisteil, the declivity to or from the castle.

Rhi-sealbhag—G., Ruighe-na-sealbhaig, sealbhag, sorrel, slope upon which sorrel grew, the sorrel slope.

Rossal—G., Ros-aile, the rocky promontory, from ros, promontory or land jutting out, and aile, O.G., stone, rock, in reference here to a shoulder of a hill jutting out in the shape of a promontory, the face of which is rock. This conspicuous object gave the name to the township adjoining it, one of the first, with its 17 families, evicted in Sellar's campaign of 1814.

Skelpick—G., Sgeilpeach, shelvy, the natural aspect of this township, situated on the hill slopes east side of the Naver, the hill side rises in terraces from the haughs in the valley. It underwent the fate of all other townships in the Strath, evicted, burnt.

Skall—N., Skali, a hall or dwelling better than the ordinary.

Skall—N., Skjol, Pro., skiol, a sheltered place.

Skall—N., Skaale, sheiling.

Skail, as it now is, answers to either of the above definitions. It is situated on the left or west side of the River Naver, which to favour it, as it were, makes a great bend away from it to the right or east side of the Strath, leaving in the bend a large area of excellent meadow land, right in front of the (once) township. It is well wooded at the back and flanks. There might have been a "skali" or hall here in Norse times. It is well sheltered, and it may be a certain fact that sheilings were attached to the township. Here was an ancient chapel, probably the one in which the "sagairt ruadh" was wont to officiate.

Swordley—N., Svordr, ljā, sward for mowing; svordr, sward, ljā, mowing grass. The hamlet gave its name to the bay, and to a small river running by it.

Syre—N., Saurr, sour, or swampy land, probably so named by the Norsemen from the injury done to the low lands adjoining by the frequent overflowing of the Syre Burn, which in rainy weather came down like a real mountain torrent.

Armadale, N.—From armar, an arm of the sea, or bay, and dalr, a dale, signifying, the dale of the bay, the bay-dale. It is situated at the end and west side of the bay.

Strathy—G., Srath-uidh, see River Names.

Totegan—G., Totuichean, plu. of tota, little knoll, hence totegan (totaichean), little knolls, miserable hamlet on Strathy Head or Strathy Point.

Truderscaig—G., Truid-na-sgithiche, starlings of the black thorns; truid, starlings; sgithiche, black thorns. Starlings frequenting these thorn bushes made the place to be noticed. When it became a "baile," or residence, it still retained the name originally given it. It is an outlandish place in hills eastward of Benchlibric, near the boundary of the upper part of Farr, with Kildonan. Some of the inhabitants of this hamlet figured in the last raid of the Mackays into Caithness to apprehend Smith, the counterfeit coiner of Thurso. It was not quite a bloodless affair. Notwithstanding the resistance of the Sinclairs, the Mackays succeeded. A more probable definition of this word is given in Kildonan.

Abbreviations.—G., Gaelic; O.G., Old, or absolete Gaelic; N., Norse or Icelandic; Wel., Welsh; Arm., Armonic or Basbreton; Corn., Cornish; Ir., Irish; Fr., French (moders); Lat., Latin; Gr., Greek.

TONGUE PARISH.

Previous to 1724 this district was called Kintail, and to distinguish it from other Kintails in the Highlands it was designated Kintail Mhic Aoidh, or Kintail of the Mackays. In 1724 Durness parish was divided into three—Tongue, Durness, Eddrachilis. Modern Tongue parish comprises an area of 87,329 acres, of which 4000 acres are water, 2284 acres foreshore, and 41½ tidal. In the parish are 100 fresh water lakes; two sheep farms, Ribigil, 30,000 acres, and Melness, 70,000; part of the latter is in Durness parish. The coast is bold and rocky, is intersected by several creeks, and the rocks hollowed into caves. Tongue was the seat of the Lords of Reay. The view from the bay of Tongue is remarkably grand. A lofty semicircular range of hills rises boldly and suddenly from the ocean, as it were, and sweeps all round the bay, forming the large enclosed valley into a stupendous amphitheatre. On the

west it commences with a range of hills, 1345 feet above the sea, runs along the rugged, trackless, boggy mountain waste of the Moine, and terminates in Ben Hope, one of the sublimest mountains in the Highlands. At the southern extremity of this extensive valley Ben Laoghal or Ben-loyal starts up. The summits of this pinnacled and almost perpendicular mountain mass, presents to the fancy at one point of view the outlines of a lion couchant, and at another, a close resemblance to the royal arms. On the east side, it consists of a series of rounded hills, whose inner declivities have been tracked with ancient cultivation.

There are not many objects of antiquity in the parish. Near Tongue stands the ruins of Castle Varrich. Its situation is very prominent, on a precipitous promontory. It was originally a square building of two stories, the first arched in stone, the second was covered with wood. It still forms a considerable ruin, figuring finely in the landscape, though lost in history and almost in tradition. Underneath it, in the face of the rock, is a cave, probably connected with the inside of the castle. Into this cave, it is stated, Ian Abrach was wont to retire in moments of danger. This cave is still called "leabaidh Ian Abrach." There are many circular towers in the parish, all of them so situated as to be in sight of each other, leading to the belief they were beacon towers to give warning to the natives of a Norse landing. At Melness is a great Dun, called Dun-buidhe, or yellow tower, or heap. It is ruinous, and covered with soil and grass, so that its original form cannot be distinctly traced. Tradition says that it was built by Dorna-dilla, King of the Scots. Near it some years ago two skeletons were unearthed, one of which was 7 feet long. They soon crumbled into dust. Farther towards the sea there are several large tumuli, circular in form, and seem to have been some structures, which some say were large folds to protect cattle from wolves, which infested the district. Others state that a battle had been fought on the spot between the natives and the Norse invaders, and according to the custom of the day, the cairns represent the burial places of the fallen commanders. Near Torrisdale, on a plain, are still seen the stones that surrounded a Druidic place of worship. There are several mineral springs round Tongue, the waters of one of them is said to resemble those of Moffat. Bog iron is frequently met with. Previously to the expulsion of the Scandinavians, Tongue was a Norse settlement, testified by the great number of place names in the vicinity, of undoubted Norse origin, as will be seen in the sequel.

MOUNTAINS.

Ben-loyal, said to be from leamh, elm, and coille, wood—mountain of the elm wood; leamh and leamhan, elm, elm tree. See Joyce on Irish Place Names, instanced Leven to be derived from leamhan, elm, and Lennox, anciently spelled Levenax, from leamhan, elm, and uisge, water—the water or river of the elms—this river giving its name to a district. Col. Robertson is of a different opinion. He derives Leven from the Gaelic adjective of colour, liath, grey, and amhuinn, river, in reference to the colour of its water. By similar analogy "loyal" may be "liathal," greyish, referring to the colour of the rocky precipices of syenite with which this mountain sides abound, hence its definition would be, the greyish mountain. No elm tree, or wood, is seen on its sides or at its foot, but there is at this day plenty of birch, and it is more than probable that this mountain received its name from the colour of its cliffy sides, or from the grey mist which almost always envelopes it.

On a summer morning, or after a summer shower, when the transparent mist is reposing on its bosom, or coiling among its peaks, the appearance of this mountain is very beautiful and often fantastic. Within the mountain chain formed by this lofty mountain, there are various objects that constitute marked features in the scenery of the district. Amongst them the Kyle of Tongue occupies a prominent place—so studded with islands at its mouth that from some points of view its connection with the ocean seems wholly intercepted. The view off "Ben-liathail," is universally admired. It is one of the most majestic mountains in the Highlands. It has been called the Queen of Mountains. At the southern extremity of a low extensive valley, it starts up majestically to the height of 2504 feet above sea level, presenting towards its base an expanded breast of two miles, and cleft at the top into four massy, towering, and splintered peaks, standing boldly aloof from each other. The highest peak stands proudly forward to occupy the foreground, the rest recede a little as if each were unwilling to protrude itself from a conscious inferiority to its predecessor. As a graceful finish to its outlines, it stretches out an arm on either side as if to embrace condescendingly the other mountain ranges, which may well acknowledge it as chief, and which may readily be fancied as doing it homage.

On its west side was the scene of Diarmid's death, so some bards say. Diarmid's grave is still shown to the tourist.

On the same side, at a place called Druim-na-Coup, is a mound where probably the slain were buried after the battle of that name,

in which the Sutherland invaders, though superior in numbers, were annihilated by the Mackays, commanded by Ian Aberach, in the beginning of the 15th century, as important in its results to the Mackays as Bannockburn was to the Scots and Scotland. Here, also, the French were taken prisoners in 1746.

Ben-Hope, given in Durness.

Hutig—G, Thutaig, cold blasts, mountain of the cold blasts when the winds blow from the north-west; thutaig, gen. plu. of tutag, cold blasts, Old Gaelic. It is sometimes pronounced Putig. It is spelled so in one of Rob Donn's poems. Putaig is also Old Gaelic for young grouse. It might therefore mean the mountain of young grouse. More likely it means the former, cold blasts. It is 1345 feet above sea level.

Ben-Eudainn—G., Eudainn, gen. of eudann, face, front—the front mountain, 1250 feet high, so called in reference to its fronting another mountain at its back, 1828 feet high, and named

Cnoc-àrach-na cuilean, G.—Cnoc, hill, eminence; àrach, rearing; and cuilean, cubs, whelps, probably of the the fox or wolf tribe—hill of the whelp rearing. "Arach," also means slaughter, therefore the definition might be, hill of the slaughter of whelps or paps.

Carn-ard-an-tionai, G.—Carn, a heap of stones; Manx, carn; W., carn; Corn., carn; Arm., caren; and tional, gathering—the cairn, or heap of the gathering. This is the southern point of Ben-loyal, 2000 feet high, probably so called from the gathering of the Mackays on its top, in anticipation of the invasion by the Sutherlands in 1429, which culminated in the conflict of Druim-na-coup, so disastrous to Sutherland. By the account we have of this battle, it may be inferred that the advance guard of the Mackays concealed themselves on the flanks of this mountain. The Sutherlands were permitted to pass unmolested, and having thus passed, this advance guard, or strong reconnoitering party, turned and attacked the rear, while Ian Aberach attacked them in flank. Anyway, the young Mackay commander must have used admirable strategy to defeat and annihiliate an enemy so much superior in numbers.

Sgor-a-chleirich, G.—Sgor, cliff, and cleirich, gen. pl. of cleireach, clerk, or clergyman, from "cleir," Gr., cleir, clergy; W., clêr, minstrels; Arm., cloer; Manx, cleragh, clerk. This is one of the pinnacles of "Ben Loyal." An ingenious antiquary observes that the learned men of the Druidic order, who, under the primitive bardic system, were employed in going periodical circuits to instruct the people, answered the purpose of a priesthood, but in later times the name implied a society of wanderers, or those bards

who strolled about like the English, Welsh, and Irish harpists. These wandering classes originated when the priesthood became a distinct branch from the bardic system, for the latter then ceased to have sufficient means to support its own members. As a compensation, a law was enacted that such as were of this description should have regular periodical circuits assigned to them, and receive fees, according to the quality of those they visited. This ended at last in mendicancy.

An Caisteal, G.—The castle, the fort; another of the pinnacles of "Ben Loyal," and the highest, 2504 feet. On this pinnacle are the ruins of a building, called by the natives Caisteal na Druidhich, the Druids' castle; Lat., castell-um; W., castell; Arm., castel, a fort, a castle.

Sgor-chonasaite, G.—See Conasaite in place names. Sgor, cliff, sharp-edged, also, a rock; skor, N., an edge; Ir., scor; W., gor, rim, edge. This is the northern point of Ben Loyal, 2320 feet high.

Meallan-liath, G.—The grey hill.

LAKE NAMES.

Cuil-na-sith, G.—Corner of peace, or stillness, in reference to its sheltered position. Cul-na-moine, the peat corner.

Loch Chaluim, G.—Malcolm's lake, probably he was drowned in it.

Loch Craggie—G., Creagach, takes its name from a mountain near it. Beinne Chraggie, rocky mountain.

Loch an Dithrabh—G., Dithreabh, desert, or high ground, or district uninhabited, the lake in the high ground. Dithreabh or Dith-treabh is a common appellation in Sutherland for high uncultivated, uninhabited lands.

Loch na Meide, O.G.—Neck, lake of the neck, in reference to its middle narrowing like a neck.

Loch Slaim, G.—Great booty, lake of the great take, in reference to the great quantity of salmon and trout found and caught in it.

Loch Crocach, G.—Spread out like an open hand.

RIVERS.

Borgie—N., Borg, a fort, byrgi, an enclosure. This river takes its name from a fort built on its banks by the Norse.

Allt-an-rian, G.—Ruighan, dim. of ruighe, small pasture, used for summer grazing at a mountain foot; W., rhiw, slope, declivity, the sheiling stream.

Allt-na-luibe-mor, G.—Luib, bends, stream of the big bends.

Allt-ach-na-tot—G., Achadh, a field, tota, knoll, stream of the field of knolls.

Allt-a-phuil, G.—Puil, gen. of poll, a pool, the stream of the pool, in reference to the sedgy little lake whence it issues.

Allt-an-t-sionnaich.—Stream of the fox, where foxes were often seen.

An Gárbhallt, G.—The rough stream ; an appellation common in Celtic language for rapid, turbulent streams, or rivers.

Allt-dion-a-choire, G.—Dion, shelter, protection ; choire, gen. of coire, corrie, or hollow—stream sheltered by the corrie.

ISLANDS, PROMONTORIES, BAYS.

Eilean-a-chaoil, G.—Chaoil, gen. of caol, a narrow strait, island of the narrow strait. This island is separated from the mainland at Melness by a narrow strait 100 yards wide.

Eilean-nan-ròn, G.—Island of the seals, that frequent its caverns. Separated from it by a very narrow channel on the north-west, is Eilean Iosal, so called from its greatly less altitude, being only 171 feet above sea level, while the highest point of Eilean-nan-roin is 747 feet. About 100 years ago, a phenomenon occurred on it, which terrified the natives—the middle of the island sank bodily down, forming a valley across it.

Eilean-na-coomb, G.—From caoimh, friends, the island of friends. More likely coomb is a contraction of Columb. Columba's Isle, from a chapel on the island dedicated to Columba by his Culdee missionaries. There was also a burying-place attached to the chapel; traces of both are still to be seen. This island is also called Eilean-nan-naoimh, isle of saints.

When the wind blows from the north-west at half tide, a singular phenomenon is seen and heard on this island. The sea then rushes in on the south side, through a few yards of narrow channel, with such impetuosity, that it spouts up through a hole in the rocks to the height of 30 feet into the air, and a few seconds after a discharge of water takes place from the east side of the island with a noise resembling the firing of artillery.

Rabbit Islands.—Modern appellation, in reference to the great number of rabbits found and killed upon them. These islands, in the Bay of Tongue, of which there are two, are, in ancient charters, called "Ylen Gald," "Ellen Gild," "Ealan a Ghail," probably islands of the foreigners, no doubt from the Norsemen frequenting them in their piratical expeditions, and eventually taking and keeping possession of them. Tradition, however, has another origin for the name. That the island was so named after the great

Fingalian hero, Gaul, the son of Morni, who in the frequent war of the Fingalians with the men of Lochlinn, here slew, after a terrific hand-to-hand combat, a Lochlinn chief named Torquil, and ever since the island was named after the victorous hero, Eilean-a-Ghàil, Gaul's Isle.

Caol-beg, G.—A narrow strait between the mainland and Columba's Isle.

Caolas-raineach, G.—Raineach, ferns, the ferny strait. More probably Caolas-ànaich, from ranaich, roaring, the roaring strait, in reference to the roar of the waves impelled by the N.W. storms through this narrow strait, and beating and breaking on the rocky cliffs of Eilean nan ròn on the one side, and those of the mainland on the other.

Cleit-an-t-Seabhag—G., Cleit, a perpendicular rock ; N , klette, a rock rising out of the sea, and seabhag, hawk, the hawk rock.

Dubh Sgeir, G.—Black rock. Sgeir, G., detached rock, covered by water ; N., sker, a rock in the sea, uncovered at low tide. The adjective is here placed before the noun to make it more expressive —a mode still retained in French, as in Gaelic.

Geo Beatain, G.—Geo, grodha, a creek, and Beaton, man's name ; probably Dr Beaton, a famous physician in the days of Robert the 2nd, who granted him several islands on the north coast. He afterwards became physician to the Mackays of Farr, who gave him Melness in lieu of the islands. This geo is in the district thus given him in exchange for the islands. He was called Ferchar Beaton, *lighe*, or doctor.

Geo-nan-eun, G.—Geo, a creek, and eun, birds, the creek of the birds.

Lamigo, N.—From lamb, lamb, and gja, geo, creek or chasm, into which the sea enters, the creek of the lambs.

Port-an-fheadairigaig, G.—Port, a port, and feadaireachd, whistling, the whistling port, in reference to the wind whistling through the crevices of its rocky sides.

Port-na-h-uaille, G.—The port of the boasting, in reference to a crew boasting of its safety, and shortly after losing their boat in it, to the delight of those who warned the crew of its dangers.

Port vasgo—G., Port-an-fhasgaidh, the port of shelter, which it naturally is, from the prevailing N.W. winds and storms. It is near Melness.

Rudha-thormaid, G.--Tormaid's or Norman's promontory. Tormaid is a Norse name, and is still met with in the Reay country.

Traighean Strahan, G.—From traigh, shore, and Strathan, place name, Strathan shores.

PLACE NAMES.

Achumore—G., Achadh, field, and mor, the big field—a very common Gaelic appellation.

Ach-na-bàt—G., Achadh-na-bata, being inland, the field of the cudgels, probably from the natives practising fencing upon it.

Ach-na-huagh—G., Achadh-na-h-uamh, field of the cave.

Ach-an-inver—G., Achadh-an-inbhir, field of the flat land at the river mouth.

Achin-ty-halvin—G., Achadh-an-tigh-ailbhinn, field of the house of flints, place, or hut, in which flint arrow-heads were made.

Achtaly—G., Achadh-an-tulaich, field of the hillocks or tumuli.

Achtotie—G., Achadh-an-tota, field of the little knoll.

Achroldrach—G,, Achadh-an-eile-thireach, field of the stranger or foreigner, or, achadh-an-toldairaich, field of the holes or borings.

Aird Torrisdale—G., Aird, height, of Torrisdale, which is close by.

Bad-chrask-bhacaidh—G., Bad, a clump of trees, or hamlet, chrasg, gen. of crasg, crossway, cross route, and bac, bacaidh, boggy, the clump of trees at the boggy crossway. The term crasg is frequently met with in Sutherland, locally meaning, across the intervening hill, from one valley to another.

Blandy—N., Blanda, intercourse, meeting, a place of meeting.

Borgie, N.—From byrgi, an enclosure. The place gives its name to the river that flows by it. There is a Borgie river in Kirkcudbright.

Brae-tongue—G., Braighe-tunga, the brae of Tongue. Tunga is Norse, and is pronounced to this day as Tunga, not like the Gaelic Teadnga, which means the same natural object, a spot of land in the shape of a tongue, jutting out into the sea or bay.

Clashvuie—G., Clais, hollow, and buidhe, yellow, the yellow hollow.

Clashedy—G., Clais fhada, the long hollow.

Clashvan—G., Clais-bhan, the pale or fair hollow, probably the former, on account of its unfruitfulness, or, it may be, clais-mhan, the lower hollow, in contradiction to an upper one.

Clach-clevan—G., Clach, and clamhan, kite, the stone of the kite.

Crossburn—Anglicised form of Allt-tarsuinn, the cross stream

Coldbackie—N., Kaldi, cold, and bakki, ridge, kald-bakki, the cold ridge. There are many place names of Norse origin round

about Tongue, proving its occupation by the Norse for more than a century.

Conasaid—N., Kvenna-setr, or sida, the lady's residence, spelled in charters, Kien-side It may be Gaelic, from caomhan-anar-aite, a place of thrift. More probably it is of Norse origin, as indicated.

Dalbhraid, G., Dal, plain, and braigheid, brae, the plain of the brae.

Dalchairn, G.—Dal, plain, meadow, and chairn, gen. of cairn, a heap of stones, plain or meadow of the heap of stones; probably raised to commemorate an event of which no record remains.

Dalnafree—G., Frithe, deer forest, the plain of the deer forest.

Falside—N., Fell-setr, the hill residence or fell-side, the residence on the fell-side. The word fell is common in the Cheviot range, Cumberland, and Westmorelaud.

Glack beath—G., Glaic-beithe, the birch hollow.

Hysbackie—N., Husa-bakki, the house back, in reference to the ridges at the back of the houses.

Kinloch—G., Ceann-na-loch, the lake end, in reference to the situation of a residence at the end of Tongue bay, usually occupied by a cadet of the Reay family up to 1829.

Kirkiboll—N., Kirkja-böll, equivalent to Kirkton, or, in Gaelic, Bal-na-h-eaglais, church town, church land, church town land. Here was till 1680 a chapel of ancient date, and the burial-place of the Mackay family. The chapel cemetery is still used. It lies at Kirkiboll, near the Clachan Burn, between which and the modern church-yard is a portion of the glebe, locally known as "Eilean tigh-an-t-sagairt," island of the priest's house. The Lords of Reay were the first in the north to embrace the Reformation doctrines and to propagate them, in their own territory, by providing ministers and building churches.

Kintail—G., Ceann-an-t-sail, the end of the salt or sea water. This was the ancient name of the district, and till 1724, when the parish, for ecclesiastical and civil purposes, assumed the present name, Tongue. It was called Kintail Mhic-Aoidh, to distinguish it from other Kintails in the Highlands.

Luib-Vulin—G., Luib-a-Mhuilean, the bends at the mill, in reference to several bends in the river near the mill.

Melness—N., Mel, benty grass, and ness, promontory, the promontory of the benty grass, and so it is to this day. Up to 1829, Melness was a seat of a cadet of the Mackay family, and rare warriors and swordsmen they used to be.

Midtown—An Anglicised form of "Baile Meadhonach," middle town.

Modsary—N., Moda-seyra, muddy moorland. Not cultivated till the evictions of 1809.

Rhiroy—G., Ruighe-ruadh, the red declivity.

Rhi tongue—G., Ruighe-thunga, the Tongue declivity, or the Tongue hillside. Rhi, as a prefix in place names, is very common in Sutherland, north and south. It is cammon also in Wales as rhiw, an affix. For instance, Troed-yr-rhiw, trocad, the upper part of the foot, which slopes to the toes, and rhiw, declivity, signifying the declivity to the foot; G., troidh, foot.

Ribigill, N.—In ancient charters it is spelled Riga-bol, and Rege-boll; Norse spelling is Rygjar-böl, signifying the lady's house and farm. It seems in its modern form to have had the letters b and g transposed, not an unusual circumstance, to ease pronunciation.

Scrabster—N., Skara-bol-stadr, contracted in this case, as in Caithness, to Scrabster. Skara, outlying, bol-stadr, or bol-ster, homestead, the outlying homesteads.

Skerray—N., Skerja, isolated rocks in the sea, of which there are many on this township coast.

Skinid—N., Skinni, bleached, withered, in reference to the grass grown on it. This place is sometimes spelled "Sgianaid" in charters.

Scullomie—N., Skulda-möt, Skulda-domr, a court or place for the payments of debts, fines, taxes. Here rents, rates, and taxes and fines were paid to the Norse overmen, so long as they held authority in the district.

Slettel—N., Slettr, flat, smooth, in reference to the surface; slett-lendi, flat land.

Talmine—N., Tollr, toll, and minnr, less, or free, toll-minnr, toll free, a landing place at which no dues were charged; contracted to Toll-minn, Talmine—the r changed to e for the euphony of the Gaelic.

Torrisdale—N., Thors-dalr, thor's-dal, the dal of Thor, as Thurso, from Thor-sae, the water of Thor.

Tubeg—G., Taobh-beag, the small side, in reference to area of land, often met with in Sutherland, as Tu-beg, Tu-mor; W., tu, side; Arm., tu, side; Arm., eus an tu all, from the other side; G., as an tu eile, from the other side. This is a remarkable similarity between Armonic and Gaelic. Tu, in Sutherland, is pronounced as it is written here in Welsh and Armonic. Welsh pronunciation is

tee, Armonic, tu. Taobh is Irish Gaelic, imported into Argyll. Tu must have been the ancient Caledonian pronunciation, still retained in Sutherland.

Tongue, N.—Noticed elsewhere. From Tunga, a spit of land jutting out into the bay in the shape or a tongue. There are many tongs in the Hebrides. There is a Tongue and Tongueland in Kirkcudbright, as well as a river Borgie, leading to the supposition that the Mackay chief with some followers may have come from this district of Galloway in the army of Reginald of the Isles in 1196 or '98; and, after defeating Harold Maddadson in Strathnaver, and compelling him to flee to Orkney, installed a Mackay of Galloway as ruler of the northern district, of which Tongue was the centre; and on the "Lion King," a year or two afterwards, being compelled to come north to expell Harold, confirmed the Gallowegian, left by Regnald in Tongue, in the territory; and at the same time gave Hugh Freaskin, ancestor of the Sutherland family, for his services during the last expedition, the southern part of the country—called by the Norse, Sudrland—from which Harold had Reginald's governor expelled by assassins, or, in other words, by assassination. At the same time, Hugh Freskyn's wife, Christina, was gifted by King William, or her husband, with the superiority of Farr.

Tongue is a beautiful locality, with its woodlands, natural and artificial, and superb gardens, its delightful sea views, and majestic mountain seenery.

Varrich—G., Bhar-raich, in reference to its situation on the highest point of a precipitous rock, facing the Bay of Tongue, 300 feet above sea level, supposed to have been built by the Norsemen, afterwards occupied by the Mackay chiefs. Tradition states that Ian Aberach, famed in Sutherland for heroism and patriotism, resided in it, and his father, Angus Du, before him. Caisteil Bhar-raich, signifies the castle on the highest point.

Uamh mhor Fhraisgil—Fraisgil's great cave, said to extend more than half a mile underground, and to be from 50 to 20 feet in height. There are in this parish several subterranean retreats, artificially constructed, into which the natives resorted in times of danger. There are also a number of tumuli in various localities in the parish.

4th MARCH, 1891.

The paper for this evening was by Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole, on *Perthshire Gaelic Songs and their Composers.* Mr Cameron was present himself and read his paper. The paper was as follows :—

PERTHSHIRE GAELIC SONGS.

A chinn suidhe, agus a dhaoin-uailse,—Tha e na thoileachas mor dhomh, bhi maille ribh air an oidhche nochd. Riamh o na ghabh mi eolas air bhur rùintean teo-chridheach, agus ur saothair luachmhoir as leth gach ni a bhuineas do "Thir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach" bha togradh agam, gu cuideacha' leibh, na'm b' urrainn domh aig àm sam bith, sin a dheanamh. Air dhomh cuireadh fhaotainn bho ur deagh rùn-chleireach Mr Macantoisich gu ni-eigin chuir thugaibh, dh' aontaich mi ri sin a dheanamh le beagan de Bhardachd Gaidhealach Shiorrachd Pheairt a thoirt fo 'r 'n aire. Tha 'n t-siorrachd bhoidheach sin co cheangailte ri 'r siorrachd ainmeil fein, agus bu mhaith an airidh an co-chomunn daimheil so bhi air a chumail suas. Tha luchd-labhairt na Gaidhlig a fàs na's lugha 's na's lugha 'an Siorrachd Pheairt, agus ma thuiteas gun teid a *Chainnt aosda* gu tur as an t-sealladh innte, saoile mi, nach beag an t-eolas, agus an tlachd (bidh sin an earbsa) a gheibhear bho na h-orain so ge b'e co a leugbas iad.. Bi'dh am fear-eachdraidh, maith-dh-fhaoide ceudan bliadhna an deighe so, ga'n rannsacha' le mor-chùram, agus a togail suas fo 'chomhair cruth, us dreach, na h-inntinn a dheilbh iad, maille ris gach nòs, us cleachda, tha ainmichte nam measg. Cha ruig mi leas tuille a radha as an leth, ach gu bheil mi 'n dochas, gu'n toir e uiread de thaitneas dhuibhsa 'bhi ga'n eisdeachd, 's a thug e dhomhsa 'bhi ga'n tional. Tha cheud oran, air "Càll Bàt Ionarghairridh," le

ALASTAIR CAIMBEUL,

a bha na thailear ann an Srath-ghruaidh 'an Athull, agus a chaochail mu'n bhliadhna 1810.

Tha 'n t-Ionarghairridh so a faotainn an ainm bho Ionar-na-h-amhna 'tha 'geiridh á Loch Gairridh air monadh Dhruim-uachdair, agus tha taoma a staigh do Amhainn Theamhail mu dha mhile suas bho Bhaile-chloichridh. B' e aobhair an orain chianail so ; gun deach ochd pearsa diag a bhàthadh, air dhaibh bhi pilleadh dhachaidh bh' air na Feill-ma-Chalmaig ann an toiseach a Mhart 1767. Thuit gu 'n robh an amhainn air na tiarraibh le tuil bhrais—agus

gun do dhiultar an t-aisig, ach mu dheireadh gun d' aontaich fear an aisig 'dhol leotha; leum iad staigh cho brais anns a bhata agus reir coslais 's ann uaithe sin a dh' eirich an sgiorradh bronach.

Rinn Alastair oran eile, agus 's truagh nach gabhadh e faotainn, oir 's e oran ro bhuadhar a bha'n "Aoire nan Radan." Bha'n duine coir so ga sharach, mar bha ioma duine coire eile 's an t-saoghal so, 's bhiodh a reir cleachdadh na duthcha, poc aige 's a mhuilleann, chum cuideacha fhaighinn uapsa a b' urrainn a sheachna. Chaidh h-uile ni gu maith car moran tiom, ach mu dheire dhruidh, deudach gheur an radain air cuid Alastair, ach mo dhruidh, dhruidh briathran geura Alastair orrasan, oir theirear gun d' fhag gach aon dhiubh an duthaich—mar thubhairt fear araidh, "agus cabhag air an iosgaidean."

ORAN AIR CALL BAT IONARGHAIRRIDH.

Le Alastair Caimbeul.

Feasgar là Fheill-ma-Chalmaig
Bu mhor earchall na feille,
Chailear Bàt Ionarghairridh
Mu àm dhol fodha na greine;
Ach a dhaoin' thugaibh aire
Cha 'n 'eil mearachd no breig ann
Am bas a dh' orduich an Triath dhuinn,
Cha ghabh e siacha no leumadh.

A Righ mhoir th' air a chaithir,
'S a tha feitheamh gu leir oirnn,
'Thug na daoine o'n taighibh
'Dh' ionnsaidh aighir na feille;
Chruinnich thus as gach ait iad
Thun a bhais o'n 's e b' eiginn,
'S 'nuair a chaidh iad 's a bhàta
Cha robh dail dhaibh ach geilleadh.

O bhòthu! a dhaoine,
Nach fuaight an Saoghal rinn uile,
C' uim' nach cuireamaid faoin' e,
'S nach 'eil aon neach a' fuireach;
Ged bu linne an saoghal
'Nuair thig am maor leis an t-suman,[1]
Cha-n fhag e sinn oidhche
'N deigh na troisde chaidh chumadh.

[1] leis a chuireadh.

O 'n bha 'n uair air a cumadh,
'S nach b' urrainn duine dhiubh 'tionndadh
'Sior iarguin na dh' fhuirich
Bu truagh turas[1] nam banntrach;
'Nam taice nan traithean
Bhiodh na paisdean a drandail,
Iad a 'g eigheach 's a ranaich
Mar uan 's a mhathair air faontra.

Mar uain gun mhathair air faontra
Gheibhte clann 's iad gun athair,
'S iad gu latha an críche
Daonan dhi am fear taighe;
Cha tog aighir gu dilinn
Na ni chi iad ri 'n latha,
'S cha tog fiodhal no *music*
Tuilleadh 'n inntinn mar bha i.[2]

Tha na mnathan fo chràdh dheth,
'S beag an t-ioghnadh dhoibh cinnte,
A Righ buin rinn gu baigheil
'Nuair thig am bàs nach gabh pilltinn;
'Nuair a theid sinn 's an anart
Gleidh ar n-anamana priseil,
'S ann aig bàt Ionarghairridh
'Bha 'n uair chabhagach chriche.

'S ann 'bha 'n iolaich 's a ghlaoidhich
Da thaobh Ionarghairridh,
'S iad ag amharc nan daoine
Anns an fhaochaig ga 'm fairig;
'Nuair a ghairmeas am maor sinn,
Cha-n fhaodar fuireach aig baile:
Aig ceann mu dheireadh àr saoghail
Ar 'n athair naomha 'bhi mar rinn.

Bha na Stiubhartaich speisealt,
'S bha greis diu' 's a bhàta;
'S olc an treubhantas duine
Chuir an cunnart a bhathadh;
Nam bidh fios mar a thachair
Mu 'n do sgoilt e na chlaraibh,
'S mor a bheireadh iad seachad
'Chionn air talamh 'bhi sàbhailt.

[1] tuireadh. [2] no, mar chaidhe.

Bha caithris là agus oidhche
Aig oighre Fonnchastail,
Ga 'n sireadh 's na bruachaibh
Is e fliuch fuar ann na chaiseart.
Thoill e beannachd na tuatha
Agus fhuair e gu pailt i,
Gu 'm paigh' an Righ math na dhuais e
'S geal a chluasag 's a leabaidh.

Tha Heiri mòr Stiubhart
Lan musgainn gun chadal,
Cha d'fhag e caislig no luban,
No grunnd puill gun dheadh bheachdach ;
Le dubhanan dubailt
'G iarraidh grunnd na dubh-aigein,
Agus mordhanan dubhghorm [1]
'S croinne ghiubhais gam brogadh.

'S ann an sid bha na bradain
Air a aigeal [2] nan sineadh,
Gun an duil ri dhol dhachaidh
Dh' fhag sid reachd air an dilsinn ;
Gun toir Ni-math dhuinn smuaineach
Mar shar bhuachaille cinnteach,
Bhi mu thiomchal ar cuairte
'Nuair a bhuailear a' tiom sinn.

Cha b' ann fo eunlaidh an t-sleibhe
Dh' fhag Heiri 'chuid daoine,
'Nuair a fhuair e ri cheil iad,
Bha eibhneas 'us aoidh air ;
Rinn e 'n ruidh 'us an caramh
Mac an aigh cha robh foill ann,
'S chuir e gearrain 's na tarnaibh,
'Nuair a dh' fhail'nich air daoine.

'Nuair bha 'n cuirp air a chlodach,
Bha iad dochart ri ghiulain,
'N sin chaidh cairtean nan siubhal,
'S cha-n aithnichte bruthach seach ùrlar ;
Cha robh baigh ri mac laire,
Ga 'n cuir do Bhlar chum na h-ùrach—
Cha-n 'eil e beo de Shiol Adhamh
Neach thug barr ann an iuil ort.

[1] no, du-ghorm. [2] chladach.

Bu tu seise na'm banntrach,
Agus ceann nan diol-deirce,
'S tric a bha iad mu d' *chitchin*,
Cha d' iarr thu idir an treigsin ;
Faotainn càl agus aran
Mìn 'us bainne le cheile—
Cha ghabh e innseadh na labhairt
Na rinn thu 'chaitheadh ri feumnaich.

Tha Oighre Fonnchastail
Gu h-artneulach brònach,
An ti chunnaic 's nach fhacadh,
Bha dhuais aige 's bu mhor e ;
Dh' fhag e 'Bhaintighearna thlachdmhor,
Gun tinn, gun eas-shlaint, gun leonadh,
'Nuair a thainig e dhachaidh
Fhuair e paisgte air bord i.

'S mor a ghabh e de mhulad
'Us na chunnaic e 'dhòruinn ;
'S ann a thaisg e 'chlach-bhunait,
'Steach fo dhuileag a chota ;
Leag e 'n callach bu truime
Air an Ti a b' urrainn a chomhnadh ;
'S 'nuair thig am maor leis an t-shùman
A Righ glachd uile mar Iob sinn.

AONGHAS CAIMBEUL.

Ruga' am bard sunndach deas-bhriathrach so, mu na bhliadhna 1740, agus chaochail e mu 1814. Bha e posda air Anna Chaimbeul agus bha sia'nar theaghlaich aca. 'S e bard Eadar a' Mhucaidh, a gheibheadh e na latha, agus bu mhath b'fhiach e bard a channtain ris 's ainmig a gheibhear smuain cho coileanta,na briathar cho lurach 's a gheibhear aigesan. B' fhiach an aon bhard so a Siorrachd Pheairt, oraid shnasmhor dha fhein gu a lan bhuaidhean iomlan a nochda' dhuibh. Ach fodhnadh an luinneag shugraidh so a leanas aig an am. Chuir Aonghas, mach a chuid oran ann an leabhar laghach beag anns a bhliadhna 1785. Ach c'ait an gabh e gleidhe, cha ghabh ach tearc, 's cinnte nach d' fhuair Mac Coinnich e, air neo bhiodh ribheid shunndaich Aonghais a' goirseinn am measg sàr obair nam bard. Bithidh sinn an deagh dhochas gu faigh oigridh na Gaidhealtachd eolas airsan fhathast. Tha an aon fhonn air an luinneig so cho togarach 's is aithne dhomh measg nam fuinn Ghaidhealach. Saoile mi, car mar tha "Theid mi dhachaidh 'Chrò Chinntaile."

RANNAN BHO LUINNEAG GHAOIL.

Luinneag—O-ho nighean, hiri nighean,
O-ho nighean, 'chinn duinn aluinn,
Mo ghaol cailinn dhonn na buaile,
'S ann a tha mo luaidh 's an Airidh.

Thoir mo shoraidh 'us mo bheannachd
Dh' fhios na h-ainnir 'bheil mo ghradh-sa,
'S innis gu bheil mi fo smuainrean,
O na chaidh mi suas do 'n Bhraighe.

'S tric mi daonan 'g amharc suas uam,
Ris na bruachaibh 'n d' fhuarar m' arach
Far am b' abhaist duinn 'bhi sugradh,
Ged a chuir thu cùl an drast rium.

Ach mo chailinn gabhsa truas dhiam,
Pill gu luath rium as na fàg mi,
'S air a mhead 's gun can an sluagh rinn,
Bidh sinn cluaineis mar a b' àbhaist.

Deud mar chailc a d' bheulan däthte,
Mar an eala gheal do bhragad,
Leam bu mhilse pog o 'n ribhinn
Na na fiogais fo mo chairean.

'S snasmhòr buaghach glan an cuailein,
Dh' fhas mar ghruaig ort suas mu 'd bhraighe,
Na h-uile ciabh a' sniomh mu'n cuairt
Gu bachlach, dualach, cuachach, fainneach.

Tha do mhuineal bian-gheal boidheach
Mar an neoinean air an fhasach,
Ciochan corrach liontach soluis
Air a bhroilleach 's ro-mhaith dearsa'.

Beul na firinn 'labhras siobhailt,
Da shuil mhiogach 's iad ro-nàrach,
Cneas mar fhaoilinn, gruaidh mar chaorunn,
Mala chaol fo d' aodainn mhàlda.

'S ann thug mise an gaol falaich,
Dhut an latha chaidh mi 'n Bhràighe,
'S mor gu b' fhearr dhomh bhi am chadal,
Ged nach fairichean gu bràth as.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n ciste dhuinte
Anns an uir an deigh 's mo charamh,
Far nach cluinninn 'bhi ga d' phùsadh
Ri fear eile 's tu ga m' fhagail.

Gur am pill thu ga la-luain rium,
Ge nach truagh leat 'bhi ga m' aichsheun,
Gus an cairear anns an uaigh mi
Choidh cha toir mi fuath, ach gradh dhut.

O-ho nighean, hiri nighean,
O-ho nighean, chinn duinn aluinn,
Mo ghaol cailinn dhonn na buaile,
'S ann a tha mo luaidh 's an Airidh.

DA'IDH CAIMBEUL.

Rugadh Daibhidh Caimbeul air Sliosmìn, Locha Raineach, anns a bhliadhna 1798, agus chaochail e le bas sgiorail 's a bhliadhna 1830. B' e Daibhidh mac Dhònuill mhic Ghilleasp' mhic Dhònuill Bhain. Bha an t-òran a leanas air a dheanamh do Shesidh Mheinne an Cois-a-Bhileadh, agus uaithe sin, canar ris "Oran Seisidh Chois-a-Bhileadh."

ORAN LE GILLE OG, AIR DA CHLUINNTINN GUN DO PHOS A LEANNAN 'N UAIR A BHA E AS AN DUTHAICH.

Air fonn—"*Tha mi muladach diomhair.*"

'S mi bhi tamull air astar,
O 'n ait an d' altrum mi òg,
Chualas sgeul nach cùis ghaire,
Mo ghradhsa 'bhi poisd;
'S ged tha cuid rium ag ràdhainn,
De 'n stà bhi ri bròn,
'N gaol a thug mi am phàistean,
Ni mi àrach ri m' bheó.

Luinneag—Oigh ùr a chùl dualaich,
Fhuair buaidh thar gach mnaoi,
'S e do ghaol rinn mo bhuaireadh,
'S chuir tuaileas 'am cheann;
Ged a chuir thu mi suarach,
'S ged a dh'fhuaraich do ghràdh;
Bidh mi tuille fu smuainrean,
O nach d' fhuair mi do làmh.

Cha robh mi dh' aois ach deich bliadhna,
  'N uair 'ghabh mi ciat dhiot an tùs,
'S gach aon latha ga 'mhiadach
  'S tù sior riarach mo shùl ;
'S beag an t-ioghn' mi bhi duilich,
  Trom, muladach, ciùirt,
Thu 'bhi 'n diugh aig fear eile,
  'S mise 'seasamh air chùl.

Ach 's e 's eiginn domh innseadh,
  'S cha 'n eil brigh 'bhi ga chleith,
Gu 'n robh mi òg anns an tiom,
  Is, air bheag prìs agus meas ;
Cha chunnta mo chaoirich,
  'S cha deach taod ann am each ;
'S ni 's mo thug 'n Fheillmartuinn,
  Riamh màl domh a steach.

Ach nan d' rinn thu leam lùbadh
  'Gheug ùr nan suil tlàth,
Cha-n fhaicte luchd duth'ch thu,
  Fo churam mu 'n mhàl ;
'S ann a bhidh-mid gu sùrdail,
  'Dol am mùirne gach là ;
'S bhidh daoin-uailse na dùthcha,
  Toirt ùmhlachd do m' ghràdh.

Ach nis sguiream do thuireadh,
  'S leigeam mulad fo laimh,
'S innseam aogas na cruinneig,
  'S deise cuir anns an danns' ;
Maighdeann shuairce, dheas, chuimeir,
  Bha suidhicht, gun mheang ;
Mhealladh gaol o na gillean,
  Ged is milis an cainnt.

Gur e 's cleachd do luchd òran,
  Bhi samhlach ròs ris gach gruaidh ;
'S ma bhios bilean car bòidheach,
  Mar chaoran meoir iad 'n tra' bhuain ;
Bidh gach suil ac mar dhearcaig,
  Bhios am fasgadh nam bruach,
'S gur samhladh do chasan,
  Am bradan geal thig o 'n chuan.

Cha-n 'eil flùr ann an gàraidh,
  Ge daicheil an snuadh,
No lus ann am fàsach
  No 'n taobh gàirich a chuain,
Cha do chinn an glaic aonaich,
  No air craobh an coill uain,
Na ni coimeas do m' ghaolsa,
  Gradh nan daoin o 'n taobh-tuath.

Ach ge bòidheach do phearsa,
  Is ge dreachmhor do ghnuis,
Ge binne do chòmhradh,
  Nan smeòrach seinn ciùil ;
Ged is gile nan canach,
  Do dheud thana ghil dhlùth,
Is ge cùbhraidh leam t-anail,
  Na croinn mheala fo dhriuchd.

Cha-n iad sin, ge bu leoir iad,
  Chuir mi 'n tòir ort a ruin,
Ach miad do mhisnich is d' eolais,
  Thair òigridh do dhùth'ch ;
'S e bhi cuimhneach do chòmhradh,
  'S do rogha seòil anns gach cùis,
Is nach d' fhaod sinn bhi còmhladh,
  Dh' fhag na deoir air mo shuil.

Fhuair thusa mar fhàgail,
  Gach buaidh a b' aill leinn air mnai,
Soimhe, stuama, na d' nàdur,
  Caomh, càirdeil, ri saoi' ;
Caoimhneil, blàth, ri luchd éislein, [1]
  Deanamh feum dhaibh fo laimh ;
'S tric a thug thu an deirce,
  'S cha b' e 'n eigin bhiodh ann.

'S tric a thainig mi dhachaidh,
  Bhar machair nan Gall,
Sglth, fann, air bheag cadail,
  Trom, airtneulach, màll ;
Gur e coimhneas mo chaileig,
  'S i am ghlacabh gu teann,
Dh' fhogradh mi-ghean o m' aire, [2]
  'S bheireadh dhomh fallaineachd slaint.

[1] eu-slaint. [2] m' aigne.

'S ann an dubhar nan craobh,
  Far an taom an sruth uain',
Dh' eisdeachd ùr-luaidh mo ghaoil-sa,
  'S tric a dh' aom mi mo chluas ;
Cha b' e tagradh na faoineachd,
  Air 'm bu chaomh leat bhi luaidh
Ach rogha tuigs' agus ceille,
  Mar bu bheus do mhnaoi uails'.

Na faighinns' mo dhùrachd,
  Mo rùn, is mo mhiann,
Cha bhiodh iarrtas a' m' ùrnuigh,
  Ach bhi dlùth riut a chiall ;
'S mor gu'm b' annsa na dùthaich,
  Bhi riut sùgradh gun fhiamh,
Far an goireadh an smùdan,
  Is an dluithe am fiar. [1]

Gu de 'n stà bhi ga chuimhneach,
  Chuir a chuibhle car tual,
'S far 'n robh duil-leam ri caoimhneas,
  Cha robh an raoir ann ach fuath ;
Gu bheil gaol nan òg-mhaighdeann,
  Gearr mar bhoillsge na h-uair,
'S gu dlùth air na deighse,
  Thig duibh'r' agus fuachd.

Na 'n do ghabh mi an leasan,
  A bheirinn do chach,
A bhi gluasad gu teisteil,
  'S gun cheist thoirt do mhnaoi ;
Cha bhiodh m' aodainn co preasach,
  Gun do leisgeul 'bhi ann ;
Ach gaol 'thoirt do thè dhiu',
  Gun eirig ga cheann.

Ach ged rinn thu, 'ghaoil, m' fhagail,
  Is do lamh 'thoirt dh' fhear ùr ;
Cha chluinnte gu bràth mi,
  Ach ag àrdach do chliu ;
'S ged tha mi an drasta,
  Fad a thamh as an dù'ich,
'S toil-inntinn bhi 'g eisdeachd,
  Deagh sgeul ort, a rùin.

[1] feur.

DONULL CAIMBEUL.

Rugadh Dònull Caimbeul aig an Spideal, na mar theirte ris an Dail-an-Spideil air rathad Dhruim-Uachdair, far an robh athanas aig athair, 's a bhliadhna, a reir mo bheachd, 1798, agus easd e ann an Cinn-a-Ghiusaidh mu 1875. A bharrachd air an ran so, sgriobh mise, bho aithris fein, da òran eile de chuidsan, aon dhiubh sin "Duanag a Chiobair," agus an t-aon eile "Gu'm bu slan do na fearaibh theid thairis an cuan." Bu mhaith leam an t-oran so thoirt fo 'ur beachd, oir thug duin uasal coir, agus fior Ghael, a tha dileas do 'n Chomunn so, seachad dhuibh a cheart luinneag, bho cheann coig bliadhna mar gu 'm biodh i air a deanamh le Uilleim Mac Bheathan bha 'n Cinne-Ghiusaidh. Tha mi cinnteach nach b'e Maighstir Cailein Siosal a bheireadh urram, na ainm luinneig duine sam bith do dh' dhuin' eile, cha b' e. 'S ann tha easan agus gach aon eile, tha cruinneachadh air son a Chomuinn so a gabhail mar a gheibh iad, agus an uair a thachras ni mar so, cha 'n fhios domh doigh na 's fearr na barail agus ughdarras duine innse, chum 's gu bi eolas air a mheudachadh, agus mearachd air a lughadach. Tha "Duanag a Chiobair" a rinn Dònull Caimbeul mar an ceudna, cho aithnichte 's nach ruig mise leas an corr a radha mu deibhinn. B'i Peigidh Bhàn so piuthar Sheumais Stiubhart, 'bha ann am Baile-mhuillionn, Ghlinne-Banachair.

ORAN DO PHEIGIDH STIUBHART, AM BAILE-CHRODHAIN, AM BAIDEANACH.

A Pheigidh bhàn o'n tha thu laghach,
'Pheigidh bhàn o'n tha thu grinn,
'Pheigidh bhàn o'n tha thu briagha,
Bidh tu 'm bliadhna ann ad mhnaoi.

Am feasgair Sàbaid bha sinn comhla,
Chuir iad an ordugh dhomhs' na suinn,
Gu'n robh ochdnar dhiubh ga d' iarraidh,
'S thoir leam fhin gur briagha 'n t-suim.
Pheigidh bhàn, &c.

Gu bheil breabair ruadh na Sroine
'G iarraidh coir ort-sa mar mhnaoi,
'S mor gum b'fhearr dhut Donnacha Dho'nuill,
Chuireadh doigh air 'eich 'us croinn.

Gu bheil Alidh Neill ga d' iarraidh,
'S taighean sgliat aige 'tha grinn,
Ach ma bheir e suas an t-Sliabh thu,
Bidh sile dhiar ann tha mi cinnt'.

Tha Ian Toiseach, oigear suairc',
An duil do bhuanndacha' mar mhnaoi,
Ach ged 's iomadh fear tha 'n toir ort,
Cha 'n fhaod thu 'phosadh ach a h-aon.

Gu bheil Donnacha bàn mac Iain,
Gille cridheil 's e ro ghrinn,
Ach ma ni thu nise fhagail,
Cha toir e 'lamh do thè a choidh.

Gu bheil Aonghas ruadh an clachair,
An duil a d' fhacal-sa 'bhi cinnt',
'S mor gu'm b' fhearr leis 'bhi 's an teasaich,
Ma 's e 's nach freasdail thu e 'n tiom.

Gu bheil ciobair Noid an toir ort,
Giullan stoilte, laghach cruinn,
'S gar a bheil aig ach an oige,
Bhiodh e deonach leat mar mhnaoi.

Tha Mac-Gilip measg na h-aireamh,
Bhios a tàla, Peigidh ghrinn,
Ach 'nuair dhuin' iad air am bathaich,
Dh' fhag sid easan craiteach tinn.

'Nuair a theid thu sios do 'n t-searmain,
Tha maidseir airm a tamh 's an *inn*,
'S nuair a gheibh e 'n cota-dearg air,
'S deas a dh' fhalbhas sibh air *field*.

Cha robh ach ochdnar tos na bliadhne,
Bha ga d' iarraidh-sa mar mhnaoi,
Ach an nise, tha seachd-diag ann
Dhublaig sid an riadh 's an t-suim.

Ach nam bithinn-sa cho buadhar,
Is do bhuanndacha' dhomh fhin,
Bhidh i agam air mo chluasaig,
'S bheirinn suas do Ghoidhneag i.

GILLEASPUIC CAIMBEUL.

Air an fhicheadamh là 's a h-aon de *December* 1881, chaidh mi dh'fhaicinn Ghilleaspuic Chaimbeil aig Ceann Loch-eire, bha e an sin na sheann duine agus fior-dhroch fhuachd aige. Tha mi 'g ainmeachadh so do bhrigh mar biodh am fuachd sin aige, gu 'm faodadh moran tuille de dh' orain thaitneach bhi agam air an sgriobha bho'n duine choir. Ach bha mi gu mor an comain a mhnatha a dh'asluich ris ni-eigin thoirt dhomh, mar chuimhneachan air mo cheilidh. Dh' innis e dhomh mu 'mhathair, Searlait Nic an Toisich, odha an duine ainmeil sin, "Fear-fad a choin uidhir," agus mu dheighinn athar, agus gur ann an Ionarchadain am Bunraineach a rugadh e air a choigeamh seachdain dhe 'n Earrach 1804, chuir e mach a chuid oran ann an leabhar an 1851. An deigh moran comhradh, thuirt e, " 'S iomadh oran beag 'us duanag a rinn mi, air nach bi cuimhn' gu brath, ach tha aon oran a rinn mi nach bu mhaith leam dhol air di-chuimhn', 's e sin cumha Shir Iain." Sgriobh mi am cumha, 's thoir leam, gur maiseach smuain 'us briathar a bhaird.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GRIOGAIR,

A chaochail ann an Eileanan na h-Oigh, 's a bhliadhna 1851.

'S ann air di-ciadainn thain an sgeul,
A dh' fhag na ceudan cianail,
An aon là deug de mhios a cheitein,
Dheug am fear bu mhiann leinn ;
Bha tuireadh bhroin aig aois 'us oig
A ghabh gne eolas riamh ort,
O'n chaill thu 'n deo 's nach eil thu beo,
Gur mor an aobhar iargainn.

'S ann air Eileanan na h-Oigh
A fhuair thu coir mar riaghlair,
O Bhann-righ Bhreatunn le lan deoin
Gu d' ordugh 'chuir an gniomh ann ;
Ach 's gearr an ùin a mhair thu beo,
Chuir Righ na gloir ga d' iarraidh,
O'n 's e fein a b' airidh coir
Air spiorad mor na fialachd.

'S e Sir Iain, tha mi luaidh
An gallan uasal fior ghlan,
'S e fath mo bhroin gu'n d'fhalbh thu bhuainn,
A null thair chuaintean fiadhaich ;

'S ann air di-luain chaidh chreubh bha fuar,
A chuir 's an uaigh le ciadan,
'S an tir aineoil fada bhuainn
'An ciste luaidh gu dionach.

Chaidh iomradh air do bhàs an cein
Air fad 's air lead na Criosdachd,
Gur ioma suil 'bha sileadh dheur,
'N uair thain an sgeul gu 'n chrioch thu ;
Do chairdean fein 's do chloinn gu leir,
Ri tuireadh dheur ga d' iargainn,
Is d' fhior bhean-chomain agus ghaoil,
Gu dubhach, caoineach, cianail.

Bha ciuchdran truagh a measg do thuath,
Mar uain an deigh 's an dioladh,
Na deoir a' tuiteam sios le 'n gruaidh
Is osnaich chruaidh ga'm pianadh ;
O'n thain an sgeul thu bhi 's an uaigh,
'S nach d' fhuair iad thu ri thiodhlag,
Tha sid mar shaighde geur nam feoil
A' cuir am bron am miadachd.

O 's beag an t-ioghna leam air dhoigh,
Ged tha am bron ga'n leireadh,
'S a mhiad 's a phairtich thu de d' ghradh,
Ri tuath, ri daimh, 'us feumnaich ;
Air truaghan riamh cha d' rinn thu tair,
Cha b' e do nadur fhein e,
Ach iochd 'us blàs o chridhe tlath,
Nach tug bonn gradh do 'n eucoir.

'S ann thain am buille druiteach trom
A dh' fhag àr fonn neo-eibhinn,
An t-ùr chrann uaine 'b' aile snuagh,
Ceann feadhn' air sluagh 'bha treubhach ;
Do thilge sios o d' bhonn gu blàr
Thug faillinn air na geugan,
'S ged tha na fiurain og a' fas,
Tha sinn fo chradh mu d' dheimhinn.

'S e 'n ròs is trathaidh 'thig fo bhlath,
Gu tric is trathaidh 'chrionas,
'S e 'n t-ubhall aillidh 's fearr 's a gharadh,
'S trathaidh 'theid a spionadh.

'S e gaoth a Mhàrt a dhochainn tra
An crùn is aille fiamhachd,
'S e reoth' a Cheitein sgath a bhlath,
De 'n fhluran aluinn chiatach.

IAIN CAIMBEUL.

Mu thiomchall Iain Chaimbeul 's fheudar dhomh a radh nach aithne dhomh ni mu dheibhinn ach an t-oran caithreamach a dh' fhag e againn "Oran an t-Saighdeir," a sgriobh mi bho aithris Mhrs Stiubhart am Baile-na-Bodach, an Srath-teamhail, 's i dh' aois, deich 'us ceithir fichead. Thug mi taing dhi gun teagamh airson a deagh chuimhne, agus beannachd airson a deagh aois.

ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEAR.

Seisd—Illean bi'bh ullamh le 'r 'n armaibh guineach
Gu laidir duineil an onair an Righ,
Ma 'n tig oirnne fada bith'dh 'n rioghachd so againn,
Is pilleadh sinn dachaidh do Bhreatunn a ris.

B' e *Wolf* ar comanndair 's bu deas air àr ceann e,
'N uair thog e dhuinn campan air *Mount-Monetsi;*
An Ti o 'n robh sinne cha b' e an rùn pilleadh,
Is eiridh àr gillean gu ruig *Fontebhi.*

A *Bostan* a mearsa bu bhoidheach ar treudan,[1]
Dol suas gu *Point-lebhi* dh' fheuch de dheireadh dhuinn,
Bha Iudhaich 'us Frangaich 's na preasan gu teann oirnn,
'S iad moidhidh gu tean air an sgalp a thoirt dinn.

Dar rainear *Portlebhi* bu phailt fear 'us te dhiubh,
Bha canntain ri cheile 's cruaidh 'n sgeul so ri sheinn,
'S ged thigeadh iad uile bu ghearr dhaibh an turas,
Fhuair Gaidheil riamh an t-urram air muir 'us air tir.

Mhic Shimidh na h-Airde 's leat onair 's buaidh-larach,
Thu fuileachdach dan' 'us cha b'abh'st dut bhi crion,
'S gu 'm faic mi thu sabhailt lan piseach 'us graise,
A 'm munchar na h-Airde an ait' Mhorrair Shiom.

Tháinig ordugh gu grad oirnn bho choirneal 's bho chaiptein,
Iain Chaimbeul, bi tapaidh is dean 'air bhi treun,
Thu fhein 's do chuid ghillean a dh' fhalbh, gar am pilleadh,
Dhol an Eaglais 'ud urrad a dh' fhuireach 's an oidhch'.

[1] no, sreudan.

Cha-n ann 'chrabhadh no dh' urnuigh chaidh sinne do'n Teampuil,
Ach choinneach àr naimhdean 's bu dana sid dhuinn,
'S na 'm biodh 'Do'tair Nocsa anis air a chrochadh,
Bhiodh m' inntinn aig soistinn 's aig socair a chaoidh.

Bheir mo shoraidh do Raineach do dhuthaich mo sheanair,
Far an deanadh iad m' fharraid le carthunn gun dith,
Ged tha mi na'm shaighdeir gu 'm faighinn cuid oidhch' ann,
Is dheanadh iad m' fhoighneachd le caoimhneas an cridh'.

S bheir an t-soraidh so sios bhuam a dh' ionnsaidh Chàtriona,
S na gabhadh i mi-thlachd cha do dhi-chuimhnich mi i,
Ged chuir iad an sas mi 's ann leis an lamh laidir,
'S ma bhitheas mi 'lathair cha-n aicheadh mi i.

Illean bi'bh ullamh le 'r n armaibh guineach,
Gu laidir duineil an onair an Righ,
Ma 'n tig oirnne fada bith'dh 'n rioghachd so againn,
Is pilleadh sinn dachaidh do Bhreatunn a ris.

PATRIC CAIMBEUL.

Tha Patric Caimbeul a tighinn a nis oirnn le "Marbhrann do'n Mhr Eoin Mac Alastair," a tha nochdadh ard bhuaidhean bardachd, agus grais, cha b' ioghna sin, oir bha 'n duine math so na lochrain iuil na dhuthaich fhein re leth chiad bliadhna. Rugadh e an Ruadhshruth-ghearr, an Gleann-liobhan, anns a bhliadhna 1789. Bha e na mhaighstir-sgoile car leth-chiad bliadhna anns a Ghleann sin. Phos e Mairearad nighean Dhònuill Mhic Fharchair *M'Kercher*, an Ruadhshruth, agus bha naoinear theaghlaich aca. Theasd Patric ann an 1867.

MARBH-RANN AN CUIMHNE AIR MR EOIN MACALISTIR,

A bha air tus na Mhinisteir ann an Gleannliobhunn, a rithis' an Duneidein, na dheigh sin 'an Nigg, agus mu dheireadh ann an Eilein Arrainn, le aon de a luchd-eisdeachd.

O bhliadhna 'n dealachaidh mo thruaigh !
Och ! 's lionmhor teachdair 'chaidh thoirt uainn :
'S iad 'bhi na 'n luidhe 'n diugh sa'n uaigh ;
Gur iunndrainn chruaidh d' ar n-annam e.

Tha aon dhiubh sud mu 'n deanainn sgeul,
Na 'n rachadh leam a chur an céill,
'S is tearc an diugh, 's is fad o' chéil,
Am measg na cléir a shamhuil-sa.

Be sgeul a bhàis dhuinn fà ar broin,
'S bu lionmhor sùil on' shruth no deòir
'S air dichumhn' leinn cha d'theid d'ar deòin ;
Cliù Mhaighstir Eòin Mhic Alaistir.

'Sann aig' bha 'n t-shuil bha soilleir geur.
Is dreach a ghnùis 'g cur iùil an céill ;
Le pearsa innealt 'dheas gun léig ;
Be 'n saighdear treun ra fhaicinn e.

'S mar bha r'a fhaicinn ann na ghnùis,
Bha ghniomh 's a chleachda anns gach cùis ;
Cha d'fhàillnich misneach e na lùth's,
'S cha teicheadh 'n cùil mar ghealtair' e.

An fhirinn bhiodh na chridhe steach,
Sud labhradh e, gu réidh a mach,
Sa choisneadh fabhoir riamh 'o neach ;
Se nach do chleachd bhi sodalach.

Le tuigse naduir, bha toirt bàrr ;
A bhreth 's gach gnothuch, cha bhiodh ceàrr :
'S on chitheadh roimhe ciod a b'fheárr,
Bhiodh ciall is gràdh na chomhairle.

Ach ged an cùisibh 'n t-shaoghail fhaoin,
Bha chomhairl' ciallach riamh do dhaoin ;
Si cùis an anama fhuair a ghaol ;
'Sann rinn e saoithir bha barraichte.

Mu 'n deach e dh' fhaotuinn fòghlum cinn,
Tha muth a's measail ann ar linn—
Chaidh dhearbhadh air gu robh e tinn,
Le plàigh le 'n d' mhillte anam air.

Chaidh dhearbhadh dha, gu robh e 'n sàs,
Aig ceartas Dhia, fo bhinn a bhàis ;
'S mar sealladh Criosd air ann na ghràs,
Gu 'm bhiodh e caillt' gun teasraiginn.

Be gealladh Chriosd mu 'n deach e suas,
Gu 'n cuirte 'n Spioraid naomha nuas,
A dhearbhadh peacaidh air a shluagh ;
'S an neach ud fhuair sar aithne air.

'S cha b' ann air peacadh mhàin fhuair eòl ;
Ach fòs air Chriosd air teachd san fheòil ;
A riaraich ceartas air gach seòl ;
'S fhuair trocair do na ceannaircich.

Be sud a bhrosnaich e ma thrà,
Dhol 'sheirm dhuinn soisgeul nan saor ghràs ;
'S cha b' ann mar iomadh 'ruith n'ar là,
Gun ghairm on àird bhi 'n toiseach ac'.

'Sa se mo bheachd gu 'n seas e fior,
'S ni teisteas eachdraidh 'm beachd so dhion ;
Mar d'fhuair na 'n òig iad eagal Dia,
Gur tearc fhuair riamh san Oilthigh e.

Is ged a dh' fhòghlum aon gu réidh,
'S gle sgairteil teagasg' chuir an céil,
Gun ghràs thoirt buaidh na chridhe féin ;
Fo 'n ghort' bith 'n treud da 'n aodhair e.

Ach dhasan b' aithne 'o chor féin,
Cor anama thruagh fo dhite Dhé,
Le nàdur truaillidh 's iad a 'n céill,
'S mo chreach ! iad fèin gun aithn' ac' air.

'N uair labhradh e riu ann an gràdh,
Bhiodh 'n cor 'g cuir air a chridhe cràdh,
Sud chit' sa 'n dùrachd is sa 'n spàirn,
Bhiodh teachd le cainnt na faireachduinn.

Ach 's tur chaidh 'n fhaireachduinn air cùl,
Och ! 's tearc r'a fhaicinn deur o shùil !
Is easbhuidh sud is eagal duinn,
Gu 'm bheil cinn-iùil nach gearain air.

'S is aobhar eagail leinn faraon,
Gu 'm bheil an diugh 's gach ceàrn de 'n t-shaogh'l ;
Luchd aidich 's teachdairean araon,
A mheasas faoin air 'n eagal-ne.

Tha meas gur leòir an t-aideach lom,
'S gur easbhuidh creideamh cridhe trom ;
'S gach iomcheist dheireas anns a chom
Nach eil ann bonn, ach breisileach.

Tha cuid do theachdairean, mo thruaigh !
'S gann idir bheir air ath-breth luaidh,
'S ann shaoileadh tu dhoibh féin 's da 'n sluagh,
Nach robh iad fuaths' na h-eiseamail.

Ach cha be sud an teagasg claon,
A bhiodh aig teachdaire mo ghaoil ;
Ach theireadh ris gach neach san t-saogh'l,
Gun chaochladh nach robh teasairg' dhoibh.

Is theagaisg gur h-e gin nan gràs,
A shaoradh anam truagh on bhàs ;
Le 'n sealladh e a ris an àird,
'S chuir beath' an làmh a chreidimh dha.

'S na h-anama bochd a bhiodh fo leòn,
Ga' mothach' féin gun neart 's gun treòir ;
Se stiùradh direach dh' iunnsaidh 'n stòir,
Sa'm bheil na leòir, 's ra sheachanadh.

'S cha b' ann mar neach bhiodh deanamh sgeul,
Air rathad mor, an dùthaich chéin ;
An rathad riamh nach fhac e féin,
'S nach d' rinn aon cheum a choiseachd dhe.

Ach dh' aithnicheadh tu, na ghuth 's na ghnùis,
'N àm labhairt da, ri anama brùit,
Nach b' ann le aineolas mu 'n cùis,
Bha 'n stiùradh rinn e theagasg dhoibh.

Be iompach pheacach bha na shùil,
Mar dhleasnas àraidh gach ceann-iùil ;
Sud riamh cha d' fhag e air a chùl,
'N aon chùpaid anns do sheasamh e.

An cridhe' bhiorradh, b' e a rùn,
Is peacaich mharbh, bhi air an dùsg' ;
O 'm fasg'aibh bréig' a bhi ga 'n rusg,'
'S an stiùr' gu dìdein diongmhalta :

O chùmhnant gniomh an cur fa sgaoil ;
Sa'm pòs' ri Criosd an daimh a ghaoil,
Tre 'm bitheadh còir aca gu saor,
Do 'n oighreachd 's daor a cheannaich e.

Do 'n òigridh' bhuineadh dha mar threud,
'Sa ghleann sa 'n robh e 'n tùs a dhreuchd ;
Bu dian a dh' earail e gun éis'
Iad phill' o cheum an seachairain.

'S roimh chruinneach dhoibh gu pòs' no féill,
No àit' sa 'm biodh iad dol le chéil'.
'Se sparradh orr' á h-uchd a Dhé,
Gach lochd 's mi-bheus a sheachanadh.

'S bha earail daonnan faotuinn buaidh,
Air sean is òg a measg an t-shluaigh ;
A chum ri faicill iad nan gluas'd,
Nach toillt' leò uaithsan achmhasan.

Bu dùrachdach, a bhiodh e 'n sàs,
A tagradh dian aig cathair gráis,
Air son na 'm frasan bheireadh fàs,
'S a lionodh làn na linneachan.

Oir b' fhiosrach e gu 'm biodh an sluagh,
A' fantuinn marbh, fo ghlais na h-uaigh,
Mar biodh an spiorad teachd le bhuaidh,
A dh' fhògradh 'n cruais, 's an aineolais,

Bu luachmhor ann na shealladh ùin',
'S do 'n fheòil thoirt socair cha b' e rùn ;
Bu mhoch gach là bhiodh air a ghlùn,
'S mar lunndaire cha chaid'leadh e.

Tha cuid ni ùrnuigh fhada fhuar
'San fhollais, ann am fianuis sluaigh ;
Ach iundrainn anama nach cuir uair
Do 'n uaigneas fad na seachdain iad.

Ach iadsan fhuair an cridhe ùr,
No 'm fradharc fhuair o 'n t-shàbh shùl ;
Bith gnothuch tric ac' air an glùn,
'S na cùilltibh far nach fhaicear iad.

Si 'n ùrnuigh dhìomhair do gach aon,
Mhol esan 's dh' earail, gu ro chaomh,
Sa cheist chuir ris gach òg is aosd,
'N robh 'n gaol di 's 'n robh ga coimhlionadh.

Bha cuideachd dha mar churam riamh,
Aon teaghlach' bhi gun aodhradh Dhia,
'S le dillseachd dh' innis dhoibh o 'n Triadh,
Mun chorruich dhian bha luidhe orr'.

Bu toigh leis trio, 'bhi deanamh sgeul
Mu 'n fhois tha feitheamh pobuill Dé;
Ga' misneachadh, bhi ruith na réis;
'S a réiteach dhoibh an deacairean.

'S mar aodhair dìleas bu mhòr eud,
A sholar lòin chum treòir a threud;
Cha b' fhada riamh, air latha Dhé
Bhiodh 'ghrian air éiridh roimhesan.

'B iad luchd a chomuinn pobul Dé,
'S gach àit' an robh e fad a ré;
Bhiodh 'ghuth, sa shealladh, dol le chéil
A nochd' a spéis gu soilleir dhoibh.

Se cliù a chomuinn gheibh do spéis,
'S tha taitneadh ruit na 'n cainnt 's na 'm beus,
Le 'm feàrr a dh' aithnichear do ghné,
No ciod le d' bheul a theireadh tu.

Bu mhòr a ghnà, a nochd e dh' fhuath,
Lo pheacadh nàdair, agus gluas'd;
'S cha cheadaicheadh e 'm feasd d' a shluagh,
Nan suain gu buan bhi luidhe ann.

Bha dhiadheachd follaiseach 's gach àit,
Mar bhail' air sliabh nach folaich sgàil,
Is chum sud peacaich féin fo sgàth;
Bha laithreachd dhoibh mar chronachadh.

'S gach teachdaire a chualas riamh,
Air 'n deach an onoir' chur le Dia.
Air peacaich choisneadh 'dh' iunnsaidh Chriosd,
Bha tlachd do 'n diadheachd soilleir annt'.

'S a shluagh Ghlinnliobhuinn, 's Nigg ma thuath,
A Ghàel Dhunéidin, 's Arrrain shuas;
Nach e an teistes th' air a luaidh,
A fhuair sibh a Mac Alastair.

Ach se a their sibh, 's gun bhi ceàrr,
"'S fad air a chliù a thàin' thu geàrr;
Sa 'n diugh se 's cùram dhuinn, gur nàr
Nach d' lean gu slàn sinn eiseimpleir."

Nis sguiridh mise a bhi strì,
Ri 'chliù a chur an céill gu mìn;
Cha mhòr a chual' e bhiodh dhe sgìth,
Oir sann bha bhrì na theagasg-san.

Tha nis e seach' gach bròn is cràdh;
Oir chaidh e steach do ghlòir nach traigh:
'S an Slànuighear do 'n tug e gràdh,
Thug seilbh gu bràth air sonas da.

Is thubhairt ris 'nuair ràin' e shuas,
"On bha thu firinneach 's na fhuair,
Thig nis, is gabhsa mar dò dhuais,
Làn aoibhneas buan do Thighearna."

Nis shluagh na h-ùrnuigh anns gach àit,
O! chum ar glùinibh leibh gu 'n dàil!
'S bhur cridhe dòirtibh mach an làith'r!
An Tì le bhàs a cheannaich sibh.

Gu faic sinn fathasd e na ghlòir,
Aig imeachd' measg na 'n coinnleir òir;
'S a tarruing pheacach steach da chrò,
'S 'g cur deòin na 'n inntinn cheannaircich.

Sa 'n sin bheir ceannaircich dha géill,
'S bidh amadain a faigheil céill;
Na bacaich thruagh a ruith 'sa leum,
'S na naoimh ri èibhneas maille riu.

'S gu 'n deonuich Dia, na shaoibhreas gràis,
Gu 'n doirt e 'n Spioraid, oirnn gu 'n dàil;
Gu 'n toir do 'n t-shiol chaidh chur bhi fàs,
'S gu'n tog e 'm bàs de 'r comhthionail.

MOR CHAMSHRON.

Dh' fhag Mòr Chamshron da òran againn tha làn de ghaol eargte, mo thruaigh. Bha i fuireach 'an Cille-chonnain 'an taineach, far 'n do choachail i mu 1815.

NA FEARAIBH OGA.

Le Mor Chamshron, no mar a theirte rithe, Mor 'in Aonghais, a bha conachadh an Culle-chonnain an Raineach.

'S meallt' an cridhe tha 'n an com'
Aig na fearaibh oga,
'S milis an teanga tha na 'n ceann,
A mhealladh gach og bhean ;
Ged a bhios e 'n diugh an geall ort,
'S e air thith do phosadh,
Bidhs e maireach ann na laimh
Air luing 's i dol a sheoladh.
Ged a bhios, etc.

Ach oganaich a tha mi cumhadh,
Dh' fhag thu 'n diugh fo leon mi,
Mheall thu mi mar mheall an-t-ubhal
'Bhean bu mhutha solas ;
Gus 'n do mhiannaich i le 'suil e,
'N duil nach robh e neo-ghlan,
'S e 'meas bu bhuirbe chaidh a thoirmeasg,
Dh' fhag sid searbh gu leoir e.
Gus 'n do, etc.

Nach cealgach dhutsa bhi 'g a m' chumail
Anns na h-uille dochas,
Na 'n geillinn-se do d' bhriathran blasd,
Cha tigeadh dad ri m' bheo orm ;
Na 'n geilleadh ! ach cha d'gheill mi d'chainnt,
'S gach gealladh ann toirt solais,
Ach 'n uair a theid mi as an t-sealladh,
" 'S coma leam an oinseach !"
Na 'n geilleadh, etc.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh na fleasgaichean
Is deis a theid an ordugh,
Am fiuran 's boidhche theid a mach,
Bidh maighdeann dheas an toir air ;
Ach dh' fhaoidte gu 'm bi gaoid fo chois
Na taobh ri bean a cota,
Mar bhuirb' an eas o'n gharbh-ghleann chas,
Toirt oilbheum deas gu leoir di.
Ach dh' fhaoidte, etc.

Gur blasda briathrach cainnt nan gillean,
Tighinn o 'm bilean boidheach,
Threiginn mo chairdean 's mo chinneadh,
'S cha tillinn-se ri m' bheo riu ;
'Us shiubhlain leat 's cha 'n iarrainn spreidh,
Na 'm biodh tu fein leam deonach,
Tha 'cheilg a d' bheul 'ga chur an ceill,
'S e sid an sgeul bha comhdaicht.
'Us shiubhlain, etc.

'S mor a tha de dh' amaideachd,
'An aoradh na cloinn' oige,
'S cha lugha tha de 'n amharas
Na 'n caithe-beatha gorach ;
Bidh 'n teanga chiuin a' labhairt rinn,
'S am beul o 'm binn 'thig comhradh,
'S an cridhe fionnar fada uainn,
Cho luath ri gaillean reota.
Bidh 'n teanga, etc.

Beannachd leat, 's gun mhairg a d' dheigh,
'Us taobh ri te is boidhche,
Mu 's tu fein a' d' ghealladh 'threig,
'S nach mi do cheile deonach ;
Mar bhàt air chuan 's e tarruinn uainn,
'S luchd m' fhuath a' cur nan seol rith',
'S do nadur fhein mar ghaoth ro fhuar,
'S e 'tilgeadh uam a bhoidhchead.
Mar bhàt air chuan, etc.

PARRA CAMSHRON.

Bu mhac Parra Camshron do dh' Alastair Camshron, aig Socach Shruthan an Athull. Chaochail Paraig mu 1836 na sheann duine.

ORAN DO ISBEIL STIUBHART,

Nighean Shandi Stiubhart, bh' anns na cluaintean an Gleanna-Garra' Athuill, air dhi Sanndi Coinneach an Ruidh-nan-Coileach, a phosadh mu 'n bhliadhna 1791.

Gur tuirseach oidhche 'n Nollaig sinn
'N tigh-osd ag ol ar gloineachan,
Sior chuimhneach air an ainnir sin,
Chaidh bhuainn air bhannan pòsd'.
Sior chuimhneach air an ainnir sin,
Chaidh bhuainn air bhannan pòsd'.

Gur e do nadur furanach,
A ghaoil a dh' fhag fo mhulad sinn,
'S mor d' ionndrachdainn 'n taigh cuideacha',
Na'm cruinneach na'm ban og.
'S mor d' ionndrachdainn 'n taigh cuideacha',
Na 'm cruinneach na'm ban og.

Gur iomadh fleasgach suairce,
Dh' fhag thu 's an tir fo smuainrean dheth,
A chunnta spreidh air fuar-bheanntan,
Is buaile chruidh air lon.
A chunnta spreidh air fuar-bheanntan,
Is buaile chruidh air lon.

Tha fir a Bhraigh' gu cinnteach ann,
'S tha roinn air siath na tire ann,
De fhleasgaich uasal shiobhailte,
Do 'n grinn 'n tig ad 'us cleoc.
De fhleasgaich uasal shiobhailte,
Do 'n grinn 'n tig ad 'us cleoc.

An am bhi falbh air astar leat,
Righ gu'm bu sunndach sgairteil iad,
Na fleasgaich shiubhlach bhras-bhuilleach,
Fo 'n lasadh fudar gorm.
Na fleasgaich shiubhlach bhras-bhuilleach,
Fo 'n lasadh fuadar gorm.

Dar rain' iad taigh-na-bainnse leth'
Ged b' arda anns na gleanntan e,
Bha coinnlean laist' 's na seomraichean,
Is aighir ann le ceol.
Bha coinnlean laist' 's na seomraichean,
Is aighir ann le ceol.

Bha togsaidean gan taomach ann,
Bha fion 'us liocair daora ann,
Bha uisge beatha craobhach ann,
'S e milis caomh ri òl.
Bha uisge beatha craobhach ann,
'S e milis caomh ri òl.

Bha nigh'neagan ri sugradh ann,
'S daoin' og a' danns air urlar ann

Bha deochan-slainte dubailt ann,
Cuir cairam dlu' mu'n bhord.
Bha deochan-slainte dubailt ann,
Cuir cairam dlu' mu'n bhord.

Bha beoir 'us branndaidh làdair ann,
'S bha fidhleireachd gu 'r 'n àiles ann,
'S gach ni a dheanadh stà dhuinn ann,
Cur blàth's air gillean òg.
'S gach ni a dheanadh stà dhuinn ann,
Cur blàth's air gillean òg.

A Shanndi oig gur uallach thu,
Tha ceist bhan og 'us ghruagach ort,
Gu'n siubhladh iad am fuadach leat,
Gu ard taigh-tuath nam bo.
Gu'n shiubhladh iad am fuadach leat,
Gu ard taigh-tuath nam bo.

Ach 'nis, o 'n thain' an latha oirnn,
'S gar eigin duinn bhi dealachadh,
Gu'm bu slan ga'n tachair dhut,
'S thu 'n glacaibh Shanndi oig.
Gu'm bu slan gu'n tachair dhut,
'S thu 'n glacaibh Shanndi oig.

Deoch slaint' an fhir tha sinnte riut,
Bho 'n 's e do cheile cinnteach e,
'S e mheudaich dhuinn cho dileas e,
Gu'n d'fhuair e 'n ribhinn posd.
'S e mheudaich dhuinn cho dileas e,
Gu'n d'fhuair e 'n ribhinn posd.

SOMHAIRLE CAMSHRON.

Bha Somhairle Camshron na fhigheadair aig Bun-chadain, mu mhile dh' astar o Cheannloch Raineach. Dh'eug e mu 1792. B' i a mhaighdeann aillidh a choisinn gaol, is cliù a Bhàird, Seonaid bhàn Stiubhart, nighean Ghileasp' an Ionarchadain. Bha i na h-ighinn air leth boidheach, ach, air dhi sealladh na darna suil a chàlla leis a bhric, bhòidich i, nach pòsadh i duine gu bràth. Chaidh òran Shomhairle, chuir an clò 'an leabhar á Ghilleasaich an 1786, agus do bhrigh gu faighear e gun mhòr dragh 'an leabhraichean eile mar an ceudna, fòghnaidh a cheud rann dhe 'n òran ainmeil so.

MI 'M SHUIDHE 'M ONAR.

Le Somhairle Camshron, 'an Raineach.

Air fonn—"*Coire-cheathaich*"

Mi 'm shuidhe 'm ònar, air tulaich bhòidhich,
'S mi gabhail òrain, 's cha téid e leam;
Mo chridhe 'n còmhnuidh mar chloich air mòintich,
Is mòran seoil aig' air dol gu grùnnd.
Gu grùnnd cha téid e gun fhios do 'n Eucaig;
'S ma ni i 'n réite gur fheairrd a chuis;
'S mur tagh i fein mi, gur leis an Eug mi,
Le shaighdibh geura tigh'n orm ás ùr.

ALASTAIR CANNANACH.

Chaidh an fhailte a leanas a dheanamh le Alastair Cannanach aig taobh a Gharbh-uisg teann air Cillmachùg, tha suas bho Chalasraid. Faic an Teachdaire Gaelach 1830, slios 193, tha 'g radha—"Tha uiread de fhior chaoimhneas anns an litir a fhuair sinn o 'n t-seana Ghael o thaobh a Gharbh-uisg, agus nach urrainn duinn an dàn a leanas a chumail air ais, ged theagamh, gun abair cuid de dhaoine, nach bu choir dhuinne ni tha moladh an Teachdaire co mòr a chur ann."

FAILT AN TEACHDAIRE GHAELAICH.

Failt ort fein a Theachdaire Ghaelich,
A cheud la de 'n bhliadhn' uir,
'S gu ma h-iomadh [1] bliadhn' a chi thu dhiubh
Mu'n dall an t-eug do shuil.

Is fiuran og tha flathail thu,
Tha air teachd oirnn as ùr,
'S mar thuirt Eoghann Brocaire,
O! 's ann ad' cheann tha 'n tùr.

O! 's ann tha 'n t-iul 's an sgoileireachd,
Ged tha thu fhathast òg,
'S ann shaoileadh daoin' gur co-aois thu
Do 'n chomachaig bhán 's an t-sròin.[2]

[1] Gu b' ioma. [2] Do chomhachag na sroin!

Gach inneal smuid le 'n carbadan,
'S tu dhealbhas dhuinn gu'n strigh—
Tha thu[1] eolach mu na rionnagan—
Co maith 's air muir is tìr,

Tha eachdraidh shean mu'n Phrionns'[2] agad
Ga 'n aithris duinn as ùr,
Co soilleir 's thug mo shean-athair dhuinn
A sheasamh 'm Prionns' gu chùl.

Do dhain is t-orain luinneagach,
Tha iad co blasd' r'an luaidh ;
'S gur deimhin leam gur caraid thu
Do Mhairi nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh.

'S fear luthar anns a choiseachd thu
Do chosan 's iad tha luath ;
Gheibhear 'n Eilean Arainn thu,
'S aig Tigh Iain Ghròt 's taobh-tuath.[3]

'Sior ghuidheam failt' is furan dùt,
Is cridhe sunndach[4] slan,
'S gu'm biodh do thaigh gun snidhe ann
'S do chiste mhine lán.

DONNACHA CUIMEANACH,

Mac a Chuimeanaich Mhoir an Camghouran an Raineach.

Rugadh Donnacha so mu 'n bhliadhna 1778. Phos e Floraidh Chamshron, nighean Aonghais mhic Dhonuill mhic Dhonnacha ; agus bha aca 'theaghlach mu 'n d'fhalbh iad do America mu 1822, Iain, Seumas, agus Iasbail. Chaidh an t-oran a leanas a dheanamh do Pheigidh Chamshron, nighean Iain Chamshroin, 's an Tigh-mhòr an Camghouran shuas.

EALA NAN CUAINTEAN.

Mi air m' uilinn am leabaidh,
O' ! cha chadal 's cha tamh,
Chi mi Eala nan Cuaintean,
Ga toirt uam th' air mo cheann ;
'N deigh 's mo lion 'chuir ma'n cuairt di,
'S a cuairteach gu traigh,
Bha mo dhubhan gun bhiadh air,
'S gu 'm bu diamhain mo dhan.

[1] 'S tu ! [2] eachdraidhean mu 'n Phrionns. [3] gu tuath. [4] subhach.

Bha mo dhubhan gun bhiadh air,
'S mi gun airgiod am phòc,
No mo chrodh air na buailtean,
No caoirich ga 'n cuairteach gu cro,
No mo laraichean searaich,
Ga 'n tearnadh gu baile le ceol ;
Och ! 's ann rinn thu mo mhealladh
Mar rinn Iudas 'nuair dh' iarr e 'phog.

B' olc an car a rinn Iudas,
'Nuair dhiult e bhi dileas do 'n choir,
Ghabh e comhairl' a mhealltair,
'S thug e mhaighstir thairis do 'n mhod ;
Ged a thug mi dhut samhladh
Le tuit'mas cainnte mo bheoil,
B' e mo dhurachd gu'n teagamh,
Bha sinte ri d' leisreadh ri m' bheo.

Ged b' e sid mo lan durachd,
O na dhiult thu mo chaidreamh an drast,
Cha 'n ioghna dhomhsa bhi dileas,
Ge b' e neach do 'n innsinn mar bha ;
Ge b' e aon neach do 'n innsinn,
Miad ur briodal thar chach,
'S thu ann ghlacan gu diomhair,
'S do ghealladh cho cinnteach 's am bàs.

Bha do ghealladh cho cinnteach,
'S ged a sgriobht e le peann,
Air a dhaimhneach o 'n Bhiobull
Gu 'm bith tu dileas 's gach am ;
Ach mo theid mi gu coir leat,
Mar bu chor dhomh dol ann,
'S mi a dheanadh do phosadh,
Le m' uile dheoin 's ann gu 'n taing.

Nach 'eil eagal ortsa a d' anam
Airson 'bhi eathaich a' d' chainnt,
Nach 'eil thu fo churam
Airson nan cumhnantan teann ;
Airson nan cumhnantan daimhnean,
A bh' againn 's a ghleann,
Pos 'us ceangal gun fhios,
Ged bhithinn brist le do ghradh.

Gur tu 'meann anns a gharadh,
'S cubhraidh faile ri m' shroin,
'S tu 'gheug ùr a dh' fhas aluinn,
Null 's a nall le gaoith mhòir ;
Thainig osag de 'n ioma-ghaoith,
Sguab i aon de na meoir,
'S an ath-sgriob thug i rithist,
Rinn i 'n t-slighe bu chor.

Ged 'rinn thusa an t-slighe,
'S dh' fhag thu mise fo bhron,
Mar fhear garadh gun mhios mi,
Mar dhuine misgeach ag ol,
Mar shaighdeir gun chlaidheamh,
Mar ghobhainn gun ord,
Mar shealgair gun ghunna,
No mar chuilean gun sroin.

Mar chuilean gun sroin mi,
'S mi air cul luirg an roin,
'Nuair shaoil leis bhi aige,
Damh cabrach na croic ;
Fhleasgaich oig na cuir d' earbsa
Anns a chalg th' air an fhiadh,
Ged fhaigh thu greim air bhar croic air
Na cuir do dhochas na bhian.

Na cuir dochas ro laidir
Ann am bata gun stiuir,
No 's a bhreac air an linne,
No an eilid nan stuc,
Anns an ron th' air a chladach
Na cuir idir do dhuil,
No 's an t-sionnach bheag charrach,
Ged robh e 'm fagas do d' chu.

Greim air earr air a bhradan,
No air chois deiridh air fiadh,
No air sgeith muice-mara,
'S gu 'm bu sleamhain i riamh ;
Greim air chliathaich air loingheas,
'S ceart co-ionnan an gniomh,
'Us air lamh na h-ur chailinn
Bha ga m' mhealladh seachd bliadhn'.

Ach c'uim am bithinn fo mhulad,
Fo thuireadh no pramh,
Agus fios aig an t-saoghal
Co a dh'aom anns an fhail'n ;
Mar thug Eubh 'n car as an duin aic,
'Nuair bha iad 's a ghar',
'S ann mar sin tha mis' leatsa
Air mo mhealladh an drast.

Air mo mhealladh a tha mi
Le do mhanran 's gach uair,
Ach c'uim an cuirinn ort coirre,
Na 'n fana' tu bhuam ;
'Nuair bhithinn fo amghar,
Bhidh do lamh orm mu'n cuairt,
'G radh—" De 'n smuainrean th'air d'aire,"
Cha toir fear gu brath mise bhuat.

Is ionnan sid 's mar a thachair
Do 'n aisleachan ùr,
'N gaol, chaolaich a chasan,
Agus dh' fhail e a chrun ;
Ghoid e 'bhoichead a bh' aige,
Agus phrap e a ghnuis,
Mar chraoibh gun fhreumhan air seachda,
'S i neo-dhreachmhor do 'n t-suil.

Bu tu an rimhinn uir uasail
Le d' chuman 'us buarach a' d' dhorn,
Tarruing suas le d' chuid ghruagach,
Air feadh 'chruidh ruaidh thain' a Boid,
A chruidh dhuibh thain' a Ile,
'S a chruidh bhain thain' a Leobhs',
'S car thu 'Dhrobhair nan ciadan,
Fear thionnda lionmhor nan corn.

'S tu 'n fhaoilinn is gile,
No sneachd ga chur air an lon,
'S tu 'n tarmachan ceutach,
'S a Bheinn-Eibhinn 'm bi 'n ceo ;
'S tu 'chuthag ghorm cheutach,
Maduinn cheitein chiuinn cheoth'r,
'S tu 'n smeorach air gheugan,
'S fheadan gleuiste chum ceoil.

Gur tu 'n liath-chearc 's an doire,
'S muich' a ghoirreas le fuaim,
'S tu mo cheol dol a chadal
'S anns a mhaduinn 'n am gluasd ;
An Tigh-mora nan uinneag,
'S ard a chluinnean mo rùn,
'S ann an coille nam badan,
'S tric am ghlacan bha thu.

DONULL DEORA.

A bha fanachd ann an Ardtrasgairt, teann air Fairtechill.

Tha e air a radha gun do chuir Dònull so mach leabhar orain, le shaothair fein, agus 's e an cliu a fhuair mi oirre gu'n robh iad blasda, sunndach, agus lan tuigse. Bho nach fhaca mi an leabhar riamh cha 'n urrainn mi an cor a radha, ach na rannan a leanas a hoirt seachad. Fhuair mi iad bho mo charaid Mr Camshron ann am Fairtechill.

BEAGAN RANN BHO ORAN GAOIL.

Gur mor an guin cridhe dhomh
O'n chaidh mi 'n Ruidhe nairde,
Far am bheil na h-ionagan
'S gu 'm bithinn riutha manran ;
Tha iad suairce beusach
Ro phailt' an ceill 's an naire,
Cha cheilinn-se air neach fo 'n ghrein,
Nach b' ait leam fhein bhi lamh-riu.

Dh' fhagainnse am baile so
Le cabhaig gun bhonn sgath orm,
'S ann leam fhein nach b' aireach e
Na'm bidh a chailinn blath rium ;
Na'm faighean le toil cleir i,
'Toil fhein 'us toil a cairdean,
Am fad 's a bhithinn marunn beo,
Le m' dheoin cha deanain d' aicheadh.

Am fad 's bu bheo gu dilinn mi,
'S mi fhin nach deanadh d' aicheadh
Bu mhor a ghaoil 'thoil-inntinn leam,
Na 'm bithinn cinnt' ad' ghradhsa;
Nan gealladh tu mo phosadh,
'S nach biodh do dhoigh ri m' fhagail,
Chuirinn seol air thu bhi mar-rium
Gus an sgarradh bas sinn.

'S lionmhor buaidh nach aithris mi,
Tha air a chaileag bheusach,
Tha suairc' na gnuis mar eala
Rinn mo chridh' a mhealla 'm chreubhaig ;
Cha-n 'eil ròs an garadh,
'N uair is boidhche 'bhlath air gheugan,
Bheir barrachd ann am fiamhachd ort,
'S gu'm b' e mo mhiann bhi re riut.

ALASTAIR FOIRBEIS.

Bha Alastair na Sheairtsean, anns an "Fhreiceadan-Dhubh An deigh dha an t-arm fhagail, bha e fanachd 'am Fas re ioma bliadhna. Chaochail e 'am Peairt.

ORAN DO CHORNAIL DAIBHIDH STIUBHART, TRIATH GHART.

Am Brat sròl th' anns an Fhraing
Nach d' fhuair tamailt o thus,
Chuirte sios e do 'n Eaphaid
A dh' fheuchainn a chliu ;
Bha thusa 'us do reiseamaid
Fhein air do chul,
An da-fhichead 'us a dha
Sid luchd caramh gach cuis.

Chuir sibh Frangaich nan smur
Aig Alexandria nan tur,
'S thug sibh uap an cular riomhach,
Bha miaghail nan cùirt.

'S ann air faiche Mhaida
'S an t-Samhradh thuig sibh buaidh,
Ged bu lionmhor na Frangaich
'S gach camp a bha shuas ;
"Bha 'n Tri-fichead 's an ochd-deug ann,"
Na treun-fhir ri d' chluais,
B' iad sid na seoid a Dha'idh
Nach fhaghadh tu 'n cruas.

Na fior Ghaidheil gun ghruaim,
Reachadh dàn anns an ruaig,
'S chuireadh iomain air do naimhdean,
'S gach blar anns do bhuail.

'Nuair chaidh sibh Mhartinica
'S do na Innsean 's an Iar,
Chaidh do chabhlach air traigh ann
'S gu'm b' ailte an triall;
'N uair d' eight tu *advans!*
Sid a b' annsa leat riamh,
Bhidh tri-chlaisich ga 'n rusgadh
'S fuil a bruchd' air an fhiar.

Aig na fiurain gu'n ghiomh,
Ghuineach chlaidheach gu'n fhiamh,
'S 'nuair bheireadh tu dhaibh òrdugh,
'S iad nach sòradh dhol sios.

Tha thu dh' fhuil nan righrean,
Bha miaghail nan là,
Siol Bhanco do rireamh
Nach diobradh do chàs;
'S iomadh baintighearna phriseil,
Tha 'n tith air do lamh,
'S cha 'n fhacas anns an tir so
Na dhiobradh dhut gradh.

Bu tu Coirneal nan buadh,
Roimh bhragàd tarruinn suas,
B' ard a chluinnt' do chomannd
Anns na rangan de 'n t-sluaigh.

Ach mo dh' fhalbh thu bhuainn air sgrlob
'S tu air thith dhol an Fhraing,
Gu 'm bu slan a bhios tu
Ri linn do dhol ann;
Cha-n 'eil trian de na b' fhiach thu
Fo d' riaghailt anns an am,
'S na faighinns' e gu 'm dhurachd
B' e 'n crun chuir mu d' cheann.

'S fhada leam, fhir tha thu bhuainn,
'S guidheam buaidh leat 's gach uair,
'S ann tha 'n aoidh ri fhaicinn daonnan
'N a d' aodainn gun ghruaim.

CEIT FHOIRBEIS,

A rugadh, agus a chaochail an Cairidh an Raineach, na fior sheana-aois mu 'n bhliadhna 1826.

ORAN GAOIL,

Air a dheanamh do Mhac-Fhir Dhùnteamhalach.

Le Ceit Fhoirbeis, á Cairidh an Raineach as leth banacharaid dhi.

Tha mo chridhe ciuirte,
'S neo-shunndach mi 'n drast;
Mu dheibhinn an fhiurain,
Dh' fhag an duthaich di-mairt;
Mu dheibhinn an oigeir,
Is boichche na cach;
Gur gile thu fo d' chòta
Na'n sneachd og ga chur tlath.

Oganaich threibhich,
'S mor t-fheum anns gach càs;
Gur mor thug mi ghaol dhuit,
'S cha bhreug tha mi 'g radh,
Gur mor thug mi ghaol dhuit,
Ge faontrach mi 'n drast;
'S gus an dean thu pilltinn,
Bidh m' inntinn gu lar.

Tha mo chridhe mar an luaidh',
Cha ghluais e ach mar lic;
Ged theid mi measg oigridh,
Ged oil mi 's ged ith;
Tha m' aigne trom fo thùrsadh,
Gar an ruisg mi i ri cach;
Mu dheibhinn an fhiurain
Dh' fhag an duthaich di-mairt.

Oig ghasta a chul-dualaich,
Marcaich uaibhreach nan srann;
B' e sud an ni bu deoin leat,
Bhi 'n coisridh nach gann;
Cha b' ann mar bhalach ùmaidh,
A ruisgeadh leat cainnt;
Beul a labhradh an fhirinn,
Mar gu'n sgriobht' i le peann.

Mar ùr-ros an garadh,
Nach d' fhas air mheangan dris ;
Ceann-tighe na 'm fear ùra,
Mar chraoibh a lubadh le meas ;
Gur mise bha ro dheonach,
Air do phosadh gun fhios ;
B' fhearr na mar rinn thu m' fhagail,
Mo charamh fo lic.

O's beag an t ioghnadh dhomhsa,
'Bhi bronach ad dheigh ;
'S a liuthad latha bha sinn,
A manran leinn fhein ;
A mire 'us a cluaineis
An uagneas air chàch,
'S ma dh' fhalbh thu uainn air chuantain,
Mo thruaighe mi gu brath.

Easan—O ! cha 'n aobhar thruais thu,
Mo ghruagach ghlan og ;
Gar an dean mi pilltinn,
Tha thu cinnteach a' m' stòr ;
'S tric shiubhail mi 'n oidhche
Air caoimhneas do phoig,
'S bu bhalach mi na 'n di-chuimhninn,
Briodal do bheoil.

Ise—'S neo-bhalachail a dh' fhas thu,
'S tu 's aille th' ann mo bheachd ;
Gur guirme do shuilean,
Na 'n driuchd air an t-slait ;
Gur binne leam do chòmhradh
Na smeorach 'am preas ;
'S gur milse leam do phogan,
Na beoir agus mil.

Ach a Chaiptein oig,
Cha-n e do stòr air 'bheil mi 'n deigh ;
Gu 'm b' annsa na 'n crodh guaill-fhionn,
Bhi gluasad ad' dheigh ;
O 'n fhuair thu 'n t-eideadh ùr
'S tric na deoir a ruith le m' ghruaidh ;
'S mor a b' annsa thu bhi 's duthaich,
'S anns an Dùn [1] mar bu dual.

[1] Anns an Dùn

Thug mise anns an Dùn ud,
Gle shunndach car seal ;
A mire 'us a sugradh
Am muirn 'us an gean,
Ach tha mi nis mar chluaran,
Ga 'n dualchas fas bàn,
Gus am pill an t-uasal,
A ghluais uainn di-mairt.

ANNA GHAIRNEIR,

Nighean Garradair bha fuireach ann Ceann-na-laimhe, aig Ardláraich 'an Raineach.

ORAN DO MHAIDSEIR MEINNE.

Le Anna Ghairnear, a bha tamh aig Ceann-na-laimhe, 'an Ardláirich an Raineach.

Guidheam buaidh leis an fhiuran,
Dh' fhas measail suairce na ghiulain,
Ghlac thu cruadal 'us curam,
'S og a fhag thu an duthaich ;
'S cha nan a bhuidhinn droch cliu dhut a bha sin.

Ach gach neach a chuir iuil ort,
Fad no goirrid a dh' uine,
No na dh' iarradh tighinn dluth ort,
Bho 'n là thainig thu 'n tus oirnn,
Bha thu leirsinneach iulmhor,
'S dhearbh thu fhein anns gach cuis e ;
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram on chrùn 's do luchd pairtidh.

Sgathan maiseach na h-armailt,
Dh' fhas gu cruinn-bhallach dealbhach,
Sar chomandair fo armachd
'S mairg a thogadh am fearg thu,
'S maith thig claidheamh chinn-airgeid,
Ann a d' lamh bu neo-chearbach ;
Fear do mhisnich 's gle 'ainmig a tha e.

Chinn thu 'bhroilleach nan ogan,
An ti chuir fala' a' d' phoraibh,
'Shiol nam Meinnearach mora
Ga 'm bi na Tallachadh boidheach,
Gheibhte cuirt ann a' d' Sheomar,
Muirneach aighearach ceolmhor ;
'S fion Spainteach nam ol do dheoch slainte.

Bho thaobh eile na còrach,
Cha bu shuarach do sheorsa,
Na fir ghrinne dheas bhoidheach,
O Ghleann-eibheis nan comhlan,
Mar sin 'us bun Lochaidh,
Far am faighte luchd comhraig,
Reachadh brais leis na seoid bu neo-sgàthach.

Gu 'm b' e cleachda do dhualchuis,
Bhi gu iorasal uasal,
Bhi gu siobhailte suairce,
Bhi gu baigheil ri sluagh thu ;
Bidh deagh iomradh 'g a luaidh ort,
Anns gach cearn anns an gluais thu ;
'S toileach inntinn do 'n t-sluagh sin o'n d' fhas thu.

An t-og misneachail treubhach,
Cha b'ann do'n ghealtachd a gheil thu ;
'S maith thig deis' air fear d' éugais,
'Dh' aon alt air an teid i,
Breacan balla-bhreac na feile,
Osain ghearr 'bhi 'g a reir sin ;
'S gach beairt 'bhiodh an cididh nan Gaidheil.

Tha thu farasta fiorghlic,
'S toigh leat ceartas 'us firinn ;
Cha-n 'eil gnothach mu 'm bi thu,
Nach fhaighte gun stri leat,
Fhuair thu nis na bha dhith ort
Ann an ath-ghoirrid thioma ;
Na fir ghlana cho ghrinn 's theid air sàile.

Luchd nan leadanan cul-donn
'S nam boineidean du-ghorm,
Le bhur cuilbhearan dùbailt
Air an cumail le curam,
Dheanadh marbhá 'us sgiursa',
'N am 'ar 'n armachd a rusgadh,
'S 'ur 'n aghaidh gu dluth air bhur naimhdean.

Guidheam deagh thoileach inntinn,
Do na dh' fhalbh as an tir leat,
Eadar uaislean 'us islean,
'S d 'n Ghriogarach fhior-ghlan,
Nach dean a mhisneach a dhiobairt,
'N fhuil arda nach striochda,
'S bheireadh seachad lan diola' do 'naimhdean.

Sgeul a b' ait leam 's an t-saoghal,
De na b' urrainn mi fhaotainn,
'N deigh 's na h-uile ni 'sgaoile,
'S gach blar a bhi dh' aon taobh ;
Gu 'm biodh urram gach aon diubh
Aig Maidseir Meinne 's a dhaoine,
Dream mileanta, faobhach, 's an àrfhaich.

ANNA GHOBHA,

Nighean Mairearad Ghobha, a bha fuireachd aig Cuiltelosgainn am Gleann-eireachdidh.

Bha i comharaichte air eideinean Chathdathan a dheanamh agus tha dearbh agam gu'n robh an taigh aice ri beo gun mhàl. Tha "Luinneag an Fhoghairidh," a toirt soilcireach dhuinn air an t-saothair, a bha ri dheanamh air son am beo-shlaint 's an am sin. Chaidh Anna Ghobha gu a dachaidh bhuan mu dha fhichead bliadhna air ais.

LUINNEAG AN FHOGHAIRIDH.

Le Anna Ghobha, air dhi dhol thun an Fhoghairidh Ghalld anns a bhliadhna 1827.

Air fonn—"Pòsda, ceangailte tra."

Seisd—O b' fhearr nach tiginn 's an am,
A dh'ionnsaidh machair nan Gall,
Gun airde, gun leabaidh, gun fhodar,
A 'g iarraidh obair 's gach ait.

Gun d' rainig mi 'n Leitir an toiseach,
'S mi 'n duil ri cosnadh na b' fhearr,
Gun deanainse airgiod 'us òr ann,
'N uair reachain air doigh mar a b'abh'ist ;
Ach labhair na fior-ghillean coire,
'S e 'm bron thu thighinn cho tra ;
Cha-n 'eil againn coirce no eorna,
Bhios abuich na's leoir gu dimairt.

Na 'm biodh fior fhios aig Clann Donnachaidh,
An t-uisig tha ormsa an drast,
Mi 'm luidhe gun aodach gun fhodar,
Air grainean de chliseagan chlar ;
Gu 'n cuireadh iad each agus gille,
Gu h-eallamh ga 'm shireadh a nall,
'S cha-n fhagadh iad mise na b' fhaide,
A fritheal air obair nan Gall.

Mo bhitheas mo shaoghal-sa marunn,
'S gu 'm pill mi Bhraigh Athull gun dail,
A dh' innse do m' chairdean 's luchd eolais,
Gach drid-fhortan chomhlaich mi 'n drast;
Bidh botal 'us gloine air bord ann,
'S sinn ola' deoch slainte nan Gael,
Am caistealan toilicht' glan, ordail,
Gun churam ri m' bheo orm o'n mhal.

'N uair ruigeas mi dhachaidh, 's chan-fhada,
Theid surd air an tartan gun dail,
Bidh deis' ann do Choirneal Mac Dhònuill,
Is te do Mhac Choinnich Chinntail;
'S bidh mise nam shuidhe 'a m' sheomar,
Le m' choinneal air bord mar a b'abh'ist,
A deanamh a Chadath 's a Chlòthain,
'S cha-n fhaic iad ri m' bheo mi measg Ghall.

O b' fhear nach tiginn 's an am,
A dh'ionnsuidh machair nan Gall,
Gun airde, gun leabaidh, gun fhodar,
A 'g iarraidh obair 's gach ait.

DONNACHA GOBHA,

Mac Phadruig Mhic Dhònuill Ruadh Ghobha bha 'n Ach-an-ruidhe.

B' e Donnacha Gobha so a chuir a mach orain bhinn bean a sheanar, mnaoi Dhònuill Ruaidh Ghobha, agus a chuir ainm fhein air toiseach an leabhair sin, mar Dhonnach Mac-an-Toisich, 1831. Rugadh Donnacha anns an Tulaich 'an Gleann-eireachdidh mu 1806. Phos e te mhuinntir Shiorrachd Rois, theasd e 'n Dnneidinn mu 1846. Bha mi fior eolach air Iain Camshron do 'n deach an t-òran smiorail so a dheanamh, agus b' e an duine flathail, suairc e. Theasd e na thaigh fein, an Cillechonnain, mu dheich bliadhn' air ais.

ORAN DO DH' IAIN CAMSHRON,

'An Cille-chonnain 'an Raineach, tha 'n drast an Dun-eidinn.

Le Donnacha Gobha.

Air fonn—"A chuachag nan craobh."

Bheir an t-soraidh so bhuam
Gu Iain Camshron le buaidh,
Air d' ainm dheaninn luaidh le eibhneas;
Na 'm bu bhard mi gu duan,
Chuirinn aird air 's an uair,
Dheanainn oran gu luath chuir an ceill dut.

Fleasgach siobhailte suairc',
Fearail fior-ghlic gu 'n ghruaim,
Cha-n 'eil mi-thlachda fuaighte ri bheusan ;
'S iomad ribhinn dheas og,
Bheireadh mìlte de 'n òr
Anns an tiom chionn bhi poiste o'n chleir riut.

Fear do ghliocais 's do riagh'lt',
Tha e tearc feadh nan crioch,
Bu sheachranach ciad dhiu an Albainn ;
Thig an aird riut 's gach rian
Ann an cainnt 's ann an gniomh,
Ann an ionnsach, 'an cial is an eanachainn.
Bu tu poiteir an fhion,
Dheanadh òl 'us a dhiol,
Cha b'ann an geocaireachd fhiar no le cealg'reachd ;
Nan deanainn comhnard chuir sios,
Miad do mhorachd 'us t-fhiach,
Bha cor agus mios ann gu seanachas.

'S ann 'm Braigh Raineach na 'm bo,
Fhuair thu d' arach as t-oig,
Cha do chleachd thu fo 'd' bhrogan an cabhsair ;
Ach siubhal ghlacan feoir,
'S do ghunna fo d' sgoid,
Bhidh daimh-mhulluich nan croc dol air chall leat.
Aon dannsair a b'fhearr,
Cha do shaltair air blàr,
No sgriobhair air clàr 'chaidh 'n taobh thall dhut ;
Bu tu 'n sgoileir thair chach,
Ann am Beurla 's an Gailig,
Ciod a cheaird thigeadh cearr gu do laimh ort.

'S math thig breacan 'am feil,
Os cionn bacan do shleisd,
Air a phleata gu reidh ann an ordugh ;
Cota tartain ga reir,
Air a bhasadh ri cheil,
Bu mhaiseach fear t-eugais measg coisridh.
Osain mheanbh-bhallach ùr,
Mu do chalpan cruinn dluth,
Paidhir ghartan o'n bhuth chosta òr dhut ;

Boineid dhatht' air a chrun
Anns an fhasan is ùir',
Bu tlachdmhor air thus na 'm fear òg thu.

Thig sid ort 's an uair
Mu do leasra' mu 'n cuairt,
Crios an leathar 's e nuadh as an Olainnd ;
Claidhe' ceanna-bheairteach cruaidh,
Air a thasga' na thruaill,
Paidhir dhag air a chruachainn mar chomhla'.
Plasg lan 'n fhudar lom chruaidh,
Gunna dùbailt 's crios guaill,
Dheana udlaich nam bruachan a leona ;
Bheireadh tarmach a nuas,
Coileach-dubh is eoin ruadh',
Bhiodh an eal air a chuan 's i gu 'n deo leat.

Tha thu ciuin ann an sith,
Tha thu borb ann an strith,
Gur mairg bhiodh an ti air d' fheuchainn ;
'N uair a thionndadh ort fearg,
Tha thu ceannsgalach garg,
'S tearc fear ann an Alb' bheireadh beum dhut.
Nan tigeadh naimhdean a' d' dhail,
Chum do chàll gun chion-fath,
Bu lionmhor 'a d' phairt iad a dheireadh ;
'S iomad Camshronach ailt,
Reachadh dian ann a d' chàs,
'Sgáthadh sios mar an cal do luchd eucoir.

Bidh Lochiall leat air thùs,
Ard Thriath na 'm fear ùr,
Cha b' fhiamhach na 'm cuis a reiteach ;
Bhiodh na ciadan ri chul,
Claidheach, sgiathach, nach diult,
Reachadh sios leis an tusa na streupaid.
Sid an ceannard fhuair ainm
Anns an t-seann tiom an Alb',
'S tric a fhuair e a dhearbh ann an deuchainn ;
Ged bha naimhdean air sealg
Ann an gamhlas ro gharbh,
Fhuair e onair 'us ainm o Righ Seumas.[1]

[1] Seurlas ?

Dh' cireadh rist leat ri 'thaobh,
Fear an Farrachd le dhaoin',
Sid a cheatharn, nach bidh faoin' na 'n eight iad ;
'S iad a gearra le faobhar,
Mar fhalaisg ri fraoch.
Feasgar Earraich 's a ghaoth ga seide.
Dh' innseadh Bonipart thall,
Gu 'm bu trom leis a chall,
Gu 'n d' thachair ris ceann an leir-sgrios ;
'S lionmhor marcaich eich-sheang,
Rinn thu chasgart 's an Fhraing,
Chuir thu dhachaidh gun cheann gu 'n leirsinn.

O Ghleann-Ibheis 'm bi 'n ceo,
Thig na fir tha gu 'n gho,
Doch-an-Fhasaidh 's an t-Sroin le cheile ;
Clann 'Ic Mhairtein na seoid,
Reachadh dan leat 's an toir,
Dheanadh cnamhan 'us feoil a reuba'.
'S iomad milte a bhàrr,
Nach inns' mi an drast,
Bheireadh binn-ghrad a bhais air luchd t-eucoir ;
Bhiodh droch dhiol air a ghraisg,
'S mairg a ul'iarradh na 'r dail,
'N uair dheante leibh claidhean a gheurach.

Co thagradh tu 'n strith,
No bhagradh dhiot cis,
Gu 'm b' fhaoin doibh an ni 'ud ga fheuchainn ;
Mach o armachd an Righ,
C'ait an coinneachadh tu ni,
A thairgeadh bonn spideag no beum dhut.
'Shar Chamshronaich o'n Iar,
Tha mo sheanachas gu crioch,
'S cha d' ainmich mi trian de do bheusan ;
Dean a ghloine a lion',
'S do dheoch slainte theid sios,
De 'n rùm thain' a nios a' Siméca.

MAIREARAD GHOBHA.

'S i so mo roghainn de àr luchd-oran, am boireannach aoidheil bhanail. Tha sruthanan blatha caoimhneil, a ghnath a' ruith am measg a cuid luinneagan sunndach ; mòr ghràdh do 'cardean agus fior speis do duthaich. Bu nighean i do Pharra mòr Mac-

riogair, bh' ann an Camuseireachd-mor 'am Braigh-Raineach. hos i Dònull ruadh Gobha 'an Ach-an-ruidhe, agus bha ceathrar ıeaghlach aca a thainig gu aois. Theasd Mairearad mu 1820.

CRONAN.

e Mairearad Ghobha, bean Dhònuill Ruaidh Ghobha, bha na thuathanach an Ach-an-ruidhe, teann air Socach-Shrùthain an Athull.

Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
A-ill o na hi ri ù,
Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
'S i mo rùn mo leanabhsa.

Baidh, baidh bà, mo ghradh,
Meigeag bheag a chinnein bhain,
Meigeag bheag a chinnein bhain,
Gur i annsach mamaidh i.

Chaidh na caoirich oirnn o stath,
Cha-n 'eil bainne ac no àl,
Ciod an comas th' air a ghraidh,
Ged thainig call an Earraich oirnn.

Tha na h-eich air dol gun fheum,
Am birichean 's e crom nan deigh,
Ach mo dh' fhalbhas iad gu leir,
'S ann their mi-fhein gur breamas e.

Cha-n ann an saibhreas mor an t-saoghail,
Tha sonas buan a chinne daoin :
'S mairg a bheireadh moran gaoil
Do nithean faoine faileasach.

Ged a chairnemide stòr,
Chumeadh saibheir sinn ri 'r beo,
'N uair a chairear sinn fo 'n fhoid,
Cha mhor a theid 's an talamh leinn.

Ged robh ni 'us maoin aig neach,
'S tric an smaoin so ann a m' bheachd,
Mar stiuirear leis a chuis gu ceart,
Gur fhearr an neach tha aimbeartach.

Mar dean iad iochd ri daoine truagh,
Is luigheachd 'reir am maoin thoirt 'uap,
Sud an ni do 'n tug mi fuath,
Cridhe cruaidh air teannachadh.

Ach mo bhitheas t-athair beo,
Gleidheas e dhuinn crodh air lon,
Caoirich agus uain mu'n chrò,
Is bheir a bhòtach searrach dhuinn.

Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
A-ill o na hi ri ù.
Fà-ill ile na ho rù,
'S i mo rùn mo leanabhsa.

11th MARCH, 1891.

At the meeting of the Society on this date, the Rev. Mr Thomas Sinton, Dores, was to have read a paper on the *Celtic Church in Badenoch*, but Mr Sinton having been unavoidably detained, the meeting formed into a "Ceilidh," when a very pleasant evening was spent with songs and stories.

18th MARCH, 1891.

At the meeting on this date Mr David Nairne read a paper on *Highland Woods, Ancient and Modern.* Mr Nairne's paper was as follows :—

NOTES ON HIGHLAND WOODS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Inverness-shire is not only the largest county in Great Britain, but the best wooded, and whether taken from an archaic or a modern point of view, it affords us the most interesting illustrations of what the ancient forests of Scotland were, and what modern plantations have become. In its glens and straths there are many evidences to be found of the great forests of oak and fir which constituted the primeval grandeur of our country ; in other places, on its heaths and moors, we can vividly imagine what a naked and

desolate land Scotland must have been in the seventeenth century when, as the result of centuries of waste and wanton destruction, the forests had disappeared, and the nation cried out for more timber; and now, the flourishing plantations which grace our straths, glens, and hillsides suggest to one the silvan glories of a thousand years ago. These remarks indicate the lines upon which I propose dealing with my subject—and it is one which, by the way, has not yet found a place in the Transactions of the Society. This latter circumstance reminds me that a little latitude might be taken with the earlier and more general aspects of tree history, especially as I have found the literature of the subject scarce and fragmentary. It will be interesting to glance at the condition of Scotland prior to and during the dark ages; the middle ages, when the nation was consolidating itself, and laying the foundation of its agricultural and commercial importance, are instructive, chiefly through the enactments of Parliaments which had became distracted over the treeless condition of the country; while the disappearance and re-appearance of the woods within the last two centuries form a curious chapter in Scottish history. In Inverness-shire itself, with its 163,000 acres of woods, it will only be necessary to deal with the leading estates, so far as they illustrate the matter. In Strathspey, we have on the Seafield property the greatest planting experiment on record, viz., 50,000 acres; the Lovat country it is important to deal with as a noted instance of perpetuating woods by natural reproduction; and on the Lochiel estate we will find, perhaps, more relics of byegone ages, and better examples of the fir in its native fastnesses, than can be found elsewhere in Scotland.

Historians invariably remind us, in a poetic form of language, that at the dawn of our history, when the Roman legions made their advent, Scotland was one dark and dreary forest, as impenetrable as that of Central Africa, and inhabitated by a race only a little bigger and scarcely less savage. I am not disposed to adopt that extreme view of our ancestors, nor do I think the country was so densely tree-grown as some imaginative writers represent. The red haired, large limbed, naked, and bare-footed Caledonians of Tacitus fought in chariots, with themselves, and when they opposed the Roman hosts. Chariots suggest large open spaces; the rearing of black cattle required pasture. But, generally speaking, Scotland was then a tree-grown country, with its greatest forest extending into Badenoch and Strathspey, and ramifying into every Highland strath until it spread over Sutherlandshire, and vanished in the sterility of Caithness. Let us

pass this early chapter of forest history in hurried review. As the eye dwells on the natural pine forests of Strathspey, their vast expanse swelling boldly up the mountain sides, the contrast of the dazzling snow patches on the Cairngorms deepening the hue of their sombre green, the imagination takes a roving excursion far into the retreating centuries, and one is speedily entranced with the kaleidoscope of a silvan romance. First comes Scotland in its primeval grandeur of mountain, forest, and flood, the war cry of the sturdy aborigines finding an echo in the woods wherever the tribal battle was waged; or the shout of the barbarian sportsmen as they merrily, with bow, sling, and lance, pursue the crusade against the wolves, and the bears, and the reindeer in the fastnesses. Here is Scottish freedom in embryo; and what a curious picture the imagination makes of that mysterious period. The peaceful scene changes, and there is commotion in the forest, and a rendezvous by the river of Spey. Tribal differences are forgotten, and the wild denizens of the wood are allowed to range unmolested. The long heard of invader has at last planted his foot on Caledonian soil, and the ancient race of the Highlands gather, in their rude panoply of war, to make common cause against the foe. Blood flows freely in the Grampian forests, and many brave deeds are done, but steadily the Roman legions cut their way through the pathless tracks of Strathspey, and bye-and-by they stand victorious on the gently-lapped shores of the Moray Firth. Victorious! but at what a cost. Sullenly, the native warriors seek the silent forest glades, happy only in the thought that 50,000 men of the invading hosts have fallen as the trees they felled, and that their carcases make sleek the wolves of Strathspey and the Don. Time has passed, and there is again a gathering of Caledonians in Strathspey. The instruments of war have been laid aside. Huge carcases of the native bull, the elk, and the reindeer are brought in, and fires are ablaze; the plunder of war is exhibited, and preparations are made for a feast such as has not yet been witnessed by Spey's marshy banks. For the strongholds of the Roman invader are deserted, the forests no longer resound to their martial tread, and the mighty firs of Duthil cease to bend to their axes. Barbarian tactics and courage have succeeded, in the long run, against the gleaming battalions of Rome, and North Scotland is once more a free country. Another period passes, and the warriors of the Highland forests march westward to fight an invader who defies them and refuses to be shaken off. The clash of battle is heard through the whole century long; forest fires

blacken and desolate the country ; gradually the turmoil ceases, and there is a mingling and an absorption of races. The scene ends peacefully at Scone, in the heart of a forest, where the clans gather to do homage to the Scottish king. Caledonia retains its pine woods in diminished plenty ; and the foundation of its rude agriculture is to be laid ; but the times are still rude, and the early kings have rough work before them. The struggles in which they engage with the Vikings and the Danes slowly weld the kingdom into unity and consistency, and Scottish nationality emerges a concrete thing. And so we glide into the middle ages ; and nothing seems so permanent as the Strathspey pine forests in the midst of so much revolution and change. But they, too, give way, as in other parts of the country. At last the law comes to the rescue of the outraged forests, now threatened with extinction, except in the remote Highlands, by the cry for more land and less timber. It was a hard struggle, this one about timber, against evil design and accident, carelessness and cupidity ; and as the eye rests to-day on the forests of Duthil, and Abernethy and Rothiemurchus, one feels thankful that remnants of the primeval pines survived the destructive centuries to associate the present with the past silvan glories of the land.

ANCIENT FOREST LEGISLATION.

During the two hundred years which intervened between the death of William the Lion and the ascent of King James the First to the throne of Scotland, the woods and forests of the country suffered great destruction. From the time John Baliol servilely sold the independence of his country, revolted, and, attired in his shirt and drawers, again abjectly submitted to the haughty King Edward in the kirkyard of Strickathrow—fit place for such a circumstance—the country was being almost perpetually wasted by the ravages of war. Wallace, Robert the Bruce, his son David II., the false Albany, and King Blearie (Robert II.) rose in succession and acted their eventful and chequered parts ; the tide of war flowed and ebbed over the land ; and, latterly, outrage and violence prevailed, and security for life and property was unknown. When King James reached Scotland in 1424, happy in the restoration of his freedom, and in the possession of his "milk-white dove," now become his Queen, he found his kingdom in a wretched condition. The feudal nobles, accustomed to a weak and feeble Government, kept the whole country in confusion with their feuds and revenges, their fierce wars on one another, and their cruel oppressions of the people. The law was a dead letter, and

theft and robbery were acts almost licensed by custom. James in his second Parliament found it necessary to pass, among other beneficent laws, an Act for the preservation of forest trees and greenwood, a proof that the immense forests which had once covered the face of the country, and were so strictly guarded by William the Lion, were fast disappearing, and that a scarcity of timber had begun to be apprehended. The houses of the people were in those days for the most part constructed of wood, and if there was growing timber in the vicinity paterfamilias did not scruple to provide himself with the best of materials in the shape of matured oak, without reckoning with the owner. The first enactment was directed against the stealers of greenwood and fruit, the breakers of orchards, the peelers of trees, and the destroyers of wood. Such depredations were generally committed under cover of darkness, and under the statute here referred to a modern lawyer would have no difficulty in getting off his client if the offence happened to have taken place during the day time. Clear and to the point, so far as they went, those ancient laws were, however, suited to the rough administration of the times. Technical objections as to relevancy and irrelevancies were then unknown; but as the nation grew in civilisation and intelligence it is interesting to observe the increasing complexity with which the legal net was woven. The penalty attached to any of the crimes mentioned in the Act described was forty shillings to the King should a conviction be obtained before the justice, and the stealers of wood had, in addition, to indemnify the party "skaithed."

The year after the discovery of America, James the Fourth, considering "the great and unnumerable riches that is tinte in fault of schippes," set himself to create a Scottish fleet. All burghs and towns within the realm suitably situated were ordered to build, according to their substance, ships of not less than twenty tons, properly equipped for fishing and commerce, for the desire of the king in the first place, though he had "policie and conquest" as his ulterior aim, was to create a nursery of skilled and hardy seamen. Shipwrights and cannon founders were brought from abroad, and the king, in his enthusiasm, personally superintended the building of ships of war. In course of time he made the navy of Scotland a powerful one for that period, and the Scottish flag inspired respect in all seas. The construction of so many ships was an enormous drain upon the woods and forests of the country; and some ten years afterwards we find another law on the statute book "anent the artickle of greene wood, because

that the wood of Scotland is utterly destroyed." Strangely enough, however, the scarcity of timber is not even partly referred to the building of a navy, but to the circumstance that the fine for the malicious felling or burning of it was so little Henceforth the penalty was to be five pounds, and the old Act was renewed with this exception. That this was not exactly the policy required in the circumstances is proved by subsequent enactments. For the protection of trees a heavy fine was all good enough if vigorously enforced, but as regards the restoration of the woods and forests that had been destroyed it was of no practical moment. In the course of some thirty years the general barren condition of the country called into existence a law for the planting of woods, forests, and orchards. This was in the fourth Parliament of King James the Fifth (1535). It was ordained that every man, spiritual or temporal, having lands of the value of a hundred pounds, and in whose lands there was no timber, was to plant trees to the extent of three acres, or under, "as his heritage is mair or less;" and tenants of such lands were to plant yearly "for every marke land ane tree." The penalty for non-compliance was ten pounds. At the same time the crime of destroying green wood by cutting, peeling, burning, or felling was to be more seriously punished. For the first offence a fine of ten pounds was to be exacted, for the second offence twenty pounds, and if a person broke the law a third time he was to suffer *death!* The adoption of these extreme measures indicates the straits to which the nation was reduced for timber. Even the King's own forests had suffered, and it became necessary to pass an Act for their better preservation and protection for the pasturing of wild beasts and hunting. Horse, sheep, and cattle found trespassing in the Royal forests in future were to be escheated to the King. Timber now came to be imported, and in 1540 a law was passed empounding the Provosts, Bailies, and Councils of Burghs to fix the prices of wine, salt, and timber at all ports at which cargoes were landed, including Inverness. The cause of this enactment was "the exorbitant dearth and prices of wine, salt, and timmer." A reasonable price having been fixed, the King was to be first served, then the nobles of the realm, such as prelates and barons, and afterwards the lieges of lower degree. In order that the civic functionaries might be able to act as arbiters in the matter of prices, they were required to make inquiry as to how timber, wine, and salt were selling in other countries. The Parliament of Queen Mary amended this law in so far as the price fixed had to be published for four days before any sales could be effected.

The forest laws of King James the Sixth consisted of three Acts, all having particular reference to the destruction and decay of the royal forests. As to the necessity for, and the tenor of those statutes, they form a significant comment on the character of the period. It would seem that the people continued to study their own convenience and perpetuate their habits in preference to the royal commands, for in no other department of law-making in the olden times was there so much enacting, and re-enacting, and confessions of failure than in forest legislation. The three Acts to which we allude are an illustration in point. In 1592 James the Sixth passed a law for the better keeping of the royal parks and forests. The preamble states that great skaith had been done to such property in consequence of the liberty "every man" usurped by putting all kinds of "guddes" in them. The parks and forests had been utterly destroyed, and rendered unprofitable for his Majesty's use. It was therefore ordained that whatever animals were pastured in the forests without a licence were to be forfeited to the King, and proclamation of the law was ordered to be made in the parochial kirks and at the market crosses in the burghs next adjacent to the parks and forests. Instead of being diminished, the evil increased, and so in the short space of two years after, Parliament is again found legislating on the subject more comprehensively and severely. It was observed, says the new statute, that the woods, forests, deer, and fowl were daily decreasing, by reason of the Acts and statutes set down against the destroyers of woods and forests, and slayers of wild beasts, not being put into execution. Persons took the liberty to destroy and slay "at their awin appetites" The burden of the new Act was that, "for the better entertainment of his royal pastime in the time coming," persons who cut timber or green wood within his Majesty's woods or parks, or should slay deer, pheasants, fowls, partridges, or other wild fowl with gun, cross-bow, handbow, dogs or girn, without special licence and tolerance, or who killed deer which had strayed in times of storms to barnyards, were to have their whole goods escheated, and a criminal prosecution instituted. All animals found pasturing within the confines of the forests were to be confiscated. Hunting or shooting within even a radius of six miles of the royal woods, parks, castles, and palaces were to be punished with a fine of a hundred pounds, or imprisonment if the person was not good for that amount. These sweeping measures did not, however, restrain the law-breakers, and twenty-three years afterwards, for the third time in the reign of James the Sixth, Parliament again had forest legislation under review. The

tone of this Act was even more bewailing than the others. It is regretted that the forests within the realm in which deer are kept are altogether wasted and decayed by shiellings, pasturing of horses, mares, cattle, oxen and other bestial, cutting of woods within the said forests, shooting and slaying of deer, venison, and wild fowl, and that divers "loveable" Acts, laws, and statutes for the punishment of transgressors had not been put duly into execution in time gone bye. The reason mentioned for the inefficacy of the laws is that the keepers of the forests and others having right thereto had no power or jurisdiction to punish, and accordingly in all time coming foresters have conferred on them full power, privilege, and jurisdiction to call, convene, and pursue before them all transgressors of the Acts and statutes, hold courts, and inflict punishments.

The unique proceeding of constituting keepers of forests judges in breaches of forest laws appears to have been effectual in checking theft, trespass, and poaching. At all events, the suppression of such offences was not again made the subject of exceptional legislation. By the time Charles the Second came to the throne in 1661, all the ancient Acts, including the one last quoted, had fallen into desuetude. Henceforward legislation had for its object more the encouragement of planting than the punishment of thieves and poachers. The first Parliament of Charles revived the Act above noticed for the planting of woods, forests, and orchards, passed by the fourth Parliament of James the *Fifth*, and not, as the Act in question has it, by the fourth Parliament of James the *First*. At this period a small beginning had been made in planting the country, and the little that had been done only showed how expedient and necessary it was that more be accomplished in this line, alike for the purposes of shipping and building and the improvement of the country. According to Sheriff Barclay, the Act of Charles the Second is still partly in observance. It was ordained that every heritor, life-renter, and wodsetter within the ancient kingdom of Scotland, with £1000 of yearly valued rent, shall enclose four acres of land yearly at least, and plant the same about with oak, elm, ash, plain, sauch, and other timber at three yards distance. The enclosing of lands by planting and ditching was also provided for; and for the better encouragement of heritors, and for the preserving of the planting and enclosures, it was farther enacted that whoever cut or broke trees should pay the heritors £20 for each tree, and in the event of the offending party not being able to meet the fine, he was to be liable to labour for the space of six weeks to the heritor, in return for "meat and

drink allanerly." It will be observed that tree cutting was again lifted out of the category of crime, and no doubt at the state of civilisation the country had reached, the penalty of death attached by James the Fifth to such offences was considered barbarous. Various other laws were passed in the seventeenth century for the punishment of timber thieves and malicious destroyers of trees, but the fine does not exceed £10 Scots. About the end of this century proprietors had taken up tree planting with something like earnestness, but there is reason to believe that they were induced to do so by considerations of profit more than by the statutes anent planting.

THE DESTRUCTION AND RE-APPEARANCE OF WOODS IN SCOTLAND—CURIOUS BOOK BY THE LAIRD OF BORLUM—DR JOHNSON'S TOUR.

The history of every country shows that forests have decayed before the advance of civilization, by a law which was perhaps never in more vigorous operation than at the present time, when colonisation is proceeding briskly, and vast tracts of country are being cleared for the plough. But there is a material difference between decay and total disappearance. Colonists of to-day foresee the suicidal policy of clearing the country of their adoption entirely of timber, but our forefathers seem to have been charmingly oblivious to the ultimate result of continually cutting down, and never growing, either by guarding the natural forests, or by planting. However, the circumstances were extenuating. National wars and intestinal broils for centuries absorbed the attention and the energies of the nobles, and prevented them giving much attention to the beautifying of their estates, or to the future wants of the nation, particularly in the Highlands. It was only after the Crowns had been joined by the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the throne vacated by Queen Elizabeth, that plantations began to be formed sparingly, and the ecclesiastical peace of Scotland had been secured before anything like a taste for planting was general. By this time the eighteenth century had been ushered in. England was far in advance of this country in respect of planting, thanks to such men as Evelyn, who took up the cause of tree culture with enthusiasm. For in England the clearances of timber had been no less remarkable than they were in Scotland. In the extensive transference of property on the seizure of Church lands by Henry the Eighth (1537), much timber was sold by the new owners, for the cowled occupants of the monasteries in the fertile districts in which they settled, both in England and Scotland, took a pride in surrounding their

establishments with silvan beauty. Some of the oldest and most noted trees in Scotland, such, for instance, as the Capon Oak at Jedburgh, reared themselves under the shadows of the monasteries and abbeys. Hollingshead states that so much timber was thrown into the market after the downfall of the monasteries that cottagers who formerly built their dwellings of the willow and other cheap and common woods now constructed them of the best oak. The demand for timber constantly increased, and the value of arable land rising at the same time, the natural forests became greatly circumscribed, till at last timber came to be imported. Then, and not till then, did proprietors of lands think of protecting the native woods, and afterwards of enclosing waste ground and allowing it to be naturally sown. Planting was not general in England till about the middle of the seventeenth century, half a century and more sooner than in Scotland.

John Evelyn was, as has been said, the first who, in 1664, rendered an extremely important service to the cause of arboriculture by the publication of his *Silva*, a quaint and interesting work which excited much interest at the time, and is now regarded as a valuable curiosity. He pleads the national importance of timber-growing with all the force of argument and eloquence at the command of a facile pen, and cites some strange things in support of his contention. "I have heard," he says, "that in the great expedition of 1588 it was expressly enjoined the Spanish commanders of that classical Armada that if, after landing, they should not be able to subdue our nation and make good their conquest, they should yet be sure not to leave a tree standing in the forest of Dean." This by way of showing that the country's enemies appreciated the value of timber to a nation so much that they planned its destruction as a means of weakening the British Empire. Coal had not come into anything like general use in Evelyn's time, and much wood was consumed as fuel. The increase of "devouring iron mills," or foundries, he accordingly condemns as a sore drain on the timber of the country, and he exclaims in his indignation, "Oh that some of them were even removed *into another country*," as they threatened to ruin old England. It would be better, he thinks, for the nation to purchase its iron ready-made from America than to exhaust the woods at home in its manufacture. He also mentions with approval a curious statute passed by Queen Elizabeth against the converting of timber trees into charcoal or other fuel for the use of iron mills if the trees were one foot square and grew within fourteen miles of the sea or navigable rivers. King James the

First of England granted a patent to one of his subjects in 1612 for a scheme which the patentee estimated would effect a saving of £300,000 a year in timber. His secret was to melt iron and other metals with pit coal and sea coal (the name coal first went by in London, as it was mostly conveyed to the metropolis in ships), but, like many another patent, it did not succeed. That is a great pity, says Evelyn. At one time, he says in another part of his discourse, the whole island was one vast forest, and wood was so abounding that the people got as much as they liked for the carrying, whereas as he wrote it was so scarce that it was sold by weight. Even the great Caledonian Forest of Scotland had been demolished, so that there was not a single tree to show for it. His lament in this particular is, by the way, an exaggeration of the case. So much for John Evelyn; he died in 1706 at the age of 86, thus proving, as he says in his book, that the planting of many trees conduces to long life. Let us hope that it was also equally true of him, as he ventures to predict of others, that his plantations ensured his entrance into "those glorious regions above, the celestial Paradise planted with perennial groves and trees, all bearing immortal fruit."

In 1727 a very curious book bearing on the bleak and barren aspect of Scotland was issued from the Edinburgh press. A pencilled note on the copy before us states that it was written by Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, while a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh. We believe there is no reason to doubt the statement, though there is no clue to the authorship on the title page, which simply bears that it is the work of "a lover of his country." The title of the volume is, after the fashion of the time, ample and explanatory — "An essay on ways and means for enclosing, fallowing, planting, &c., Scotland; and that in sixteen years at farthest." On the same page is the announcement that the volume was "printed and sold at Mr Fairbairn's shop in the Parliament Close (Edinburgh); and at Mr Millar's, over against St Clemen's Church in the Strand, London." The author gives many evidences of a classical education; indeed, the allusions to Greek and Roman literature are somewhat pedantic and obtrusive in a work devoted to the discussion of practical agriculture. However, there is a great deal of shrewd thinking and pointed speaking in the essay, and whatever its influence may have been, the policy advocated for improving the appearance of the country, the system of agriculture, and the condition of the people, was timeous, and proceeded on correct lines, barring perhaps his proposal that his scheme should be

carried out by force of statute. It appears to have been the case that in the reafforesting of the country, enlightened sentiment had greater effect than the terrors of the law, and by the time this publication saw the light, proprietors had begun to turn their attention both to planting and fallowing. The essay is addressed to the British Parliament, and it would seem, from the opening sentences of the dedication, that the author in his retirement had some doubts concerning its reception in high quarters. "No doubt," he says, "but some of your lordships' too officious friends in Scotland, to show how zealous they are to serve you, and how watchful against any attempts may touch your interest or dignity, may not only anticipate but endeavour to give to your lordships a wrong turn of my only design in writing this little essay; and by the first post write:—*Here is an anonymous and saucy fellow has writ a piece, and pretends improvements, but in it he squints at your superiorities: we advise your lordships you knock this plausible pamphlet on the head, and not allow it a motion in Parliament.*" While repudiating any attempt against superiorities, he boldly states his opinion that if he was superior he would prefer "the solid greatness of enlarging his estate, to the empty, very often useless, one of being superior." Vassals, he points out, are unsuited to the altered circumstances of the times. In days gone by they were useful in the hunting field, but the word hunting was now obsolete, for there was a standing law against such convocations; and even if there was not a law, there was nothing to hunt, as the few mountains and wastes left to red deer were rented by the superiors themselves for the raising of black cattle.

Our author describes Scotland as barren and uninteresting. Generally speaking, the country was destitute of woods, and some shires were entirely without a bush or stake in them. But he observed a more general disposition among the gentry towards improving than formerly, and in many shires some "virtuous and generous gentlemen" had already given a good example in planting and enclosing. Those worthy patriots who had begun to give a new aspect of beauty to their seats, he considers worthy of having their names transmitted to posterity in letters of gold. Among others he mentions the Duchess of Gordon; Sir William Gordon of Invergordon; a Mr Murray, who had reclaimed many acres of rich meadow out of a large lake in Moray; and General Ross, the laird of Balnagown, "a favourite of the virtuous and beneficent goddess Ceres, as well as of the martial and eloquent gods Mars and Mercury, for in his retirement he has convinced the world that he can, in a remote country seat, make himself conspicuous

as well as in the army and senate house." Since the union of the two kingdoms, proprietors had generally been in the habit of spending their time and money in London, and as their estates were entrusted, as regards management, to chamberlains and factors, whose principal object was to supply their employers with money, there was not much incentive to rapid improvement. Mr Mackintosh regrets the indolence of the proprietors, and reminds them of the industry of the people of former ages. Had the people of a former period not torn the land then ploughed out of moors, woods, and even rocks, and that at a time when they were constantly in arms, they of the later ages would, he thought, certainly have starved. On what estate had a rig of arable land been added since the union of the two crowns, though there had been better opportunities for improving the acres left by industrious predecessors? Forests and woods which formerly covered so much of the country had disappeared, and left room for the enlargement of the patrimony left by industrious ancestors, but things went from bad to worse, and luxury and spend-thriftiness held sway. The land was slovenly tilled, the system of agriculture wretched, and the country starving for wood—truly a terrible state of things for a patriotic mind to contemplate.

The scheme here propounded for the planting and enclosing of the nation was simple enough. Proprietors and tenants were to be compelled to enclose and plant so many acres of their lands yearly, the former obtaining the means for estate improvements by staying at home, free from the importunate attacks of "duns and harpies," and so retrenching their expenditure; the latter affording the means in return for being relieved of all manner of service to his landlord, except the furnishing of firewood. "For in Scotland, the nation being entirely destitute of forest, or, indeed, any quantity of woods to furnish burnwood, and pit-coal being found but in a little corner of it, both of which firing might be carried by a few loads; and a cellar of coals, or a moderate stack of burnwood, will serve for firing to a gentleman's house in England or in the south of Scotland a year; whereas 20, yea 40, that bulk or number of loads will not serve of the dried moss they use in the most parts of Scotland; wherefore, I am afraid my farmer must serve his landlord in firing as formerly." Besides throwing some light on the household economy of the beginning of the eighteenth century, this passage illustrates the strange literary style of the book. At this period, it was one thing to resolve upon planting, and quite another thing to obtain plants. Transit was not only difficult and expensive, but plants were

exceedingly scarce. At a much later period, when planting was begun in Strathspey, we believe the plants were carried in baskets on people's backs all the way from Perth. At the time of which our author speaks, the country had been so denuded of woods, forests, and even hedgerows, that quicksets were not obtainable. Speaking to this great obstacle to a policy of planting, the laird of Borlum suggests that the quicksets must be procured from England or Holland until this nation could raise nurseries of its own. There were but few nurserymen in Scotland then, and scarcity gave rise to extortion. To obviate this drawback, he proposed the formation of nurseries in each shire, to be managed by a well skilled gardener, who was to be allowed a competent salary by public contribution until he raised trees sufficient to sell at a profit, procuring the seedlings from England or Holland, where they were sold at a cheap rate, with public money. In England much had already been accomplished in the way of planting, and our author proposes the employment of English labourers in the beautifying of Scotch acres, so that it might be said that Scotland, from being one of the poorest, ugliest, and most barren countries of Europe, had become in a very few years one of the richest, most beautiful, and fertile of the nations of the earth. It was a strange circumstance that the general population regarded enclosing and planting with aversion, and did everything they could to prevent the improvement. The public seemed to view the new policy with alarm, as threatening their liberties and privileges, and weakening their hold on the land. On this point, Borlum says:--"If we don't procure their concurrence we shall very hardly improve either our mains or some parcels of our estates, much less the whole; for generally these men, women, and children have conceived such aversion to enclosing, that they will and do, and I have felt it, destroy by night what you do by day; they'll drive their cattle and break down your new and unsolid bank, break, yea, cut your trees, and that so cunningly that next day he who did, or ordered the doing of it, shall bestir himself the most active to find out the wicked folks that last night broke so many of the laird's planting." Several Acts were passed to prevent such enormities, and there was a continual hunt for criminals. Money was scarce too, consequent in a great measure on a more luxurious style of living introduced since the Union, and there were many objections to the planting policy on the ground that it cost money, and that there was more necessity for encouraging the native industries, the herring fishing for example, and so create wealth

before going in for ornament. But as Defoe says in his Caledonia :—

> "With wealth and people happy, rich, and free,
> You'd first improve the land and then the sea."

About half-a-century later (1773) Dr Samuel Johnson made his celebrated tour to the Hebrides. In the interval between this famous journey of the lexicographer and the publication we have just given an account of, a great deal had been accomplished, and was still being accomplished, in the beautifying of the countryside, but such had been the nakedness of the land that an enormous amount of planting had to be done before the appearance of the country was much altered. Dr Johnson seems to have overlooked the comparatively young plantations, and countenanced only old trees, remnants of the silvan grandeur of a former age. Such monarchs were, of course, few and far between. Bearing this in mind, the Doctor's observations on the want of trees are more intelligible :—

"From the bank of the Tweed to St Andrews I had never seen a single tree, which I did not believe to have grown up far within the present century. Now and then about a gentleman's house stands a small plantation, which in Scotch is called a policy, but of these there are few, and those few all very young. The variety of sun and shade is here utterly unknown. There is no tree for either shelter or timber. The oak and the thorn is equally a stranger, and the whole country is extended in uniform nakedness, except that in the road between Kirkcaldy and Cowpar, I passed for a few yards between two hedges. A tree might be a show in Scotland as a horse in Venice. At St Andrews Mr Boswell found only one, and recommended it to my notice; I told him that it was rough and low, or looked as if I thought so. This, said he, is nothing to another a few miles off. I was still less delighted to hear that another tree was not to be seen nearer. Nay, said a gentleman that stood by, I know but of this and that tree in the country. The lowlands of Scotland had once undoubtedly an equal portion of woods with other countries. Forests are everywhere gradually diminished, as architecture and cultivation prevail by the increase of people and the introduction of arts. But I believe few regions have been denuded like this, where many centuries must have passed in waste without the least thought of future supply. Davies observes, in his account of Ireland, that no Irishman had ever planted an orchard. For that negligence some excuse might be drawn from an unsettled state of life, and

the instability of property; but in Scotland possession has long been secure and inheritance regular, yet it may be doubtful whether, before the Union, any man between Edinburgh and England had ever set a tree."

Scotch proprietors had begun to feel a little proud of their plantations, and Johnson's "Journey" was much abused on account of what was said on the subject of trees. Boswell smoothed matters considerably in his "Journal," published after the death of Johnson, by explaining his friend's mental attitude on the subject. He expected to find a landscape similarly clothed in foliage to that of England, and was disappointed, for, comparatively speaking, Scotland was naked, even in the estimation of the conscientious biographer of the great man. When Dr Johnson refers to the country in the neighbourhood of Fort-Augustus, he again remarks that the country is totally denuded of its wood, but that stumps both of oaks and firs showed that there had once been a forest of large timber. Curiously enough, Boswell did not come across quite so much desolation; but then he is more correct in detail, and Johnson is delightfully general in what he says of his journey, excepting perhaps when he speaks of his dinner. "It was a delightful day," says Boswell, "Loch Ness, and the road upon the side of it, shaded with birch trees, and the hills above it, pleased us much." The woods, had he penetrated some of our Highland glens, would have pleased him as much as the magnificence of the scenery; for, as will be shown farther on, there were at this time many large areas of natural forest in existence. The Doctor generalised too much in his narrative. When leaviug Fort-Augustus he must have passed through a fringe of the old forest of Dalcattack, which lies on the west of the Moriston River, and facing Loch Ness, where many old trees should have been visible. On the Loch Ness side, this extensive forest was composed of oak and birch; and on the shady side of the glen the native fir flourished and still flourishes, some of the trees being at least 150 years old. In 1665, we are told that a ship of prodigious bigness, for bulk and burden—never such a one had been seen on the north seas—was built at Inverness from fir and oak wood supplied from Dalcattack by Lord Lovat, who still owns the property. The antiquity of the forests of the Caledonian valley is attested by the circumstance that while Loch Dochfour was being deepened in connection with the construction of the canal, a piece of oak tree was dredged up which measured 30 feet round, and it appeared to be a small portion of the original tree, which probably contained 220 cubic feet of timber. It was black

as ebony, and perfectly fresh at heart. Trees of a size never seen growing in this country have been dug up on the mainland of Scotland, and also in the islands, where nowadays a tree will not grow.

THE BEGINNING OF PLANTING IN SCOTLAND—PLANTATIONS IN INVERNESS-SHIRE—PREMIUMS FOR PLANTING—ACREAGE UNDER WOOD.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the little planting effected in Scotland, and particularly in the Northern Counties, consisted principally of ornamental avenues and clumps to beautify the ancestral homes of the landed gentry. The taste for these embellishments was mainly acquired in England. After the union of the English and Scottish Crowns in the person of James the Sixth, the nobility and gentry followed the Court to London, and there spent the incomes their estates yielded, and from which Scotland was wont to be benefitted. The Highland Chiefs tasted the gaieties and luxuries of metropolitan life when they journeyed thither with loyal or business motives, and gradually they fell in with the fashion of their day. At the period of which we speak, the hoary clansman might have said—

"Mansions once
Knew their own masters.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest."

But undoubtedly one beneficial result of this intercourse with England was the spread of more enlightened views regarding tillage and planting. The homes of old England were generally enshrined in a wealth of silvan beauty, and tree culture was becoming an important department with English landholders, who had a view both to profit and embellishment. Arboriculture was now a distinct science, and a progressive one too. As far back as the middle of the sixteenth century new trees had been extensively introduced into England, among others the spruce fir, the stone pine, the evergreen cypress, the sweet bay, and the walnut. Some time later the evergreen oak and arborvitæ made their appearance. The first accounts we have of the introduction of many of the timber trees are given by botanists and apothecaries in London, who gathered together every description of foreign herbage, and formed the most extensive collections of medicinal plants extant at the time. Botanic gardens began to be established throughout England about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the introduction of hardy trees was thus greatly facilitated.

In Scotland the Botanic Garden was formed in 1680, and in 1683 the cedar of Lebanon was one of the trees introduced into it. The most important foreign trees which made their appearance in this country during the seventeenth century were the cedar, the silver fir, the larch, horse chestnut, American plane, black and white American spruce firs, scarlet oak, Norway maple, weeping willow, and many others. During the eighteenth century the number of species of foreign plants introduced was very large, amounting to nearly 500, but three-fourths of these were shrubs. The timber trees consisted chiefly of oaks, pines, poplars, maples, and thorns, species or varieties of trees formerly introduced. It will be seen from these extensive importations that the British arboretum stood much in need of improvement, enlarged though it had been to some extent by the Romans, and the monks of the middle ages. In their intercourse with England, Scotch lairds came into full contact with the new enthusiasm for tree planting, and they could not but notice the beneficial effect produced on the country, both from a beautifying and a commercial aspect. Scotland, as we have seen, was experiencing a timber famine, the natural forests having been destroyed through indiscriminate cutting and the pasturing of cattle in them, for the young trees were eaten up as they appeared. Had this practice of pasturing flocks been put a stoppage to sooner than it was, the native forests of Scotland would have been of much greater extent than they are to-day. When once the Scotch nobility took up planting in earnest, they carried out their ideas with characteristic vigour. They were no longer content just to see their castles

"Embosomed deep in tufted trees,"

but set about making the most of the ground on their respective estates considered suitable for the growth of profitable wood. Notwithstanding the numerous importations of foreign trees, it is remarkable that the introduction of the larch into Scotland from England (where it had existed for a century) in the early part of the eighteenth century, was the greatest acquisition of the time, and distinguished the period beyond any other circumstance connected with British arboriculture. A writer on this subject states that between 1730 and 1740 larch plants were in great request by many of the Scottish landowners, who planted them to a small extent as an experiment, and generally ruined them by inserting them in soil too rich and cultivated for their future success. The only distinct account we have of the planting of these trees, however, is given in a statement published in the Transactions of the High-

land Society, which says that the first larches planted in Athole were brought from London by Mr Menzies of Migevy in 1738, and consisted of sixteen plants. Five were planted at Dunkeld and eleven at Blair. Of the five, two still grace the lawn at Dunkeld, and are known by the name of "the parent larches." The largest of them at present measures 22 ft. in girth at one foot from the ground. Of those planted at Blair, one 106 ft. high was cut down, from which a coffin was made for the celebrated Duke of Athole, who planted the tree so extensively. About 10,000 imperial acres of larches were planted on the Athole estate between 1738 and 1826.

The Laird of Culloden seems to have been among the earliest planters in Inverness-shire, having completed a considerable plantation of Scotch fir between 1730 and 1740. About 1760 an extensive planting was begun on the estate of Kinmyles, where every acre of land that was incapable of being improved to arable land was planted. The utilisation of ground that is unimprovable, by planting trees suited to the character of the soil, is the great secret of the profitable growth of timber, and we are told that other proprietors followed the example given at Kinmyles. "One gentleman in particular," says the writer of the Statistical Account of the parish of Inverness (1794), "who kept an account of his operations, planted 15,000 forest trees of the following kind, elm, birch, oak, and sycamore, which occupied a space of 800 acres on Dunean, one of the Drumalbin range of mountains; in short, the face of this range to the east, and as far as the property of this gentleman in this parish extends to the west—with the exception of what was fit for arable—in all, about six miles is covered with thriving plantations. Planting is still going on with little remission, so that in a few years there will probably not be a single acre useless in this parish." The woods here referred to are still perpetuated, and contain much valuable timber.

Hugh Rose of Kilravock is mentioned by the writer of the second Statistical Account (1845), the Rev. Alex. Campbell, minister of the parish of Croy and Dalcross, as one of the earliest planters in Inverness-shire. He must have made the plantation referred to in the following paragraph about 1740, if Mr Campbell is correct:—"About 100 years ago," says our authority, "Hugh Rose, the thirteenth of that name, planted a considerable extent of moor to the north of the castle; and such was the state of the country and want of roads that the fir plants were carried from Perth in creels suspended from crook saddles. They have grown to a large size, and are of the best quality. It appears, however,

that in the same place there had been a plantation of the Caledonian pine, some of which are still standing, and of uncommon dimensions, serving for years as landmarks to mariners in the Moray Firth. Their lateral branches are equal in size to planted fir of forty years' growth. One lately cut down shewed the venerable age of 180 years, and there are some remaining apparently much more ancient; whereas, the fir of Canadian origin, now generally planted, seldom lives above 80 years, and, in most cases, shows before that period symptoms of decay. It were well that the seeds of our ancient forest pines were sown, as they are more congenial to our soil and climate. About the year 1776, Mr Davidson of Cantray planted about 300 acres on a useless and arid waste not worth 6d per acre, the proceeds of which, being carefully marked from the time of thinning, till the whole was sold about twelve years ago, were found to exceed the simple fee of that part of the Cantray property, yielding now about £1000 of rent, by nearly double the original purchase price; besides, the moor, formerly useless, is now, by the foliage of the trees, converted into excellent pasture. That venerable patriot, at various periods, planted nearly 1000 acres. Plantations were made to much the same extent, and much about the same time, by the late Mrs Rose of Kilravock—a lady remarkable for all those graces and accomplishments that adorn the female character, as well as for high literary acquirements and practical good sense. The proprietors of Culloden, Holm, and Leys contributed their share in beautifying the country by planting; and lately the proprietor of Inshes has planted upwards of 400 acres with larch, oak, and other kinds of wood."

Leaving the eighteenth century and scanning the present, we find that the Highland and Agricultural Society, by offering various premiums for the introduction of new timber trees, and for extensive planting, has done much to increase the tree acreage throughout the country. The Seafield plantations are the most remarkable achievement of the kind in Scotland, not omitting those of Athole. We are indebted to Mr Thos. Hunter's "Woods, Forests, and Estates of Perthshire," an admirable book lately issued, for our account of the Highland Society's operations in the way of encouraging planting between 1809 and 1823. "When the Highland and Agricultural Society was founded in 1784, another decided advance was made. In 1809 the Society, convinced that there was a good deal of ground, especially on the north-west coast of Scotland, which it would be advantageous both for proprietors and the country to have

planted, offered honorary premiums to proprietors in this part of the country who should, betwixt February, 1810, and 10th April, 1812, plant the greatest extent of ground, after being properly enclosed; one half of the plants to be larch or hardwood. The premiums excited considerable attention, and the result was that a gold medal, bearing a suitable inscription, was awarded to each of the following gentlemen:—Alex. Maclean of Ardgour, Alex. Maclean of Coll, Ranald Macdonald of Staffa, Hugh Innes of Lochalsh, M.P., and John Mackenzie of Applecross, all of whom had formed extensive plantations on their properties. In 1821 and 1822 honorary premiums were awarded for the greatest extent of ground planted and enclosed within the county of Dumbarton, the Isle of Skye and small islands adjacent, as well as the Black Isle in Ross-shire. The first premium (a piece of plate valued at 15 guineas) for the islands was awarded to Lord Macdonald of the Isles (who thus in part redeemed a promise made in 1616 at Edinburgh, when he was engaged to build civil and comlie houses, and have planting about them), who planted 149,600 trees; and a similar premium for the mainland was awarded to Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, who planted 501,000 trees, on about 379 acres. A piece of plate, value 15 guineas, was also awarded to H. Macdonald Buchanan or Drumakill, Dumbartonshire, and Sir James Colquhoun of Luss. The first premium awarded to a tenant for planting appears to have been in 1823, when eight guineas were granted to Lachlan M'Lean, tacksman of Tallisker, Isle of Skye, as a mark of the Society's approbation for his having planted a considerable extent of ground, after being properly enclosed, upon his farm. In the following year we note that a piece of plate, valued 15 guineas, was voted to Colonel M'Neill, of Barra, for extensive planting." With reference to the last-mentioned undertaking, we believe Colonel M'Neill transplanted his trees, which were doing extremely well, in ground about his mansion-house, as an embellishment; but they had not the same shelter, and, the soil being light sand, they pined away.

So much has been accomplished, and is still being accomplished, in Inverness-shire by planting, that the county at the present moment contains about 60,000 acres of wood more than any other county in Scotland. According to a return obtained in 1812, the acreage then under wood in Scotland was 913,695. Writing in 1727, Mr Mackintosh of Borlum, already referred to, remarks:—"Generally our country is destitute of woods, some shires entirely without a bush or a stake in them;" so that the energy of Scotch proprietors in beautifying the country was something remarkable

during the eighteenth century. In a state of nakedness at the opening of one century, when it entered upon the next, every Scottish hill, dale, and plain was richly and luxuriantly bestowed with that silvan scenery which never palls. The demand for timber lessening about the year 1815, proprietors preferred to reap what profit they could rather than commence new undertakings, and the consequence was that the timber began to disappear, and was not replaced to the same extent, nor so much with a view to profit. Sixty years elapsed ere Government called for another return for woods, and then, that is in 1872, it appeared that there had been a falling off to the extent of 179,205 acres in Scotland since 1812. The next return shewed that plantations in Scotland had again rapidly recovered lost ground, there being an increase of 95,000 acres in nine years, but that progress has not been maintained. A comparison of four of the returns obtained for Scotland during the century gives the following result :—

	Acres.	Decrease.	Increase.
1812	918,695	—	—
1872	734,490	179,205	—
1881	829,476	89,219	94,986
1888	829,000	476	—

According to the acreage of the two countries it is interesting to observe that Scotland, notwithstanding its mountainous surface, is equally well wooded as England. The following extract from the returns for Scotland will show the relative positions of Inverness and the Northern Counties in respect of woods, orchards, and nursery grounds :—

COUNTIES.	WOODS. Coppices or plantations, excepting gorse land and garden shrubbery.	ORCHARDS. Acreage of arable or grass lands, but also used for fruit trees of any kind	NURSERY GROUNDS. Lands used by nurserymen for growing trees, shrubs, &c.
Inverness	162,795	26	80
Aberdeen	106,677	34	214
Perth	94,563	398	105
Elgin or Moray	50,130	26	93
Ross and Cromarty	43,201	18	10
Argyle	42,741	3	2
Sutherland	12,260	—	—
Nairn	13,241	12	3
Caithness	210	—	—

The four counties which head the list in the Agricultural Returns for 1888 are as follows:

	Acres of Wood.
Inverness	162,795
Surrey	114,375
Hants	111,863
Aberdeen	106,677

STRATHSPEY—PROTECTING THE OLD FORESTS—FIRES—IRONWORKS—REMARKABE SALES OF PINE—YORK COMPANY'S OPERATIONS.

Upper Strathspey would, in remote times, form about the centre of the great Caledonian forest, which is said to have extended from Glenlyon and Rannoch to Strathspey and Strathglass, and from Glencoe eastward to the Braes of Mar. Rothiemurchus derives its etymology from the Gaelic *Rath-mor-giùs* or the great stretch of fir, a designation not inappropriate at the present time. In many parts of Strathspey, now bleak and bare, labourers in the course of excavating operations have turned up trunks of trees, enormous in their dimensions, from the moss—which is, as everybody knows, remarkable for its preservative qualities—where they had lain for centuries. From its inland, inaccessible situation—speaking of times gone by—Strathspey must have been less exposed to the ravages of the invading foe, who, in ancient days, waged incessant war against the aboriginal inhabitants of the Caledonian mountains, and hence the Spey portion of the historic forest remained for a much longer period comparatively intact. The extreme suitability of the soil in Strathspey also favoured the perpetuation of the forest, new generations of the pine springing up quickly on ground which had been cleared either by fire or axe. As civilisation progressed, and the growing population took to the peaceful pursuits of husbandry, the Strathspey forests, like those in other parts of Scotland, disappeared before the plough, neglect, and the other human agencies at work in tree destruction. Had the land been more adapted than it is for agriculture, the pine tree might, nay would, have been unable to hold its ground against the encroachments of the farmer. But there were vast stretches, some of them now peaty bogs, where the pine was nature's best and only crop, and there it was left in all its wild glory. The farmer demanded, however, that his flocks should have the liberty of the forest herbage, which added another danger; for the naturally sown seedlings were eaten up or trampled upon, and the younger generations of pines were neither

so numerous nor so grand as their ancestors. Sometimes, too, devastating fires would break out and lay bare whole districts. Such fires, says Mr W. Fraser in his "Chiefs of Grant," were of frequent occurrence. One occurred accidentally in the forest of Abernethy in the year 1746, and resulted in the destruction of near 2½ million trees before the progress of the conflagration was arrested. On the occasion of another forest fire, said to have taken place about 1770, and to have threatened disastrous consequences, the laird sent the "fiery cross" through Glen-Urquhart, to summon his dependants. These assembled to the number of 500, armed with axes, but they succeeded in arresting the progress of the flames only by cutting a gap 500 yards in width between the burning wood and the rest of the forest. In the days of the clan feuds, it can well be imagined that forest fires were not always accidental in their origin. It was always a sweet revenge to see the sky ruddy with the glare of flames in an enemy's country, and the deed was easily and quickly done, without a hostile marshalling of the clan. The forests on the Urquhart estate of the Grant family were peculiarly liable to such revengeful visitations, and the lairds had frequent recourse to the powers of law, and the more effectual power, in these days, of arms, in defence of the extensive woods which then, as now, beautify the glen. Nor did such dangers all come from without.

The people of Urquhart, whom the Government were so anxious that the lairds of Grant should civilise, appear to have subjected the woods to very harsh measures, the depredators no doubt feeling secure because of their remoteness from the home of the chief in Strathspey. A case arising out of these practices was settled by the Earl of Moray in the Sheriff-Court at Inverness, on 17th October, 1563. Quite a trade in stolen wood seems to have sprung up, and William Fraser of Stronie, son-in-law of the laird of Grant, who appears to have had charge of Urquhart and some of the Lovat property, adopted as a repressive measure the expedient of stopping the passage of Loch Ness. One Donald M'Innes Mor complained of the blockade, and the question went into Court. The defender, in his reply, admitted the charge, and gave as his reason the damage done to the woods "pertenying to him, to my Lord Lowet, and the Laird of Grant, of the quhilkis he beris in charge, continuallie cuttit, pelit, and destroiit be the travellores upon the said loucht." The decision in the complaint was—First, that the passage of the loch should be "frie and unstoppit" in all time to come, and that no impediment be made to any of the lieges. Secondly, to prevent the woods being "cuttit,

pelit, and destroiit," a power of search was henceforth given to the provost and bailies of Inverness, that they might arrest all green timber and bark brought to the town's market for sale, in any way, and from any place, unless the bringer of the wood could produce a certificate from the baron on whose lands he had got the trees. Failing such certificate, all such wood, sold or unsold, was to be forfeited, and any one who had bought the wood before the official inspection was to lose his money if the wood was arrested. This Act was to come into operation on 1st November, 1563; and stringent provisions were also made for staying the transit of all timber from the port of Inverness. From the thorough nature of these precautions, the offence seems to have developed into a very serious one; but the effect was not lasting on the timber thieves of Glen-Urquhart. Probably also the Magistrates of Inverness got tired of certificate-collecting; at all events, ten years after, we find the laird of Grant again complaining that his woods of Urquhart, which he had been at great pains to preserve, were being wantonly destroyed by the tenants. It is said that Highlanders never counted it a theft to take a tree from the forest or a fish from the river; and it seems from the terms of the complaint, that in this instance the Urquhart people were simply enforcing an old right, including forest pasturage, which had belonged to their ancestors in the loose times in which they lived. The enclosing and preserving of the forest of Clunie would very probably be regarded as an unwarranted withdrawal of an important privilege, and we can imagine the lieges of that glen as much incensed over the new fangled ways of the laird as any small crofter in Skye feels over the deer forests of the present day. The laird's petition drew a letter of inhibition from King James the Sixth, dated 13 March, 1573. It sets forth that "Johne Grant of Frewchye," that being then the name of the Grant estate in Strathspey, had been at great expense in "dyking, parking, and haining of the green woode and gowand trees and medoes," within Clunie parish, but that the tenants and occupiers, having their steadings in the vicinity, had been as busy "be day as vunder scilence and cloude of nycht," in breaking down the dykes, and allowing their cattle and horses to destroy the growing trees, which were also cut down and appropriated to the purposes of the tenants. As a "scharp remid thereto," the King ordained that the names of the offenders were to be proclaimed in public in their parish kirks; and a further proclamation was to be made at Inverness, inhibiting all from destroying the woods, under pain of the penalties already enforced by Parliament for their protection.

These cases are worth mentioning, as local illustrations of the causes which were at work in the destruction of woods during this period, notwithstanding the energetic efforts that were made to preserve them.

The Highland forests began to acquire a more distinct commercial value, such as it was, about the beginning of the 17th century. Scotch and English merchants became the purchasers of vast stretches of wood in the north, and the bulk of the timber found its way into the shipbuilding yards and the smelting furnaces both in England and Scotland. The foundation of the great British Navy was being laid in England. After the struggle of the Spanish Armada, the tonnage of English ships was steadily increased, and the style of building revolutionised. The lofty forecastles and poops, which had made earlier ships resemble Chinese junks, were abolished, and the modern two-deckers, which, between then and the era of iron ships, rendered such effective service in British battles, came in their place. These shipbuilding operations gave an impetus to the trade in timber, and as the English forests had been very much eaten up by this time between shipbuilding and ironworking, Scotland must have benefitted to a considerable extent by the demand for wood. About this period, it would also appear, several ironworks were founded in various parts of the Highlands in convenient proximity to the native pine forests. How the promoters of these enterprises were induced to enter upon such undertakings in remote Highland glens are geological and economical mysteries which have not yet been satisfactorily explained. A minimum of ironstone and a maximum of wood, which was the only fuel then used for smelting, must have been the general conditions which a little experience revealed. Highland ironworks had a shortlived career, and tradition knows very little about the mining operations connected with their working. In an estate settlement entered into by Sir John Grant in the year 1634, he reserves "liberty to draw dams and passages to the ironworks in Urquhart, with liberty to put and build the said ironworks on the lands, providing Sir John and his foresaids upheld the rental of the lands wherethrough and whereon the said dams, passages, and ironworks should be drawn and built, and reserving in the same way the use of the whole woods thereof for the use of the ironworks, 'except to serve the use of the countrey furthe of the woodis of Lochliter, Inshebreines, Gartalie, and Dulsangie,' at the will of the tenants and inhabitants." The minister of Urquhart makes no mention of ironworks in his statistical account, and his geological remarks do not

favour the supposition of their having existed, at least owing to ore found in the glen. "No beds of cromate of iron or other useful minerals have as yet been discovered," he says, speaking of a formation of unstratified serpentine rock. Probably the explanation is that Sir John Grant was about this time prosecuting a diligent search for ironstone on his estates as a profitable means of disposing of his pine forests. Three years before the settlement just mentioned he concluded a big sale of wood in Strathspey with one Captain Mason, and the contract bears that if any ironstone or minerals shall be found during its fulfilment within the lands described, Sir John binds himself to join in co-partnership with Captain Mason, and to furnish half the charges for erecting ironworks. No discovery of this nature appears, however, to have been made.

Sir John Grant, who succeeded to the Grant estates in 1622, entered into several important transactions in Highland timber, the principal one being the sale of his own woods in Strathspey, which indicates that the forests there still existed in luxuriance in the seventeenth century. A sale was concluded with Capt. John Mason, who seems to have represented the Earl of Tullibardine, of a strangely unbusiness-like character. It included the woods of the parishes of Abernethie, Kincardine, and Glencairnie (or Duthil), which were placed at the pleasure of the purchaser for a period of forty-one years, the only stipulation being, that the rights of Sir John and his tenants to cut and transport as much wood as they required should be respected. The purchase price was £20,000 Scots, or £1666 of our money, a figure which shows the low value of timber in Strathspey over 250 years ago, owing, to want of facilities for transport. Sir John guaranteed the purchaser "free transport, carriage, and convoy of the said woods and timber throw and doune the river of Spey to the sea, without paying toll or tax to ony persone or persones," and liberty to build a house and a timber wharf at the mouth of the river. Shortly after his accession to the estate, Sir John entered into a contract with the Laird of Lundie, whereby he became purchaser of the woods of certain lands in Morar. Lundie, it may be mentioned, was one of the principal actors in the historical "raid of Gillechriost," which took place in 1603. By his agreement with Lundie, Sir John became possessor of all the woods and growing trees on the lands of "Killeismorache, Kilnamuk, Swordelane, Arethomechanane, and Brakegarrowneintoir"—names it is scarcely possible now to recognise—on lease for 31 years, he undertaking to sell the timber and give two-thirds of the price he obtained to

the laird of Lundie. The contract relates that the woods here mentioned were altogether unprofitable; that hatred and deadly feuds had been incurred in guarding them from molestation, and that no merchant would buy the woods owing to the risk of losing his life. The latter sentence forms a singular comment on the state of Glengarry at this period; and the fact that the laird of Lundie could not sign his name to the above contract, but had to get his hand guided by the notary, also throws some light on the educational acquirements of Highland proprietors of the time. Sir John—a love for trees appears to have run in the family—had also a transaction in timber which has a connection with the three century quarrel between the Mackintoshes and Lochiel for the possession of Glenlui and Locharkaig. He was the means of bringing about a temporary understanding with Lochiel, while the young chief of clan Mackintosh, to whom Sir John was tutor and uncle, was in his minority. The terms of agreement were that, in the meantime, Lochiel should obtain a lease of the lands of Glenlui and Locharkaig, until The Mackintosh was in a position to deal with the dispute himself, and that all the woods on the lands so leased should be reserved to the laird of Grant, who expressed his intention of selling them for the benefit of his nephew's estate. Security was given by Lochiel that the purchasers and workers would be respected, he receiving the tenth part of the price for which the woods should be sold. He bound himself to defend the merchants, cutters, and transporters, not only from molestation by his clansmen, but "frae all vither forraine peopill," as Lords Lovat and Kintail were bound to the merchants that had bought their woods.

The woods of Strathspey were nature's own sowing in the 17th and 18th centuries, there being no attempt at forest management. The contracts with wood merchants were cheap, loose in their terms, and prolonged, and the tenants of the adjacent lands had their own sweet will of the forests, both in respect of grazing and taking timber. That the forests, in these circumstances, should have yielded even the fitful revenue they did says a good deal for nature, and the capabilities of the tree and the soil. By the beginning of the 18th century, timber had acquired a very much greater value, and the transactions were of a more business-like character. This appears from a sale effected in 1728 by Sir James Grant with the great York Buildings Company. By the terms of the contract this Company was granted a lease of the forests of Abernethy for fifteen years, during which they were to cut and transport to sea 60,000 fir trees. For this right the

Company were to pay the sum of £7000 sterling in the course of seven years. The principal station of the Company was at Coulnakyle, which was also leased to them, and they began by erecting sawmills and iron furnaces, and making roads and bridges in the woods. Their chief agent and superintendent was Mr Stephens, who resided at Coulnakyle. He had previously been a member of Parliament, and such, we are told, was the credit and influence of the Company, that for some years his notes of hand passed readily for cash in Strathspey and the neighbourhood, as bank notes now do. Rev. Mr Grant, in his Statistical Account, 1794, designated the Company as "the most profuse and profligate sets that were ever heard of in this country." "They used to display their vanity by bonfires, and opening hogsheads of brandy to the country people, by which five of them died in one night." The Company ultimately became insolvent, leaving the place without clearing off their debt to the laird of Grant, but also leaving among the inhabitants a knowledge of their improved system of working the forests, the effect of which was, in some respects, beneficial. One of the improvements introduced was the making of rafts, whereby large quantities of timber were floated down to the sea. Before this time, Mr Grant observes, some trifling rafts were sent down the river in a very awkward and hazardous manner. Ten or twelve dozens of deals were tied together, and conducted down stream by a man, sitting in what was called a *currach*. This vessel was made of a hide, in the shape and about the size of a brewery kettle, broader above than below, with ribs or hoops of wood, and a cross stick for the man to sit on, who, with a paddle in his hand, went before the raft, to which the *currach* was attached by a rope. *Currachs* were so light that men carried them on their backs home from Speymouth. The Grants of Tulchan are reported to have been the first to attempt the transport of timber from the rich pine forests of Rothiemurchus, Abernethy, and Glenmore to the river's mouth by the *currach*. It may here be mentioned, in 1730, The Chisholm sold to the York Buildings Company, "his wood of whatever kind, lying, standing, and growing on his lands and estate for the space of thirty years, together with all mines and minerals that may be discovered on the said lands, with power to the Company to manufacture, use, and dispose upon the subjects disposed as their property at pleasure," for the sum of £2000. But by this time the Company had got into difficulties, and the contract was not fulfilled. Soon after it was signed wood cutters set to work, and cut down 2,400 great trees, which were allowed to lie and rot, and all the return

received by The Chisholm was a decree, in absence, for payment of the contract price.

After the failure of the York Buildings Company, in 1731, contracts were frequently entered into by the lairds of Grant for the sale of woods; and one made by Sir James Grant with two London merchants, for the sale of 100,000 of the best pines of Abernethy and Duthil, stipulated that his eldest son, Mr Ludovick Grant, should become partner with them. A still later contract was made, in 1769, for the sale of one million choice fir trees of Abernethy and Dulnan, to be cut during the ensuing fifteen years. Other evidence is extant that Scotland was not so destitute of woods as was represented. So late as 1790 the Glenmore fir woods sold for £10,000, and shipbuilding was busy at Speymouth, from timber here supplied. But while this is so, it was, as we have said, only in these remote places (Glenmore defied many a wood contractor before then) it survived in any quantity. Aberneth, Glenmore (Duke of Gordon), Rothiemurchus, and Glenfishie (Mr Mackintosh) were, in 1790, said to contain more wood than was to be found in Scotland altogether.

STRATHSPEY—EXTENT OF PLANTATIONS—PLANTING FROM THE NURSERY.

After the extensive clearances incessantly carried on during the 18th century, Strathspey looked bleak and naked, and the eye sought in vain for that silvan charm which was its native glory, but had passed away under the woodman's axe. But a new era was about to dawn; and just as last century is noted for the disappearance of Speyside woods, so will the 19th century be memorable for their re-appearance in even greater luxuriance. Planting seems to have been commenced on the Strathspey posessions of the House of Grant in 1811; at least the memoranda do not go farther back than that year, and if any planting had been effected before then it must have been on a small scale. Sir Francis W. Grant—1840-53—was the largest planter of trees in Great Britain in the present century. By 1847, it is recorded that he had planted 31,686,482 young trees—Scotch fir, larch, and hardwoods--an extent which had not been approached by a British landowner since the vast plantations made by the Duke of Athole, in the middle of the previous century. For these plantations, which were effected in the districts of Cullen, Strathspey, and Glen-Urquhart, he was awarded the gold medal of the Highland and Agricultural Society. His successor continued these operations even on a more gigantic scale, and with the intention of

extending the whole area of woods on the property to 60,000 acres. But death stepped in; two chiefs were laid in the grave in rapid succession; and when 50,000 acres had been placed under wood the policy of the estate was in this matter changed. Tree planting was entirely and abruptly stopped. On a rough estimate, the number of trees planted on the Seafield estates during the last half century cannot be much short of two hundred millions. The three great divisional forests are those of Duthil, Grantown, and Abernethy, where crops of grand timber are being reared, such as never before clad the hillsides in this old home of the pine. Tree planting may be a slow method of making a fortune, but it must be a marvellously sure one. Between thirty and fifty years hence, the revenue these mighty forests will yield should prove tremendous, and a wood-cutting industry will be set up such as was never eclipsed even in the palmy days of the famous York Company. With planting on such a magnitude in progress, the establishment of a nursery was a necessity on practical as well as economic grounds. One, over twelve acres in extent, was established in 1854, the site selected being at Abernethy, where, on the occasion of our visit, in 1884, there were considerably over two million plants preparing for transference to the hillsides. Although the nursery was so large, the wood manager, Mr J. G. Thompson, who entered the service of the estate in 1859, was seldom able to grow all the plants he required for the plantations, for the well known reason that it is impossible to keep ground continuously under a crop of fir plants. In buying in plants, the wood manager had necessarily to be careful, for the native fir of Strathspey is an altogether superior tree, and it would never have done to give a degenerate species a habitation alongside it. In alluding to this point, Grigor remarks that "several instances are known of plantations grown from seeds during last century from the celebrated native forests on the Spey, and although they occupy soil of various qualities, the timber in all these woods has been famed for its quality, while, in several instances, adjoining woods of the same age, and on the same description of soil, grown from degenerate plantations, yielded wood very inferior, the march boundary of the lands sometimes forming the line between the good and the bad timber." About twenty years ago, when planting on the Strathspey estates had reached its period of greatest activity, upwards of two millions of plants were put into the ground each year. Planting was begun in October, and continued till the spring. By this arrangement the plant suffers no check in its growth, for it is transferred when in a ripened state, and, if it takes at all congenially to its home,

it responds to the impulse of the next season as usual. When a piece of ground was to be planted, the operations consisted always of enclosing, and generally draining. Sometimes the natural drainage was so good that the expense of artificial drainage was not necessary, but when such work was required, it was usually done a summer or two before the planting began, in order that the soil might have time to dry, for the fir likes a well-drained bed; hence its magnificence in Strathspey, where the character of the soil is a dry gravel, with a porous sub-soil, and very little in it of the nature of pan. "There is no other tree that grows so freely," says Grigor, "and produces timber so valuable on poor soil of very opposite qualities. It luxuriates on the dry and gravelly heath-covered moors, its roots penetrate among the fissures and *debris* of rocks, and support the tree in the most scanty resources of almost every formation." This has been the wood manager's experience of the pine tree in the great undertaking he has so successfully managed during the last thirty years. The plantations have generally been formed on moor ground, previously used for grazing purposes, and some of it very poor even for that. But there the pine flourishes. The process of planting is not so tedious as one would suppose. Two foresters, assisted by a woman, will, in fair ground, plant 1400 trees per day each, which is sufficient for an acre, placing the plants 4½ feet apart. Planting is commonly done with a garden spade, with which the ground is generally cut in the form of, as nearly as we can here describe, a T, the plant being inserted in the intersection of the cuts while the turf is raised by the spade. The forester then withdraws the spade, presses down the turf with his foot, and leaves the young fir to take care of itself. Frequently as many as 1000 acres have been planted in one year on the Seafield estate by this simple and rapid method. It is remarkable that plants which have been reared in excellent soil and carefully tended for three or four years, should take so kindly to the bleak and impoverished moorland; but the tens of thousands of acres of flourishing pines in Speyside proclaim that this is the valuable nature of the tree. While the Seafield estates have become famous as the scene of the greatest planting experiment on record, and attract practical men and forestry students from all quarters of the globe, it must not be considered that the tree propagation is entirely confined to artificial means. Here, as at Lovat, the forests are perpetuated on a considerable scale by natural sowing; and with the greatest success. Writing on this subject in 1881, a French Professor says:—"It is easy in Scotland

to perpetuate a forest by natural means, and of this a practical proof was given us in two forests which we visited, one near Grantown, and the other at Beauly. In these the results obtained, under the skilful and intelligent direction of the gentlemen who manage these forests, form a striking example of what may be done in the way of reproducing forests by natural means." Arboriculturists have nothing but praise to bestow upon the management of Inverness woods; and it is matter for prideful gratification to think that Inverness-shire is not only the greatest tree bearing county in Britain, but is also the home of the best and most scientific system of forestry. Many years must still elapse, however, before the Strathspey forests attain their period of greatest interest to the arboricultural student.

THE LOVAT ESTATE—NATURAL REPRODUCTION—TREE DISEASES—FIRST LARCHES IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The valley which has as its centrepiece the massive pile of Beaufort Castle derives much of its beauty from the dense woods which clothe its slopes, and dispute for supremacy with the green fields of the plain. There is no doubt that here, as in other Highland glens, the Scotch pine has found a natural home from early times, but the statement may be hazarded without grievous risk that the valley never possessed more silvan charm than it does at the present day. During the past century the area under timber on the Lovat estate has been greatly augmented by planting, while the natural pine woods have been rendered more productive and valuable by the scientific practice of regeneration by natural sowing, a system carried out in the great forests of Europe, India, and the Colonies. For this reason the Beaufort woods possess a unique interest to the student of forestry. There are a few fine old beech, oak, and pines in the neighbourhood of the Castle, which indicate that in times before Culloden the chiefs of Clan Fraser found opportunities, amid warlike pursuits, to beautify their property with trees, but the first extensive plantings carried out were made while the estate was under the management of a Government Commissioner. When a chief of the clan again took possession of the ancestral acres, the example thus shown bore excellent fruit. The Right Hon. Thomas Alexander Fraser, in whose person the title of Baron was again revived, became one of the most enthusiastic and intelligent arboriculturists the north has seen. During his long tenure of the estate, 10,000 acres were planted with Scotch pine and larch, and the system of natural regeneration was introduced in the old woods, and practised with a success

which is still the admiration of scientific foresters. For about a quarter of a century the woods have been managed by Mr D. Dewar, and under his practical skill they have attained a high degree of perfection. As to the relative merits of planting *versus* natural afforestation, those who advise planting say that a more uniform crop of plants is obtained, whereas by allowing the trees to sow their own seed the element of uncertain cropping has to be considered. It is possible that the natural crop may not be satisfactory for a year or two, and time is thereby lost; but at Beaufort the disadvantages of natural sowing are not apparent, the plants being as a rule well distributed and regular, while the uniformity in the ages of the trees is remarkable.

The most interesting and instructive illustration of the natural reproduction of the pine is found in Balblair Wood, some sixty or eighty acres of which have been regenerated. This wood stands in the vicinity of picturesque Kilmorack. Lord Lovat began the work of regeneration here nearly half a century ago, and the process was carried on systematically for over twenty years. The result is now seen in a full crop of healthy, well-developed trees of different ages, the youngest having about 28 years' growth. Owing to the light, gravelly character of the soil, the rate of growth has not been so rapid as on other portions of the estate where the ground is richer. The height of the trees is, however, satisfactory, and in course of time the wood will possess all the value that attaches to slow-grown fir. In accordance with a well-established rule in forestry, the regenerating process was begun at the east end of the ground, so as to work against the prevailing winds, which in this part of the country are westerly in the months of June and July, when the fir sheds its seed. Fir seed being of the "winged" variety, as the cones open under the rays of the sun, it is blown away and spread over the ground prepared for its reception. No one who inspects this wood can entertain a doubt as to the efficacy of natural reproduction. The seedlings came up in thousands, covering the ground like a crop of grass, and in the more advanced sections the management has been so excellent that better results could scarcely have been obtained by artificial planting. Sir Dietrich Brandis, late inspector-general of forests in India, and who may be said to have created the Indian forest department, made an inspection of the Lovat woods 25 years ago, and was particularly interested in the Balblair one, which he declared to be the best example of natural reproduction he had seen in this country.

It has been observed that in all the natural pine forests in the Highlands, as for instance in Glengarry, Glen-Urquhart, Achnacarry, Glen-Moriston, Strathglass, and other valleys branching off from the Great Glen, the Scotch fir is invariably found on the north or shady side of the hills, while on the opposite side oak, birch, and other trees find a congenial situation. This shews that the pine germinates best in shaded, moist ground. Shaw, in his History of Moray, notes with characteristic shrewdness, a habit of the Scotch fir, which Mr Dewar has verified on the Lovat estate. He says:—"Here I cannot but observe, as peculiar to fir woods, that they grew and spread always to the east, or between the north and the south-east, never to the west or the south-west. The cause of this seemed to be that in the months of July and August the great heat opens the fir apples then ripe, and the winds of that season blowing from south west to west south-west, drives the seed out of the open husks to the east and neighbouring earths."

With regard to the larch, some interesting experiments have been made on the estate to test the suitability of the timber for house carpentry. There is a prejudice against using larch timber for constructive purposes, on account of its tendency to warp, and its utility is very much confined to railway sleepers and other heavy planking; but the late Lord Lovat, desirous of making use of some of his fine trees, introduced the wood with considerable success into the new castle. Care was taken to steep the trees in the mill pond for three months, and when thus seasoned the adaptability of the wood for open roofing and such work appears satisfactory, while its appearance is ornamental. The larch appears to thrive exceptionally well at Beaufort. At the forestry exhibition, held in Edinburgh, a section of a tree which had been cut down for the new castle was shown and attracted attention as an instance of remarkable tree growth. Though only 64 years of age, the tree contained 112 cubic feet of timber, some of the annual increments being quite half an inch deep. It was used for one of the main beams in the grand hall of the castle. Another interesting fact is that this tree was selected, among others, from a wood planted by the present Lord Lovat's grandfather, who died in 1875, so that it must have contained not less than between 80 and 90 cubic feet of timber during the lifetime of the Baron. Even in the case of such a fast timber producing tree as the larch, that circumstance is rare.

One of the finest pine woods on the estate is that of Boblainie, which covers the incline in the back-ground of the valley to the

extent of over 2000 acres. The oldest portion of this forest was planted while the estate was in the hands of Government. Many of the original trees still survive, and are easily distinguished by their massive trunks, but the majority have succumbed to the woodman's axe to make room for a younger generation. The naturally sown trees are of various ages, and all have obtained growth enough to make the wood safe as a resort for deer. Sporting considerations have produced many change in Highland estate management, and at Beaufort they have completely arrested the further increase of the forests either by planting or natural reproduction. The moment deer get access to a wood the seeding trees have not the remotest chance of escape, their tender shoots forming a dainty morsel eagerly sought after during the winter months. It thus appears that the excellent system of forestry which has distinguished the Lovat estate for the last half century has, for economic reasons, lost its continuity—a contingency which will always be liable to arise so long as the woods and forests in the country are private property.

Mr Dewar maintains that cattle are an excellent medium for preparing a seed bed, as they keep down the heather and grass, and assist in breaking up the ground and making it suitable for the reception of the seed, which is also trampled in, and thus germinates rapidly. The larch belt we inspected strongly corroborates this opinion; and the fact that a piece of ground near by, to which the cows had no access, bears little or no larch at all, although similarly exposed to the fall of seed, gives it further weight. With sheep it is otherwise. The extension of many of the natural forests which beautified the hillsides ceased with the introduction of sheep-farming, as this otherwise useful animal devours the young pine roots with avidity. In Fanellan wood, the greater por ion of which was formed by the present laird's grandfather some eighty years ago, there are some grand fir about a hundred years old. On an average these fir trees, it is estimated, contain from sixty to eighty cubic feet of timber. Selecting a few at random, we found that a few feet from the ground they girthed from seven to ten feet.

A characteristic of the Lovat woods is the entire absence of disease among both larch and fir. On the occasion of Professor Schlich's inspection the other year of the Little Wood, which consists mostly of larch, the remarkably healthy state of the trees was commented upon, and contrasted with the deplorably diseased condition of some larch plantations in another Highland county. Some discussion took place on that occasion regarding the origin

of the larch disease, known as the canker, or blister, which is worth noting, seeing there is a considerable diversity of opinion on the subject amongst foresters. Mr Macgregor, who has an extensive experience of the disease in the Athole forests, where it has done very great damage, attributes blister to the insect *coccus larices*, which occasionally appears in young plantations, and affects the trees very injuriously. Professor Schlich, again, believes that it is caused by the spores of a minute fungus establishing itself in the tissues of the trees where a branch has been broken or blown off, or any injury otherwise done to the plant. On the other hand, Mr Dewar maintains that the *coccos* is a result and not a cause of the disease. Severe frosts, planting in situations unfavourable to the healthy development of the tree, or anything else that affects its constitution or vitality, may, he thinks, be the primary cause of the canker, just as unhealthy animals were more subject to the ailments of their species, such as vermin, than those in robust health. This seems a very sensible solution of the problem, and harmonises with human experience, that insects flourish on a subject which is already diseased.

Those interested in forestry were much concerned, some time ago, by the appearance of a kind of caterpillar which attacked the young shoots of the Scotch fir so voraciously that the trees were in a short time entirely denuded of their leaves. About twenty years ago the insect attacked fifteen acres of fir on the Lovat estate at Beaufort. Strangely enough the insect confined its feeding operations to the old leaves, so that although the development of the trees was retarded, they ultimately recovered, and no real damage was sustained. Had the current shoots been attacked, the trees would of course have been doomed. The insect disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as it had arrived, and has not been seen again till the other summer, when it made a raid in a young plantation of some ten years' growth in the neighbourhood of Fort-Augustus, and with much the same results. It is the larvæ of the *Sophyrus pini*, or pine saw fly, and is common to the pine woods in the north of Europe, but has hitherto been little known in this country. The summer of some twenty years ago was similar to the one just experienced, so that its appearance seems to depend upon drought and heat.

The finest larch tree on the property, and perhaps the best example of the species in the north of Scotland, stands by the side of the Bruiach Burn. It girths fully 12 feet at sixty inches from the ground, carrying its circumference well up, and has a grand stem about 100 feet high, while the spread of its branches is

graceful. Besides its stately proportions this tree is noteworthy; it has in fact a history which carries us back to the introduction of the larch into Scotland. It was one of the Belladrum lot, which, as all interested in the larch will have read, were obtained surreptitiously in Athole about the year 1738, when the "planting Duke" of that Ilk began the extensive larch plantations for which the Athole estates are famous. The story related in Perthshire regarding the Belladrum trees differs entirely from the version that has been handed down in the Lovat family. Hunter states, in his "Woods, forests, and estates of Perthshire," that the then proprietor of Belladrum, who possessed keen arboricultural tastes, visited the Duke of Athole at Dunkeld House when the planting of the larch was going on, and that, by the potent means of a dram, he induced the gardener to part with a bundle of the plants, which he carried North in quiet triumph. The other tradition is that the factor on the Lovat property chanced to be crossing one of the ferries on the Tay, there being no bridges at that period, while a quantity of larch plants were in course of transit to the Athole plantations, and naturally displayed much interest in the new tree. Observing his master's curiosity, and surmising that he would like to possess a few plants, his servant managed to appropriate a bundle, and conceal it in the conveyance, while the Athole men were being treated to a dram in the inn. He did not disclose what he had done till home was reached, and the enormous difficulty of travelling in those days precluded all idea of restoring the trees to their ducal owner. Such, at anyrate, is the excuse given. The trees were planted out in Belladrum, where the factor resided, and also on the Bruiach Burn. Those trees are therefore contemporary with some of the oldest larches on the Athole property, and may be termed the parent larches of the North Highlands.

THE LOCHIEL ESTATE—NEW PLANTATIONS—ACHNACARRY: THE BEECH WALK—REMARKABLE PLANE AND OTHER TREES—ANCIENT OAKS—BEST PINE FOREST IN SCOTLAND.

When the forfeited estates reverted to Lochiel, over a hundred years ago, it was reported that there were 10,000 acres of natural wood on the property, or a fourteenth part of its whole extent, notwithstanding that while the estates were in the hands of the Crown their management was entrusted to a commissioner, named Butter, whose policy seems to have been highly unpopular in Lochaber, and not conducive to its tree growing interests. A

Gaelic song, composed about the time the estates were restored to the family, laments that the pine wood, one of the glories of the estate, had, under his management, become a tangled desert. There is no doubt a magnificent quantity of pine and other timber had been cut down by the commissioner, for what purpose is not precisely known. The song alluded to contains the following verse. It bewails the disappearance of the pine wood and the scattering of the clan, but hopes that the old order of things, at least as regards the Cameron people, will be resumed when the long-lost chief returns to his paternal home :—

> "Dh' fhalbh do Ghuiseach na duslach fhasaich,
> 'S tha do dhaoin' air sgaoil 's gach aite,
> Aig a Bhutrach ga 'n cuir o aiteach :
> Nuair thig thu dhachaigh gu 'n cuir thu aird orr."

During the century which has elapsed since Lochiel's advent, a considerable amount of mature timber has also been cut down, but the planting accomplished will, in a great measure, counterbalance this loss. The hillsides, from the march with Invergarry to Clunes, grow some fine hazel and other trees. From Clunes, along Loch Arkaig by the public road, to a distance of nearly thirteen miles, birch, ash, alder, and oak give river and loch a deep silvan fringe, with the exception of a short interval between Auchnasoul and Ardachie. On the south side of the loch, from the shores of Loch Lochy to the tops of Glen Meallie and Loch Arkaig, a stretch of about sixteen miles, there are deep belts of pine and other trees. Again, on the north side of Loch Eil, from the farm of Annat, the wood—principally oak, birch, and alder, with a few Scots fir and spruce—extends for upwards of ten miles, each of the numerous glens having a considerable quantity of timber lining their sides. Turning towards the march at Ballachulish, we find excellent ash, oak, birch, and alder growing nearly all the way to Fort-William.

Achnacarry Castle is situate close by the outlet of Loch Arkaig, in a valley which, for picturesque beauty, is not easily matched in the Highlands. The front windows command a glimpse of Loch Lochy and a panorama of mountains beyond ; north and south it is hemmed in by densely-wooded hills and pine-grown ridges ; and westwards, Loch Arkaig extends in a silvery stretch of fifteen miles, environed by forest and mountain. Within a hundred yards of the building, the Arkaig, fresh from the loch, and its torrent swollen by the flow of the Kaig, rushes impetuously on its short career to Loch Lochy. In the immediate vicinity of the

ıstle there is a variety of old and remarkable trees, which must ıve been planted some time before the destruction of the cestral residence in 1846. The story of the beech walk is autifully told in Lady Middleton's "Ballad of the Beeches," ıich we take the liberty of quoting :—

Oh ! I have stood by the river side
  When the spate came rolling down ;
And marked the rush of the rolling tide,
  In volume frothed and brown.

Oh ! I have wandered beneath the shade
  Of the stately avenue,—
Ere the summer green begins to fade
  To its gold autumnal hue.

And mingling with the waters' roar,
  And sough of wind-stirred leaves,
A waft of old ancestral lore
  My listless sense receives.

* * * * *

Commands the Chief : "My woodmen all
  Attend me in the vale,
And bring me saplings straight and tall
  To brave the wintry gale.

"I would erect upon the plain
  A stately avenue :
Shall pass each Cameron chief and train
  In after-time there-through.

"To lead in sport of wood or field,
  To meet his clan for war ;
Or home be borne upon his shield
  With coronach before !"

They marked the standing for the trees
  On spots apart and wide,
That each might vaunt him to the breeze
  In isolated pride.

But lo ! arose a mighty cry
  Across the lovely land—
"Our rightful king doth straightly hie
  To claim each loyal brand !

"From foreign shores to seek his own :
  Now up and follow me,
For never was a Cameron known
  Could fail in loyalty !"

So spake Lochiel in high command—
  "Leave all, for ill or weal !
The king may claim each heart and hand
  That vassal to Lochiel.

"Then dig a trench upon the bank
  Where Arkaig rolls along,
And set my beechen babes in rank,
  To listen to her song.

"And set them close to keep them warm
  All through the lengthy days,
Till back I come, in fitting form,
  Mine avenue to raise !"

They dug a trench upon the bank
  Where Arkaig rolls along,
And set the saplings all in rank
  To listen to her song.

But o'er them time and seasons passed,
  And by them sang the stream ;
Nor might that chief return at last
  His purpose to redeem :

For drear the coronach did sound
  O'er all the west countree,
And a nobler plant was laid in ground
  Than a sapling beechen tree.

Ochone it is ! for the great and brave,
  For the hapless Stuart race,
For the cause such followers might not save,
  And the rule they deemed disgrace.

Surely no grander monument,
  Can rise, Lochiel, to thee,
Than the beechen bower of branches-bent
  In homage proud and free ?

For closely grew the trees in rank,
  As close as they could grow,
Within their trench upon the bank
  Beside the river's flow.

Their clasping boughs in clanship twine,
  Like souls of the 'parted brave,
That ever whisper in words divine
  Through the music of wind and wave.

Fair bides the light on a golden throne
  Of their autumn leaves at even;
And that golden warrior soul is gone
  To shine with the leal in heaven.

The "beechen babes" form a belt ten yards broad, and extending along the river side for nearly 400 yards. There are three breaks in the line, in two of which the original trees probably failed to grow. Their places were supplied with other beech saplings, which are growing well, but are considerably less in height and girth. While six of the largest of the original "babes" girth respectively 9 ft., 8 ft. 6 in., 8 ft., 7 ft. 10 in., 7 ft. 6 in., and 7 ft. 4 in., the younger trees measure from 2 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 3 in. The third gap was caused by seven splendid trees coming to grief during the memorable gale which caused the Tay Bridge calamity. The trees have attained a height of about 70 feet, and they give shelter to a beautiful avenue running along Arkaig's banks. In summer the foliage is so dense that protection is afforded from the heaviest rain shower. We scarcely think there is another instance of so much valuable timber being produced on so small an extent of ground. The stems of the trees, in consequence of the closeness with which they grow, are tall and bare to an unusual height, and they swing to the gale with an ease which ensures their existence as vigorous trees for many years. When Cumberland's soldiers visited Achnacarry, the beeches would be too insignificant to attract their notice, but it is said they gratified their destructiveness by blowing to pieces with powder many of the large trees about the place. We trust that the Beech Walk may long escape every destructive influence—flourishing to preserve the memory of a chivalrous and a good man.

The avenue itself stands in the Park in front of the Castle, to which it has never been used as an approach. Nearest the house the beeches were cut down some years ago in order to open up the view, but the avenue still contains a considerable number of magnificent trees. They grow in double rows, and their massive stems and spreading branches form a conspicuous ornament in the surroundings of the Castle. Having reached their full growth, which the *fagas sylvatica* attains in about 158 years, several of

the trees have been damaged by the gales which sweep down the valley of the Arkaig. One of the beeches measures 17 feet in circumferenee at five feet from the ground, but it has a deformed appearance in consequence of the loss of one of its principal branches. The best specimen for girth and spread of branches stands at the eastern extremity of the north row. Near the roots it girths 18 ft. 6 in., and three feet up it is 14 feet. The trunk, which is not more than 5 feet in length, splits itself into eight or nine great limbs, which ramify in the most wonderful way. In height the tree stands about forty feet, and the spread of its branches covers a radius of 230 feet. Close by this fine beech there is a clump of three beeches growing close to each other as if the order of their planting had been disturbed. The largest of the three measures 13 feet, but a big branch has been wrenched off by the wind, and the trunk is split almost to the roots.

On the south side of the castle there are several fine avenues of the classical plane tree. The Lochiel of the '45, by whom these trees must have been planted, appears to have had a partiality for this tree, in the embowering shade of which Plato delighted to discourse to his pupils, and which was much associated with the intellect of Athens. One of the avenues forms the approach to the castle. The trees in the avenue measure 6, 7, and 8 feet in circumference, and exhibit all the gracefulness of stem and leafy canopy for which the plane tree is noted. A short avenue of this tree, standing at right angles to the castle approach, is distinguished by the name of the Cumberland planes. The story goes that the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers, at the burning of the old castle in 1746, hung their cooking utensils on these trees. Their appearance favours the tradition. Some of the trees are very distinctly marked by a deep hollow strip, to a height of between three and four feet, as if the parts had been injured by fire. Notwithstanding the injury done these planes when young, they have grown into immense trees of beautiful shape. They measure from 7 to 10 feet in circumference, the average girth being nearly 9 feet. In the vicinity of this avenue there are a few planes of even bigger growth, the largest measuring 12 feet in circumference. Thse specimens of the plane tree probably rank among the best to be found in Scotland.

On the bank of the Arkaig, close to the site of the old castle —the only trace of which is a small piece of blackened ivy-grown wall—there still stands a portion of what formerly was a fishing tower. Tradition has it that there was a cruive at this part of the river, and when the salmon got in, it, by some ingenious

mechanical contrivance, the secret of which has evidently been lost, caused a bell to ring in the tower, by which the attendant was summoned to secure the fish. The arch and walls of the tower are still there, but the upper and principal portion of the building and the roof are gone. In the centre of what was the tower there grows a splendid ash tree. It must have been self-sown. In the memory of an old man not long dead, its dimensions were those of an ordinary walking stick, and its circumference is now 8 ft. 9 in. at 3 ft. from the ground. It has a clear bole of about 30 ft., beautifully proportioned, and a bark of the finest texture we ever remember seeing on an ash tree. Its favourable situation—close by a running stream, and under the shelter of the old tower—has favoured its rapid and graceful development.

Pursuing the walk along the bank of the river, we enter a chestnut grove, in which there are a group of Spanish chestnuts, and a horse chestnut known by the name of "the hanging tree." The latter is an inferior specimen of the common species, and accords in appearance and shape with the melancholy purpose to which it is said to have been devoted, viz., for hanging caterans and others in the olden time. From the root there springs four dejected stems, one of which stretches itself in bow shape to a length of about 40 feet, and with sufficient height to serve the mournful purpose of a gibbet. It is now propped up. Three of the Spanish chestnuts, at 3 ft. from the ground, measure 12 ft. 4 in., 9 ft., and 8 ft. 4 in. respectively. Being thriving trees, they will attain a much greater thickness, if their close relationship is not against their development. The largest chestnut we have heard of in Scotland stands on the lawn at Castle Leod, Strathpeffer. At the height of 3 ft. it girths over 20 ft. in circumference; but Gregor describes a Spanish chestnut on the property of Lord Ducie, in Gloucestershire, which some years ago measured 45 ft. in girth.

Among the other noteworthy trees near the Castle is a splendid larch about 100 feet in height, and measuring at follows—at the base, 13 ft. 8 in.; 3 ft. up, 9 ft. In the park, not far from the beech walk, there is a birch of remarkable dimensions—perhaps the largest tree of the birch kind in Scotland. The stem is 6 ft. high, and at the centre it has a circumference of 13 ft., and still higher of 14 ft. 6 in. Three enormous branches spring from the trunk, one measuring 7 ft., and another 6 ft. in girth. It is a veritable "Silvan Queen," with charming display of branch; and it does not seem at all out of place in the policies near the chaste plane tree, though arborists have sentimentally relegated it to the rugged scenes of nature.

In the considerable portions of ancient pine and oak forests surviving in the neighbourhood of Achnacarry, there are a number of extremely old oak trees. They are to be discovered here and there—time-whittled and storm-shattered remnants of their former selves—interesting memorials of the departed glory of the ancient forest that has been all wede away. The freshest of the three we visited stands within a few hundred yards of the public road as it approaches the policies of the Castle, in the part of the old forest occupying the shoulder of the hill overlooking Loch Lochy. Before it lost its top, which appears to have succumbed to the recurring gale a considerable time ago, it must have been a magnificent tree. The trunk as thus divested stands about 30 feet high, and from its upper part spring two main limbs, each of which at their junction with the parent stem girth 6 feet or more. These branches have still a thriving appearance, and evidence an amount of vitality in the tree which the aged trunk somewhat belies.

Life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can.

The circumference of the tree at 3 feet from the ground is 21 ft., and at 6 ft. it measures 23 ft., which is nearly its thickest part. Around there is some fine oak and fir timber, but, in comparison with this antiquity, they are of tender growth. The two other venerable trees, or rather relics, for they are much decayed, are found in the old wood of Craigunish, on the north side of Loch Arkaig, and within a short distance of the Castle. They are the remains of what, in some remote time, were evidently stately trees. A series of large, knotty growths disfigure the almost bare trunks, the circumference of which is greater at 5 feet high than immediately above the roots. There is no visible spreading basis of roots, a thick, boggy accumulation of centuries concealing every vestige of the foundations. The largest of the stumps measures 24 feet round. Internally the tree is rotten, but the rind betokens the presence of lingering life by sending out a few branches and offshoots. The remarkable thing about these trunks is, that young birch and oak trees spring from their lifeless hearts. In the one we have more particularly described, a thriving birch tree of at least 18 inches in circumference shoots healthily from the top of the decayed trunk, and appears at a first glimpse to have become identified with the upper part of the old tree. But a rift in the side of the trunk enables the birch to be traced as a distinct tree until it buries itself in the roots of the oak. The

young oak is of a smaller growth than the birch, and like the other, it derives its whole sustenance from the roots of the old trunk. These curiosities are frequently to be met with in old forests.

An interesting question is the probable age of these ancient relics of former silvan grandeur. We are disposed to give them an antiquity of about a thousand years. Nor do we think this an exaggeration; in fact, on consideration, it is more likely to be under the mark. Some of the most remarkable oaks in England—and there the tree finds a far more congenial home than in these northern latitudes—which girth but a few feet more, are reported to be a thousand years old. The king oak at Windsor forest is said to have been a favourite tree of William the Conqueror; it measures 26 feet in circumference at three feet from the ground (our best specimen girths 23 feet at six feet above the ground), and has stood upwards of 1000 years. The "Capon Tree," one of the most celebrated oaks in Scotland, and growing in a sheltered valley close to the old abbey of Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire, girths 26 feet, and is said to have been a large tree and a favourite one with the monks of the abbey in the thirteenth century. It would seem a moderate computation, therefore, to credit the Achnacarry oaks with an existence of ten centuries. Their decayed condition must also be taken into account; and the fact that

To time
Was left the task to whittle them away.

The old forest of Glenmeallie proper covers the southern slope of the glen for a distance of about four miles, but, in reality, the forest begins at Loch-Lochy, and is, therefore, fully six miles long. In the glen it ascends the mountain sides to an altitude of close upon 1000 feet, and presents to the eye a wide and dense expanse of dark green that contrasted dismally, on the occasion of our visit, with the snow-clad mountains towering above.

"This is the primæval forest; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest in their bosoms."

Speaking of the pines, Gregor says:—"It is an alpine tree, preferring the elevated situation, a northern exposure, and a cool climate." Glenmeallie forest possesses all these requisites to a

degree, and the fine development of the trees, as well as the excellent quality of the timber, attest that the situation accords perfectly with the nature of the pine. The wood of the Glenmeallie pine is beautifully coloured, finely grained, and extremely durable. Touching the latter quality, we noticed some pine wood furnishings in one of the offices at Achnacarry, which are as fresh to-day as when newly constructed forty years ago. We scarcely think there is another pine forest in Scotland to rival Glenmeallie in the size and perfection of its timber. It contains some giant trees, which could only, one suspects, be equalled by such trees as grew in the famous forest of Glenmore. The latter forest, in the beginning of the present century, furnished timber to build forty-seven sail of ships, of upwards of 19,000 tons burthen. A deal cut from the centre of the largest tree measured 5 feet 5 inches broad, and the layers of wood from its centre to each side indicated an age of 235 years. The girth of this tree, which was named "The Lady of the Woods," would be about 19 feet. There are trees of equal magnitude in Glenmeallie forest. We had only time to take a run through the Invermeallie end of the forest on the occasion of our visit—a tempestuous day—and within a radius of half-a-mile we came across trees of striking grandeur. The most notable, principally on account of its magnificent ramifications, is named "Miss Cameron's tree," or more poetically, "The Queen of the Old Forest." It appropriately stands amidst the most rugged beauty of the primæval forest, guarded by the massive and umbrageous proportions of its juniors. The girth of this pine, at its narrowest part, 3 feet from the swell of the roots, is 18 feet. It bifurcates into seven enormous limbs. About the point where those spring from the parent stem the circumference is fully 24 feet. Four of the limbs are of themselves, as regards girth, very large trees. The thickest tapes 13 feet; the next, 12 feet; a third, 10 feet 6 inches; and the fourth was not within reach, but its girth cannot be less than 12 feet. Taken together, those limbs give a total girth of 47 feet 6 inches, without including the other three branches, which are by no means weaklings. The spread of the branches or the height of the tree could not be calculated with anything like certainty; its magnitude in these respects can, however, be imagined from the figures given.

An extensive and valuable wood, called Gusach, or the Pinery, was cut down in the early part of this century by the grandfather of the present Lochiel, to whom the estates were restored in 1784. A few hoary old giants still remain to mark the site of this forest. The largest representative has a clean trunk of 12 ft. 6 in., and at

mid distance it girths 22 ft. 8 in., and has thus a diameter of 7 ft. 8 in. If felled and cut up, this Gusach giant would yield a centre plank of at least 10 by 7, which excels the Glenmore tree considerably.

An ash tree in the churchyard of Kilmallie, the Parish Church of the Lochiel family, burnt down during the troubles in 1746, was long considered as the largest and most remarkable tree in Scotland. Its remains were measured in 1764, and at the ground its circumference was no less than 58 feet—("Walker's Essays," page 17). "This tree stood on a deep rich soil, only about 30 feet above the level of the sea, in Lochiel, with a small rivulet running within a few paces of it." These particulars are taken from Loudon's "Aboretum Fruticetum," page 226, and it requires such authority to bring anyone in the present day to believe that there existed such a monarch of the woods. But Loudon's mentioning it proves clearly that he believed in its existence. The destruction was, it need scarcely be said, the work of Cumberland's soldiers, who committed many acts of barbarity, worse even than this piece of vandalism. There is not a trace of this majestic tree now to be discovered in the churchyard of Kilmallie or its neighbourhood, nor are we aware of the remains of any other trees on the Lochiel estate fit to stand beside it; but we may mention an interesting fragment of an oak tree standing on the bank of the river Luy, on the farm of Strone, about 1½ miles above the public road. It is merely the outer shell of one side of it that remains. It stands 8 or 9 feet in height, and every year clothes a considerable number of short shoots in thick and fresh foliage, but these shoots do not seem to lengthen or shorten. For many years the old tree has held its own, without gain or loss. Its circumference is said by competent authority to have been upwards of 24 feet when in its prime.

FIRST NURSERY AT INVERNESS—LAND AGITATION AND TREE PLANTING—THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

This sketch would not be complete without a reference to the tree-rearing industry which has been carried on at Inverness for the last half century, whereby the facilities for afforestation in the Highlands have been much increased. The first nursery established in the north for the systematic production of forest trees was at Muirtown, and was carried on by two brothers of the name of Fraser. This was about 70 years ago. They were succeeded by the Dicksons (James and George), who took a lease of suitable ground at Millburn, and carried on a large business successfully

for a considerable period. Over half a century ago, at the time when the demand for forest trees was just beginning to make itself felt in the north, Mr Charles Lawson, late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and nursery and seedsman to the Highland and Agricultural Society, re-established the nursery business at Muirtown, where it is still carried on. He was succeeded by the Messrs Howden Brothers. Under them, and subsequently under Messrs Howden & Company, the business was extended, as increased facilities for the transmission of trees were established. Messrs Howden & Company now hold a considerable extent of the best land in Sir Kenneth J. Matheson's Inverness property, and though added to lately, it is yearly being found more and more insufficient for the requirements of the trade. This plant-growing establishment is very well known, not only in the north, but also throughout the United Kingdom, and an hour or two may be well spent in it. The grounds are laid off and kept in a style which would do credit to any gentleman's garden. While large spaces are devoted to the successful cultivation of hardwood and fruit trees, roses, and hardy flowering plants, the bulk of the ground is necessarily occupied by endless thousands of young trees of all ages for forest planting. To give some idea of the numbers of these produced annually, it is computed that of Scotch fir and larch alone, one and two years old seedlings, there are not less that 8,000,000 to 10,000,000. This does not include about 3,000,000 more, which have been transplanted, from one to three years, and are now ready to be sent out. These figures apply only to Scotch fir and larch ; other coniferous trees, which are not planted nearly so extensively, may be numbered by the hundred thousand—such as spruce, silver fir, Austrian, Corsican, and mountain pines. The annual output of forest trees from these nurseries may safely be estimated at close on 5,000,000. The half of this number is to be planted out permanently. Generally speaking, in hill ground planting, about 3500 plants are put into one acre. This represents, then, a total of about 700 acres planted every year with trees grown by this firm. The bulk of the plants, as may be expected, is dispersed in the Northern and Western Counties, but a goodly number find their way farther south, and even into England and Ireland

The forming of new plantations in the North within the last decade has not increased ; has not, in fact, reached the average. The recent crofter agitation, and the consequent insecurity which landholders felt, effectually prevented the expenditure of any moneys in the way of estate improvement. This was the chief reason why so little was done. Trade of all description was par-

alysed, and investments which did not promise security and an immediate return were simply not within an area of consideration. During the five years or so while this state of things lasted, tree-growing was nearly at a standstill. Nurserymen grew tired of cultivating young forest trees, which year after year had to be burned to make room for a younger stock. What were sold were disposed of at miserable prices. The purchaser could make his own price, and the grower was only too glad to get rid of his stock at anything it would fetch. One-year-old fir trees realised, in some cases, 8d; two years old, 1s to 1s 3d per 1000; transplanted trees, one and two years, 2s and 3s 6d per 1000 were common prices. Larch were also exceedingly cheap, though they did not reach the starvation prices of fir. Within the last year or two, however, with a generally reviving trade, and a better feeling of security in land, the prices of trees have gone up very considerably, and what nurserymen were glad to sell at 3s 6d five years ago, could last season much more easily be sold at 12s 6d. The demand, mainly owing to the long severe winter, was not sufficient of itself to account for this abnormal rise in price—the demand for trees was comparatively good, but the scarcity of the article itself was the main cause. Growers for some years had studied how to keep down their stocks, and many of them had succeeded so well that when better times came they found themselves almost without the article in demand. The scarcity of Scotch fir seed for a season or two has had an effect in putting up the prices of this tree. In a year or two, when prices have become normal, the probable value of Scotch fir, 2 years' seedlings, 1 year transplanted, will be from 6s to 10s per 1000. Larch being a very variable crop, subject as it is to frost blights in spring and early summer, which frequently destroys a whole crop in a single night, will always be dearer than fir, and their prices even more fluctuating—15s to 18s per 1000 for the same age is about their real value. The late Mr John Grigor, Forres, mentions in his work on Arboriculture that on one occasion he supplied the trees, consisting of Scotch fir and larch half and half, and planted them out in moor ground, at the total cost per acre of something like 10s. Even with a plentiful crop of trees, and a desire to get rid of them at any price; even with cheap labour and a subject easy to plant; even with very young trees, which, besides being cheaper, are also much more easy to plant, 10s per acre is probably the lowest price at which such work was ever done, or ever will be done. A rough estimate of the cost per acre for plants and planting now, with transplanted trees, is from 40s to 50s per

acre. Of course, if the area to be planted is a large one, the cost will be proportionally less. As we have stated, for some five or six years no appreciable increase has been made to the acreage of plantations in the North, or indeed anywhere in the kingdom. Within the last year or two plantations of considerable magnitude have been formed, chiefly at Inchbae and Gairloch in Ross-shire, and at Farr, Dunmaglass, and Inverlochy, in Inverness-shire. No doubt when railways and roads have been constructed throughout the Highlands, a much greater impetus will be given to this great and important question, not only to the landlord and to the labourer, but also to the nation itself, of planting up with such a remunerative and even weather-improving crop the boundless areas of waste lands—practically worthless in their present state—so common particularly in the Highlands of Scotland.

But there will always be two important retarding causes at work—sheep farming and sporting. In the beginning of the century the institution of sheep rearing on a large scale had a distinct effect upon the Highland forests. The area under wood ceased its natural expansion, the young seedlings being all eaten up, while the herbage got so rough that there was not a suitable bed for the seed to fall in. On the other hand, black cattle, which formerly occupied the hills and valleys in large numbers, were favourable to the production of forests, as they kept the herbage down and trampled the seed into the ground, the result being that wherever they fed in the proximity of a wood a luxuriant crop of trees invariably made its appearance. It may be mentioned that the first sheep farm in the north was established at Corrimony in 1797, the farmers coming from the south; the next was Knockfin. As the fashion spread the black cattle disappeared. Then came another enemy of the woods—deer—within the last half century. Natural reproduction can never go on in or about the forests where deer are present, as they destroy the young trees with avidity; and as long as deer forests pay their owners fabulous rents, there will be no incentive to any great general expansion of wood forests in the Highland Counties—the argument that such a policy would enrich as well as improve the country not being sufficient in itself. On several large estates where afforestation used to be carried on systematically, the sporting considerations which now govern everything have put a complete stop to tree-growing operations, and henceforth, in such instances, the area under trees must decrease, and not increase. It is a great pity that the golden rule of striking the medium course is not adopted in relation to sporting and tree growing. Trees are

undoubtedly a grand investment to make with such land to work upon as is so plentiful in the Highlands. Thousands and thousands of acres under sheep are not worth more than a shilling or two shillings per acre. Under trees, these poor acres would ultimately develop into a mine of wealth to the owner, while the country would reap an advantage in timber which it can never do, from the same ground, in mutton. As regards the outlook for such estates as those of Strathspey, where so many millions of young trees are slowly approaching maturity, it is at the present moment nothing less than promising. Even Australia is now drawing upon the resources of the Baltic pine forests, which, under the excessive drain, will probably be worked to death within the next half century, if not much sooner. Railways are increasing, and as they increase the demand for timber must grow more urgent, and consequently the prices will improve. As foreign sources fail, the native wood must be drawn upon for building purposes And as a result of the modern tendency of things, trees will repay their growers at an earlier period than hitherto. It is now possible for a proprietor to see trees planted which will yield him a revenue in his old age. That in former times was scarcely possible for the planter, and his successor invariably reaped the financial benefits of his enterprise; but now our pine woods are cut down for railway purposes long before they reach maturity. Instead of being allowed to grow for 80 or 100 years, which is the time fir takes to reach mature dimensions, it is cut down at 40 or 60 years; so that it may be said that the age of old fir is passing away before the exigencies of the time, and that such grand forests as those which are the pride of Lochiel's property, will be remembered with pride but rarely seen again. In conclusion, it need only be added that while Inverness-shire has reason for congratulation upon its arboricultural advancement, the forests, here as elsewhere, can never attain perfection until law or the State steps in and insists upon continuity in tree production.

1st APRIL, 1891.

At this meeting, Mr Hugh Grant, 17 Douglas Row, Inverness, was elected an honorary member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alexander Macbain was called on to read his paper on *Gaelic Incantations.* Mr Macbain's paper was as follows :—

GAELIC INCANTATIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.

The belief in incantations, like that in the evil eye, is world-wide and world-old. An incantation consists of a formula of words which is recited to bring about certain physical results to which the meaning of the words has some correspondence more or less direct. Thus, in Scotland, a sprain is cured in this way. A black woollen thread, with nine knots made upon it, is tied round the sprained limb, and while the thread is being put on, the operator mutters these words :—

The Lord rade
And the foal slade ;
He lighted,
And he righted,
Set joint to joint,
Bone to bone,
And sinew to sinew,
Heal in the Holy Ghost's name !

The principle underlying this spell is that of analogy—the recital of what the Lord did, with a call for, or expectation of, similar healing, is supposed to effect the healing process. But another aspect of the matter appears in the following English charm for cramp :—Stand firmly on the leg affected, and repeat with appropriate gesture :—

The devil is tying a knot in my leg,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg ;
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for Jesus.

Here is an evident reference to the action of demons, who, in certain stages of culture, are supposed to cause all manner of diseases. To expel this demon a more potent power had to be invoked, and this is done by a set formula, generally in metre. Here, then, the virtue of the "spoken word" or magic formula lies in the fact of its being addressed to a supposed living spirit or agent, capable of understanding and acting upon it ; and this is the case in most charms, and ultimately this animistic notion may be the foundation of them all, whether analogical and symbolical, or directly invoking demon or god powers. Among savages the

poetic and musical arts are used almost for this purpose alone. If one asks an Indian of the West for a love-song, he will tell him that a philtre is really much more efficacious. "If you ask one of them," says Kohl, who travelled among the Red Indians, "to sing you a simple innocent hymn, in praise of Nature, a spring or jovial hunting stave, he never gives you anything but a form of incantation, with which he says you will be able to call to you all the birds from the sky, and all the foxes and wolves from their caves and burrows." The Maoris call incantations *karukias*, and employ them in actual life, such as for raising the wind by their means. The hero in their myths splits rocks before him with a *karukia*, just as the girls in the Kaffir and Bushman tales do; and by the same means he can assume any animal shape, be it bird or beast. The Finns are famed for their magic songs, but we shall quote only this blood-stopping formula:—"Listen, O blood, instead of flowing, instead of pouring forth thy warm stream. Stop, O blood, like a wall; stop, like a hedge; stop, like a reef in the sea; like a stiff sedge in the moss; like a boulder in the field; like a pine in the wood." For the antiquity of these and like incantations we may appeal to ancient Chaldea, the land of Magic. Fortunately, a considerable body of incantations has been preserved in the cuneiform inscriptions, and of these one specimen must suffice:—

Painful fever, violent fever,
The fever which never leaves man,
Unremitting fever,
The lingering fever, malignant fever,
Spirit of the heavens, conjure it! Spirit of the Earth conjure it!

Among the Aryan nations, ancient and modern, the belief in incantations has been strong. Indeed, a good case has been made put that some charms can be traced to the times of primitive Aryan unity. The sprain charm with which we began to exemplify the subject of incantations is very widely spread over Aryan ground. It appears in one or two forms in Gaelic, as for instance thus:—

Chaidh Criosd a mach
Sa' mhaduinn mhoich,
'S fhuair e casan nan each,
Air am bristeadh mu seach.
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Agus feith ri feith,

Agus feoil ri feoil,
Agus craicionn ri craicionn,
'S mar leighis esan sin
Gu'n leighis mise so.

This means that Christ early in the morning found the horses' legs broken, and he put "bone to bone, vein to vein, flesh to flesh, skin to skin, and as he healed that so may I heal this," at the same time tying a worsted thread on the injured limb. Similarly in Orkney, after telling that the Saviour's horse "slade," we are told that he put

Sinew to sinew, joint to joint,
Blood to blood, and bone to bone,
Mend thou in God's name!

Norway and Denmark have almost verbatim copies, and in the heathen German times we meet in the Merseburg charm for the lamed horse the same words, only it is Balder's horse that is lamed, and Woden works the cure by putting

Bên zi bêna, bluot zi bluoda,
Lid zi giliden, sôse gelimida sin—

bone to bone, blood to blood, and joint to joint, as if they were glued together. With this the Sanskrit charm in the Atharva Veda has been very properly compared:—

Let marrow join to marrow, and let limb to limb be joined,
Grow flesh that had fallen away, and now every bone also grow,
Marrow now unite with marrow, and let hide on hide arise.

Cato, an early Latin author, has left a charm for dislocation, which, however, as often happens, is but a mere jargon without sense. In the great Greek poem of the Odyssey, the kinsfolk of Odyssey sing a song of healing over the wound which was dealt him by the boar's tusk, and Sophocles, the tragic poet, speaks of the folly of muttering incantations over wounds that need the surgeon's knife. Theocritus of Syracuse, a Greek poet of the third century before Christ, devotes his second idyll to the incantations of the love-lorn Simaetha, who tries to bring back her lover by symbolic charms and incantations, whose burden Mr Symonds turns neatly by the line—

Wheel of my magic spell, draw thou that man to my dwelling.

We get a glimpse of the dire incantations resorted to by the superstitious women of Rome in the terrible rites practised by Horace's Canidia, whose charms could draw down the moon, a phrase he often repeats, as does also Virgil. Pliny, who doubtfully discusses the question of the use of charms, records that even the great Cæsar, after a carriage accident which befel him, used to repeat a charm three times for safety whenever he rode thereafter.

Enough has been said by way of proving the universality and antiquity of charms as a method of healing, harming, and protecting. The English word "charm" is derived through old French from the Latin *carmen*, a song, incantation; and it covers nearly the whole extent of this class of superstition, though "spell" is used for the idea of fascination or bewitching. A person is "laid under spells" but cured or protected by charms. There are several words in Gaelic for these ideas. The spell is in Irish called *geas*, which also means a prohibition or taboo. The word *geas* is also known in Gaelic, but the idea of bespelling a person is represented really by two modern words—*sian* and *rosad*, the former being used for placing on one a protective spell, and the latter for a mischievous spell. The charm pure and simple is now called *eólas*, literally "knowledge," and also *or* or *ortha* (prayer?), but the older name *obaidh*, *obag*, or *ubag*, which appears in old Irish as *uptha*, and in Manx as *obbee*, still survives in the words of the charms, and has caused some ludicrous mistakes to translators. In fact, this is not the only old word or idea that has survived in these curious rhymes. The *Faeth Fiada* of early Irish, and the *Feth Fia* of more modern Irish, appears on Gaelic ground as *Fathfidhe* or *Fa fithe*, and is explained by a Gairloch man as "the power of screening oneself from every person one wishes." For instance, a smuggler possessed of this charm has only to touch his brewing utensils, and no gauger can see them or him. Poachers similarly can lay a spell on their game so as to make it wholly invisible, or, if not so, as some hold, to make only the heart of the dead animal be seen. This power is conferred by a rhyme which fortunately now is in public possession, for it has been more than once published. The Fa Fithe is therefore a spell. In the Irish tales, the Tuatha De Danann make use of it, and it seems to cause a magic mist which they can cast over themselves, though once at least it is represented as a magic cloak. Its ultimate meaning is doubtful, so far as present knowledge goes. St Patrick's famous Gaelic hymn is known by the same title—a title

which in the early Irish appears as *Faed Fiada*, which Dr Whitley Stokes interprets as the Deer's Cry, for Patrick and his companions escaped by the recital of this hymn, appearing to their enemies in passing as but so many deer! O'Beirne Crowe gave the translation as Guardsman's Cry, but these translations carry little or no elucidation of the later ideas connected with the expression.

When the art of writing was introduced, it was at once made use of in charms. Amulets had inscriptions cut on them, and slips of paper or parchment with incantations written on them were worn about the person. Toothache charms, for instance, have so been used, and cases have been known where the paper, with the charm thereon written, has been lost for some time unwittingly, and as soon as ever the loss has become known, the toothache has come back, to employ the graphic expression actually made use of, "like a shot." The "rune" letters of the Teutons, just like the Ogams of the Celts, were used for purposes of sorcery. Indeed the word "rune," which is also the Gaelic *rún*, seems properly to mean secrecy, and it was long considered a wonderful secret how one man could by such simple strokes communicate his thoughts to another. From this it was a natural step to attribute to runes a secret magic power, and accordingly we have accounts of their use as charms. The Futhorc runic alphabet is found inscribed on various things used or worn, especially on swords. Brynhild, as the Edda tells us, taught Sigurd the virtue of runes thus:—

Victory-runes must thou know
If thou wilt victory gain.
Cut them on thy sword-hilt,
Others cut on the blade,
And twice name Tyr.
Storm-runes must thou cut,
If thou wilt guarded have
Thy ship in the breakers' roar.
Thought-runes must thou know,
Wilt thou than others wiser be.
Woden hath these runes
Himself devised.

The Gaelic Celts attributed virtues in a somewhat similar way to their Ogams. Dalan, the druid of Eochaid Airem, took four rods of yew and wrote Ogams on them, and by their means, and his key

of seership, discovered that Eochaid's Queen was in Fairyland. The King of Alban's son inscribes an Ogam on Cuchulinn's spear, and that hero is enabled thereby to take a sea voyage unerringly in search of some friends. The secret virtue of Ogams is also recognised in their use by Cuchulinn on the Tain Bo Chualgne, a use which is of the nature of a taboo rather than mere warning off to his foes. The disuse of Ogam in mediæval times renders it difficult to discover many examples of its employment in charms, but it is clear that in Druidic and early Christian times it was in great vogue for purposes of magic.

The virtue of the spoken word was pushed to an extreme among the Gael in their belief that poets, especially satirists, could give physical effect to their sentiments as expressed in verse. The satirists were believed to have the power, by means of their verse, to cause not an injury of reputation merely, but a physical injury as well. Deformities, such as blisters on the face and body, were expected to result from a satire, and the legends record that they did result. Hence no refusal was given to a bard, whatever he asked—at least in the heroic age, for their arrogance brought matters to a head in the 7th century, and they lost much of their pristine power. On a refusal, the bard promptly said, "I will satirise you," and then he gained his point. The death scene of Cuchulinn illustrates this well. He can fall only by his own spear, which the enemy must get. So a satirist comes to him and says--

"That spear to me."

"I swear my people's oath," said Cuchulinn, "that thou dost not want it more than I do. The men of Erin are on me here and I on them."

"I will revile thee, if thou givest it not," says the satirist.

"I have never been reviled yet because of my niggardliness."

With that Cuchulinn flung the spear at him, with its handle foremost, and it passed through his head and killed nine on the other side of him.

That satirist received his deserts! The belief represented here has not yet died out, for a poetess lately deceased has more than once told the writer how she was feared by certain superstitious people on this very score—that not merely a moral but a physical injury should be done them by a satiric rhyme or poem. The Gaelic for satire is *aoir*, and there are several such in the language. Some last century MSS. represent a poetical duel as once taking place between Lord Macdonald of the Isles and Maccailein More of Argyle, which ran thus:—

Mac Cailein:

Tha mi eolach anns gach ceaird ;
Le h-aoire ni 'n claoidhte mo cholg.
Ge b' e bheireadh a mach m' fhearg,
Bhiodh e dearg mar dhril nan ord.

Mac Domhnuill:

Ni 'm b' usa buntainn ri m' shamhail-s',
'S mi mar cheann nathrach 's teang air chrith ;
'S mi mar eisg an deis a bearraidh,
'S beist air buin a h-earra dhi.

Translated :—

Argyle:

I am learned in every art ;
With satire my rage could not be overcome.
Whosoever would draw forth my wrath
Would be red (blistered) like sparkles from the hammer.

The Lord of the Isles:

No easier were it to deal with my like ;
I am like the adder's head, and its tongue vibrating ;
Like an eel after its being docked,
And a beast that has its tail cut off.

The name of the sixteenth century Irish and Scottish bard, Angus O'Daly, called Aonghus Nan Aoir, or Angus the Satirist, is still remembered in the Highlands with dread, and many of his *aoirs* are handed down. In Scotland only Chisholm of Strathglass pleased him—and he did not ! But there are several *aoirs* or satires on vermin, like rats and mice, which are really intended to satirise these animals out of the locality. The following spell against mice is attributed to Aonghus Nan Aoir. It appears in the *Duanaire* :—

A h-uile luch fhirionn is bhoirionn,
Eadar Cnocan Dail-na-carra
Agus Ionbhar Alld a' mhuilinn,
Bithibh ullamh gu dol thairis.
Gabhaidh seachad air an dàm,
Beagan am bràigh a' mhuilinn,
Cumaidh sìos rathad-mòir an Diùc,
Seachad cùl Tom na h-aire.

Ruigibh an sin Drochaid-Nibheis,
Tha i tioram, 's bithidh thairis.
Gabhaidh slos cùl nan gàradh,
Seachnaibh an t-Sràid, tha i soilleir,
Mu'm mùch iad sibh fo 'n casan,
'S mu'n saltair iad nur goille.
Tha figheadair an ceann shios a' bhaile,
Agus ciste mhine air a chùlaobh.
Fanaibh an sin gus an abaich eòrna Shiùna;
Agus cho ceart 's gu'm beil boinn' uisg' an Lochaidh,
Cuimhnichibh an t-òrdugh 'chleachdadh.

This is merely an elaborate order for the mice to go over from one place, directions being minutely given, to another, where more food awaits them; and let them do it evermore! An even better "mouse" charm is published in the 12th volume of the *Celtic Magazine* (p. 257), and a particularly excellent "rat" spell is published in "Nether-Lochaber's" *Ben Nevis and Glencoe*, at page 4, with a translation.

Another belief in connection with these charms is remarkable as finding its proper parallel only in present savage or barbarous life, though prevalent in old Egypt. This consists in a magic value being attached to a person's name. Among the Egyptians, to know the name of a god or spirit gave the person knowing it the power over him *nolens volens*. Pliny relates how the Romans used to find out the name of the gods of any city they besieged, and called upon him to come over to them as able to give higher sacrifices. The Jews never named the name of their God, so that it has been a matter of doubt how exactly the name "Jehovah" was pronounced. A man and his name are therefore, in certain stages of culture, regarded as convertible terms: to injure the one is to injure the other. If a Lapp child falls ill, its name must be changed. In Borneo the same is done to cheat the demons that plague it. Among the Finns, to know the name and origin of any being—man or demon, human or demoniac disease-bringer—gives power over him. It is so in certain Gaelic charms. The name of the person has carefully to be repeated, and it must be the person's real name; a wrong paternity attributed to any person entails a wrong name, and a consequent failure in the efficacy of the charm. The blood of an unbaptised person cannot of course be stopped by a charm, for he has no name recognised by the supernatural powers. It is equally important in the cure of cattle to know the name of the animal upon which the charm

is worked; and it is asserted that witches and other "bespellers" require the name of a cow, or a hair from its hide, to work their wicked will.

The taking the name of the Deity in vain breaks one of the ten commandments, as everyone knows; but it is highly improper —nay very dangerous—to rashly invoke any supernatural power. The invoking of the devil by rashly calling on his name might bring him before the votary; and adjuration or oath might do the same. Of course witches could call him up on set purpose by their incantations. It is not, perhaps, so well known that fairies and other powers could also so appear if their name was *rashly* invoked; for only witches *purposely* invoked supernatural beings like the devil and the fairies. A story may illustrate this. On a hot, broiling day, a woman was toiling on alone, when feeling very thirsty she said, "Nach truagh nach robh mo phathadh-sa air Bean a' Ghlugain!" (Pity my thirst was not on the Goodwife of Glugan). Suddenly a woman dressed in green appeared with a quaich of milk. The other was taken aback. "Take this; it will do you no harm." But she refused, saying she did not need it. The fairy replied, "Gun robh galar na te a chuir a' cheud chir a' cheud aoine na ceann orm ma ni e cron ort!" (May the disease that came on the first woman that put the first comb in her hair on the first Friday (or fast) be on to me, if it will hurt you). "Dé an galar bha 'n sin?" (What disease was that?) "I bhasachadh gun mhac, gun nighean." (That she died without son or daughter).

The exact line of demarcation on the one hand between what is an incantation and what is a prayer or hymn, and on the other hand between an incantation and an ordinary secular song, is often difficult to draw. It is not merely incantations and charms that trench closely on the religious. What is religious passes imperceptibly into what is purely superstitious, especially if the culture of the people is not high. Superstition is nearly all a survival of Paganism into Christian times; and in the incantations the names of Christ, his apostles, and the Virgin Mary took those of the old heathen gods. We have already quoted the "sprain" charm, and in its heathen German form we saw that it was Balder's horse that was lamed, but in the modern charms it is the horse of the Lord:—

"The Lord rade
And the foal slade."

Or

"Chaidh Criosd a mach
Air maduinn mhoich."

Many mediæval hymns and prayers were used as mere incantations. After all, heathen prayers were and are often incantations or magic formulæ, compelling the attention of the divine being by mere ritual. As Renan points out, the Roman prayer was a magic formulæ effecting its object without reference to the moral disposition of the worshipper. If the rites and words were gone through duly—*rite*, as they said, that is according to rite, then the desired effect took place independent altogether of the character of the person worshipping: there was no idea of sin or repentance; it was all a give and take; "I offer a kid—*rite*, you give me so and so," or "If you save me in the danger I am to pass through, I will kill so many victims at your altar, or I will erect a temple for you." Similarly the Khassia of North-East India, who worship dead ancestors, offer to put up an extra pillar stone to a dead relative if help is given. If the help come not, often some of the pillar stones already erected are knocked down! Some early Christian Celtic hymns are mere charms. We may instance the Latin hymn known as the Lorica or "Mailcoat" of Gildas, which probably goes back to the 7th century. The author of it prays that death come not that year, that he be defended from his foes by angels and saints, and that God defend him in all his limbs and members, which are duly named. He says:—

> "Domine, esto lorica tutissima
> Erga membra, erga mea viscera, &c."

Anyone that sang this hymn frequently had seven years' additional life and a third of his sins wiped out, and any day he sang it, demons and foes and death could not touch him. The elaborate hymn of St Columbus, called the Altus, was good as a charm for the sick, and his "Noli, pater, indulgere" was potent against fire, thunder, and lightning. St Patrick's hymn, the Fáeth Fíada, has been a famous charm. Here the devotee binds himself to the Trinity, to the power of Christ's life, to the power of the heavenly hierarchy, to the powers of nature, and to God's power to direct and defend him against demons, vices, &c., and finally, he invokes all these powers against tyranny, incantations, idolatry, black gentile laws, "against spells of women, and smiths, and druids," and against poison, wounds and drowning; let Christ be all round him; and so he binds himself to these powers. The prologue to this hymn tell us that Patrick made it to protect himself and his monks against the ambush of his foes, so that they escaped in the guise of deer. This hymn "is a corslet of faith for the protection of body and soul against demons, and men, and vices. Every one who shall

sing it every day, with pious meditation on God, demons shall not stand before his face; it will be a defence against every poison and envy; it will be a safeguard against sudden death, and a corslet to his soul after death."

In this connection, the beautiful hymns collected by Mr Carmichael in Uist at once occur to one. Some of them are just on the indefinable borderland that seperates Christianity and Paganism, and others again incline to a doubtful position between a literary croon and an incantation. We may quote one or two. This one refers to smothering or "smooring" the fire at night before retiring to rest :—

URNUIGH SMALAIDH AN TEINE.

(Prayer on Smooring the Fire).

Tha mi 'smàladh an teine,
Mar a smàlas Mac Moire;
Gu ma slàn dha'n taigh 's dha'n teine,
Gu ma slàn dha'n chuideachd uile.
Co siod air an làr? Peadair agus Pal.
Co air a bhios an fhaire an nochd?
Beul De a thù'radh, aingeal De a labhradh.
Aingeal an dorus gach taighe,
Ga'r còmhnadh 's ga'r gleidheadh,
Gu'n tig la geal am maireach.

Translation- -

I smoor the fire,
As it is smoored by the Son of Mary,
Blest be the house, blest be the fire,
And blessed be the people all.
Who are those on the floor? Peter and Paul.
Upon whom devolves the watching this night?
Upon fair gentle Mary and her Son.
The mouth of God said, the angel of God tells.
An angel in the door of every house,
To shield and to protect us all,
Till bright daylight comes in the morning.

There is similarly a longer one for going to bed, called the "Bed Blessing;" also hymns for blessing in going with cattle to the shealings, the "Herding Blessing," and the following one is intended to consecrate the seed before putting it in the soil. The person reciting the Consecration Hymn went sun-wise *(deiseil)*, and chanted

"Théid mise mach a chur an t-sìl,
An ainm an Ti a bheir air fàs,
Cuiridh mi m' aodan sa' ghaoith,
Is tilgidh mi baslach an àird."

Translation—

I go forth to sow the seed
In the name of Him who makes it grow.
I will set my face to the wind,
And throw a handful upwards.

The following milking song is secular-superstitious, a croon or a charm combined, intended to soothe the restlessness of a cow that has lost her calf; and the reference in the first verse is to the *Laoicionn* or "Tulchan" substituted for the real calf:—

BANACHAIG NAM BO.

(The milk-maid of the cows).

O, m' aghan! hó m'agh min!
M' aghan crìdh, coir gràdhach,
An ainm an Ard Rìgh,
Gabh ri d' laogh!

An oidhche bha am Buachaille muigh,
Cha deachaidh buarach air boin,
Cha deachaidh geum a beul laoigh,
A caoineadh Buachaille 'chruidh!

Thig, a Mhoire,'s bligh a bhó,
Thig, a Bhrìde,'s comraig i;
Thig, a Chaluim Chille chaoimh,
Is iadh do dhà laimh mu m' bhoin!

Mo bhò lurach, dhubh, bo na h-àiridh
Bò a' bhàthigh! màthair laogh!
Lùban siamain air crodh na tire,
Buarach shiod air m' aghan gaoil!

'S a bhò dhubh sin, 's a bhò dhubh,
'S ionnan galar dhòmhs' is dhuts,'
Thusa caoidh do cheud laogh caoin—
Mise 's m' aona mhac gaoil fo'n mhuir!

Translation—

O, my heifer, ho! my gentle heifer,
My heifer so full of heart, generous and kind,
In the name of the High King
Take to thy calf.

That night the Herdsman was out,
No shackle went on a cow
Nor ceased a low from a calf
Wailing the Herdsman of the flock.

Come, Mary (Virgin), and milk the cow;
Come, Bridget, and encompass her,
Come, Calum Cille, the beneficent,
And wind thine arms around my cow.

My lovely black cow, the pride of the sheiling!
First cow of the byre, choicest mother of calves!
Wisps of straw round other cows of the town land,
But a shackle of silk on my heifer so loved.

Thou black cow! mine own gentle black cow!
The same disease afflicts thee and me;
Thou art grieving for thy beautiful first calf,
And I for mine only beloved son under the sea.

Similarly several operative songs trench closely on being incantations for success in the work on hand. The weird quern and waulking songs do not oppear to be altogether free from the taint of incantation.

I. SPELLS AND PREVENTIVE CHARMS.

We shall begin first with the *spells*, or bespelling charms, known in Gaelic as *geasa* or *siana* (signum, blessing). Thereafter we shall consider the healing charms for man and beast. The *geas* or spell is generally wicked; it is the work of an adverse power, and, as a consequence, we cannot get any specimens of this form of incantation with ease. For instance, a spell could be laid on a man going out to shoot, unknown to him, and he would be unsuccessful that day. Such a spell is a *rosad*, and, though the "rosad" still exists among us, we have failed in persuading anybody to reveal it. Of course, the folktales contain bespelling formulæ, for in them the hero or heroine do many wonders by means of spoken words. The favourite form for the folktale spell

is this—"Tha mise 'cur ort mar gheasaibh 's mar chroisibh, 's mar naoidh buaraichean mnatha sìthe siùbhla, seacharain, laochan beag a's meataiche 's a's mi-threòiriche na thu fein a thoirt a chinn, 's nan cluas, 's nan comada beatha diot, mur faigh thu mach, &c." "I lay on you as spells and crosses, and as nine fetters of a fairy, travelling, wandering woman, that a little fellow more timid and more feeble than yourself deprive you of your head, your ears, and your powers of life, unless you discover" or "do," &c.[1]

The *Fath Fithe* spell, which, as already stated, poachers once made use of, and smugglers lately, and now even, find means of escape by, is as follows:—

Fà fithe cuiream ort
Bho chù, bho chat
Bho bhò, bho each,
Bho dhuine, bho bhean,
Bho ghille, bho nighean,
'S bho leanabh beag,
Gus an tig mise rithisd,
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

"A magic cloud I put on thee from dog, cat, cow, horse, man, woman, lad, lass, and little child, till I come again, in name of the" Trinity.[2]
The first two words are the old Faeth Fiada, as now pronounced. This spell rendered the person invisible.

The preventive charm or *sian* is represented by a very famous formula intended to preserve a man from wounding or harm from the time when he left the presence of the charmer till he came back, and it was usually put on those going to battle. Men so protected, for instance, at Culloden, had only to take their plaids off their shoulders and shake out of them the bullets that hit them! It was *the* Sian, *par excellence*, and is as follows:—The charmer and his protege go to a retired spot. Here the recipient of the charm goes on his knees; the charmer lays his hand on his head, and, with eyes shut, he utters the following rhyme, going round him sunwise twice. And he goes round him once anti-sunwise, saying a different rhyme. Both these rhymes, which after much trouble we have been fortunate enough to get, run thus:—Going sunwise, he says—

[1] See Folk and Hero Tales of Argyllshire, page 346.
[2] Gaelic Society Transactions VIII., p. 127, and XIV., p. 264.

Sian a chuir Moire air Mac ort,
Sian ro' marbhadh, sian ro' lot ort,
Sian eadar a' chioch 's a ghlun,
Sian eadar a' ghlun 's a' bhroit ort,
Sian nan Tri ann an aon ort,
O mhullach do cl inn gu bonn do chois ort :
Sian seachd paidir[1] a h-aon ort,
Sian seachd paidir a dha ort,
Sian seachd paidir a tri ort
Sian seachd paidir a ceithir ort,
Sian seachd paidir a coig ort,
Sian seachd paidir a sia ort,
Sian seachd paidir nan seachd paidir dol deisil ri deagh uarach ort, ga do ghleidheadh bho bheud 's bho mhi-thapadh.

Going anti-sunwise, he says—

Clogaid na slainte mu d' cheann,
Cearcall a' chumhnaint mu d' amhaich,
Uchd-cididh an t-sagairt mu d' bhroilleach.
Ma's ruaig bho 'n taobh-chuil,
Brogan na h-Oigh ga d' ghiulan gu luath.
Sian nan Tri ann an aon ort
Bho mhullach do chinn gu bonn do shail,
Agus sian paidir nan seachd paidir
Dol tuaitheal is deiseil, deiseil is tuaitheal,
Gu d' ghleidheadh bho d'chul
Bho luaidh 's bho chlaidheamh,
Bho lot 's bho mharbhadh,
Gu uair is am do bhais.

The person on whom the charm is placed then rises and departs, but the charmist remains standing with eyes shut, and he does not open them till the other is out of sight. The charmed one is safe from death or wounds till the charmist sees him again. The translation is as follows :—

The charm that Mary placed on her son be on you,
Charm from slaying, charm from wounding,
Charm between pap and knee,
Charm between knee and breast on you,

[1] As our informant had it, the word was *eadar*, which, following the analogy of other charms, we have corrected into *paidir*.

Charm of the Three in One on you,
From top of head to sole of foot.
Charm of seven *paters* once on you,
Charm of seven *paters* twice on you,
Charm of seven *paters* thrice on you,
Charm of seven *paters* four times on you,
Charm of seven *paters* five times on you,
Charm of seven *paters* six times on you,
Charm of the seven *paters* of the seven *paters* going sunwise in lucky hour on you, a-keeping you from harm and accident.

ti-sunwise—

The helmet of Salvation about your head,
The ring of the Covenant about your neck,
The priest's breast-plate about your breast;
If it be retreat on the rear,
The shoes of the Virgin to take you swiftly away.
Charm of the Three in One on you
From crown of head to sole of foot,
And the charm of the pater of the seven paters
A-going anti-sunwise and sunwise, sunwise and anti-sunwise,
To protect you from behind
From lead and from sword,
From wound and from slaying,
Till the hour and time of your death.

The following is a charm to help in the correct interpretation dreams. The charmer repeats the following, and then the am is unravelled:—

Chunnaic mi aisling an raoir
'S mi 'nam shuidh air sliabh rath;
Dh' innis Peadar e do Phol
'S thuirt Pol gu'm bu mhath;
Ach breithneachdainn Chriosd ro' Phol
Gu thusa chumail ceart.

I saw a vision last night
And me sitting on a mount of grace;
Peter told it to Paul
And Paul said it was well;
But the judgment of Christ before Paul's
To keep you right.

The following is a charm given by "Nether-Lochaber" as good against the demon of the dust-cloud. "As it swirls along," he says, "as it approaches, you are instantly to close your eyes and mouth as tightly as possible, at the same time turning your back upon it until it has swept by, mentally repeating—for you are not to open your mouth, nor as much as breathe, as long as you can help it—this rhyme:—

Gach cuman is mias is meadar,
Gu Pòl, gu Peadair 's gu Brìde;
Dion, is seun, is gleidh mi o olc 's o chunnart,
Air a bhealach, 's air a mhullach,
'S air an tulaich ud thall;
Pòl is Peadair is Brìde caomh!

Which he translates—

Be the care of milk pail, and bowl, and cog
Given to Peter and Paul and Saint Bride;
Wherever I wander protect me, ye Saints!
Let not evil nor harm me betide;
Hear me, Peter and Paul, and gentle Saint Bride![1]

We now come to the spell for prevention of the results arising from the "Evil Eye." The following is a preventive charm to keep the evil eye off one's cows. It is called "Eolas an Torranain," and was got by Mr Carmichael, when he was in Uist. The *torranan*, he explains, was described to him as a flowering plant, growing in rocky hill places, the bloom of which is large and pap-like. The tide is said to affect it, for while the tide flows, it is filled with the "dew of bliss," and dries up again with the ebb. It has to be culled during the flow of the tide, placed under one of the milk pails, and in placing it this charm is repeated three times, making at each time a circle sunwise, with the plant over the vessel:—

Buaineams' thu, thorranain,
Le 'd uile bheannachd 's le 'd uile bhuaidh;
Thainig na naoi sonais
Leis na naoi earranan
Le buaidh an torranain;
Lamh Bhride leam!
Tha mi nis gad bhuain.

[1] *Twixt Ben-Nevis and Glencoe*, p. 213.

Buaineams' thu, thorranain,
Le 'd thoradh mara 's tir,
Ri lionadh gun traoghadh,
Le 'd lamhsa, Bhride mhìn,
Colum naomh gam sheoladh,
Odhran caomh gam dhion,
Is Micheil nan steud uaibhreach
'Cur buaidh anns an ni.
Tha mo lus lurach a nis air a bhuain.

Which translates—

Let me pluck thee, Torannan!
With all thy blessedness and all thy virtue,
The nine blessings came with the nine parts,
By the virtue of the Torannan;
The hand of St Bride with me,
I am now to pluck thee.
Let me pluck thee, Torannan!
With thine increase as to sea and land;
With the flowing tide that shall know no ebbing,
By the assistance of chaste St Bride,
The holy St Columba directing me,
Gentle St Odhran protecting me,
And St Michael of high-crested steeds,
Imparting virtue to the matter the while,
My beauteous plant is now plucked![1]

II. FOR THE EVIL EYE.

When the "evil eye" has "lain" on any one, there are various means of cure. The most usual is the cure by water off silver; and this cure was effected with or without a rhyme charm. The *modus operandi* with the incantation was as follows:—Coins of gold, silver, and copper are put in a basin full of water. The charmer repeats the *eolas* or incantation, and in doing so blows on the water with his breath. The water is then sprinkled on the sufferer. The charm is as follows:—

'S e 'n t-suil a chi
'S e 'n cridhe a smuainicheas,
'S e 'n teanga 'labhras.
'S mise 'n triuir gu tilleadh so ortsa, A.B.,
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

[1] *Twixt Ben-Nevis and Glencoe*, p. 182.

Translated—

'Tis the eye that sees, the heart that thinks, and the tongue that speaks. I am the three to turn this off you, A.B., in the name of the Father, etc.

The charm, apart from the "silver" water, is known as "Eolas a' Chronachaidh," or "Charm for the Reproof," or it may be called "Casg Beum-suil," "Stopping Injury by Eye." John Mackenzie, in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. 268, gives the following Gaelic charm for it, saying that during its repetition "the singular operation of filling a bottle with water is carried on, and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid as it was poured into the vessel."

Deanam-sa dhut-sa eolas air suil,
A uchd 'Ille Phadruig naoimh,
Air at amhaich is stad carrbuill,
Air naoi conair 's air naoi conachair,
'S air naoi bean seang sith,
Air suil seana-ghille, 's air sealladh seana-mhna ;
Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhigh,
Mas a suil mhnath' i, i bhi dh' easbhuidh a cich.
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da 'fuil,
Air a ni, 's air a daoine,
Air a crodh 's air a caoraich fein.

Let me perform for you a charm for the evil-eye,
From the breast of holy Gil-Patrick,
Against swelling of neck and stoppage of bowels,
Against nine "Conair" and nine "Conachair,"
And nine slender fairies,
Against an old bachelor's eye, and an old wife's eye.
If a man's eye may it flame like resin,
If a woman's eye may she want her breast ;
A cold plunge and coldness to her blood,
And to her gear, to her men,
To her cattle and sheep.

Here is another rhyme given as an Eolas a' Chronachaidh :—

Paidir a h' aon,
Paidir a dha,
Paidir a tri,
Paidir a ceithir,

Paidir a coig,
Paidir a sea,
Paidir a seachd
'S neart nan seachd paidirean a'
sgaoileadh do ghalair air na
clachan glas ud thall.

Which means—

Paters 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
And may the strength of the seven paters
Cast out your disease amidst the gray-stones over by.

In the Maclagan MSS. the following charms are given for the "evil eye":—

Eolus Bheim shul,
le Nic Aoidh

Paidir Mhuire h-aon, &c. Aon suil a thug an aire dhuit, A.B. (person named who is unwell), mar thionndadhas a' ghaoth air a' chnoc, gu tionndadh an olc orra fein. Mar thionndadhas, &c., ri radh tri uaire h-airis.

[Charm for evil eyes, by Miss (?) Mackay. Pater of Mary one, &c. Whatever eye took notice of you, A.B., as the wind turns on the hillock, may their evil turn on themselves. As the wind, &c. (to be repeated three times).]

Eolus a Bheim shuil
le Ann Chaimbeill

Saltruighidh mis air an t-suil mar shaltruigheas Eala ar Tigh nocht. Ta neart gaoithe agam air, ta neart greine agam air, ta neart mhic Ri neamh agus talmhainn agam air. Trian air na clacha glasa—'s trian air a mhuìr mhoir as i fein acfuinn as fhearr ga ghiulan. Ann ainm, &c.

[Ann Campbell's charm for evil eye. I will stamp on the eye as the swan on her house to-night. I have power of wind over it, I have power of sun over it, I have power of the Son of the King of heaven and earth over it One-third on the grey stones—one-third on the great sea, as being more able to bear it. In the name of, &c.]

This last charm is somewhat obscure, and one of the "thirds" is evidently lost.

III. FOR THE DISEASES OF MAN.

Charms were, like the mountebank's medicine, capable of curing all diseases incident to humanity, but each disease required its own special charm. A vast body of such medical literature must have existed, but only a very fragmentary portion can now be recovered. The leading diseases for which we have incantations are the following—we give them in alphabetical order and in non-medical language—Bleeding, Colic, Sore Eyes, Sprain, Strangury, Swelling of the Breast, Toothache, "Fallen" Uvula, Warts and Worms. We shall consider the charms for each of these in the above order, reserving the numerous charms for toothache for a separate section.

Blood-Staunching.

Some people were believed to have a gift or power of stopping bleeding, or indeed flowing of any kind. They could do it by the word of their power, it seems, if we may judge from the stories told. One of the charms made use of, known as *Buaidh Casgadh Fola*, or Power of Stauuching Blood, is as follows:—

Tha mise dùnadh an lot so mar dhùn Dia Flaithneas air luchd-gearraidh fuilt agus feusaig air latha na Sàbaid.

Translated: "I am closing this wound as God closed heaven against those who cut hair and beard on the Sabbath day."

In English and other charms, the Biblical character introduced is Christ, and reference is made to his stopping Jordan flood at his baptism, or to the bleeding from his side by Longinus' spear at the crucifixion.

Colic.

This ailment is known either as *Greim Mionaich* (Bowel Seizure), or *Snaim Mionaich* (Knotting of the Bowels); and the *eolas*, or chorm for it, required a preliminary story to make its meaning and the cause of its efficiency clear. The story is briefly this: Christ, in escaping once from the Jews, sought refuge in a house, where the goodwife was a believer in him, but the goodman was not. The latter met him outside, and received him grimly, but he entered the house and was hospitably entertained by the wife, who hid him under a covering of *calg an lin*, or beard of flax, in a corner, so that he escaped the search of his foes. In leaving he gave the woman the following *eolas*, both to commemorate her kindness and relieve suffering humanity.

The person suffering from colic has to rub the afflicted part, and as he does so, to repeat the words of the charm, which are :—

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh !
Duine fiat a muigh,
Bean fhial a stigh,
Criosd 'na laighe air calg an lin—
'S math an leigheas air an t-seilg sin.[1]

Which means—

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !
A fierce churlish man without,
A hospitable wife in the house,
Christ a-lying on the beard of flax—
That is a good cure for the spleen.

A less complete form of the charm was got by "Nether-Lochaber,"[2] which after the invocation to the Trinity runs the second and third lines together thus—

Bean fhial, duine dian.

But the last two lines are the same as the above.

Sore Eyes.

We have no fewer than three rhyme charms for opthalmia. The first one which we give was published in *Cuairtear nan Gleann* for July, 1842, and is, with directions for use, as follows :—Take a vessel full of water from a spring, and place therein a silver coin. Repeat the rhyme here given over the water, and thereafter anoint with it the sore eye or eyes repeatedly. The rhyme is entitled "Eolas nan Sul," and is—

Obaidh nan geur shùl,
An obaidh 's feàrr fo'n ghréin ;
Obaidh Dhé, an uile-mhòr.
Féile Mhàiri, fèile Dhé,
Féile gach sagairt 's gach cléir ;
Féile Michael nam feart,[3]
'Chàirich anns a' ghréin a neart.

[1] Gaelic Soc. Trans. VIII., p. 124.
[2] *Inverness Courier*, 20th June, 1872.
[3] For *obaidh*, the *Cuairtear* has the absurd *obie*, which shows that the contributor did not understand the word. Equally funny is the comparison of it by one writer of eminence to *Obi*, a supernatural power claimed by wizards and witches of the West Indies.

Which may be rendered—

A charm for sore smarting eyes,
The best charm under the sun;
The charm of God, the all great.
Beneficence of Mary, beneficence of God,
Beneficence of each priest and each cleric;
Beneficence of Michael, the strenuous,
Who bestowed on the sun its strength.

The following is a cure for the *leamhnud*, or stye in the eye, as sent us by a young man from Sutherlandshire. Repeat the following without once drawing breath :—

Thainig cailleach a Loch-Abair
'Shireadh sgadain a Loch-Bhraoin.
Cha d' iarr i air peighinn
Ach na chunntadh i gun anail—
Sgidear sgadan h-aon, sgidear sgadan dha, sgidear sgadan tri. . . . . sgidear sgadan ceud!

Which means—

A carlin came from Lochaber
To seek herring from Lochbroom.
She did not ask for the penny
But what she could count without drawing breath.
Scatter "sgadan" (herring) one; scatter sgadan, two; . . . . scatter sgadan, one hundred!

A simple form of the above *leamhnud* charm is as follows:—Go on repeating the following words as long as you can without drawing breath :—

Leamhnud h-aon,
Leamhnud dha,
Leamhnud tri,
&c., &c.

which means—

Stye one,
Stye two,
Stye three,
&c., &c.

For fear that any one may think that there really must be some virtue in repeating the numerals as far as one can do it

without drawing breath, that, possibly, the medical principle of "counter-irritation" is here invoked, we hasten to give the following form of the incantation, where the charmer, not the patient, repeats the words. The charmer, pointing at the eye and punctuating his variations with the forefinger, says, without drawing breath, if possible, this :—

Ma thig a h-aon ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh dha ort ;
Ma thig a dha ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh tri ort ;
Ma &c. (4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9),
Ma thig naoi ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh deich ort,
Ma thig deich ort,
Gu m' ann nach tig leamhnud ann ad shuil sin
tuilleadh. (A breath allowed).
Ma thig deich ort,
Gu m' ann nach tigeadh naoi ort,
Ma thig naoi, &c. (8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, as long as
breath holds).

The translation is :—

If one (stye) come on you,
May it be that two don't come ;
If two come, may there not come three
(So on till *ten*, where one breath may be
taken, then back again till breath fails),
If ten come on you,
May it be that nine won't come, &c.

The following is a charm given by "Nether Lochaber" in his first book, for sore eyes, which he heads as "Leigheas Sul":—

Luibh Challum Chille agus spèir,
Meannt agus tri-bhilead corr,
Bainne atharla nach do rug laogh ;
Bruich iad is càirich air brèid,
'S cuir sid rid' shùil aig tra-nòin,
Air an Athair, am Mac agus Spiorad nan gràs,
'S air Ostal na seirce ; bi'dh do shùilean slàn
Mu'n eirich a' gheallach 's mu'n till an làn.

In English, it runs—

(Take of) St Columba's wort and dandelion,
(Of) mint and a perfect plant of marsh trefoil,
(Take of) milk from the udder of a quey
(That is heavy with calf, but that has not actually calved),
Boil, and spread the mixture on a cloth;
Put it to your eyes at noon-tide,
In the name of Father, Son, and Spirit of Grace,
And in the name of (John) the Apostle of Love, and your eyes shall be well
Before the next rising of the moon, before the turning of next flood-tide.

Sprain.

In the introductory section, it was pointed out that charms for sprains are very widespread, and very old among Aryan nations, probably going back so far as the period of the original Aryan race. They exist in much the same form in the ancient Sanskrit, the old German, and the modern Gaelic and Teutonic dialects. The Gaelic incantation for sprain is called "Eolas Sgochadh Feithe," Charm for Sprain of Vein, or "Eolas an t-Sniomh," Charm for Twist or Dislocation. There are many editions of it, but all refer to one original form. The best form is as follows:—The charmer puts a thread into his mouth, repeats the rhyme here given, and then ties the thread round the injured part, where it is left till it falls off itself. The rhyme is—

Chaidh Criosda mach
Sa' mhaduinn mhoich,
'S fhuair e casan nan each,
Air am bristeadh mu seach,
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Agus feith ri feith,
Agus feòil ri feòil,
Agus craicionn ri craicionn,
'S mar leighis esan sin
Gu'n leighis mise so.

Translated—

Christ went forth
In the early morn,
And found the horses' legs broken across.
He put bone to bone,

Sinew to sinew,
Flesh to flesh,
And skin to skin;
And as He healed that
May I heal this.

The following is a good version of the same charm:—The charmer takes a white (preferably) linen thread between his teeth while repeating the following rhyme; three knots are to be put on the thread, and then it is wound round the sprained part:—

Dh' eirich Criosd maduinn mhoch,
Is fhuair e casan nan each briste;
Chuir e smuais ri smuais,
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Chuir e feith ri feith,
Agus mur leighis e sin
Gu leighis e so dhuts'—A.B.[1]

The following version first appeared in *Cuairtear nan Glean*, on the page already cited:—

Chaidh Brìde mach
Air maduinn mhoich
Le càraid each.
Bhris fear ac' a chas.
Chùir e glùn ri glùn,
Is cnàimh ri cnàimh,
Is feith ri feith.
Mar leighis esan sin,
Gu[2] leighis mise so.

St Bride went out at early morn with a pair of horses. One broke its leg. He (sic!) put knee to knee, bone to bone, and vein to vein; and as he healed that, may I heal this.

A degraded form appears in this one:—

Chaidh Criosd a mach,
Is bhris e chas,
Is fuil r'a fuil,
Feoil r'a feoil,
Cnamh r'a cnaimh,
Alt r'a alt,

[1] The last line means "May he heal this for you—A. B., the preceding part being practically as the first form.
[2] In the *Cuairtear* the *gu* of the last line is misprinted *cha*.

Smior r'a smior
Agus mus d' ràinig e an làr
Bha e slan.
Mar sin bi gu math, A.B.

Another degraded form is this:—

Paidir Mhoire h-aon,
Paidir Mhoire dha,
Paidir Mhoire tri—
Chaidh Criosd air muin as,
'S thug e sniomh dha chas,
'S mu'n d' rainig e an lar
Bha e slàn air ais.

This contains the curious expression, "Pater of Mary"—once, twice, thrice; and the animal mounted is the ass.

It is to some form of this sprain charm that Colonel John Roy Stewart refers in the poem known as his "Prayer." The particular verse meant runs thus:—

Ni mi 'n ubaidh rinn Peadar do Phol
'S a luighean air fàs leum bruaich,
Seachd paidir, 'n ainm sagairt is pàp,
Ga chuir ris 'na phlasd mu 'n cuairt.

Here he offers to perform the charm which Peter did for Paul when he sprained his ankle, viz., seven paters to priest and pope put as plaster around it.

Strangury.

This trouble is known in Gaelic as "Casg-Uisge," or Retention of Water. Charms for its cure are among the oldest Gaelic documents that we have, for magic rhymes calculated to cure it appear in the old Irish MSS., both in Britain and on the Continent. Unfortunately, the only charm that has been procured in these later days is incomplete. It runs thus:—

Triuir a thachair orm a tighinn as an Roimh, ... Peadar agus Pol. 'S e bu dusgadh dhoibh 's iad nan codal suain. . . . . Dh' iarr Moire mhin as aon Iosa Criosda stad a chur le fhuil 's ruith chuir le fhual; 's e 'thighinn gu min gun trioblaid gun strith, mar uisge le gleann.

Three met me coming from Rome
Peter and Paul . . . . .
What awakened them as they slept soundly. . . .
Meek Mary for the sake of Jesus Christ
Desired that a stop should be put to his blood,
And that his urine should run;
So that it would pass smoothly
Without trouble or distress,
As water down a glen.

Swelling of Breast.

The following is a charm for *At Cich*, Swelling of the Breast, whether in human females or in animals. The directions are as follows:—Find a stone about the size of your fist; it must be almost buried in the ground in its natural state. Take it out about sunrise, and rub it to the pap or udder; replace it carefully, and do the same at sunset. In the act of rubbing, repeat the following words:—

An ainm an Athar, a Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh!
Suathadh laimh Chriosd air cioch Mhuire, an Oigh,
Ghrad thraogh an t-at,
Mar sin gun traoghadh a' chlach so thusa!

Which means, after invoking the Trinity—

The rubbing of Christ's hand on the Virgin Mary's breast;
Quickly allayed the swelling;
Similarly may this stone abate the swelling for thee!

A general name for such swellings of the breast or of the udder is *Ruaidhe* or *Redness*, which meant a lodging of the milk therein. The following charm is good, again, to cure man or beast:—

Tha eolas agam air an Ruaidhe,
Gur ann air buaidh 's air bliochd,
A chuir Moir' a tonnaibh a cinn,
'S a chuir Brighde a roinn a fuilt:
'Chriosda, faicibh sibhse chioch sin air at:
Gu ma slan a chioch 's gu ma crion an t-at;
Trian an diugh 's trian am maireach,
'S uile gu leir an earar.

I possess a charm for the Redness,
It is for produce and milk,
Which Mary took from the crown of her head
And Bridget from the shedding of her hair.
Oh ! Christ, see ye *(sic)* that breast swollen :
May the breast be healed and the swelling disappear ;
One-third to-day ; one-third to-morrow ;
And the remainder the day after.

Uvula-" Raising."

The incantation for the " raising of the uvula " was known as *eolas cioch shlugain*, Charm for the Throat-Nipple. The little red, nipple-like sea-weed found in pools of salt water when the tide is out, and called in Gaelic *alltuinn dhearg*, is procured and tied to the crook while the following words are repeated :—" Ann an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, air cioch-shlugain A. B. (person's name)." This is an appeal to the Trinity " for the uvula of A. B."

Warts.

The incantation for warts is exceedingly simple. The person affected is directed to rub the moisture of the mouth or saliva to the wart, and keep saying—

Olla bhidh gum beannaicheaeh
Air a h-uile gin de na foinneachan.

That is to say—

Oil of food, may thou bless
Each one of the warts.

Worms.

This charm, though evidently not in full, is contemptuously given by Mackenzie in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, and runs thus :—

Mharbhainn dubhag, 's mharbhainn doirbheag,
Is naoi naoinear dhe an sèorsa ;
'S fiolar crion nan casan lionmhor,
Bu mhor pianadh air feadh feòla, &c.

Translated—

I would kill a black one, and I would kill a bad one,
And nine nine ones of their kind ;
And the little nescock of numerous legs,
That causes great pain mid the flesh, &c.

IV. FOR TOOTHACHE.

Toothache is not, as some think, one more case of physical degeneracy entailed upon us by our modern civilisation; for the holed tooth of the British barrow suggests the dental sufferings of our primitive ancestors; nor has the modern savage any immunity from toothache, though he does live "according to nature." There is ample evidence of the prevalence of toothache among the ancient nations, and numerous are the recipes which are found in the medical literature of Greece and Rome. If Marcellus of Bordeaux (circ., 410 A.D.) represents, as the great Jacob Grimm fondly believed, the experience of the Gauls in medical lore, then we may take it that the ancient Celts were past masters in the cure of toothache, whether by drug or charm. The following is the incantation, or *carmen*, with directions as to its use, which Marcellus gives for toothache, and which he says has proved of miraculous benefit in actual experience:—"Luna decrescente, die Martis sive die Jovis; haec verba dices septies, 'Argidam margidam sturgidam.'" This means that in the wane of the moon, on Tuesday or Thursday, you are to say seven times, "Argidam margidam sturgidam." We cannot follow Grimm into the jungle of derivation from Celtic roots, and must leave these three words as meaningless as we found them.

A common method of curing or preventing toothache, which is still in vogue, is as follows:—A skilled, or "skeely," person writes out an incantation on a slip of paper, and gives it to the sufferer from toothache, and he or she keeps this carefully about their person, generally sewn in the inside of their clothing. The following is a quaint description of the whole system, sent us by one who has had experience of it:—"Some men cure toothache in the following way—They write out a line or two on a small slip of paper, and then fold it up, and hand it to the sufferer, who must not on any account open it. If he does, the worse for himself, for the toothache will at once come back. I know a young woman who once got this line. She placed it carefully in the lining of her corset. One day, however, she happened to be washing, and, having neglected to remove the line, she destroyed it in the process of washing this particular article of attire. She told me that the toothache came back like a shot, and she had to give up her washing that day. A second line, she said, would do her no good, and so the toothache ever since has been paying her an unwelcome visit now and then."

The words of the charm thus written on paper are not by any means always in Gaelic, for too often the difficulty of writing the

native tongue prevents this. English and Latin charms are found instead, and one of each we shall now present to our readers. The following very common English charm was lately caught going its round :—

St Peter sat on a new-rolled stone
Weeping and wailing ;
Jesus came by, and said—
What ails you, Peter ?
Oh, Lord, my God, the toothache.
Jesus said, Be healed ;
And whoever will carry
These few lines for My name's sake
Will never feel the toothache.

A Latin form of the same charm is to be found in the Maclagan MSS. The piece of paper on which it is written was in actual use, for it shows the marks and worn corners of the original folding, and makes a neat folded slip of a little over an inch square. The Latin is very barbarous, and shows a royal contempt for grammar, facts which prove that the writer was entirely ignorant of the language which he was transcribing. Mr Maclagan dockets the paper sarcastically thus :—"Eolusan ciallacha cumhachdach !" (Wise, potent charms). The charm is as follows, the *lacuna* near the end being caused by the wearing of the paper :—

"Petrus sedit ex marmorum Lapis Dominus Noster venit et Dixit petrus quid te gravit, petrus respondit dominus Meus Caput et Dentes meos vexant me Dominus Noster Dicat surge petrus salva tu non solum tu sed etiam omnia qui teneant haec mea dicta per virtutem De haec verbis Dominus Noster et in ejus Nomine Dice tuus pestis non moleste te Detri Minius Pratrus."

There are several Gaelic incantations for toothache, and most of them imply the wide-spread belief that toothache is caused by a worm burrowing in, under, or above the tooth. The Gaelic for toothache is *deide*, which is derived from *deud*, a tooth, allied to the Latin *dent* of *dens*, but a commoner word is *cnuimh* or, properly, *croimh*, which in reality means "worm" or "maggot," and is still used in that sense.

The following Middle Irish charm from the Lebar Brecc is interesting as showing the existence of the belief in the *cruimh* or worm among the Gaels of old, and, further, as explaining the

introduction of the idea of *ordag* or thumb in a charm quoted later on. The words run thus :—

Ordu Thomais togaide
i toeb Crist cen chinaid
ron-icca mo déta cen guba
ar chruma is ar idhain
et pater prius et post.

That is to say—

May the thumb of chosen Thomas
in the side of guiltless Christ
heal my teeth without lamentation
from worms and from pangs.
And a Paternoster before and after.[1]

A short and neat charm, which introduces Peter as the sufferer from the *croimh*, runs thus :—

(Bha 'n croimh air Peadar)
Leighis Iosa Peadar, leighis Peadar Pòl,
Leighis Pòl an domhan leis na tri facail
aig Iosa a' leantuinn, " Bi gu math."

Which means—

(Peter had the toothache),
Jesus healed Peter, Peter healed Paul,
Paul healed the world by following the three
words of Jesus, " Be thou well."

The two charms that follow mutually throw light on one another, and they both have a more than ordinary interest attached to their origin. The first charm, which has already been published (untranslated), was taken down some two decades ago by Mr Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, from the recitation of the late Angus Macdonald, the first bard of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and he again had learned it from the Bard Conanach (1780-1832).

[1] The reference to the above I owe to Dr Whitley Stokes. It is published in the *Revue Celtique*, v. 392, by Dr Stokes, who further quotes a Punjabi or Indian charm that implies a similar belief. The *beist*, however, in the latter case is the weevil, which is supposed to eat into decayed teeth and make them black. The charm tells the black weevil that it will die by the blessing of Shikh Farid, " the Teacher Saint, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, Foh ! Foh ! Foh !"

We may hence understand the completeness of the charm, which as follows :—

Seachd paidir a h-aon,
Seachd paidir a dha
Seachd paidir a tri,
Seachd paidir a ceithir,
Seachd paidir a còig
Seachd paidir a sia
Seachd paidir a seachd.
An orra rinn Muire mhin
Do Phadruig uasal aluinn,
Air chroimh, air cheann, air chinn,
Air ruaidh', air at, air arraing.
Thuirt Abraham ri Iosa Criosd
'S iad a' falbh air sliabh Bheitris,
" Cha'n urrainn mise coiseachd
No mairseachd leis an deideadh."
Thuirt Iosa Criosd ri Abraham :
" Cha bhi chroimh sin anns a cheann sin :—
Mach an deideadh ! mach an deideadh !"
Da uair an deigh cheile.
Fios air neamh is fios air talamh,
Fios aig do righ air do ghalar ;
Croimh is deideadh chuir fo'n talamh.
Seachd paidir a h-aon,
Seachd paidir a dha,
Seachd paidir a tri,
Seachd paidir a ceithir,
Seachd paidir a còig,
Seachd paidir a sia,
Seachd paidir a seachd,
Neart nan seachd paidir
Rinn Muire mhor a Dhe nan dul,
Do'n chleireach naomh, cur do dhonas is do dhòlas
Air a' chlach ghlas ud thall,
'S air buidheann na h-eucorach !

The translation of this is—

Seven paters one,
Seven paters two,
[So 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7].
The incantation that Mary the Meek made
For Patrick, the noble and beauteous,
Gainst toothache and soreness of head and bone,
'Gainst erysipelas, swelling, and stitch.

Abraham said to Jesus Christ
As they walked on the slope of Bethris:
"I have not the power of walking
Or of riding because of toothache."
Said Jesus Christ to Abraham:
"Toothworm will not be in that head;
Out the toothache! out the toothache!"
Twice repeated after other.
Known in Heaven, known on earth,
Known to thy King is thy disease,
Toothworm and toothache to be placed under earth.
Seven paters one,
[2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7].
May the strength of the seven paters
That Mary the Mighty made to the God of the Elements,
For the holy cleric, put thy evil and pain
On the grey stone over yonder
And on the workers of wrong!

Such, then, is the first of the two parallel charms. The second one comes from Kishorn, famed in the *Ordnance Gazetteer* as having given a toothache charm to the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh. The instructions and words of our charm are as follows:—A stick of hazel wood, some five inches long and pointed at one end, is to be kept between the teeth while the following words are repeated (the charmer performing first to teach the sufferer how to act and speak)—

Rann rinn Brìd mhìn
Do Phadruig uasal, an ard rìgh,
Air ruaidhe, air at, air arraing.
Ordag Pheadair, agus ordag Phòil
Sgaras a' chneidh bho 'n chnàimh;
Ordag Mhic Dhé air neamh
Leighis gach deud-chneidh.

Thubhairt Abraham ri Iosa Criosd nach b' urrainn e coiseachd na mairceachd leis an deud-chneidh. Thubhairt Iosa Criosd ri Abraham air an t-sliabh cheudna nach biodh du or ud san aon ceann leis an deud-chneidh.

[1] See Gaelic Society Transactions Vol. VIII. p. 125

Which means—

The rhyme that Bridget the Meek made
For Patrick, the noble high King,
'Gainst erysipelas, swelling and stitch.
Thumb of Peter and Thumb of Paul
That will separate the ache from the bone;
The thumb of the Son of God in heaven
That can cure every tooth-pain.

Abraham said to Jesus Christ that he could not walk or ride because of the tooth-pain. Jesus Christ said to Abraham on the same hill slope (Bethris?) that there would not be further pain in that head from toothache.

This second charm is manifestly incomplete in some points, but doubtless it has been equally as efficacious as the fuller one handed down from the Bard Conanach!

Here is another Kishorn toothache charm, received, as so many of these have been, from my good friend Mr Don. Kennedy. The swelling of the face and the rare but possible breaking through the cheek of the purulent matter, and the erysipelas and such complications consequent on toothache in the upper teeth, doubtless gave rise to the idea of a worm travelling from the tooth and coming out at any point about the head. There is a Gaelic name for this worm; it is called "An Deudag Bheist"—the tooth beast or worm. The following is an elaborate charm calculated to kill the worm and allay all swelling of the head and toothache. The charmer lays his hand on the part where the pain is and says:—

Iarunn do cheann, ainmheinneach,
Bior ad earball a tholladh d' ainmheinn!
Dh' orduich Righ neimh do mharbhadh;
Gu'n tilleadh Criosd urchas
'S gach aon bheist ann an so;
Air an fhealan[1] dhubh,
Air an fhealan dhonn,
Air an an fhealan uaine;
Fear dubh goisneach, fear fionn fada, donn lotaidh;
Ma tha iad a muigh, gu'n dol a stigh,
Ma tha iad a stigh, gu'n dol a mach,
Ach iad a lobhadh, 's a bhrothadh, 's a chuàmhadh
'san fheoil 'sam beil iad.

[1] For *fhealan*, the word we got was *eala* (swan), which we have corrected according to analogy with other charms.

Aon 's a dha air a' bheist,
Aon 's a tri air a' bheist,
Aon 's a ceithir air a' bheist,
Aon 's a còig air a bheist,
Aon 's a sia air a' bheist,
Aon 's a seachd air a' bheist.
Aon 's a h-ochd air a' bheist,
Aon 's a naoi air a' bheist,
Naoi 's a h-ochd air a' bheist,
A h-ochd 's a seachd air a bheist,
Seachd 's a sia air a' bheist,
Sia 's a còig air a' bheist,
Còig 's a ceithir air a' bheist,
Ceithir 's a tri air a' bheist,
Tri 's a dha air a' bheist,
Dha 's a h-aon air a' bheist !

'ranslated—

Iron in thy head, ill-disposed one,
A spit in thy tail to spike thy evil work !
The King of heaven ordered thy killing !
May Christ turn back malady
And each worm that is here ;
'Gainst the black nescock,
'Gainst the brown nescock,
'Gainst the green nescock,
The dark hairy one, the white long one, brown
wounding one ;
If they are outside, may they not go in ;
If they are inside, may they not go out,
But rot, slough, and decay in the flesh in which
they are.
One and two against the worm,
One and three against the worm.
[And so 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9].
Nine and eight against the worm,
Eight and seven against the worm.
[And so back again to *one*].

uch is the charm against *An Deudag Bheist*, the travelling tooth-orm.

We shall end this section on toothache charms by quoting two ıcantations connected with two wells in the north. In North 'ist, at the foot of a rugged mountain, called Mairrbhol, there is

a well that cures toothache, to which offerings of coins, rings, pins, &c., are made, these being deposited in or about the well. The sufferer from toothache drinks of the water and repeats the following formula :—

Tha mise a' cromadh sios an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, agus mi dol a dh' fhagail cràdh mo chinn anns an tobar nach traogh a chaoidh.

That is to say—

I am a-bending down in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and a-going to leave the pain of my head in the fount that will not fail for ever.

This well, we are assured, unfailingly cures toothache ; but it is a far cry to North Uist, and it is with some pleasure we record that Aultbea has a further claim to be the terminus of the new railway, inasmuch as it possesses a well which "cures the toothache wonderfully." The particular spot where the well is is at Slaggan, near Aultbea. One goes to the well, and selects a stone near it covered with moss *(crotal)*. He then takes from the well a mouthful of water, which he must not swallow, but he goes to the moss-covered stone with it, removes the moss, pours the water from his mouth on the spot, and, in replacing the moss, says :—

Uisge Domhnaich 'muigh,
Croimh is deide 'stigh.

Which means—

Out is the holy water,
In is the toothache.

That is to say, the water goes out from the mouth, and the toothache is shut up under the moss and into the stone !

V. FOR ANIMALS.

Charms and magic rhymes existed in great numbers, calculated to prevent or cure the diseases incident to the animals about the farms and holdings, and more especially for the cure of the cows. One preventive charm for the "Evil Eye" was given in section one—the "Torranan Spell." The following spell was intended to stop the barking of dogs as one approached the farm-house. It was especially important for thieves and cattle-lifters that the voice of the watch-dog should not give the alarm to the inmates that, under the safe cover of night, the thief was creeping up to the buildings.

A spell to quieten the faithful dog under these circumstances, or indeed to stop dogs barking under any conditions of annoyance, occurs in the Maclagan MSS., and is here reproduced for the first time. It is written on a scrap of paper somewhat carelessly, and the meaning is a little obscure. The Gaelic is given here as it stands in the MS. The title runs thus:—

Ubag a chasgadh coin o thabhan,
No a Ghlas-ghairm.

(Incantation for stopping a dog from barking, or the lock-cry), The words run thus: –

Co e 'm Baile so romhain ?
Ta Baile nan gaimhne.
Na gaireadh na coin no gu'n gaireadh na gaimhne.
Tri ceothan & ceothan crith,
Bheir air a chrobh cothartaich & air an Talamh ugh pluib & cothart coin.
Ta mi guidheadh air Riogh nan Dul na ta nad shuil a bhi air mo theanga.

Which may mean this:—

What is this farm before us ?
This is the farm of the stirks.
Let the dogs cry (crow) not till the stirks cry.
Three mist-showers and mist-showers with tremor,
Which will make the cattle bark and the earth egg-plump and dog-bark.
I pray the King of the Elements that what is in thine eye be on my tongue.

The obscure words are *gaireadh*, which in the modern language means "crowing," *ceothan*, *ceothan crith*, and *ugh pluib*, where the reading of the *u* in *ugh* is not absolutely certain, nor of the *u* in *shuil*, which could be read as *a*.

Passing from this difficult charm, we come to incantations for the difficulties and ailments incident to cattle. And first come the

MILKING SPELLS.

Milk-maids have been wont in many places to sing to their cows in the process of milking. These croons or lullabies are called in the Isles "Taladh Nam Banachag," the Lullaby of the Milk-maids. They vary in tone and measure to suit the different actions of

milking, and the cows in some cases get so accustomed to them that they won't give their milk without them, even insisting on favourite airs. Mr Carmichael, in his Uist Hymns, has brought one or two of these characteristic croons together. There is but one step between these songs and the charms which we are now to deal with. It is, for instance, troublesome to make a cow, on her first calf, to give the milk to the milk-maid without the calf. The following charm is intended to overcome this difficulty.

To make a Cow give the Milk.

Let the dairy-maid get the leg or shank bone of a swan; then let her catch, in the name of the Trinity, each teat and draw the milk finely through the bone, saying, as she does so, the following :—

Deothal na ba air an laogh,
Deothal an laoigh air a bhainne;
Feadan caol troimh lorg eala,
Air a tharruing le oigh chiallach, channach;
Thoir-sa 'm bainne gu rianail, toileach;
An ainm an Athar, &c.

That is to say—

The sucking of the cow on the calf,
The sucking of the calf on the milk;
A tiny spoutlet through a swan's shank,
Drawn by a prudent, pretty maid;
Give thou the milk orderly and willingly;
In the name of, &c.

The following is another spell having the same object in view —that is, to make a cow give her milk after being deprived of her calf. It has been already published by Mr W. Mackenzie, and he calls it

Eolas air Sealmachas.

It is as follows :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum Cille
Dh' aona bho na caillich
Air Thabhairt a' bhainne
'N deigh marbhadh a laoigh,
Bho feithean a droma
Gu feithean a tarra,

'S bho fheithean a tarra
Gu feithean a dà thaobh,
Bho bhun a da chluaise
Gu smuais a da leise ;
Air thabhairt a' bhainne
Air mharbhadh d' a laogh.

Translated :—

The charm that Columba wrought
For the only cow of the old wife,
For the giving of the milk
After the killing of her calf,
Be from the veins of her back
To the veins of her belly,
From the veins of her belly
To the veins of her side,
From the roots of her two ears
To the joints of her two thighs :
For the giving of the milk
After the killing of her calf.

CATTLE DISEASE.

From these spells we now pass to the cure of and charms for various cattle diseases. We begin with two general charms, calculated to cure any cattle disease at all. The first, with *modus operandi*, is as follows :—Should any more of the cattle die, open the first beast, take out the liver, lungs, and heart, and put them in a bag. Carry this across the first burn, on the neighbouring estate, and there bury it. While crossing the stream for this purpose, repeat this rhyme :—

Fhir a shéid a' ghaoth o dheas,
Tog leat an t-earchall so thar an eas ;
Tog leat a mhi-dhùrachd
Dh' ionnsuidh 'n taobh as an d'thainigte leis.

Which means :—

Thou that makest the south winds blow,
Take this disease across the water ;
Take away with Thee this ill-wish
To the quarter whence it was brought.

The second general charm belongs to Mr Carmichael's excellent collections of Island superstitions, and is published in "Nether-Lochaber."[1] The charm can be used for disease of man or beast, and in the latter case, a worsted thread is tied round the tail, the thread having undergone much mysterious spitting, handling, and "incantating," by the woman from whom it is got. The following *rann* or spell is muttered over it at the time of its "consecration":—

Rann Leigheas Galar Cruidh.

Criosd' is Ostail is Eoin,
An triuir sin is binne gloir,
A dh-èirich a dheanadh na h-òra,
Roimh dhorus na Cathrach,
No air glun deas De Mhic.
Air na mnathan mur-sbuileach,
'S air na saighdean sitheadach;
Dithis a lasachadh alt agus gan adhachadh
Agus triur a chuireas mi an urra riu sin,
An t-Athair, 's am Mac 's an Spiorad Naomh;
Ceithir ghalara fichead an airnibh duine 's beathaich,
Dia 'gan sgriobadh, Dia 'gan sguabadh,
As t-fhuil, as t-fheoil 's ad' chnàimh 's ad' smuais;
'S mar a thog Criosd 'meas air bharra gach crann,
Gun b'ann a thogas E dhiot-sa
Gach sùil, gach gnù 's gach farmad,
O'n la an diugh gu latha deireannach do shaoghail. Amen.

In English—

A Healing Incantation for Diseases in Cattle.

Christ and his Apostle and John,
These three of most excellent glory,
That ascended to make supplication
Through the gateway of the city,
Fast by the right knee of God's own Son.
As regards evil-eyed [lit. wall-eyed] women;
As regards swift-speeding elf-arrows;
Two to strengthen and renovate the joints,
And three to back (these two) as sureties—
The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost;
To four-and-twenty diseases are the reins of man and beast (subject);

[1] Page 202.

God utterly extirpate, sweep away, and eradicate them
From out thy blood and flesh, thy bones and marrow,
And as Christ uplifted its proper foliage
To the extremities of the branches on each tree-top,
So may He uplift from off and out of thee
Each (evil) eye, each frowning look, malice, and envy,
From this day forth to the world's last day. Amen.

The first ailment in the order of the alphabet which we shall take up is—

Failure in Chewing the Cud.

A cow may lose the power or inclination of chewing its cud, and, to cure it, we must first know the name of the cow. Let us say the name is *Odhrag* or the *Dun*. Then, as it lies on the ground, the "wise" person says :—

Odhrag, mu dh' ith thu fiar naoi gleann nan naoi criochan, Odhrag, éirich is cnàmh do chirean.

(Dun cow, if thou hast eaten the grass of the nine glens of nine bounds, Dun one, arise and chew thy cud.)

Therewith give the beast a slap, and get her on her legs, and she will be all right.

The Mumps.

The mumps in cattle is called in Gaelic the "Poc dubh." The person who could work the cure by a charm went straddle-ways over the beast's back and said :—

Eolas air a' phoc,
Eolas air a' phoc,
Eolas air a' phoc,
Mur bhitheas tu beo, bithidh,
'S mur bi, leig leat,

(Knowledge of the mumps, &c. ; if thou wilt live, thou wilt live ; if not, why then go.)

The concluding ceremony is the same as in the last case.

The Ruaidhe or Milk-Redness.

The lodging of the milk in the breast of a woman or in the udder of a cow was cured by charms, as well as by other superstitious means. The charms have already been given, in the case of human ailments, in the third section. They are the same for cattle.

The Tairbhean.

This disease in cattle appears to answer to colic in human beings. It was often brought on by eating too much grass. The charms for it are numerous, but they are clearly one version of some primitive copy. The notion underlying them is that the *tairbhean* is a worm, and one correspondent tells us that indeed there are two kinds of *tairbhean*—male and female. The one is cured by striking the animal with the right brace or shoulder strap in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; the other is cured by the following charms. The following is the version of the charm given by Mr W. Mackenzie :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
Dh' aona mhart na caillich ;
Bha cas Chalum Chille sa' churachan
'S a chas eil' air tir :—
"A thairbhein, a thainig thar chuan
'S o bhun na talmhainn fada thall—
Air mhial, air bhalg,
Air ghalar dearg.
A lughdachadh do bhuilge,
'S a mharbhadh do mhial,
A mharbhadh fiolan fionn,
A mharbhadh fiolan donn,
A mharbhadh biast do leann,
A mharbhadh an tairbhein,
Gu'm faigh thu leasachadh—
Aghachain tog do cheann."

Which means—

The charm that Columba wrought
For the old wife's only cow ;
Columba's one foot was in the boatie
And the other on land :—
"Thou *tarvan*, that camest over sea
And from the foundations of the earth far beyond—
Against worm (beast), against swelling,
Against the red disease.
To reduce thy swelling,
And to kill thy worm,
To kill the white nescock,
To kill the brown nescock,

To kill the worm in thy bile,
To kill the *tarvan*,
May thou get relief—
Dear cow, raise thine head."

t Columba and his *curach* is introduced into the following version
: it lately picked up at Aultbea :—

Paidir [1] Mhoire a h-aon,
Paidir Mhoire dha,
Paidir Mhoire tri,
Mu sheachd paidrichean agus mu sheachd uairean.
Ceithir Feath Fiadh [1] fichead eadar da shlinnean na ba,
Leth dhiubh sin air 'n toir dho 'n chridhe
Agus an leth h-eile dho na h-airnean.
Cas air muir 's cas air tir
Agus cas eile sa' churachan :
At eadar bian agus sithionn ;
Gu'm beannachadh Dia a' bho is na tha 'na corp,
Agus gu'n toireadh E leigheas dhi bho 'n tairbhean.

he above may be translated :—

Pater of Mary one, two, three !
The seven Paters and seven times !
Four and twenty *Feth Fia* (magic clouds or rhymes) between the two shoulders of the cow ;
Half of these to be given for the heart,
And the other half for the kidneys.
One foot on sea, one foot in the *curach*.
Swelling between skin and flesh.
May God bless the cow and what is in her body,
And grant her cure from the *tarvan*.

The following is a Glen-Moriston version of the same charm :—

Ni mi 'n obaig a rinn Calum-Cille
Do dh' aon bho na caillich—
Air a bhulg 's air a bhalg,
'S air a' ghalair dhearg 's air an tairbhean.
Bristidh mise 'm builgean,
'S marbhaidh Moire 'mhialag

[1] As the reciter had these words *Paidir Mhoire* sounded *Peadar Moire*, nd *Feath Fiadh* was *Feith Fiar*.

I shall perform the charm
Performed by St Columba
For the old woman's one cow
For swelling and blisters,
The erysipelas and dropsy *(tarvan).*
I shall burst the swelling
And St Mary will kill the worm.

In the *Courier* of June 20th, 1872, "Nether Lochaber" gives a version of the above charm which presents nothing characteristic; but the learned author explains the *tairbhean* as an incubating skin worm, a view which is contrary to the general conception of what the *tairbhean* is.

29th APRIL, 1891.

Mr Thomas Boyd, bookseller, Oban, was elected a member of the Society at this meeting. The paper for the evening was contributed by the Rev. Adam Gunn, Durness, entitled, *Durness from the Earliest Times.* Mr Gunn's paper was as follows:—

DURNESS FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

The story I have resolved to tell you is a long one, and it has never been told consecutively before. I am free therefore to choose my own method in telling the tale; and I intend, above all, that the method will be simple.

Like everything else in this world, the beginning is surrounded with darkness, and the end is not yet; and the value of all attempts of this kind is measured by the success with which the clouds of antiquity are removed, and the past is made to yield its hidden story. Whether we have, or have not, as yet entered upon the latter days I know not; but certain it is, that in no period in our world's history were such attempts made to become acquainted with the early days as in ours. In almost every branch of scientific inquiry, there are two sets of workers—one eagerly surveying the future in quest of new discoveries, another laboriously sifting the past for the sake of eliminating the golden grains of truth which lie buried in the rubbish. The early history of our native land is being subjected to the most thorough and minute analysis; the geologist is busy with pick and hammer in giving our rocks and mountain-chains a tongue; the topographist,

with a livelier imagination and a more sanguine hope of success, learns the history of the past in the place-names of the present; while the archæologist furnishes his quota from the archives of Universities and the charter-chests of kings. Surely when all the sciences are thus in travail, it is not too much to expect that the product of the future will be something marvellous; that we are on the eve of some great discovery which will change our ways of life and raise us yet another stage in the scale of being.

I.—THE ABORIGINES.

As yet indeed the past history of our own land is made to tell its tale but stubbornly; for a dense cloud hangs over the early movements of man everywhere. Far back as we can go with any degree of certainty we find a race in our island-home anterior to our Celtic forefathers; a small-boned, black-haired, puny race of men who lived in the winter months in caves, and in wattled huts in summer. These were not our ancestors, though I should hesitate to say that we are altogether free from all traces of this pigmy race. They are made to speak a language which philologists in the main identify as Iberian; and the student of place-names finds this language often a convenience by relegating to this unknown tongue any word which he cannot otherwise decipher. The part they played in our early history is hidden from our view by the mists of antiquity; for they possessed the land at a time when the lion and tiger prowled in jungles over spots where stately domes now rear their heads. Their ways of life were rude and primitive; without flocks or herds, without skill or union, theirs was the pure barbaric life which is content with the present fare, and is careless of the future. They made little impression upon the wildness of nature around them; for they knew not how to "subdue the earth and make it fruitful," and by the working of that inexorable law, the survival of the fittest, they were destined soon to give way to a healthier, braver, stouter race. But have they left any traces behind them—any footprints to show the way by which they have travelled? Traces of their occupation indeed are few; besides one or two idioms in the Celtic language which are not of Aryan origin, and some half-dozen words which may find their explanation in this old tongue, we have no literary remains of this pre-historic race. There are, however, other monuments of antiquity in our midst which may, very possibly, be the work of this early tribe. These are the underground dwellings scattered over the land from the southernmost country in Scotland to

Maeshow, in Orkney. These abodes are sometimes large and roomy; and the probable theory is that they were made to accommodate, during the storms of winter or the dangers of war, the leading families of these wandering savages. It is interesting to note that one of the largest in the land is in this Parish—on the western shore of Loch Eriboll, the demensions of which, as given in the Old Statistical Account, are 40 feet long, 6 feet high by 6 feet wide.

But there is another witness which may be cited in discussing questions of antiquity to whose evidence the greatest weight is due—I mean *superstition.* Highland superstition is in itself a subject of profound interest; and a thorough examination of its contents is being made to yield astonishing results. In this field of inquiry a foremost place is taken by a prominent member of your own Society; and to us in the far North it is satisfactory to observe that a large amount of material is contributed by Sutherlandshire. Now of all the superstitions which our ancestors have bequeathed to us, none holds its ground so firmly as our belief in the existence of *fairies*; and I feel sure that our conceptions regarding them are due in a great measure to the character of the race we are now discussing. Take for example the leading characteristics of Highland fairies. We find them, all in all, a rather harmless race of beings--small men, dwelling in cavities of the earth, much inclined to music and feasting, and taking very little interest in what passes above ground. How and why have our ancestors come to believe in the existence of such beings? There must have been some reason for it, for beliefs of this kind do not rise spontaneously in the human mind. Now, it is something to know, in view of this belief, that once upon a time there were actually little men prowling in our forests who neither toiled nor spun; who lived upon roots of the earth, fish of the stream, and product of the chase. When the large-limbed, warrior Celts poured in hordes across the Channel, centuries before the Christian era, these insignificant tribes retreated before them into the denser parts of the forest, hiding themselves by day in their underground dwellings, and appearing only at night to secure the necessaries of life. It is no wonder that our heathen ancestors should look upon them as supernatural beings. Their movements were of the most uncertain kind; their ways of life mysterious. When the ancient Caledonian had chased the prey too far into the forest, and found himself unable to retrace his steps, we may suppose him looking out for a resting-place for the night, on some green knoll where he might stretch

his weary limbs in safety till the break of day. But no sooner has he laid his head on the greensward pillow, than he is startled to hear the sounds of music, issuing he knows not whence. He strains both eyes and ears to ascertain the cause; and, at last, pressing his head closer to the ground, he finds to his dismay that it proceeds from the bowels of the earth. For him there is no more rest that night. In the early morning he narrates his tale to a group of awe-struck listeners, and it loses none of its weirdness in the telling. In some such scene as this may we find the little stream arising, which during the roll of centuries has expanded into a broad majestic river.

We are not, however, to suppose that our ancient Caledonian escaped on all occasions so happily. There is a wide spread belief in the deadly efficacy of the *saighead-sithich* (fairy arrow), which seems to point to an opposite conclusion. Numbers of these are to be found embedded in our Highland moors; and in quarters where the fairies yet hold a precarious footing, they prove as deadly as ever. Thus it is that when a cow or horse drops dead suddenly, it is the work of some envious fairy, bent upon destruction. There can be no doubt that once upon a time human life was far from safe in the heart of a Caledonian forest, and to ascribe the work of death to beings of another order was only natural, when the hand that drew the bow was invisible.

II.—THE CULDEE MISSIONARIES.

How long this early tribe managed to preserve their separate existence in the presence of the ever-increasing Celt, history does not record. It is the way with all aborigines to die a natural death; and if we were to cast about for a stage of civilisation representing them in the zenith of their power, we should find it in the pigmies of Central Africa, while the Australian Maori would furnish us with a parallel of their gradual decay. It is very probable that not a trace of them could be found when our northern shores began to be threatened by the Norse invaders.

But before the Norse invasion took place, strangers of a gentler mien found their way to far Cape Wrath. These were the Culdee missionaries from the monastery of Iona. Fired with apostolic zeal, they carried the truths of Christianity far and wide, and effected settlements among the islands and on the western sea-board at a very early date. Nor did they rest content here. Some of these early pioneers sailed in their wattle-curraghs to the Orkney Isles; while others, crossing the mainland, found their

way to the Continent, and became the scribes of the Continental monasteries. In this way it happens that for the literary remains of the Culdee Missionaries we must look rather to the records of the religious houses on the Continent than to those of our own land. Their chief work there was that of transcribing the Gospels in the Latin tongue; but a gloss here, and a marginal entry there, in the Gaelic language, reveal the nationality of the scribe. There is every reason to believe that each monastery in our own land took care to possess a written record of its history, although hardly a trace of these can now be found. The Norsemen made it a special part of their mission to desecrate and destroy the religious houses.

But there was one record which it defied them to efface. That is the topographical; and by means of it we can form a good idea of the movements of these Christian pioneers. About two years after landing in Iona Columba found himself face to face with King Brude on the banks of the Ness. The object of his visit was political—to secure leave to preach the Gospel among the Northern Picts. This was granted; and under royal auspices the work of propaganda was fairly begun. Their method seems to have been as follows:—They first of all selected a suitable spot for an establishment, on which they built their bee-hive cells. They next turned their attention to agriculture, for the monastery must be self-supporting; and judging from the sites still discernible it is clear that in the work of selection they manifested considerable skill. They were in this way a colonising as well as a Christianising power. Some years would thus be spent in settling themselves in their new quarters—gradually gaining a knowledge of the surrounding country, and, in the extreme North at anyrate, a knowledge of the language. With regard to the south-western part of Scotland, where the Dalriadic colony had previously settled, it is likely that the Culdees would not require an interpreter. But in the North it was different; and Columba required the services of an interpreter both in his negotiations with King Brude, and in the conversion of the Skye Chieftain Art-brannan. The chief opposition they had to encounter came from the Druid, whose power waned in exact proportion to their success. The chieftain would soon discover that he had nothing to fear, but a good deal to gain from the residence and influence of those holy men of God (Ceile-De); and as a rule he left them unmolested. Not so, however, the Druid. It was to him a matter of life or death; and there can be no doubt that ancient Caledonia was once the scene of that cruelty, treachery and bloodshed which we find described

in the graphic pages of Paton, Hannington, and Mackay of Uganda. In the Parish of Durness Balnacille was selected for the site of the monastery, and from thence derives its name. It is a beautiful land-locked bay with Farrid Head stretching out to the East, and the bold cliffs of Cape Wrath sheltering it from the gales of the Atlantic. For purposes of agriculture no spot in the Parish can compete with it—a fact which is sufficiently vouched for when it is stated that in modern times it has been converted into a sheep farm. No small part of its beauty is due to a long stretch of pearly white sands which, in the glow of sunset, combine with the blue and green on either side to make a lovely landscape.

This of Balnacille was one of the earliest Culdee settlements in Sutherland. No place was better adapted for a centre from which to evangelize the surrounding country. In their light skiffs of wattle and cow-hide, they could visit in a few hours their brethren on the Eilean-nan-naomh, to the east, or penetrate for miles into the interior, along the banks of Loch Eriboll. The tribes they came to Christianise paid little attention to the arts of peace. Their hands were more accustomed to the use of the bow and spear than to that of the plough and mattock. But a change soon began to make itself evident. In the course of time the young became educated, and old Christianised. A reign of peace ensued, and the face of the country showed signs of civilisation. For two hundred years Balnacille was the centre of light and learning; hamlets grew and multiplied in the vicinity of the Monastery, and the cultivation of the soil took the place of the excitement of the chase. Hoary-headed warriors laid by the spear and battle-axe, and took up the spelling-book; while the village maiden forbore to sing the war-like odes of Ossian when they were introduced to the gentler productions of the Christian muse in the hymns of St Patrick and the Amra of Columcille.

III.—THE NORSE INVASION.

But a change was at hand. That scourge of early Celtic Christianity—the Norse invaders—broke loose upon our Scottish shores, and for three centuries enveloped the land in heathen darkness. At first they came in quest of booty and plunder, and seized upon the treasures of the religious establishments with avidity. Nothing escaped their ravages; three times in succession was the lamp of Iona extinguished, and the lesser monasteries of the sea-coast shared the same fate.

The shores of Caithness and Sutherland, from their proximity to the Orkney Isles, were early infested with these ruthless

pirates. Pagans themselves, they had no scruples in making the monasteries their prey, and what they could not carry away with them they subjected to the fire and sword. In this way the labour of years was undone, and the history of the early Celtic Church abruptly closed.

At first these raids were only occasional and of short duration, but after a time they became more frequent, until at last permanent settlements were effected in convenient situations. The place-names of our parish show the completeness of its subjugation to the foreign power; and the traditional tales so common about a century ago about the "fleets of Lochlin" preserved almost to our own time the records of their invasion. With the single exception of Balnacille, all the principal place-names are Scandinavian, such as Eriboll (township of the pebble), Sango (sand-goe), Keoldale (kyle and dale), Smoo, Kerwick, Cape Wrath (Horaf), and the latter part at any rate of the parish name, Dur-ness.[1] In connection with the nomenclature, it is a noticeable and significant fact that the most fertile places generally bear a Scandinavian name, while the more rugged and least accessible portions preserve the old Celtic.

We may rest assured that settlements were not effected without a severe struggle with the native population. The many *tumuli* which are met with so frequently on the north coast are ascribed by tradition to this period, and point out the battle-fields of the contending parties. If we look upon the ninth century as the *incubating* period of the Norse invasion, we are left with the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries as the period of occupation. During this period active hostilities would cease, and a certain

[1] Various etymologies have been given of the name of the parish :—

(*a*) Deer-ness—Promontory of the deer. Lord Reay's deer forest is here. This would make it Norse.

(*b*) Dòrruin-ness ; G. and N.—Point of storms.

(*c*) Dobar-ness ; G. and N.—Point of the water ; peninsula.

(*d*) We are not satisfied with any of the above and we venture another, with reasons :—

1. The principal township in the vicinity of the Monastery is *Dùrine*; Gaelic, *an dùbh-rinn*, with the accent sunk on the first syllable ; we have also a similar village named Lerin ; Gaelic, *an lèthrinn*.
2. Both terms describe well the physical characteristics of the places so called—the black point ; the half-point. Durine soil is black ; the rest of the parish, light and sandy ; the article shows we ought to look for the origin in the
3. Gaelic. The Norsemen took the name of the principal township, and, not knowing the force of *rinn point*, sharpened it still more in his own way, and made it *Duriness*.

fusion of the hostile races would take place. We read that on one occasion a peace was concluded at Carn-righ, an eminence overlooking Durness, between Sweyn, King of Norway, and Malcolm II. of Scotland.

The effects of this occupation are traceable in the place-names, in the language, and in the moral and physical characteristics of the people. I have on a former occasion tried to estimate the influence of the Norse language upon the Gaelic of Sutherland, and already referred to its effect on the topographical record. What we owe to the Norseman in the physical and moral spheres can never be ascertained with certainty; but that a blending of the races took place is absolutely certain. To them are due the light, sandy hair, the blue eye, and the powerful imagination which characterise the native population of the North Coast; and judging from the adventurous spirit, ready tact, and sanguine temperament of the people of this Parish it would seem as if they could lay claim to a more than average share of the blood of the Vikings.

It would be interesting to know the conditions of life which obtained in Sutherlandshire under Norse rule. We may gather a few facts bearing on this from the pages of Torfaeus, but they are exceedingly meagre. Reference has already been made to the peace established in Ard-Durness—which is by mistake located in Strath-Naver; and we further learn from the same source that Alexander, King of Scotland, took Sutherland from Magnus II., Earl of Orkney in 1231, which until then was reckoned part of the Orkney Earldom. It is likely that along the sea-coast a bi-lingual race would spring up; but it does not appear that a complete fusion ever took place. The dominant Norseman imposed tribute upon the vanquished population; and claimed for himself the richest parts of the soil. But in everything save military power, the conquered were superior to their conquerors. They were superior in point of numbers and civilisation; and the presence of the Norwegian fleet alone accounts for the quiet submission of the Celt to the foreign power. When this received a check at Largs, and the storms of the North Coast completed the destruction of the fleet, Norwegian rule may be said to have ceased in Scotland. Thereafter a process of evacuation set in; and the more determined and adventurous spirits, who would not submit to the new order of things, looked about for new lands and eventually settled in Iceland. They carried with them there the principles of civilisation and the truths of Christianity.

IV.—THE CLAN PERIOD.

The last encounter between the Norsemen and the native population took place towards the close of the 13th century. In 1263 Haco, King of Norway, made vast preparations to go to the rescue of his countrymen in the Hebrides. Three of his captains, Erling, Ivarson, and Andrew Nicolson had got the start of the main fleet, and resolved to while away the time by making a descent upon Durness. They sailed their galleys up the Eriboll Loch, and then disembarked, probably on the Eriboll side. Thence "they went up the country, burnt twenty hamlets, and destroyed a castle." From the description given it is clear that this descent was made upon the villages lying to the south-east of Loch Eriboll, and that the Castle referred to is the far-famed Dornadilla. But the fortunes of war are variable. When Haco returned from the West, and his fleet lay becalmed in the Gia-fiord (Loch Eriboll) after rounding Cape Wrath, some of his men, in ignorance of what had taken place, landed to secure a supply of water. They were immediately surrounded "by the Scots" and slain, and their graves are pointed out to this day.

In order to provide against such inroads as the preceding, a certain amount of organisation became necessary, and in this way a beginning was made of what is known as the Clan system. The Kings of Scotland were willing to recognise the services of the most successful leaders against those invaders, and portions of land were freely granted in return for such services. There can be no doubt that this was the origin of the two leading clans in Sutherlandshire—the Sutherlands and Mackays. And not only were lands given for military services, but for other purposes as well. Sir Alexander Stewart had granted a charter to Farchard, the King's physician, of certain portions of Durness, and we find under the date 1379 this charter duly confirmed by King Robert II., giving the lands of Melness and two parts of Hope to the same Farquar, and nine years subsequently giving, in addition, a large number of islands on the North Coast, including Eilean Hoan and Eilean Choery, in Loch Eriboll.[1]

[1] In this connection it is curious to observe how traditions come down through the generations. There yet lives in Durness an old man (great-grandson of Rob Donn the poet) who is thoroughly convinced he could make good his claim to all these islands, on the ground of direct descent from the famous physician. According to his version, his renowned ancestor effected the cure of the King by the timely discovery of a white serpent, and the words of the charter ran :—

"Na h-uile h-eilean tha 's a' mhuir
Eadar Storr is Stroma 'n t-sruth."

which substantially agrees with the islands named in the charter of 1386.

What is now embraced in the parish of Durness frequently changed hands during the clan period. At one time it would seem to have formed part of the possessions of the House of Sutherland; at another time we find it in possession of the Mackays, while the Macleods of Assynt, who gradually developed into the leading power in the west of Sutherland, also claimed a connection. From about the year 1500 till its recent absorption into the Sutherland estates, it remained in the possession of the Lords of Reay. The following notes serve to show the uncertain character of its tenure about this period :—

In 1499, for the good service of Odo Mackay, James IV. granted him in heritage certain lands, including Davoch Eriboll, which had been forfeited by Alexander Sutherland for treason.

In 1511, by a deed at Inverane, Donald MacCorrachie resigned the lands of Melness, Mussel, and Hope, in favour of Y Mackay and his son John.

In 1530, James V. gave Hope, Huinleam, Arnaboll, Eriboll, Mussel, Kintail, and Westmoine, in heritage to William Sutherland of Duffus—the dues of said lands.

In 1539 the same King gave to Sir Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, in heritage, the free barony of Farr created anew, including Davoch Eriboll, Hoan, and the lands of Hope.

This last gift brought about a dispute between the Sutherlands and Mackays, in the settlement of which we find the Earl of Moray arbiter in 1542.

During this period, a formidable chieftain obtained considerable power in Durness. This was Donald MacMurrach-mac-Ianmhor. He was a Macleod, and originally hailed from Lewis. It is likely that owing to some misdeeds he had to flee his native island, and he was harboured for some time by Macleod of Assynt. We next find him as chief of the Macleods of Durness, and holding in life-rent the lands of Westmoin. This was conferred upon him by Hugh Mackay of Far, father of Donald, first Lord Reay. At this period what is now known as the Reay country was held as follows :—From Cape Wrath to Assynt, by Donald, brother of said Hugh, or as he is better known in history, "Huistean Dubh nan tuagh" (Black Hugh of axes); Durness, by Donald MacMurchon in life-rent; Strathhalladale, by Niel Mackay, a near kinsman of the Chief; and the remainder of the Mackay country by Hugh himself. When Donald, first Lord Reay, succeeded to the property and title, he succeeded in gaining possession and charter rights to the whole of the Reay country; and ever since,

the Master of Reay always resided in Balnakil, Durness, in the present Mansion House, which up to that date was the Bishop's residence.

Donald Macmurrachadh was the Rob Roy of Sutherland. It was to secure his friendship that Hugh Mackay granted him possession of the lands of Westmoin. In those days it was necessary to carry out many plots which would not bear strict investigation, and for such purposes Donald could always be relied upon by his master. He had a very easy conscience, great personal strength, and was a man of unlimited resources. Fact and legend are so mixed in regard to his career that it is impossible now to sift the false from the true; and innumerable stories circulate round his name. In a recess in the wall of the old church at Balnakil, his stone coffin may yet be seen; the inscription reads as follows:—

Donald Mac-Murchon
Hier lyis lo:
Vas il to his freend
Var to his fo:
True to his Maister
In wierd or wo:
1623.

It would appear that he had a presentiment that those whom he had wronged when in life would wreak their vengeance upon his remains, and it was to prevent this that he gave 1000 merks to the Master of Reay, when building the Church, for the purpose of securing within it the right of sepulchre.

In the Justiciary Records, under the date of 10th December, 1668, mention is made of another Durness warrior of some note in his day. This was William Mackay or Maccomash, who had his *floruit* in the time of John, Lord Reay. This latter nobleman possessed the lands of Spittal in Caithness, but found it difficult to secure their rents. So he took the law into his own hands; made a raid upon Caithness and carried off a great booty. The Earl of Caithness naturally resented this, and criminal letters were lodged against the raiders, "making mention that the said William M'Comash, in Durness, and others, in the year 1649, under the command of Niel Mackay, kinsman of Lord Reay, robbed and spoiled the said country of Caithness," but the diet was deserted, and the proceedings terminated.

The most important local family at this time was that of Borley, near Balnakil. This family was connected with the Scoury branch of the Mackays; and furnished some of the ablest

men that ever bore the name. Donald of Borley was second son of Scourie, and brother of General Mackay who fought against Dundee. He had a son who succeeded him in the lands of Borley, Captain William Mackay; and under date 18th May, 1675, he obtains a charter from Lord Reay of the Scourie district. He led a company of Mackays at the battle of Worcester, on the side of Charles II. His brothers also were men of note. Donald, who took a leading part in what is known as the Darien Scheme, and which ended in failure; and the Rev. John Mackay, who was educated at St Andrews and on the Continent, and became minister first of Durness, and afterwards of Lairg. He was succeeded there by his son, Rev. Thomas Mackay, whose family also was distinguished. It was a son of this clergyman of Lairg that wrote the "Shipwreck of the Juno," to whom Byron owes so much in "Don Juan."

All through this period, the eldest son of the chief resided at Balnakiel. It was impossible to estimate the value of such an arrangement in civilising a region which until then was so isolated. Owing to this it happened that the natives of the most inaccessable portion in the north were brought into personal contact with men of wealth and culture, and the effect made itself manifest in their general bearing. They became more intelligent, sprightly, and chivalrous than their neighbours, and there is a valid foundation in fact, as well as evidence of caustic Celtic humour, for the name by which they are known in a neighbouring parish—*uaislean Dhuirinash* (Durness gentry).

V.—ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS.

Perhaps in no way was the beneficial effect of the Balnakil Mansion House more apparent than in securing for the natives from time to time the services of the ablest and most cultured clergymen. It may at first sight appear strange that such an outlandish parish as Durness could command such men; men who not only had brilliant careers at our Scotch Universities, but who also drank deeply at the Continental seats of learning. The reason was twofold. In the first place the parish of Durness, until recent times, was a very large one—including the three parishes of Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis. In the second place, the Reay family was among the first to adopt the Protestant religion, and took a special pride in securing the services of the ablest men. One of the Lord Reays made it a boast, that for praying, preaching, and singing, "he would back the Presbytery

of Tongue against any other Presbytery in Scotland." The clergyman to whom he referred as so proficient in singing was Mr Murdo Macdonald, A.M., minister of Durness, of whom more in the sequel.

The story of the ecclesiastical history of Durness would, of itself, form no inconsiderable essay. It begins, as we have seen, with the Culdee Missionaries settling in Balnakil, who underwent the same kind of usage from the warlike sons of Lochlin as their Iona brethren. But they did not give up the struggle in despair, for we find that the Church of Durness, between the years "1223 and 1245, was assigned by Bishop Gilbert to find light and incense for the Cathedral Church at Dornoch." It would be unreasonable to expect a connected history of the fortunes of this monastery, for such does not exist, but, judging from the subsequent history of the north coast, it would appear that while the influence of the Celtic Church waned in proportion to the aggressions of Rome, Balnakil Monastery would have been among the last to come under such influence. In England, which had been Christianised mainly by Papal emissaries, it was but natural that they should acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman See. But it was quite otherwise in Scotland, and down to the 14th century, the Scottish Kings on the one hand, and the Scottish clergy on the other, resented with all their might the foreign influence. But it was a losing battle in which they were engaged; the Scottish clergy retired gradually before the representatives of Rome, first from England, and latterly from the south of Scotland. But as late as 1320, eight earls and thirty-one barons of Scotland sent a spirited remonstrance to the Pope, asserting their determination to preserve their ancient freedom alike in State and Church, declaring at the same time their spiritual obedience to Rome. The Culdees continued until the fourteenth century, when they were finally superseded by a regular order of clergy owing allegiance in worship and ritual to Rome. But in the more inaccessible districts there is no question that they held out against the innovations of Rome much longer; and the same century which saw the decline of the Scottish Church, saw the rise of the Lollards and the Wickliffites. Considering the slower pace of events in our northern peninsula, it is not too much to say that the influence of the Culdees remained until the fifteenth century, and this accounts for the almost entire absence of traditions relating to Roman Catholic priests in the north coast. In no part of Scotland was the Reformation earlier launched and more effectually carried out than in the Reay country, where the

soil had been favourable for its reception, through the labours of the Culdees. Roman Catholicism flourished but a short time here, and was looked upon by the people as an exotic plant. The only tradition which the writer heard, which owes its origin to this influence, is that about a certain priest called the "Sagart Ruadh," and the curious thing in connection with him is that almost every parish in the North Coast preserves very much the same traditions concerning him, and claims his grave. In Durness, a spot is pointed out where he had a chapel; in Strathnaver again, forty miles distant, his grave is to be seen in the valley of the Naver. When the river will have removed his bones (and it is now within a few yards of it) the tradition is that "the Cheviot sheep will give way again to men." In one way the scantiness of materials dating from this period is very natural, when we consider that the chief, Hugh Mackay of Far, and father of 1st Lord Reay, adopted with his clansmen the principles of the Reformation. He flourished between 1571 and 1614. So attached was the family to the cause of religious freedom that his son, Sir Donald, mentioned above, served on the Continent under Gustavus Adolphus, and drew so largely upon the resources of his estate to equip him in this undertaking that it never afterwards recovered financially.

I shall bring the ecclesiastical record of the parish to a close by subjoining a number of notices, gathered from many sources in the Advocates' and Free Library, Edinburgh, adding, where possible, further information from local tradition.

1541.—James V. presented the vicarage of Ard-Durness to Mr John Jackson, vacant by the death of Sir Gilbert Dynocht. He resided in Balnakil House.

1544.—Mr John Jackson was still vicar.

1551.—On a letter from Queen Mary to the Bishop Elect of Caithness, the latter received Robert, Bishop of Orkney, as tenant of the lands of Durness and teinds of the parish. In 1559 the same Bishop granted the same lands in heritage to John, Earl of Sutherland.

Between 1561 and 1566, the teinds of the parish continued to be leased with the lands and Barony of Ard-Durness.

In 1567, John Reid is appointed exhorter there. At this time the parish extended for fifty miles from east to west.

1576.—King James VI. presented the vicarage to George Mernes.

1580.—(Date of National Covenant—directed against Popery) the said George Mernes "is placid conform to warrant." He is

said to have demitted before 8th March 1580, when William Mernes was presented to the vicarage by James VI.

16—.— Mr Alexander Munro was appointed to the benefice in the first half of the 17th century. He is styled in Macrae's MS. "catechist of Strathnaver"—which at the time formed part of the parish of Durness. He found the natives in a state of heathenism almost, so far as religion was concerned, which demonstrates what many a writer has affirmed concerning the religion of Scotland in the centuries between the decline of the Celtic Church and the Reformation, that for its influence on the moral and intellectual life of the people, it may be said to have had no existence. The labours of Sandy Munro, as he is called by tradition, were greatly blessed. He was no mean poet, and translated or paraphrased portions of Scripture for the benefit of his parishioners. Some of these are preserved in Macrae's MS., and are of much interest as showing the northern dialect of Gaelic as it existed about two or nearly three centuries ago—being written phonetically. He was converted under the preaching of Mr Robert Bruce, second son of Bruce of Airth, one of the barons of Scotland, and a connection of the Royal Bruces. This took place while the latter was prisoner at Inverness, on account of resisting the Episcopal designs of James the Sixth. Soon after he believed he heard a voice from heaven calling him to the ministry, and informing him of this his future settlement. He studied for the Church, and was duly licensed and ordained for this remote parish, through the influence of the Reay family, whose leanings were with the evangelical party. His son, Hew Munro, succeeded to the benefice, and his daughter Christian married John Mackay of Achness, chieftain of the Clan Abrach branch of the Mackays.

For some years, since the death of the preceding incumbent in 1653, the parish was vacant, and the Presbytery Record of Caithness shows, under date 5th Dec., 1659, that Mr Alexander Clerk, minister at Latheron, was sent to officiate in Strathnaver, "according to the Lord of Rhaes desire to supplie them." The same Record contains also the following:—"Wick, 4 Dec., 1660.—All brethren present, except David Munro, absent in Strathnaver."

"Thurso, Jan. 1st, 1661.—Letter presented showing that Mr David Munro had come the length of Strathie, but was detained there by tempestuous weather. Excuse admitted."

Thurso, Sept. 26, 1662.—The said my Lord Bishop, and the brethren of ye Presbytery present, Mr Hewe Munro (son of Sandy Munro above) had his populare sermon on Math. xiii. 24, as a part of his trial, in order to his call to the Church of Durines, in

Strathnaverne, and being removed was approven. This was the first meeting after Prelacy was restored.

1663.—Ordained said Hew Munro to Durness. From this date forward there are many references in the Presbytery Record complaining of his non-attendance at the meetings. He excused himself on the grounds of distance, and difficulty of the journey, but was sharply admonished. He did not take the test in 1681, but on petitioning the Privy Council, he was allowed to do so before his Ordinary on 16th March, 1682. He died in possession of his benefice in 1698, aged 59 years, in the 36th year of his ministery. A daughter, Isabella, married Robert Mackay of Achness.

A vacancy again occurs between 1700 and 1707, and we find the General Assembly of 1704 directing to send "a probationer having Irish (Gaelic) to Caithness, with a special eye to Durness."

1707.—John Mackay, A.M., 3rd son of Captain Wm. af Borley, referred to above, was ordained minister of the parish. It was on a distinct understanding that the parish should be divided, and another minister placed in it. This promise was set aside by George, Lord Reay, the heritor. A lawsuit followed, and the minister failed in his endeavour to secure justice, with the result that a call to another charge was procured for him, and he was transferred to Lairg in 1713, after a ministry of about seven years in his native parish. This lawsuit preyed alike on his health and resources, but at Lairg he proved of great service in civilising the rude inhabitants, the Earl of Sutherland conferring upon him power to inflict corporeal punishment where necessary. He was educated first at St Andrews, and then on the Continent, and connected as he was with the Reay family, was a man of culture as well as education. He was of great physical strength, which was much required in those days, when moral suasion failed; and tradition points to an island in Loch Shin, where this worthy divine imprisoned for a time his more lawless parishioners. Left alone there during the night, there is no question but the method, acting in concert with their fears and superstitions, would have a salutary effect.

1715.—George Brodie appointed to the parish by the Presbytery, *jure devoluto.* It was in his time that the parish was divided by the Commissioners of Teinds (1724), and he betook himself on its erection to the newly-created parish of Eddrachilis.

The next incumbent was Mr Murdo Macdonald, A.M., who was inducted in 1726. An account of the diary kept by him was furnished some years ago to your Society by Mr Hew Morrison, now

of the Free Library, Edinburgh. He was minister of the parish for nearly 40 years, and was succeeded by Mr Thomson, whose daughter married the pre-Disruption minister of Durness, Rev. Mr Finlater. But as my paper has already exceeded the length usually granted to such contributions, I must reserve for a future occasion the events in Church and State during this most interesting period. It was during Mr Murdo's ministry that Rob Donn, the Reay country bard, and native of Durness, flourished; and in justice to this interesting period of our parochial history, I must draw this paper to a close.

PRIZE ESSAY.

The prize of ten guineas offered by The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, under the auspices of the Society, for the best essay on "*The Social Progress of the Highlands since 1800,*" was won by Mr A. Polson, teacher, Dunbeath. Mr Polson's essay is as follows:—

THE SOCIAL PROGRESS OF THE HIGHLANDS SINCE 1800.

For people and nations a period of one hundred years is generally regarded by students of sociology as rather a short one for the purpose of contrasting and comparing the social state at its beginning and end. The progress made by the Highlands is, however, quite a marked exception to this general rule. To old people still alive, and more especially to students of Highland history, it is abundantly evident that the social condition of the people, as well as the face of the country, has undergone extraordinary changes within this comparatively short period. Up to the middle of last century the Highlands of Scotland was as much an unknown land as many parts of the interior of Africa still are.

Lord Macaulay, in writing of the period immediately succeeding the Revolution, and depending for his information on Captain Burt's letters from Scotland and other documents written in the early part of last century by Southrons, who had themselves never seen the Highlands, says, that if an observer were to pass through the Highlands then—"He would have to endure hardships as great as if he had sojourned among the Esquimeaux or the Samoyeds. . . . In many dwellings the furniture, the food, the clothing, nay, the very hair and skin of his hosts, would have

put his philosophy to the proof. His lodging would sometimes have been in a hut of which every nook would have swarmed with vermin. He would have inhaled an atmosphere thick with peat smoke, and foul with a hundred noisome exhalations. At supper, grain fit only for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with which he would have feasted would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep. His couch would have been bare earth, dry or wet as the weather might be, and from that couch he would have risen, half-poisoned with stench, half-blind with the reek of turf, and half-mad with itch." Several of the particulars of this dark picture of the conditions under which Highlanders had to live are repeated by other writers, but there is grave reason to doubt that it ever could apply to the whole Highlands, or even to any part of it in its entirety. But notwithstanding what must have been the rather hurtful influence of some such surroundings it had even then to be admitted that Highlanders possessed a superiority of general character. Macaulay further on says, regarding them, "As there was no other part of the island where men sordidly clothed, lodged, and fed, indulged themselves to such a degree in the idle sauntering habits of an aristocracy, so there was no other part of the island where such men had in such a degree the better qualities of an aristocracy, grace, and dignity of manner, self-respect, and that noble sensibility which makes dishonour more terrible than death. A gentleman from Skye or Lochaber, whose clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years, and whose hovel smelt worse than an English hog-stye, would often do the honours of that hovel with a lofty courtesy worthy of the splendid circle of Versailles. Though he had as little book-learning as the most stupid ploughboys of England, it would be a great error to put him in the same intellectual rank with such ploughboys." This estimate of Highlanders has since then been endorsed by many a writer who has had opportunities of knowing them well, and no later than 1884, such an eminent authority as the Royal Commission sent to enquire into the crofters grievances said, "The crofter and cottar population of the Highlands and Islands, small though it be, is a nursery of good workers and citizens for the whole empire. In this respect the stock is exceptionally valuable. By sound physical constitution, native intelligence, and good moral training, it is particularly fitted to recruit the people of our industrial centres." This superiority of character has stood not only High-

landers themselves in good stead, but the whole nation as well, for had they been less noble than they are, it is extremely unlikely that they could have quietly borne the privations, hardships, insults, and wrongs which they have so often been called on to endure, or would have borne themselves with so much valour when the empire was imperilled.

In considering this people's social progress it will conduce to clearness to trace the progress made in each branch of what constitutes their social condition, and it is, therefore, necessary to show—

I. How those depending on the soil and the surrounding soil—farmer, crofter, labourer, and fisherman—have had their lot ameliorated.

II. How in religion and morals, superstition and ignorance have given place to an educated and efficient pastorate and high ideals of Christian duty on the part of the laity.

III. How in education, in place of a people among whom a century ago persons who could sign there names were rare, and among the older of whom a prejudice to learning existed, the young are now attending schools in an increasing ratio, and the older people are willing to sacrifice much for the sake of the education of their children.

IV. How in politics, a people who had then no voice in the making of the laws by which they were governed are now virtually self-governed, and how they who were precluded from taking an interest in anything beyond their village commune now take a keen and patriotic interest in the affairs of a great nation.

V. How in such matters as sanitation, care of the poor, &c., changes for the better have been made.

RELATION OF PEOPLE AND LAND.

From the nature of the circumstances by which they are surrounded, it is evident that the vast majority of the Highland people must depend on agricultural pursuits for their livelihood. This is very distinctly shown by the census of 1881, from which the following table is constructed :—

Class of Occupation.	Percentage for Highlands.	Percentage for all Scotland.
Agricultural.....	51·4	18·8
Industrial.....	29·9	59·3
Commercial.....	6·5	10·8

The relation which the people bear to the land on which they depend affords some estimate of their social state, and it

is interesting to notice the several changes which this has undergone. Prior to the '45, the clan system was almost universal in the Highlands. Much has been written in defence and condemnation of the system, and we find Mrs Grant of Laggan writing, "Nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent idea that a Highland chief was an ignorant and unprincipled tyrant, who rewarded the abject submission of his followers with relentless cruelty and rigorous oppression. If ferocious in disposition, or weak in understanding, he was curbed and directed by the elders of his tribe, who, by inviolable custom, were his standing councillors, without whose advice no measure of any kind was decided." General Stewart of Garth says, "The chief's sway was chiefly paternal. Reverence for his authority, and gratitude for his protection, which was generally extended to shield the rights of his clansmen against the aggression of strangers, were the natural results of his patriarchal rule. This constituted an efficient control, without many examples of severity." On the other hand, Burt had to write, "The chief does not think the present abject condition of the clan towards him to be sufficient; but entertains that tyrannical and detestable maxim that to render them poor would double the tie of their obedience, and accordingly he makes use of all oppressive means to that end."

These pictures are very likely drawn from particular instances which came under the notice of the writers, and none of them can be true of the whole. It, however, seems that the chief resided among his people, settled their disputes, received rent in kind, was hospitable to all, and, in short—

> "Never closed the iron door
> Against the desolate and poor;"

but protecting and being protected by his fellow-clansmen, who were loyal and faithful to him and to one another even to the death, and depending for little on the outside world.

The laws which followed the suppression of "the forty-five" altered the relations of chief and people, and thereafter until 1886 the relation between them was that of landlord and tenant—purely a commercial one. There was, however, little evidence of the change until something like twenty years had elapsed under the new *regimé*, for it was only about the year 1770 that the beginning of the "economic transformation" was noticeable. Then followed many of the "clearances," the formation of large sheep farms, and of congested seaside townships and villages. Of

the effect of this change on the condition of the people much has been written, but it is now generally admitted that it was a mistake, and that it is matter for regret that the experiment was not made of leaving this peasantry where they were and of making their rents a fair one, of improving modes of cultivation, and of inducing the surplus population, if such there were, to migrate either to other cultivable lands or to the sea-shore to engage in fishing. The mistake was, however, made, and in doing it many a landlord threw away the love of his people—a heritage which his ancestors had for ages esteemed above all things—and the population of the time suffered. Though after 1820 evictions were not carried out on the previous large scale, still, whenever a croft or crofter stood in the landlord's way, or his factor was crossed in any wise, bullying, and, if that were unsatisfactory, then eviction was resorted to, whatever might be the suffering thereby caused to the evicted.

As time passed on the people began to feel their importance, the more especially after the passing of the various Franchise Bills and the more general spread of education; and the result was the agitation which culminated in the passing of the Crofters' Act of 1886, which freed the people from the fear of the power of arbitrary landlords, and under which a large number of crofters have with confidence set about improving their holdings and homes.

It is of interest to know how the people lived under these systems, and to see what progress has been made in affording them not only an assured regular supply of the necessaries of life, but also of those small luxuries which help to make life more than a daily struggle for existence, and of those things which make men less like the dumb driven cattle.

It is extremely probable that while the clan system prevailed, because of the frequent feuds, and the want of roads or means of intercommunication, every district must depend on its own resources for the means of subsistence. Fish of all kinds would be got in the districts bordering on the sea. Salmon would be got in the rivers, and the flesh of their cattle must have been used by themselves. But should the supplies of any district for any reason fail, then the pressure of want would be felt in all its keenness, and many would have to succumb, as the knowledge of a district's want could scarcely be known beyond a limited circle, and the tardy means of transit, even when help was vouchsafed,

must have brought relief at a very late stage. According to Martin, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, "The diet used by the natives consists of fresh food, for they seldom taste any that is salted, except butter; the generality eat but little flesh, and only persons of distinction eat it every day and make three meals, for all the rest eat only two, and they eat more boiled than roasted. Their ordinary diet is butter, cheese, milk, potato, coleworts, brochan, *i.e.*, oatmeal and water boiled; the latter taken with some bread is the constant food of several thousands of both sexes in this (Skye) and other islands during the winter and spring; yet they undergo many fatigues both by sea and land, and are very healthful."

Pennant visited the north of Scotland, towards the end of the eighteenth century, and witnessed the transformation in the condition of the population, which resulted because "deprived of his state, of his patriarchal and feudal privileges, the Highland landlord seems to have resolved upon the part of a hard task-master as a satisfaction to his wounded pride, for the immunities he had forfeited." Of the condition of the people of Skye, Pennant says that the poor were left to Providence's care. They prowled along the shore to pick up limpets and other shell-fish, the casual repasts of hundreds during part of the year. Hundreds annually dragged through the season a wretched life, and numbers unknown, in all parts of the Highlands, fell beneath the pressure, some of hunger, more of the putrid fever, the epidemic of the coasts, originating from unwholesome food, which they had to use in their dire necessity. In Mull, Rum, Canna, Colonsay, and Islay the story of semi-starvation is the same. Regarding the inhabitants of Arran he says, "No time can be spared for amusement of any kind; the whole being given up to providing the means of paying their rent, of laying in their fuel, or getting a scanty pittance of meat and clothing."

The methods of cultivation were laborious and hence expensive in the extreme. In many parts corn lands were tilled solely by the *caschrom*. Where there was a plough it took three men to manage it—one to hold it, a second to drive the four horses abreast, and a third to follow with the spade to rectify the "imperfections of the tilth." Thus three men and four horses did the work which two horses and one man now do.

The tenure by which, during the latter part of last century and the early part of this, the majority of the people held their lands was of a kind to discountenance the making of any

permanent improvements. Dr Walker, who was commissioned to write a report of the state of the Western Isles to the now defunct Commissioners of the annexed estates, says of them in his economical history: "All the sub-tenants, who were the great body of the people in the Highlands, are tenant at will of the tacksman or farmer, and are, therefore, placed in a state of subjection that is not only unreasonable, but unprofitable, both to themselves and their superiors. The tacksman generally has one day in the week of the sub-tenant's labour all the year round, which, with the spring and harvest work and other occasions, will amount to one-third of the whole annual labour. He can, therefore, have neither ability nor opportunity to attempt any improvements, which many of these sub-tenants would undoubtedly do, were they but masters of their time, and independent in their possessions." Beneath these sub-tenants were the scallags, who were practically the slaves of laird, tacksman, or sub-tenant. Five days in the week the scallag had to work for his master, the sixth was allowed to himself for the cultivation of some scrap of land, which was assigned to him, where he raised for himself kail, barley, and potatoes, which with some fish formed the staple of his food

The dwellings of the people would seem to have been of the most wretched description. Holes in the thatch served for windows. The fireplace was in the centre of the floor, and the smoke was allowed to find its way out as best it could. Beds as we have known them were unknown, and each person rolled himself in whatever clothes he could, and lay on the floor, whatever the weather. Such, then, was the condition of the people of the Highlands during the latter part of the last century and the early part of this. From that time to this their condition has been gradually ameliorated, but certainly not at the same rate in all parts, and nowhere as yet so much as those who know them would wish.

One of the chief factors in the production of this improved state is the construction of the means of inter-communication afforded (1) by the roads made first for military purposes, and then by the joint action of the Government and the northern proprietors. In making these, it is said that the amount of joint expenditure exceeded £460,000, that upwards of 1200 miles of new roads were repaired, and 1436 bridges, and 11,450 covered drains were constructed. Since then, proprietors and Commissioners of Supply have had many more miles constructed and upheld, and the recently-appointed County Councils are, it would

seem, further to enhance the boon of easy inter-communication by the construction of many more miles of road in hitherto neglected localities; (2) by the construction and continued use of the Caledonian Canal since 1821; (3) by the Highland Railway, opened first to Inverness, then to Dingwall, Tain, Golspie, Helmsdale, Wick, Thurso, and Stromeferry; and (4) by the establishment of postal and telegraph facilities in even the very remote parts of the Highlands.

By all these means, not only are goods transmitted hither and thither with quickness, and prices thus equalised, as well as a plethora or famine prevented, but the knowledge of the higher social state attained elsewhere is conveyed to the people, and as it is characteristic of Highland self-respect to strive after the realisation of the higher ideals, it is found that where communication has been longest open, the social condition of the population is, in most particulars, of a higher standard than where such communication has been only recently opened.

The following table shows (1) the price of agricultural labour in 1790, and (2) during the first thirty years of this century:—

	1790				1820			
County	Wages per week in Winter	Summer	Wages with Board in Harvest	Women	Winter	Summer	Board Harvest Wages	Women
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	d.
Argyle.....	4 0	6 0	6 0	4	6 0	9 0	9 0	7
Inverness..	4 0	6 0	6 0	4	6 0	9 0	9 0	7
Ross and Cromarty.	2 6	3 6	3 0	3	5 6	8 0	6 0	6
Sutherland	2 6	3 6	3 0	3	5 6	8 0	6 0	6
Caithness..	3 0	5 6	4 0	3	6 0	8 0	7 0	6

Price of the necessaries of life in 1800:—

County	Wheat ℔ boll	Barley ℔ boll	Oats ℔ boll	Oatmeal ℔ peck	Butter ℔ stone	Cheese ℔ stone	Beef ℔ lb.	Eggs ℔ doz.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	d.	d.
Argyle	—	19 0	—	1 4	12 0	—	5	4
Inverness	20 0	18 0	15 0	0 11½	1 0	5 0	6	6
Ross and Cromarty.....	—	18 0	16 0	1 2	12 0	4 0	2	2
Sutherland	—	12 0	16 0	1 2	12 6	6 0	4½	2
Caithness	—	12 0	16 0	1 2	12 0	5 0	3	1

From these tables it is interesting to note that though the necessaries of life have since then risen in price, yet the remuneration of all kinds of agricultural labour has risen in every county in a much higher ratio, thus giving those who depend on the land a much greater purchasing power. The nett results of the changes which have taken place in the Highlands are, to all who depend on the land, (1) a higher standard of comfort than at the opening of the century; (2) security of tenure to all crofters who may have been harassed by arbitrary landlords, whom this class cannot now have any reason to fear; (3) houses, clothing, and food are of a better class, and are now more regularly secured; (4) the conveniences of life are much more common; and (5) the people are possessed of a higher and wider intelligence.

THE FISHERIES.

The importance of the fishing industry to Highlanders may be inferred from the fact, that at least twelve per cent. of all males in the Highlands above twenty years of age are fishermen, and that nearly half of the fishermen in Scotland live in Highland counties.

In the early part of the century, arms of the sea yielded a sufficiency for the population that could then be served, because the means of transit were exceedingly difficult and salt was dear. At that time the boats were small, without deck or any means which would conduce to the comfort and safety of the men. The fishing gear was good of its kind, but rather clumsy, and not the

best adapted for the work. The boats which have gradually superseded those are longer of keel, decked, and generally have a stove and some sleeping accommodation for the crew. Fishing gear is of light and superior make. The men can venture far out into the open sea, and the total catch has been almost regularly rising each year during the present century, as markets for the disposal of the fish, fresh and cured, have been opened, and the prices realised have been such as to afford encouragement to the toilers.

Although in recent years the industry has been depressed from a variety of causes, chiefly over-speculation, and the raising of Continental tariffs—there is again evidence of its reviving and of affording lucrative employment to many of the people. To the attainment of this end, the construction of light railways, piers, harbours, and landing places, for which Government aid is in certain localities conditionally promised, will give very material aid.

The following table shows the progress made in the annual catch at certain periods during the century :—

Year.	Barrels Cured.	Barrels Exported.
1810	90,185	35,848
1820	384,491	253,516
1830	326,557	181,654
1850	770,698	340,256
1880	1,473,600	1,009,811

The estimated money value of the whole Scotch fisheries was in 1810 only £500,000, while in 1880 it was £2,210,790, and the greater part of this increased value is due to its successful prosecution in the Highlands

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

The high moral tone and general good deportment of Highlanders have been testified by observers for a long period, and this is confirmed by official records which show the rarity of crime among them. Readers of such books as Sage's *Memorabilia Domestica*, cannot, however, help coming to the conclusion that the conduct of the people was, in the early part of the century, superior to their creed.

People do not change their religion quickly, and for a long time after the Reformation Highlanders were really Episcopalians, though nominally Presbyterians, and entertained a strong antipathy to the settlement of Whig ministers in their midst. Mr

Sage tells that when Rev. Mr Pope was settled in Reay very few of the parishioners came to hear him, they rather spending the time at an inn a few hundred yards away from the manse. One Sunday evening they came to him and invited him to join them. He declined the invitation and rated them on their manner of spending Sunday. Their reply was, "You are most ungrateful to refuse our hospitality, and if you think we are to give up the customs of our fathers for you, or all the Whig ministers of the country, you'll find yourself in error. But come along with us, for if we repeat your words to our neighbours they'll call you to such a reckoning that you'll be wishing you had never uttered them." Mr Pope was firm, and soon a dozen and a half drunken men came to him and asked him to drink. He refused, and after they assaulted him he put the whole gang of them to rout with his "bailie," as he called the cudgel with which he dealt out punishment to his offending parishioners. The churches of the time were low, ill-lighted, irregularly seated buildings, thatched with heather roofs. To these churches the people could only with difficulty be got to go, and in some parishes the elders chosen were not only the most decent and orderly men in the parish, but also the strongest, as those who had erred and refused to submit to church discipline were compelled to attend and make public profession of repentance.

There can be no question that the vast majority of the ministers themselves were much ahead of the people among whom they ministered, and although there is evidence that a few were uneducated and rude in the extreme, the drawing up of the statements which constituted Sir John Sinclair's old statistical account is of itself evidence of their commonsense and education. As regards the people who waited on their ministrations there is no denying that whatever church they professedly adhered to superstition was rampant. Of the nature of this superstition two views have been taken. General Stewart of Garth laments its decay, and speaks of them as the innocent, attractive, and often sublime superstitions of the Highlanders—superstitions which inculcate no relentless intolerance, nor impiously dealt out perdition and Divine wrath against rival sects—superstition which taught men to believe that a dishonourable act attached disgrace to a whole kindred and district, and that murder, treachery, oppression, and all kinds of wickedness would not only be punished in the person of the transgressor himself, but would be visited on future generations. Martin, on the other hand, shows how gross and degrading the superstitions were, and says that in the Island of Lewis, on

the first day of May, a man was sent very early to cross a certain stream, which, if a woman crossed first, no salmon could ascend; another stream never whitened linen; in the water of a certain well no meat could be boiled; persons suffering from jaundice were cured by the application of a hot iron to the backbone; the fever-stricken were cured by fanning them with the leaves of a Bible; a valley was haunted by spirits, and no one dared set foot in it without first pronouncing three sentences of adulation to propitiate them; a change of wind before landing at a particular spot was an omen requiring an immediate return homewards, but if they landed they uncovered and pivoted round "sunways." When they commenced a voyage it was the height of impiety to proceed without first pulling the boat round and round from East to West. Under the spread of education and an enlightening gospel many of these superstitions have disappeared, and what remains are beliefs cherished in secret only, never openly disseminated, and acted on rather shamefacedly. Against them all the Church fought, and it is creditable to it that during the first quarter of the century the Church of Scotland in the Highlands commanded much influence, and up to the time of the Disruption of 1843 was without any rival in the doing of religious work. Of the "ten years' conflict" and the period of bitterness which succeeded it there is little need to write here, beyond saying that the spirit which *seemed* to animate spiritual advisers and rival sects, was not that which was generally characteristic of Highlanders, and certainly was not that laid down in the sermon on the mount. It is, however, matter of congratulation that the now well-educated and efficiently-trained ministers of the various churches are realising that they are engaged in the same grand work, and are in many places doing it in perfect unison. The people have not been slow to recognise this, and show their appreciation of ministerial work and doctrine by attending the churches in increasing numbers, there being now few Highlanders who can in Church language be called altogether "lapsed." This attendance on divine ordinances is followed by a high standard of morality.

In one particular the result of this can be tabulated. The census of 1891 shows that while in all Scotland the proportion of men above fifteen years of age who are bachelors is 45 per cent., in the Highlands it is 51 per cent.; and that while in all Scotland the number of spinsters over fifteen years is 43 per cent., the number in the Highlands is 49 per cent. Again, in all Scotland 16 per cent. of married men and 19 per cent. of married women

are under thirty years of age, the similar percentages for the Highland counties are only 7 for men and 11 for women. But notwithstanding that a greater proportion of Highlanders thus remain single, and those who marry do so later in life than the average for all Scotland, yet the rate of illegitimacy is lower than that for the whole of Scotland. In 1881 8·3 per cent of the births in Scotland were illegitimate, and in the Highlands only 7 per cent. This state of matters is surely excellent proof of much prudence and a high standard of morality among the Highland people.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

Of all the changes which have been made in the north the most marked has been that in the educational condition of the people. It is true that in 1616 some parish schools were established in the Highlands, and the Privy Council which granted this boon declared their wish "that the vulgar Inglishe toung be universallie plantit, and the Irishe, which is one of the chief and principall causis of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie amongis the inhabitants of the Ilis and Heylandis, be abolishit and removeit." The same Privy Council also ordained that the eldest sons of West Highland chiefs would not be served heirs to their fathers unless they could read, write, and speak English. The result was that while the young gents were "traynit up in vertew, learnying, and the Inglishe toung" they were losing all knowledge of Gaelic, and for a long time thereafter English was the language of Highland aristocrats, and it is perhaps because of this that the weaker among the Highland people have sometimes in the past disowned, when in the south, the knowledge of their mother tongue, and that a prejudice has so long existed against it as a school language. Happily, such feelings are now reversed, and natives, wherever they be, seem proud to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Highlands and the language of its people.

At the opening of this century nothing whatever of any consequence had been done for the education of the great body of the people, and it would seem that then, and for sometime thereafter, those in authority justified the truth of Lord Cockburn's assertion that the principle was reverenced as indisputable, that the ignorance of the people was necessary to their obedience to the law.

Light, however, did break at last, and in 1824 the General Assembly formed their great Education Scheme. Dr Norman Macleod says that there were then in the county of Argyle,

according to carefully prepared statistics, no less than 26,326 children between the age of five and fifteen, for whom there was no provision whatever, except such as was provided in a desultory and intermittent way by certain private societies which then existed. It was ascertained that in the six Synods of Argyle, Glenelg, Ross. Sutherland, Orkney, and Shetland, containing 143 parishes, and a population of 377,730 souls, as many as 258 additional schools were urgently called for. As late as 1833 the Educational Committee reporting on the state of education in the Highlands and Islands, founded on returns from the parochial clergy, stated that the number of young between six and twenty years of age, untaught to read, and beyond the reach of any of the existing provisions for elementary education, was 28,070, and that the number between five and twenty unable to write was 84,210. The parochial school system was then legally maintained, but because of the large extent, physical configuration, and the roadless condition of many parishes, it never could produce in the Highlands the amount of good which followed its establishment in Lowland parishes. The Highland School Act of 1838 did much for several outlying districts, which, to this day, continue to receive the funds voted to them under the Act.

After the Disruption of 1843 the Free Church also established many schools in northern parishes, and between rival schools, the education of the young was well looked after and went on apace with the result that the greater the number of schools and scholars attending them, and the better the education given, the more clamorous did the demand for more education become ; and in the Highlands it was certainly shown that there is truth in the maxim which says, that the demand for education is always in the inverse ratio to the need of it.

With the resources at the command of school managers, matters were making good progress up to 1872, when the Education (Scotland) Act was passed, and the carrying out of its enactments have marked an epoch in Highland education, for not only had school accommodation to be provided for every child of school age, but every child was to be compelled to occupy that accommodation. Though the difficulties of doing this are more numerous and arduous in the Highlands than in any other part of Scotland, it is extremely creditable to the intelligence of the people that the average population attending school compares favourably with that of the whole of Scotland.

This is brought out in the following table, which shows the percentage of the population (1881) receiving education at various

ages up to fifteen years in all Scotland and in the Highland counties :—

Place.	Percentage under 5 years.	Percentage between 5 and 15 years.	Percentage of Population receiving Education.
All Scotland	2·77	78·98	19·28
Caithness	4·03	87·71	21·91
Sutherland	3·54	85·27	18·43
Ross and Cromarty	2·94	88·88	20·43
Inverness	5·04	87·86	20·97
Argyll	3 16	83·47	20·04

The following table compiled from the Blue-Books of the Education Department shows how extremely rapid has been the progress made since 1872. From the first report issued by the Department after the passing of the Act, the following figures are taken :—

Place.	No. of Schools.	Average Attendance.	Annual Grant.		
Argyll	99	5,254	£2,700	2	6
Caithness	32	2,237	1,220	8	4
Sutherland	31	1,310	949	18	4
Ross and Cromarty	71	4,595	2,680	18	0
Inverness	65	4,823	2,677	14	4
	298	18,419	£10,228	11	6

From the Educational Department's tenth (1883) annual report the following particulars are taken for comparison :—

Place.	No. of Schools.	Average Attendance.	Annual Grant.		
Argyll	159	8,410	£8,857	7	0
Caithness	61	4,551	4,304	7	6
Sutherland	41	1,871	1,373	8	4
Ross and Cromarty	131	8,356	5,898	6	2
Inverness	157	8,658	8,679	12	2
	549	31,846	£29,113	1	2

Since 1883 the number of schools has decreased, as a number of small neighbouring ones have been merged into larger new ones with good results. The regularity of attendance and the efficiency of instruction have also increased, as is shown by the Blue Books published since then. Quite recently the school fees, which had been in some measure a bar to the poorer classes, have been

remitted. It is hoped than when education is free up to, and perhaps within, the gates of our universities, that other means may be found to let the child of the poorest get the education thus afforded, provided that his character and abilities prove that this would be desirable for his own and the public good, and that the Highlands may continue to furnish to the learned professions —as has been done in the past—a larger proportion than any other district of equal population.

POLITICAL PROGRESS.

The political changes which have passed over the whole country have been shared by the people of the Highlands, and what progress has been made in this respect is that which it shares in common with the entire kingdom.

Prior to the abolition of Heritable Jurisdiction, the system of government was patriarchal, and the heads of clans had practically all power in their hands. Since the middle of last century the machinery of law has existed, but in it the common people for a long time had no confidence, and scarcely ever expected to win a case if their opponent were a man of wealth. This dread of receiving injustice where justice ought with certainty to be got has happily in part passed away.

From the patriarchal (the oldest form of government) political power passed away into the hands of a class, as from that time until 1832, only "freeholders" had the right of voting, and of these there were few in the Highlands. In the whole of Scotland there were not more than two thousand voters who returned the then forty-five members, and of these the twenty freeholders of Sutherlandshire returned one. As a class these members of Parliament naturally paid chief regard to the advantages of the class to which they belonged.

The change from government by class to that by the people was made by the great Reform Act of 1832, and since then legislation recognises no class and no favourites. A still wider interest in matters political was given by the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884, with the result in the Highlands, at least, an intense interest is taken in political matters, and, as a secondary result, the circulation of newspapers has increased fully twenty-fold within the past twenty years, so that Highlanders are now surely

prevented from the narrowing influences of the purely local, and from believing

> "The crackle of their bourg
> The murmur of the world."

The burden of self-government has been still further laid upon them by the Local Government (Scotland) Act, and such benefits as can possibly be expected from the County Councils will, doubtless, be realised; and when extended powers are granted them, the democracy will elect councillors, who, by their works, will show that in the important work of self-government Highlanders are ever found exercising their political powers wisely and well.

SANITARY PROGRESS.

It is matter of much regret that the progress made in matters sanitary during the century has not at all been commensurate with that made in most other particulars. Only a few months ago, a competent authority reported that 90 per cent. of the houses in the Island of Lewis were in an unsanitary condition, and he gave particulars which, when compared with the statements of observers early in the century, show how very little progress has been made in this matter. Though the percentage of unsanitary houses is probably not so high in the other parts, yet it is very evident to any one travelling through the north that a great number are still not what they ought to be in the interests of health. The Royal Crofter Commission report that "no one concerned for the elevation of the Highland people can fail to desire an improvement in this particular, no one can doubt if they are well conducted and robust, it is in spite of their lodging and in consequence of counteracting causes, and that if they enjoyed the benefit of purer and brighter homes they would prosper more." They further say, "The ancient model of Highland habitation may, indeed, be contemplated with too much indulgence by those whose minds are not duly possessed by considerations of utility and sanitation, for it is associated in fancy with all that is most pleasing and romantic in the manners and history of the people, while in form and colour it is in perfect harmony with the landscape and the shore. The white house may be seen anywhere now. . . . It is not attractive and not picturesque, but is usually built apart from the byre, and it is tolerably dry, light, and free from smoke. It stands half-way between the original hovel of the Celtic

peasant and the comfortable and comely dwelling which the substantial crofter of the future may, we trust, possess."

It almost seems a pity that these black houses do not, in some measure, make the inhabitants unhappy, and so induce them to make their houses cleaner, brighter, and more comfortable in every respect. County Councils under powers invested in them will, however, bring the true state of matters to light, and means will then surely be devised to change a state of matters which is neither for the individual nor the public good.

Census returns show that in several particulars considerable progress has been made. In 1881 the number of persons to an inhabited house in all Scotland was 5·05, which figure also represents the number to each house in the Highlands. The number of rooms to a house in all Scotland is 3·17, while in the Highland counties it is 3·55, and the number of persons to a room for all Scotland is 1·59, and for the Highlands it is 1·43. If, however, the like calculation be made for the Western Isles alone it is found that there are 4·86 persons to a family and 5·33 persons to a house, 2·69 rooms to a house, and 1·94 persons to a room, which indicates an accommodation considerably less than the average for Scotland. It is, however, a very satisfactory sign of progress that while the number of families in the Highland counties remained practically the same between 1871 and 1881, the number of inhabited houses had increased about 5 per cent., and the number of rooms with one or more windows 15 per cent. It is expected that when the details of last year's census are made known, a still further increase in this direction will be shown, as well as a decrease in the already small number of families living in rooms without windows. It would appear that, almost in spite of the unsanitary state of the dwellings, the death-rate has, during the century, been falling. In 1881 it was 16·2 per 1000 in the Highland counties, while for the same year it was 19·3 for the whole of Scotland, and this healthy eminence it has regularly retained, which proves that the outdoor active life of crofters and fishermen is more conducive to longevity than the less simple manner of living in the confined cities of the south.

In this connection it is interesting to note the fact that in the five counties of Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Argyll, the population during the first forty years of the century increased steadily, attaining its maximum in 1841. Between 1841 and 1871 it decreased at a considerable rate. From 1871 to 1881 the population appeared to be perfectly stationary.

The following table shows the exact progress :—

Census.	Total Highland Population.	Increase or Decrease per cent
1801	232,200	—
1811	256,600	11
1821	285,800	11
1831	296,108	4
1841	298,637	1
1851	294,298	1
1861	274,637	7
1871	268,966	2
1881	268,993	—

THE POOR.

Under the clan system there were no "poor" so-called, as all had a right to the means of livelihood so long as that was within the chief's power. Thereafter the Churches took the matter up, until it was in great measure taken out of their hands by the Act of 1840. In many poor Highland parishes the burden of the taxation which this cast upon the people was considered heavy and irritating, but this feeling is disappearing, and it is pleasant to see that the number of paupers in the Highlands has, during recent years, regularly decreased, and that those who really are compelled to become paupers have more attention paid to them. It is only fair to add that there exists among the vast majority of the Highland people a wholesome spirit of independence which makes them struggle onward long and bravely rather than become dependent on parochial relief.

It is not only in the few particulars more especially dealt with in this paper that rapid progress has been made, but in almost every branch of industry if we except one or two, but chiefly the manufacture of kelp.

And this progress has been attended with a corresponding rise in the social state of the people, which will become the more marked when such obstacles as still retard progress are removed. Grievances will, however, always remain. Because of the ever onward moving and shifting conditions of human life, what to us may to-day be regarded as a necessary right, will to our children be a hindrance and a wrong; but with government in the hands of the people the conditions of life will easily be modified to suit existing circumstances, for—

> "The old order changeth, giving place to the new;
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

It is as yet well-nigh impossible to appreciate the recent rapidly succeeding changes, for, as Herbert Spencer says, "In a society living, growing, changing, every new factor becomes a permanent force, modifying more or less the direction of movement determined by the aggregate of forces. Never simple and direct, but by the co-operation of so many causes made irregular, involved, and always rhythmical, the course of social change cannot be judged of in general direction by inspecting any small portion of it. Each action will inevitably be followed, after a while, by some direct or indirect reaction, and this again by a reaction, and, until the successive effects have shown themselves, no one can say how the total motion will be modified."

It is, however, earnestly hoped that the aggregate of the forces now at work will have the effect not only of raising the people to a still higher platform in every matter which pertains to their social state, but that the educational and religious influences at work may also be the means of getting Highlanders to realise that the chief end of man is "to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever."

UILLEAM TELL.*

DAN DEALBH-CHLUICH LE FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

Air eadar-theangachadh o 'n Ghearmailteach gu Gailig

LE K. W. G.

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DO 'N LEUGHADAIR.

Ann an tionndadh an Dain Ghearmailtich so gu Gailig ghleidh mi fa m' chomhair an seadh a thoirt, cho dluth 's a bha e 'm chomas, agus aig a cheart am, cho litreachail 's a dh' fheudadh e bhith. Thug mi oidheirp, mar an ceudna, air a ghne-dhoigh chur an ordugh a leanailt.

A chionn nach 'eil facal 's a' Ghailig air son *glaciers*, 's e sin na cruachan mora de shneachd sior-reodhta, a's eigh a tha air sleibhte Suisserland, tha am facal, *Fira* a' seasamh air a shon, 's e so am facal a tha na Suissich iad fein a' cleachdadh, agus tha e na 's coltaiche ris a' Ghailig na tha am facal Frangach. Air son na h-aon aobhair tha *gemse* a' seasamh air son *chamois*, seorsa gaibhre no earba, nach 'eil 's an duthaich so.

Their na Suissich *Alp*, a mhain ri monadh feurach. 'Nuair a tha e 'n t-am do's chrodh tighinn dachaidh tha am Buachaille a' cluich fonn "Sreuda nam Bò," air adhairc mhoir, no dudach. Tha aon mhart anns gach treud air am bheil bann m'a h-amhaich, le sreath de chlaga beag air. Tha am mart so a' dol air ceann an treid, agus tha iad uile 'leannachd a cheile, h-aon an deigh h-aoin, mar a chithear na caoirich ri oidhche shamhraidh a' dol d'an aite taimh air a' mhonadh. 'S e fonn dhiubh so—oir tha moran diu ann—ris am bheil na tri duanagan aig toiseach an Dain air an cur :—Gheibhear "Sreuda nam Bo," ann an Leabhar Fhonn fo'n ainm "Ranz des Vaches," no "Kuhreihen."

Sgriobh am Bard a cheud da rann air a cheud Eisimpleir a chaidh a chur an lainh h-aon do Uaisleann na Cuirt. Tha leam nach fheudar briathran a's freagraiche fhaotainn ann na 'obair a chur an lathair muinntir mo dhuthcha aig an àm so. Cha 'n 'eil atharrachadh air a dheanamh ach air an t-sreath mu dheireadh a mhain.

Tha aon ni eile dh' fhaodar a radh. Cha 'n 'eil ainm no dreuchd 'nar measg-ne tha uile gu leir a co-chordadh ri oifigich an Iompaire—Gessler, Ceannard na Daingniche, agus fear a' bhata-bhuidhe, a bha thairis air a chlachair agus a luchd-oibre. 'S e *Maoir* a bha annta uile, air an cuir thairis air an t-sluagh aig an àm sin a chum an ciosnachadh; theirear ann an eachdruidh nan Gearmailteach "Am riaghaladh nam Maor" ris na bliadhnachan sin. Cha 'n 'eil facal, no bloigh-facail air nach deachar thairis gu curamach, agus ma gheibh an Leughadair leth an toileachaidh ann 'na leughadh 's a fhuair mise ann 'na dheasachadh, bi'dh mo thoileachadh-sa air a dhublachadh.

* Nearly five years ago I began to attempt the translation of Schiller's "William Tell." For one thing, I wanted to learn to think in Gaelic, and thus be able to speak Gaelic fluently; for another, I longed to give my Highland countrymen a delightful taste of the good things stored up in the literature of other nations, of people whom we consider as alien and foreign, yet with feelings and sympathies closely akin to our own. We need to have our sympathies expanded; we need to get out of the few narrow grooves in which our thoughts are apt to run; to get above ourselves, so that our petty individuality may be merged in the good of the whole.

It took the spare moments of three years to complete the translation of "William Tell." I can now see much to amend, yet, such as it is, I beg my countrymen to accept the work as a loving gift, as carefully wrought out as circumstances would allow.

If it be the means of stirring the ambition of those who have leisure and ability to tread farther still in the same track, I shall not have spent my time in vain. K. W. G.

Uilleam Tell.

'Nuair spealtar nearta borb o' cheil le naimhdeas,
'S tha 'm boile dall a' dusgadh àir m' an cuairt ;
An uair an comhstri bhuidheann, 's gair na h-aimhreit
Tha guth a cheartais air a shlugadh 'suas ;
'Nuair thogas droch-bheart suas a ceann, a's ainneart
Gu dalma gach ni naomh a' briseadh nuas,
Acair na Staid air fuasgla' ghleidh air sreiu i—
Do 'n chungaidh sin cha deanar daio a ghleusadh !

Ach 'nuair tha pobull coir, d' an leoir an treudan,
'S an cuideachd fein, gun mhiann air seilbhean cein,
A' tilgeadh dhiu, mar mhasladh, cuing na h-eu:ceirt
A's iad 'nan corruich 'toirt do'n t-seirce speis ;
Eadhon 'an soirbheachadh 's 'am buaidh tha beusach—
Tha'n gniomh neo-bhasmhor, 's fiu a chur an ceill,
Dealbh ceart mar so dhuibh nochdaidh mi le solas,
Eisimpleir neart a's buaidh na h-Aonachd oirdheirc.

UILLEAM TELL.

Dan Dealbh chluich ann an Cuig Earrainn.

Na Pearsa

nan Gessler, Fear-riaghlaidh thairis air Morramachdan Suits agus Uri.
ner, Baran Attinghausen.
:h 'o Rudents, mac a Pheathar.
ner Stauffacher.
ad Hunn.
Reding
a Bhalla.
sa Tuathanach.
:h, an gobhainn.
a chlachain.
ter Furst.
am Tell.
selmann, an sagart.
lamann, an cleireach.
ni, am buachaille.
ni, an sealgair.
li, an t-iasgair.
ld bho'n Mhelchdal.
ad Baumgarten.
r bho'n Sarnen.
th bho'n Bhinceilried.
a bho'n Flue.
hard am Buihel.
ld bho'n Sebha.
'er bho Lutsern.
s bho'n Ghersau.
i, balach an Iasgair.
i, balach a' Bhuachaille.
ud, bean Stauffacher.
bhig, bean Tell, nighean Furst.
a bho'n Brunec, ban-oighre bheartach.

Muintir a' De mhuinntir Suits.
Muintir a' Uri.
Muintir a Unterbhalden

gard.
htil.
aid.
egard.
ter.
am
elhardt.
hold.

Mnathan-duthcha.
Balach-in le Tell.
Saighdearan.

Rudolph bho Harris, Uasal a bha thairis air marc-shluagh Ghessler.
Stussie, maor-coille.
Maighstir Stier bho Uri.
Righ-theachdaire.
Maor-peanasachaidh.
Maighstir nan Clachairean, a ghillean agus luchd-cuideachaidh.
Luchd-buaireis fhosgailteach.
Manaich.
Marc-shluagh Ghessler agus Landenberg.
Moran sluaigh, fir, a's mnathan, as na Siorramachdan-coilleteach.

A' Cheud Earrann.—A' Cheud Roinn.

Bruachan creagach ard Loch-nan-Ceithir—Siorramachdan—Coilleteach, Coirre—Suits mar coinneamh.

Tha camus beag air an Loch, bothan dluth air a' chladach, balachan an Iasgair 'na bhata 'g a iomram fhéin air ais 's air aghaidh. A null thairis air an Loch chithear loinean uaine, frithbhailtean, agus bailte-fearainn Suits 'nan luidhe ann an dearsa soilleir na greine. Air ar laimh chli tha sguir na Hacken ri fhaicinn air an cuairteachadh le neoil ; air an laimh dheis chithear, fad' air falbh, stuaidh-shleibhte na h-eighe. Cluinneir ceol nan "Ranz des Vaches," agus gliongarsaich bhinn nan clag a measg a' chruidh.

An t-Iasgair Og (a' seinn 's a' bhata)—Air fonn, "Ranz des Vaches"—

Tha 'n Lochan 'an soills' a' cuireadh gu snamh ann,
Bha 'n giullan ri thaobh 'na chadal gu samhach,
'N sin chualaig e binn-cheoi,
Mar theudan cho grinn,
Mar chaomh-ghuth nan aingeal
Tha 'm Parras a' seinn.
Ach air dusgadh o 'aisling le solas 'na chri,

Feuch tonnan ag ealaidh m'a bhroilleach a nios!
A's, gu h-ard, as an doimhne
Tha 'g eiridh an glaodh—
Gu'n talaidh mi 'n cad'laiche
'S leams' thu, mo laogh!

AM BUACHAILLE (air a' bheinn)—Variation of the "Ranz des Vaches"—

A chluaintean an aigh!
A lointean tha boidheach!
Gur cianail mo shoraidh,
Tha' n Samhradh air triall.
Ach thig mi le 'm spreidh gu direadh nam beannta,
'Nuair a dhuisgear na dain leis a' chuthaig 's na gleannta,
'Nuair tha'n Talamh 'ga comhdach le maise nam blaith,
'Nuair a thaomas na h-uillt anns a' cheitein o 'n bhraigh.
A chluaintean an aigh!
A lointean tha grianail!
Mo chead leibh gu cianail
Tha 'n Samhradh air triall.

SEALGAIR NAN ARD-BHEANN (A' tighinn a's t-sealladh m'ar coinneamh air mullach creige moire—Second variation—

Tha torrunn nan ard-bheann mar bheuchdaich ran speur,
Cha chriothnaich an sealgair air bruachaibh nam beur;
Thar raointean na h-eighe
Theid esan gun sgath,
An sin cha tig earrach
Le ailleachd, a's fas;
'Na luidhe fo chasan tha fairge de cheo,
Gach baile 's tigh-comhnaidh cha'n fhaicear na 's mo
Chi e plathadh de 'n t-saoghal
'Nuair sgoiltear na neoil,
'An iochdar a' chuain ud
Gorm-mhachair an fheoir.

[Tha caochladh tighinn air aghaidh na duthcha, cluinnear a measg nam beann bruanail a,us spealtadh a' dol air aghaidh, tha dubhradh neoil a' grad-ruith thairis air an tir.]

Tha Ruodi, an t-iasgair, a' toirt ceum a mach as a bhothan, tha Bherni, an sealgair, a' tearnadh o mheasg nan creag, tha Kuoni, am buachaille, a' tighinn leis a ghogan bhainne air a ghualainn; Seppi, am balach aige, 'g a leanachd.

RUODI—Greas ort, a Ienni. Thoir gu tir am bata.
Tha maor-liath nan gleann aig laimh, tha 'm Firn a' bairich,
Tha Clach-nan-Ursgeul a' cur oirr' a curraichd,
'S is fuar e seideadh nuas o bheur nan neul;
Bi'dh'n stoirm a nuas mu'm fios duinn c'ait am bheil sinn.

KUONI—Tha 'n t-uisge tighinn Fhir-an-aiseig.
Tha mo chaoirich
Ag ith' an fheoir mar nach robh greim an diugh ac',
'S tha Fireach trang a' sgriobadh suas na h-urach.

BHERNI—Tha 'n t-iasg a' leum, a's tha 'chearc-uisg' gu tric
'Dol fodha. Tha a' ghaillion air a rathad.

KUONI (ris a' bhalach)—A Sheppi, seall nach 'eil an crodh air faondra.

SEPPI—Ni mi an Lisel dhonn a mach, air a' ghlionngarsaich.

KUONI—'S i 's fhaide theid, mata, bidh each am fagus.

RUODI—'S ann agad 'tha na clagain ghrinn, a Bhuachaille.

BHERNI—'S tha 'n fheudail briagh—An leatsa tha iad, 'ille?

KUONI—Cha 'n 'eil na h-uiread sin de bheartas agam—
'S le m' mhaigstir uasal iad, Triath Attinghausen,
A's tha gach te dhiu air a cunntas dhomh.

RUODI—Nach boidheach thig do'n bhò am bann m' a muineal.

KUONI—'S ann aic' tha flos gur h-i ceann-iuil 'na sreud,
Na'n toirinn dhith e sguireadh i a dh' ionaltradh.

RUODI—Cha 'n 'eil thu 'd chiall, beothach gun tur, mar sin.

BHERNI—'S furasda radh. Ach *tha* aig ainmhidh tur;
'S ann *dhuinne* 's aithne sin, 'tha sealg nan gemsen.
Tha fear dhiu air a chur gu freiceadan,
'Nuair tha iad air an fheur ag ionaltradh,
'S tha chluas a' biorachadh, a's bheir e'n sanas
Gu soilleir cruaidh, ma dhluthaicheas an Sealgair.

RUODI (ris a' Bhuachaille)—'N ann a' dol dachaidh tha thu?

KUONI—Tha an Alp gu buileach air a lomadh.

BHERNI—Beannachd leat,
A's gu'm a mhath a gheibh thu dhachaidh 'Bhuachaille.

KUONI—Mar sin leat fhein; Cha'n ann o d' thurus-sa
A thigear dionnan tearuinte gu baile.

RUODI—Sud fear a' tigh'n 'na ruith an cabhaig chruaidh.

BHERNI—'S aithne dhomh e—Baumgarten o Altsellan. (Conrad Baumgarten anail 'na uchd, 's e 'g a thilgeadh fhein 'nan teis-meadhoin).

BAUMGARTEN—Do bhat', air sgath a' Maitheis, Fhir an aiseig!

RUODI—So, so, co uime tha chabhag?

BAUMGARTEN—Fuasgail i!
Cuir thairis mi! A's teasraig mi o'n bhas!

KUONI—De th' ort a dhuine?

BHERNI—Co a tha 'g ad ruag?

BAUMGARTEN (ris an Iasgair)—Greas ort, greas ort, 's iad direach aig mo shailtean!
Tha marcaichean an t-Siorraim as mo dheigh;
Ma thuiteas mi 'nan lamhan 's duine marbh mi.

RUODI—C'ar son a tha 'n luchd-marcachd air do thòir?

BAUMGARTEN—Sabhail mi 'n toiseach, bidh uine an sin ri cainnt riut.

BHERNI—Tha sridean fola ort, ciod a th'air tachairt?

BAUMGARTEN—Cesnnard Dun Rossberg, oifig-each an foundair'—

KUONI—'N e Bholfensiasen! 'N esan tha 'g ad ruaig?

RTEN—Cha dean e dochann tuille,
rbh mi e.
E (a' leum air an ais)—Gu'n sealladh
air oirnne. Ciod a rinn thu?
RTEN—Ni 'dheanadh duine saor 's am
'am aite!
oir mar Fhear-an-tighe ghuthaich mi
haidh-san a chuir gu naire m' ainm,
am mo mhnatha.
-An d'rinn Fear an Duin
hann 'sam bith air d'onoir?
RTEN—Mur do rinn
Dia, 's an tuadh agam 'chuir grabadh
air
h d'fhuair a mhiann mi-bheusach
coimhlionadh.
—A's rinn thu leis an tuaidh a cheann
saltadh?
-O, inn's dhuinn h-uile car, tha uin'
l
adh a tha e cur a' bhata mach.
RTEN—Bha mi's a' choille, 'gearradh
h, 'nuair thainig
ean 'na ruith, a cridh' 's a phloegartaich
lt a's fuathas. Bha Fear-an-Duin' 's an
,
rduich e dh' i gach goireas chur air
h,
m gu'm failceadh 'se e fhein! Am feadh
i' deasachadh gach ni, mar dh' aithn',
e neo-cheadaicht' rinn e 'chur m'a
neamh
h i o 'n tigh, 'na leum, 'gam iarruidh-sa.
mis' am dheannaibh, direach mar a
mi
m' thuaidhe, chuir mi crois air, 's e 's
isge.
—Rinn thu gu maith, cha smad, da
bh, aon duin' thu.
-An cu-luirge eean! Fhuair e 'nis a
ais!
id o 'n a thoill e i, 'thaobh muinntir
erwalden.
RTEN—Chaidh 'n gniomh a dheanamh
neil; tha 'n toir am dheigh.
adh 'tha sinn a' bruidhinn—Mis'?—tha
ine ruith—
ha 'n tairneanach a' toiseachadh).
—Cliis, cuir an duine coir a null, a
rtair!
-Neo-chomasach. Tha doinionn gharbh
ghinn.
aidh tu feitheamh greis.
RTEN—Feitheamh! Mo chreach!
eamh cha 'n urrainn mi. B'e moille 'm
domh—
(ris an Iasgair)—Feuch ris le comhnadh
! Bu choir ar lamh
deas a chuideachadh ar coimhearsh;
idh a leithid eile tachairt dhuinne.
(Gair thonn a's thairneanaich).
-Fhuair a' ghaoth-deas mar sgaoil, tha
a' faicinn
rd 's tha 'n Loch ag at; cha 'n urrainn
ih,
haidh gaoith a's thonn am bata stiuradh.
RTEN (a' glasadh a lamhan mu ghlunaibh
an Iasgair)—
Gu 'n tugadh Dia dhuit comhnadh ann ad
fheum
A reir na trocair 'nochdas tusa dhomhsa.
BHERNI—Tha bheath' 's a chuis. Bi iochd
mhor, Fhir-an-aiseig.
KUONI—'S Fear-tighe e, tha bean a's paisdean
aige!
(Buillean tairneanaich thairis agus thairis).
RUODI—Ciod? Nach 'eil beatha agamsa ri chall?
Tha, mar an ceudna, bean a's clann 'am
dhachaidh
Mar th' aige-san—Amhaircibh air an Loch,
A' chaoir, 's an luasgadh, a's a' gheil a th' ann
'S gach sruth tha tigh'n 'na chuibhleagan le
bruthach
A' togail gaoir 'n ar n-aghaidh as an Doimhne!
Bu toillichte a dheanainn chobhair air
An duine coir, ach tha e gian a'm chomas,
Nach 'eil sibh fhein a' faicinn mar a tha e?
BAUMGARTEN (fathasd air a ghluinean)—
'S fheudar, mata, tuiteam an laimh mo
namhaid,
Fearann na tearuinteachd cho diuth fa m'
chomhair!
Sud e 'na luidhe thall! Ruigidh mo shuil air,
A's ruigidh fuaim mo ghuth a null g'a
ionnsuidh,
Tha 'n sin am bata bheireadh thairis mi,
A's mis' an so, gun duil dol as, ne doigh air!
KUONI—Faic, co tha tigh'n?
BHERNI—'S e Tell a th' ann, o Bhuirgleann.
(Tell, le bhogha-tarsuinn).
TELL—Co 'n duin' tha 'n so a' guidhe air son
cobhair?
KUONI—Is duin' e o Alzellen 'sheas a suas
Gu onoir fhein a dhion, a's Bholfensiess,
Maor leis an Righ, a bha an Daingneach
Rossberg,
Rinn e a mharbhadh — Marcaichean an
t-Siorraim
Tha air a thoir, 's iad direach aig a shailtean.
Tha 'ghuidhe ris an Iasgair so, 'chur thairis,
Tha es' an geilt roimh 'n stoirm 's cha teid e
mach.
RUODI—Sin agaibh Tell, 's aithne dha 'n stiuir
a chluich,
Bheir esan fianuis c' dhiu tha 'n rud ri
fheachainn.
TELL—Bheir airc a dhuine, dulan do gach ni.
(Buillean cruaidh tairneanaich, an loch a' taomadh le toirm a nios).
RUODI—B'e sin mi fhein a thilgeadh anns an
t-alochd!
Co 'n duine ghleidh a chiall a dheanadh sin?
TELL—'S e fhe' a thig mu dheireadh 'n smaoin a'
ghaisgich
Cuir d' earbe' 'an Dia, saor es' tha fulang
foirneart.
RUODI—Comhairle thaght', 's thu sabhailte 's
a' phort!
Sin duit am bata, 's sud an Loch, feuch fhein e!
TELL — Nochdaidh an Doimhne truas cha
nochd am Baili.
Feuch ris, a Phortair!
NA BUACHILLEAN 'S AN SEALGAIR—Saor e?
Saor e! Saor e!
RUODI—Ged b' e mo bhrathair, no mo leanabh
fhein e,

Cha ghabh e bhith; 's e 'n diugh Feill Shimoin 's Iudais,
Mar sin, tha 'n Loch air bhainidh 'aireadh 'iobairt.

TELL—'S a chuis so cha dean briathra faoin an gnothuch;
Abair, an teid thu thairis, Fhir-an-aiseig?

RUODI—'S mise nach teid!

TELL—An ainm ar De mata!
An so am bata! Bheir mi ionnsuidh air
Le m' neart faoin fhein.

KUONI—Mo laochan Tell!

BHERNI—Smior an t-sar-chompanaich.

BAUMGARTEN—M' fhear-teasraiginn,
A's m' aingeal thu, gu m' bheatha 'chaomhnadh Tell!

TELL—Ni mi, gu dearbh, o neart a' Mhaoir do sgionadh!
'S e Cumhachd Eile 'ghleidheas thu o 'n stoirm.
Ach b'fhearr thu thuiteam ann an laimh do Dhe,
Na'n lamhan dhaoin'. (Ris a' Bhuachaill) Ma thig ni saogh'lta rium
Fhir-duthch' thoir thusa comhfhurtachd do m' mhnaoi.
Cha b' urrainn domh a sheachnadh 'n ni a rinn mi.
(Tha e leum a stigh do 'n bhata).

KUONI (ris an Iasgair)—Tha thu an so mar mhaighstir air an stiuir.
'S an ni 'ghabh Tell fo 's laimh cha 'n fheuchadh *tusa!*

RUODI—Tha iomadh duine 'tha na's fearr na mise
Aig nach 'eil cri' no misneach dol da reir-san,
Dithis da leth-bhreac cha 'n 'eil air an t-aliabh.

BHERNI (a' direadh air creig)—Tha e 'mach cheana, Dia 'g ad chomhnadh 'laochain!
Faic mar tha 'm batachan a' tulgail thall
A measg nan tonn!

KUONI—'S e 'n rathad sin tha 'n sruth—
Cha 'n fhaic mi e na's fhaide. Ach stad ort, sin e!
Tha 'n treun gu foghainteach troimh 'n chaoir a' stri!

SEPPI—Sin marcaichean an t-Siorraim tigh'n 'nan sradan.

KUONI—'S iad direach 'th' ann. B' i sin an fhoir 's an airc.
(Buidheann de Luchd-eich Landenberg).

A CHEUD MHARCACH—Thoiribh a mach am mortair 'chuir sibh'm falach!

DARA MARCACH—Thainig e 'n rathad so, cha ruig sibh leas a chleith.

KUONI agus RUODI—Co tha sibh 'ciallachadh, a mhaircaichean?

A CHEUD MHARCACH (a' toirt an aire do'n bhata)—'De, 'n Donas, chi mi 'n sud?

BHERNI—'N e 'm fear 's a' bhata
Tha sibh ag iarruidh?—Marcaichibh air adhart!
Ma ghreasas sibh, gheibh sibh an ealachd greim air.

DARA MARCACH—Am mallachd, fhuair e as!

A CHEUD MHARC. (ris a' Bhuachaille 's an Iasgair)—Rinn sibhs' a chomhnadh,
Paighidh sibh air a shon—Tegaibh an treudan!
Leagaibh am bothan, lasair ris, gu lur
(Tha iad a' greasadh air falbh).

SEPPI (a' ruith 'nan deigh)—Oh, na agam!

KUONI ('ga leanailt)—Ochoin, och threud!

BHERNI—Na coin-luirge!

RUODI (a' fasgadh a lamhan)—A Fh chothromaich
C'uin a thig Fear a theasraigeas an T

AN DARA ROINN.

Aig Steinen ann an Suits, craobh beulaobh tigh Stauffacher, taobh an mhoir, dluth do'n drochaid.

Bherner Stauffacher, agus Pfeif Luteern a' tighinn air an aghaidh a' co ri 'cheile.

PFEIFER—Seadh, seadh, a Stauffach thubhairt mi riut.
Na boidich d' umhlachd 'thoirt do A
Ma ghabh's e seachanadh. Gu tapaidh
Ri d' rioghachd seas, mar rinn thu nis.
'S a' d' shaorsa mor o shean gu'n gi Dia thu!
(A' beireachd air laimh air gu co a' dol a dh' fhalbh).

STAUFFACHER—Dean fuireach gus am bean-an-tighe.
A's theid do bheatha 'dheanadh h-againn.

PFEIFER—Taing dhuit! Tha agam G diugh ri 'ruigheachd
Leis gach ni cruaidh a thig ort troim mhoir,
A's sannt nam Maor biodh agad oig
'S goirid a dh' fheudas caochladh mu'n cuairt
Ach *faigheadh* Austria greim ort, 's 'm feasd.
(Tha e a' falbh. Tha Stauffacher 'sios gu trom-inntinneach air a 'tha aig bun na craoibh. Fhu e a bhean, Gertrud; sheas i d car ghreis, a' beachdachadh tosdach).

GERTRUD—Cho durachdach, a luaidh aithn'ghinn thu.
Tha ioma latha o 'n a thug mi 'n aire
Gun diog a radh, mar a tha trioblai
A' toirt nam preasa troma air do mh
Le iargain shamhach tha do chri 'ga
Earb rium an gnothuch; 's mi d dhileas,
Mo leth de d' iomagain tha mi 'tagra (Tha Stuaffacher a' sineadh a ma dhi gu tosdach).
Inn's dhomh' de 'm mulad is *urrainn* ort?
Tha beannachd air do dhichioll, blat
Air d' uile sheilbhe, tha na saibhlea
Treuda nam bo, 's na h-eich, 's a ch fhearr,
Gu snasmhor, sleamhain le 'n dead achadh,
Air tilleadh dhachaidh tearuinte o 'n

amhrachadh gu seòmr anns a' phana-
in do thigh, cho bringh ri tigh-mar
m ;
raichean air an ur-lìnteachadh.
a's boidhche sunadh, de bhàn nan
,
headh ordachadh a reir ar n-iùbhe ;
uinneag tha e aoidheil, soilleir ;
h nan suaicheantas, do iomra dath,
th do Theaghlaich tha ann balla
ich,
ábra glic, a leughas ann fear-turais,
chadh le ioghnadh air an sealladh,
h a tha e leugeadh dheth a ngràs.
IER—Tha 'n tigh an roghadh-sìdhean
rdugh,
—tha 'n steidh 'toirt geill air an do
inn !
—A ghraidh, cia mar a tha tha 'taigs-
i ?
ER—O cheann a ghoirid, shaidh mi,
i diugh,
raoibhe so, a' beachdachadh le suim
ile obair shònsmhor, chaimhlionta,
hain' o Chuimnacht 'nunn,—an cuisteal
e a' marcachd seachad le 'luchd-eich.
mu choluinnh 'n tighe so le leoghaidh,
eirich mi gu luath, 'toirt urraim dha
i choir, 's chaidh mi 'na choinneamh-
le 'chumhachd tighearnail, an t-Iomp-
so thairis oirnn. Co leis an tigh ?
i-run dh'fharraid e, 's deadh-fhios aig'
ir mi,'gabhail agam fhein gu h-eòlamh,
gh, le 'r cead, le'm thrisith an t-Iomp-
, ann Maor aige, a's leanns' mar
nanach.
agair eann :—'S mis' an Tainistear
ghladh na dutbch' an sìt' an Iompair
mo thoil-sa gu'n dean tuathanach
h mar so, air a laimh fhein, a thogail,
in beo gu saor mar uachdarna 's an tir,
bh mi doigh gu grabadh a chur oirbh.
radh dha, thar e air a rathad
achd as an sìt gu h-ardanach.
fhuirich mise, m' aonan leis de thrioblí-
ùinteach' air an fhacal thubh'rt an
—M' fhear-tighe gaolach, a's mo cheile
uinn !
i thu facal tuigseach bho do mhnaoi ?
uaill gur h-ann de theaghlach uasal
,
ie foghluimte, a thainig mi.
-sidhchean fada, bhiodh mo pheathr-
an
hein 'nar suidhe trang a' sniamh na
nn,
mardan an t-siuaigh a' cruinneachadh
airt de m' athair ; leughadh iad gu dil
a sgriobhaidhean a bh' air na craicinn
eann deadh Iompaire 's na mhaith na
achd

A' toirt ann beachd d' a chell a 'n leithlinn
taigsnach.
Do iomra facal dreightsnach thug mi nios,
Do rannsachadh gnur nan dearna glic,
Do ruinsean dearachdach nan dearna maith,
A's chruid mi anns, gu teadach, iad 'nan
chridhe.
Eud riam mar sin, a sin, 's fheir mòran do m'
fhacal
Air s' cheart mi 'tha'n dìogh 'na dhòigh air d'
inntinn-s'.
Tha 'n Maor 'nan mi-thàchd riut, na'm b
urraim e
Do teil leis, nan an deigh air bàlh, do chiùr-
nàlh,
Tha thu 'd chaup-sturra dha, air, maoistir
Suits
'S tu ghràdh gun striochdadh do 'n tigh
phrionnsail ur ;
Ach seas gu grannail, dìleas ris an Rìoghachd
Mar na nann dearna fìochail a bha roimhe.
Nach nan mar so a tha ? Abair na's beòig e
STAUFFACHER—Gun ag, 's e so a's bun do mhi
run Ghessler.
GERTRUD—Tha 'fharmad riut, 'chionn tha
bhith 'n so cho sunn
A'd dhùinn mar, 'tigh'nn beo air d' eighearachd
fhein,
Cha'n eil te aige-ann. Tha 'n tigh so aonda'
O'n Iompair' fhein 's e 'n Rìoghachd mar
thuathanas ;
Tha uiseal cheir agad do thigh a nochdadh
's th' aig prionnsa anns an tir a nochdadh
'fheanrainn ;
Oir tighearn eile cha'n 'eil os do cheann
Ach nann 's aiste luibh 'na Chriosdaidheachd.
'S e 'n fear so 'mac a's eighe 'n teaghlach
'athair,
S e cleoc an Ridire na h-aige dh' oighreachd !
Mar sin, air soirbheachadh an duine choir
Tha 'sheil, gun chios, a' fàsradh farmadach,
S tha 'chridhe naibhreach lan do nimh a
mhi-ruin.
'S fhad o'n a bheòidich e do chur-sa fodha—
Ach cha'n 'eil dochann fathast air tigh'nn
ort—
Am faith tha gus ann bi tha air do
chreideadh,
'Nuair gheibh a dhroch-run borb na chuir e
roimh ?
An duine crionna ullaichidh roimh-laimh.
STAUFFACHER—De 'tha ri dheanamh ?
GERTRUD (a' dol na 's dluithe)—Eud ri m
choimhairle !
Tha fhios agad mar tha, an so 'an Suits,
Na daoine 's fhearr ri gearan air gach taobh
Air sannt a's gairge Maor-an-fhearainn so.
Na biodh aon teagamh ort, tha maoistir Uri
A's Unterbhalden shuas, cho searbh ruinn
fhein
Do 'n chiosnachadh 's do 'n chuing 'tha iad a
giulan—
A chionn tha Landenberg, taobh thall an
Loch,
Cho ladarna ri Gessler anns an so—
Cha'n 'eile aon bhatan-iasgaich 'thig a nall,
Gun naigheachd ur ri innseadh dhuinn na
thoiseach

An fheirmeirt a's na h-iorghaill 'thog na Maoir.
Bu mhaith an ni na'a trusadh grainneau dhibh
Gu doigh a thoirt m' an cuairt a ni an t-uallach
Na 's fhaea 'ghiulan. Tha mi uile-chiunteach
Nach treig ar Dia sibh. Bi'dh E fabharach
Do 'n chuis 'tha ceart, a's bheir se i gu crich—
Nach 'eil 'an Uri caraid air bith aged
Da 'm biodh e tearuint' dhuit do chridhe fhosgladh?

TAUFFACHER—'S iomu fear treun tha 'n sin a's aithne dhomh,
A's triathan mora 'tha fo mheas a's cliu
'Tha eolach orm, a's dh' earbainn annt' gun gheilt.
(Tha e 'g eiridh 'na sheasamh).
A bhean, am bhroilleach tha thu dusgadh doinnean
De smuaintean nach 'eil tearuinte a ghiulan!
An ni bu diomhaire 'am thaobh a stigh
Tharruing thu chum an t-soluis, 's chuir fa m' chomhair,
'S an ni air an do dhiult mi beachdachadh.
Le teanga dheas, neo-sgathach labhair thusa.
An d' thug thu ceart fainear a' chomhairle
A thug thu dhomh? Dheanadh tu aimhreit gharbh
A's fuaim airm-chogaidh 'ghairm a stigh do'n ghleann so
Far am bheil sith gu samhach 'gabhail comhnuidh—
Gu'n gabhamaid os laimh, aluagh lag, neo-chleachdt'
Riamh ach ri buachailleachd, seasamh an aghaidh
Maighstir an t-saoghail? Cha'n 'eil a dhith orra
Ach an deadh leth-sgeul fhaotainn gu'n neart-cogaidh
Fhuasgladh 'n ar n-aghaidh,' s an sgaoithean cheatharnach
'Leigeil fa sgaoil air an tir thruagh so againn,
A chum gu'n toireadh coraichean na buadha
An comas dhoibh ar smachdachadh gu goirt,
'S fo 'sgaile peannasachaidh laghail cheart,
Ar seann Litrichean-saorsa 'mhilleadh eirnn.

GERTRUD—'S fir aibhse cuideachd, 's aithne dhuibh tuaidh a chluich,
Do 'n mhiseachail bheir Dia lan-chuideachadh!

STAUFFACHER—Oh, 'bhean! Is uile-bheist cuthaich, gairisneach
An cogadh daonnan; buailidh e an treud
'S am buachaille le cheile.

GERTRUD—Feumaidh duine
Gach ni a chuireas Freasdal air, a ghiulan,
Le eucoir cha chuir cridhe uasal 'suas.

STAUFFACHER—Tha 'n tigh so 'thog sinn, 'toirt toillinntinn dhuit—
Loisgeadh an cogadh agriosail e gu lar.

GERTRUD—B' i mo laimh fhein 'chuireadh an lasair ris
Ach mi bhi fiosraichte mo chridh' bhi leagta
Air maith an t-saoghail so.

STAUFFACHER—Tha thu cur creideas
'Am baighealachd a' chinne -daoin'! An cogadh
Cha chaomh'n an leanabh maoth a tha 's a chreathail.

GERTRUD—'An Neamh tha Caraid aig an neo-chiontach!
Air d' aghaidh seall, 'Bherner, na b' ann air d' ais!

STAUFFACHER—Sinne, na fir, thuiteadh gun gheilt 's a chath
Ach sibhse, aig an tigh, 'd e thachradh ribh

GERTRUD—'S tric a tha 'roghainn foagailte do 'n lag,
Aon leum o'n drochaid sin, 's bhithinn-sa mar.

STAUFFACHER ('g a giacadh 'n a ghairdeineau)—
Co aig a bheil coir cridhe mar th' agadsa
A theannachadh r' a bhroilleach, nach biodh deas
Gu cathachadh air son a thigh 's a theallaich,
Gun fhiamh roimh chumhachd airm righ air an t-saoghal?
Theid mi an ceart-uair fhein a null gu Uri
Far am bheil Bhalter Furst, mo charaid dileas,
A tha dh' aon bheachd rium mu na h-amannsa so.
Tha, cuideachd, ann a sin, an ridir uasal,
Triath Attinghausen—Ged thain' o shliochd cho ard e,
Tha gradh aige do 'n t-aluagh, 's tha e toirt urraim
Do na seann chleachduinnean. Leo-sa 'n cheile
Gabhaidh mi comhairle, a dh' fheuchainn ciu mar
A ghleidheas sinn, gu duineil, aige fhein
Namhaid ar duthcha—Beannachd leat a ruis!
Stiuir thus', am feadh tha mise fada uait,
Le iuntinn thuigeasch, reisimeid an tighe—
Luchd-turuis chrabhach, gu Tigh Dhe 'dol seachad,
Am manach 'trusadh deire air son na h-Abaid,
Buin riu gu fial, thoir seachnd dhoibh gu paill
'S cuir air an alighe iad gu suilbhire.
Cha cheil gu brath tigh Stauffacher a cheasa
Ach tha e, anns an t seadh a's farsainge,
Taobh an rathaid-mhor, mar fhardach fhosgailte,
Do 'n choigreach 'thig air allaban gu 'dhorus.
(Am feadh a tha iad a' dol as an t-sealladh, tha Tell agus Baumgarten a' tighinn an follais, agus a' dluthachadh oirnn).

TELL (ri Baumgarten)—Cha 'n 'eil feum tuilleadh agad orm a nis
Rach thus' a null do 'n tigh ud; gheibh thu 'n sin
A' fuireach Stauffacher, a tha mar athair
Do dhuin' air bith a th' air a sharuchadh.
Ach, stad ort, sin a fhein—Leau mise, tiugainn!
(Tha iad a' dol a suas 'g a ionnsuidh. Tha 'n sealladh a' caochladh).

AN TREAS ROINN.

Aite Fosgailteach, dluth air Altorf.

Air mullach cnuic, air an taobh a's fhaide o'n fhear-amhairc, chithear daingneach 'ga togail, a tha cho fad air aghaidh gu bheil cruth an iomlain ri fhaicinn. Tha 'n taobh cuil criochnaichte, tha 'n taobh-beoil direach 'ga thogail,

tha gach faradh agus lobhta-seasaidh fathast ri aodainn a bhalla, leis an luchd-oibre a' direadh 's a' tearnadh orra. Air a' mhullach a's airde do 'n togail tha 'n sgleatair trang—tha na h-uile ni air ghluasad a' cur na h-oibre air aghaidh.

Maor. Maighstir nan Clachairean. A Ghillean 's an Luchd-frithealaidh.

AM MAOR (le a bhata-dreuchd, a' greasad an luchd-oibre)—
Na bi'bh 'ga ghabhail tuille 's socair. Clis!
A nail na clachan sin air sou a' bhalla,
An so an t-aol, togaibh aol-tathaidh leibh
Gu luath! 'S gu 'm faic am Maor an uair a thig e
Gu'm bheil an obair 'dol gu maith air adhart,
Cha'n fhearr sibh na na seilcheagan, cho mall.
(Ri da fhear-oibre 'tha tarruing luchda).
An ealach sin? 'S a mhionaid so 'dha uiread!
Na slaodairean, 's an doigh so 'goid na tim!

A CHEUD GHILLE—'S cruaidh gur sinn fhein a bhiodh a' tarruing chlach
A thogail dhuinn fhein priosain a's tigh-cheannais!

MAOR—Co uime 'tha thu canran? Sluagh gun fheum,
Cha ghabh iad cur ri ni ach bleodhainn cruidh
A's lunndaireachd air feadh nam bruth-aichean.

SEANN DUINE (a' leigeil 'anail)—Cha 'n 'eil e 'm chomas tuille 'dheanamh.

AM MAOR (a' toirt crathaidh dha)—Sgairteil,
A bhodaich, cuir an obair air a h-aghaidh.

A CHEUD GHILLE—Bheil cridhe idir agad ann ad chom?
Seann duine, 'ni ach gann e fhein a ghiulan,
A chur gu obair chruaidh mar so a dh' aindeoin?

AM MAIGHSTIR 'S A GHILLEAN—Ni gaoir a' leithid so Neamh fein a ruigheachd!

AM MAOR—Sealladh ribh fhein, tha mise dol a reir
Mar 'tha mo dhreuchd 'g am orduchadh.

DARA GILLE—A Mhaoir,
'D e 'n t-ainm a bheir aibh air an daingnich so
'Tha sinn a' togail, 'nuair a bhios i criochnaichte?

AM MAOR—"Cloamachair Uri," bheir sinn oirre! Chionn
Faidh 'n chuing aice theid a thoirt oirbhse cromadh.

NA GILLEAN—Cloamachair Uri!

AM MAOR—'D e 'n t-aobhar gair 'tha 'n sin?

AN DARA GILLE—Leis an tighein so cloamaichidh sibh Uri?

A CHEUD GHILLE—Stad thusa dh' fheuch co meud de dhuintean-fhamh
Mar so a dh' fheumas iad a charnadh 'suas,
Gus am bi uibhir ann gu'n dean iad beinn
Cho mhor dhiu, ris an te a's bige 'n Uri!
(Tha am Maor a' dol as an t-sealladh air an taobh-cuil).

AM MAIGHSTIR—An t-ord a bh' agam ris an togail mhallaichte
Tilgidh mi sios do ghrunnd an loch a's doimhn' e!
(Tha Tell agus Stauffacher a' tighinn)

STAUFFACHER—Och, b'fhearr nach d'rugadh mi gu'n rud so fhaicinn!

TELL—Deanamaid coiseachd, cha'n 'eil maith 'bhi 'n so!

STUFFACHER—Bheil mi da rir' an Uri, tir na saorsa?

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—Na'm faiceadh sibh na seilcirean, a mhaighstir,
'Tha fo na tuir! Eean 'theid *annta sin*,
Cha chiuinn am feasda tuille glaodh a' choillich.

STAUFFACHER—A Thi a's airde

MAIGHSTIR—Seallaibh air cliathaichean
Nam balla dion, air neart gach balla-taic,
A' seasamh mar gu'm biodh iad air an togail
Gu marsuinn re na siorruidheachd an sin!

TELL—An ni a thogas lamh, ni lamh a leagail.
(Ris na beanntaibh a' sealltuinn).
Aitreabh na Saorsa shuidhich Dia E fein dhuinn.
(Cluinnear fuaim druma, tha daoine tighinn le ad air barr maide fada, fear-gairm 'g an leanachd, muathan agus clann, le gaoir a's troimh-cheile, a' dròbhadh as an deigh).

A CHEUD GHILLE—De 's ciall do 'n druma? Gabhaibh beachd!

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—'De 'n seorsa Luchd-aiubhail Di-mairt-inid bhios an so,
'S de 's ciall do 'n aid?

FEAR-GAIRM—An ainm an Iompaire,
Eisdibh!

NA GILLEAN—Nach cuisd sibh nis, a's thugaibh aire!

FEAR-GAIRM—An Ad so 'tha sibh 'faicinn, fhearaibh Uri!
Air post ard theid a nis a togail 'suas,
'S a cur 's an ait' a's aird am meadhon Altorf.
'S e so a's run 's a's toil le Maor-an-fhearainn:
Do 'n Aid gu'n toirear onoir mar dha fein,
Le glunaibh lubt, 's le ceann neo-chombdaichte
Tha modh ri thabhairt dh' i—mar so, an Righ
Gheibh aithne orrasan 'tha umhal da.
A's co air bith 'ni dimeas air an aithne
Theid ubhla air, le 'thoirt gu buileach thairis,
E fein, 's na bhuineas dha, do laimh an Righ.
(Tha 'n sluagh a' deanamh glag gaire, tha 'n druma 'g a bualadh, tha iad a' dol as an t-sealladh).

A CHEUD GHILLE—De an rud ur nach cualas iomradh riamh air
Tha 'n ceann a' Mhaoir! Sinn a thoirt modh do aid!
An cuala gin agaibh a' leithid riamh?

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—Gu 'n lubamaid ar glun do aid! Am bheil e
Ri fala-dha ri daoine coire steidheil?

A CHEUD GHILLE—Na'm b' e 'n crun rioghail a bhiodh ann, b' e sin
Gu dearbh Ad Austria: chunnaic mi an crun
An crochadh thairis air an Righ-chathair
Far an d' thug iad dhuinn coraichean ar fear-ainn.

MAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN-Ad na h-Austria. Thugaibh sibhse 'n aire,
Is ribe th' ann gu 'r brath do Austria!

GILLEAN UILE—Cha striochd duin' onarach do 'n tamailt so.

MHAIGHSTIR NAN CLACHAIREAN—Thigibh, a's deanamaid le cach co-chordadh.

(Tha iad a' tearnadh a dh' ionnsuidh an taobh cuil).

TELL—A nis tha eolas agad air an iomlan.
Me bheannachd leat an traths' a Mhaighstir Bherner!

STAUFFACHER—C'ait 'bheil thu dol? Na teich cho luath air faibh.

TELL—Bidh ionndrainn aig an tigh ac' orm. Slan leat.

STAUFFACHER—Tha moran ann am chridhe 'theirinn riut.

TELL—Cha'n eutromaich na 'briathra cridhe trom.

STAUFFACHER—Ach dh' fheudadh gniomhara na briathr' a leanachd.

TELL—'S i 'n aon ghniomh dhuinn 'bhi tosdach foighidneach.

STAUFFACHER—An giulain duine ni a tha do-ghiulan?

TELL—Cha mhair ach gearr an ceannas 'gheibhear ealamh.
'Nuair dh' eireas a' ghaoth deas le neart a suas
A slugan dorch' nan gleann, theid anns gach tigh
An teine leigeadh as; greasaidh gach long
A dh'ionnsuidh cala: sguabaidh an Anail threun
Gun lorg, gun dochann thairis air an talamh.
Cumamaid uile samhach aig an tigh;
Fagar an sith na daoine siobhalta.

STAUFFACHER—Am bheil thu ciallachadh?

TELL—Nach lot an nathair
Mur teid a brosnuchadh. Fasaidh iad agith
Iad fhein ma dheireadh thall, an uair a chi iad
Gu bheil na duthchanna a' fantuinn suaimhneach.

STAUFFACHER—Bu mhor na dheanamaid le seasamh comhladh.

TELL—'Nuair bhrisear long 's e 'n duine singilte
A's usa 'ni e fhein a chuideachadh.

STAUFFACHER—An cuir thu dhiot, cho fuar, an gnothuch coitchionn?

TELL—Air fhein a mhain cunntaidh gach aon le cinnt.

STAUFFACHER—Co-cheangailte, an lag maraon bi'dh neart-mhor.

TELL—'N a aonar 's ann a's treise duine laidir.

STAUFFACHER—Mar sin cha'n fhaod an duthaich amharc riutsa
'Nuair ghlacas i 'na cruaidh-chas airm na h-eiginn?

TELL (a toirt a lamh da)—Thug Tell uan caillt' a slochd an dubhaigein
Saoil thus' an teicheadh e air faibh o 'chairdean?
Ach ciod air bith a ni sibh fagaibh mise
Taobh mach na comhairle! Cha'n urrainn dhomhsa
Seasamh a dearbhadh, a's a taghadh chuisean;
Ach biodh run suidhichte a' feitheamh orm,
Glaodhaibh ri Tell, cha'n fhaillinnich e sibh.
(Tha iad a' dol as an t-sealladh air rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte, tha troimh-cheil obann ag eiridh m'an cuairt do na lobhtaichean).

AM MAIGHSTIR (a' ruith a nunn)—'De th' ann?

A CHEUD GHILLE (a' tighinn dluth a' glaodhaich)—Thuit an sgleatair o dhruim an tighe!

(Tha Berta a' dian-ruith a' stigh. A Luchd-frithealaidh).

BERTHA—A bheil e air a bhruthadh? Ruithibh, tearnaibh,
Cuidichibh e ma 's comasach a chomhnadh.
Teasraigibh e, tha or agaibh an sin——
(A' tilgeadh a seudan am measg an t-sluaigh).

AM MAIGHSTIR—Bhur n-or; Air dhuibh an t-athair a's a chlann,
An duin' agus a bhean o cheile 'sgaradh,
A's doruinn thoirt air aghaidh 'n t-saoghail uile,
Bheil fughair agaibh gu'n dean *or* a suas e?
Togaibh oirbh! 'S e daoine sona sunntach
A bh' annainn gus an d' thainig sibhs' nar measg,
'N 'ur luib-sa thainig eu-dochas a stigh.

BERTHA (ris a Mhaor, a thil air ais)—A bheil e beo?
(Tha am Maor a' toirt sanas nach 'eil).
A chaisteil mhi-fhortanaich,
Do bhalla tha le mallachdan 'ga thogail
'S do-mhallachdan bi'dh e 'na aite-comhnuidh!
(Tha i 'falbh).

AN CEATHRAMH ROINN.

Tha Bhalter Furst agus Arnold fo 'n Mhelchdal a' tighinn aig an aon am o rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte.

MELCHDAL—A Mhaighstir Bhalter Furst——

BHALTER FURST—Na'n tigeadh duin' oirna!
Dean fuireach far am bheil thu. Tha luchd-brathaidh
M' an cuairt oirnn.

MELCHDAL—Nach 'eil guth idir agaibh dhomh
A Unterbhalden? Nach 'eil diog air m Athair?
Cha ghiulain mi na 's fhaide le bhi 'n so
Am phriosanach, a' cur na h-uine seachad
Gu diomhanach. 'De 'n cron airidh air peanas
A chuir mi 'n gniomh, gu'm feumainn mi fhein fholach
Mar gu'm bu mhortair mi? Coire air bith
Cha ghabh cur as mo leith, ach, 'nuair a thainig
Am balach ladarna, air aithn' a' Mhaoir,
A thogail leis, 'n mo shuil ag amharc air,
A' chuing a b' fhearr a bh' againn do na daimh,
Le strachd de 'n bhata gu'n do bhrist mi 'chorag.

BHALTER FURST—Tha thu tuille 's braa. B' e gille 'Mhaeir a' bh' ann.
B' e d' uachdaran a chuir ad ionnsuidh e.
Bha thu 's a chionnt, bha e mar fhiachadh ort
Gabhail gu samhach ris, 's an smachd a ghiulan
Gu 'de air bith cho trom 's a bhiodh am peanas.

MELCHDAL—An e gu'n eisdinn ris an t-seanachas
A thug am balach gobach dhomh:—"Ma tha
Aig croitearan a' mhiann gu aran itheadh
Rachadh iad fhein a's tairneadh iad an crann!"
Ruig e an cridh' agam am balach fhaicinn
A' toirt nam beothaichean boidheach as a' chrann.
Mar gu'n do thuig na creutairean nach robh

gnothuch ceart, s ann 'tholsich iad air
oiceadh
r purradh fhad 's a bh' aca le an adhairc-
n.
in fhuair mo chorruich ceart lan-uachdar
m,
m' an robh fhios 'm ciod a bha mi deanamh,
g mi am buille cruaidh do lamh a' ghille.
FER FURST—'S gann a ni *sinne* cumail
rnu fein;
nar a cheannsaichear an oige bhras?
HDAL—'S e m' A thair a tha 'cur a' chruad-
l orm—
uibhir fheum aige air curam 's aire.
eag air a' Mhaor e, chionn gu'n d'rinn e
amh
amh gu duineil air son saors a s ceartas.
idh iad cinnteach air an aobhar sin
neart a chleachdadh ris an t-seann-duine,
nu neach a sheasas eadar e 's an reasgachd.
geadh na thogras, bheir mi mi-fhein a
as.
FER FURST—Feith thusa fathast greis;
an foighdinn
an tig flos g' ar n-ionnsuidh 'nall o 'n
hoill.
cuid-eiginn a' bualadh aig an dorus,
h—Feudaidh 'bhi gur teachdair' th' ann
n Mhaor—
albh a stigh, cha'n 'eil thu, ann an Uri,
ruint' o shairdean Landenberger, mionaid,
tha 'n luchd-foireigne a' teirt an laimh
son a' cheil'.
HDAL—Tha iad a' teagasg *dhuinne*
ni bu coir dhuinn fhein a dheanamh.
FER FURST—Falbh!
bhios e tearuint' ni mi glaodh riut tilleadh.
(Tha Meichdal a' dol a stigh).
duine truagh, cha'n 'eil a' chridh' agam
igeadh ris dha m' amharus m' an olc
'n dan da—Co tha sin? Cha luaith' ni
rus
gan, nach 'eil mi 'feitheamh mi-fhortan.
ceilg a's amharus ri feall-fholach
a h-uile cearn a's cuil; luchd-frithealaidh
tighearnais 'g am fuchdadh fhein a stigh
ruig an ionad 's diomhaire 's na tighean;
'n fhad' ach gus am feum sinn glasan 's
oinn
ir air na dorsan, ma theid so air adhart.
(Tha e a' fosgladh an doruis agus le
clisgeadh, a' toirt ceum air ais, air do
Bherner Stauffacher coiseachd a stigh).
l 'tha mi faicinn? Thusa, 'Mhaighstir
herner!
m' fhacal fhein! Mo charaid measail,
nmhuinn
lamh cha do chuir taobh stigh mo stairsn-
ch cas
ne a b'fhiachala. 'S e slaint' do bheatha
gh'nn
dhruim an tighe so! 'De thug a nall thu?
i 'tha thu sireadh bhos an so 'an Uri?
FACHER (a' sineadh a laimh dha)—Na
ann amannan, agus an t-seann Suisse.
FER FURST—Thug thus' iad leat a nall.
aic tha mi gu maith,
sealladh d' aodainn a' cur blath's am
uridhe,

Dean suidhe, Mhaighstir Bherner—Ciamar a
dh' fhag
Thu Gertrud, do Bhean-tighe shiobhalta,
A's nighean thuigseach Iberg fholuimte?
Gach coigreach, air a rathad troimh ghleann
Mheinrad
Do 'n Eadailt, as a h uile cearn de 'n Ghear
mailt
Tha moladh fialaidheachd a's suairc do thighe,
Ach, abair, an ann direach a Fluellen
A thainig thu an so, nach d' thug thu suil m'
an cuairt
'An aite 'sam bith eile air an rathad,
M' an d'thain' thu thairis air an stairsnich so
STAUFFACHER—Tha obair iongantach ur a
chunnaic mi
Gu dearbh, nach d thug dhomh moran toil-
eachaidh.
BHALTER FURST—O, charaid, anns an t-sealladh
sin tha'n t-iomlann!
STAUFFACHER—Cha robh a leithid sin an Uri
riamh—
Tigh-teannachaidh cha robh, an cuimhne
dhaoin'
'S an aite so, b' i 'n aon tigh teann an uaigh.
BHALTER FURST—'S i uaigh na saors' i, 's tu
'thug dh' i a h-ainm.
STAUFFACHER—A Mhaighstir Bhalter Furst,
cha cheil mi ert
Nach ann le faoin-run diomhain brath a
ghabhail
Air na tha dol air adhart 'thainig mi.
Tha eallach throm de iomaguinn air mo
chridhe—
Foirneart tha mi air fhagail aig an tigh,
A's foirneart fhuair mi 'n so air thoiseach orm
Tha 'n rud 'tha sinn a' seasamh glan do-
ghiulan,
A's ceann no crioch na teinn cha 'n 'eil ri
fhaicinn,
Bha'n Suisseach saor o chian gu ruig an am so,
A's chleachd sinn riamh gu'm buinteadh
ruinn gu suairc.
Cha deach ar duthaich riamh ro' 'leithid so
O'n cheud la dh' iomain arach treud air
sliabh.
BHALTER FURST—Seadh, tha'n dol air adhart
so gun eisimpleir!
Tha, cuideachd, ar triath uasal Attinghausen
A chunnaic na seann amannan e fein,
De'n bheachd nach coir dhuinn so na's fhaide
'ghiulan.
STAUFFACHER—Tha thall 'sa Choille gnothuch
goirt air tachairt,
'S gu fuilteach theid a dhioladh—Bholf-
ensiesen,
Maor leis an Iompaire, 'bha n Caisteal
Rosberg.
Bha iarrtus air meas toirmisgte a bhuain;
Bean Bhaumgarten, 'tha fuireach aig Alzellen,
B' i 'run mi-ghnathachadh a dheanamh oirre,
A's bhuail a fear a sios e leis an tuaidh.
BHALTER FURST—O, breitheanais an Tighearn
tha iad ceart!
Baumgarten, thuirt thu, duine modhail,
stuama,
Ach theasraigeadh e, 's fhuair e aite-folaich?
STAUFFACHER—Chuidich de Chliamhuin-sa e
thar an loch;

Aig Steinen tha e agam-sa am falach—
Thug a cheart duine cunntas dhomh mu dheighinn
Ni 'tha na 's oilliteil' fhathast, 's e sin an rud
A thachair ann an Sarnen ; faisgidh e cridhe
Gach duine maith a chluinneas iomradh air.

BHALTER FURST (a' toirt geur aire)—Abair air d' adhart, ciod a bh' ann ?

STAUFFACHER—'Am Melchdal
Direach 's an ait' an gabhadh tu an rathad
Gu Cearns, tha duine cothromach a' fuireach,
Enric bho 'n Halden 's e a their iad ris,
Bha buaidh aig 'fhacal anns a' choimhthionsl.

BHALTER FURST—Co do nach aithne e? De th'air tighinn air ?
Criochnaich do naigheachd !

STAUFFACHER—Air son coire faoin
Chuir Landenberger ubhla air a mhac,
Dh' aithn e na daimh, a' phaidhir dhiubh a b'fhearr,
'Thoirt as a' chrann ; 'n sin thug an giullan buille
Do'n t-seirbheiseach le 'bhata, 's theich air falbh.

BHALTER FURST (le dian aire)—Ach 'Athair—abair ciod a thainig ris-san ?

STAUFFACHER—Dh' aithn Landenberg do'n Athair tighinn 'na lathair,
Dh' orduich e dha a mhac a liubhairt 'suas ;
'S 'nuair 'thug an seann-duin' mionnan firinneach
Nach b' fhios da ni air bith m' an fhogarach,
Ghairm Landenberger an Luchd-pianaidh 'stigh——

BHALTER FURST (a leum g' a ionnsuidh, agus a' feuchainn a theirt a leith-taobh)—
Cum ort, na h-innis tuille !

STAUFFACHER (a ghuth a' dol na 's airde)—
" Ma fhuair am mac
Air falbh, tha thusa agam ann am lamhan !"
'N sin thug e orr' a thilgeadh air an lar
'S an staflinn bhiorach a chur troimh na suilean—

BHALTER FURST—A Fhlaitheis chothromaich !

MELCHDAL (a' leum a stigh) — 'S na suilean thuirt thu ?

STAUFFACHER (le ioghnadh, ri Bhalter Furst)—Co e 'n duine so ?

MELCHDAL (a' deanamh greim teann air)—'S na suilean ! Bruidhinn !

BHALTER FURST—Och, och, a Bhroin, gur tusa 'n t-aobhar truaighs !

STAUFFACHER—Co th' ann? ('Nuair a thug Bhalter Furst an sanas dha).
N e 'mhac ? A Thighearn chothromaich !

MELCHDAL—'S mise cho fada uaith ! An da shuil aige !

BHALTER FURST—Ceannsaich thu fein ! Gu duineil giulan e !

MELCHDAL—Agams' tha choire, 's ann air agath mo chiont-sa !
Tha m' Athair dall ! Tha e da rireadh dall !
Tha 'n leirsinn aige buileach air a dalladh ?

STAUFFACHER—'S e sin e. Tobair a sheallaidh shruth air falbh.
Solus na grein' cha'n fhaic e 'ris gu brath.

BHALTER FURST—Nach caomh'n thu 'chradh !

MELCHDAL—Gu brath, gu brath a ris !
(Tha e cur a lamh gu teann thairis air a shuilean, 's a' cumail samhach car prioba no dha ; tha e 'n sin a' tionndadh o h-aon gu h-aon agus a' bruidhinn le tiomachadh agus deoir 'na ghuth).
O, 's tiodhlac 'tha do-smuainteach' priseil neamhaidh
Solus na sul—Gach bith tha 'tarruing beatha
O'n t-solus, tha na h-uile creutair sona—
An luibh i fein, a' tionndadh gu toilichte
A dh' ionnsuidh 'n t-soluis. 'S feumaidh *esan* suidhe
Mothachail, anns an oidhch'—'an dorchadas
Air nach tig crioch—cha'n fhaigh e'm feasda tuilleadh
A bheothachadh le guirme blath nan lon,
Greis ghrinn nam blaith', an giuthas staideil ruadh
Cha'n fhaic e tuilleadh—Cha bu ni am bas,
Ach a bhi *beo gun leirsinn*, 's doruinn sin—
C'arson a dh' amhairceas cho sibh muladach
A nall orm ? Tha da shuil fhallain agam,
'S cha'n urrainn dhomh a h-aon diubh 'thoirt do 'm Athair,
No aon ghath-soluis tla a cuan na soills'
A tha cur doille orm le 'dhealradh boillsgeach.

STAUFFACHER—Do dhoilgheas 's eiginn dhomh a mheudachadh,
An ait a leigheas—Tuilleadh tha 'ga dhith !
Chreach Maor-an-fhearainn e da chuid gu h-iomlan !
Aon ni cha d' fhag e aige ach a lorg,
Gu falbh o tigh gu tigh, dall agus lomnochd.

MELCHDAL—Ni ach a lorg do'n duine liath, gun sealladh !
Creachte gu tur, 's do sholus glan na greine,
An oighreachd choitcheann aig an diblidh thruagh—
Na bruidhnibh rium air fantuinn no air falach !
'De 'n seorsa cladhaire a bh' annam riamh
'Bhi smuainteach' orm fein a's nach b' ann *ort-sa !*
Gu 'm fagainn-sa do cheann gaolach mar urras
An laimh fir-cuthaich ! A leith taobh 'n fhaicill mheat,
A shealias roimpa--Ni ach dioghaltas fuilteach
Cha saoaich mi. A null thairis gabhaidh mi—
Cha ruig sibh 'leas mo bhacadh—Cuiridh mi
Am Maor gu 'dhulan e 'thoirt dhomh air ais
An da shuil a rinn e thoirt air falbh o m Athair—
Am measg a mharc-shluagh uile gheibh mi mach e—
Cha ni mo bheatha tuilleadh leam mur faigh mi
Dian-theas mo ghoimh do-labhairt fhionn-arachadh
Am fuil a chridhe. (Tha e tionndadh gu falbh).

BHALTER FURST—Fuirich ! 'De dheanadh tu 'Na aghaidh ? Sud e 'na shuidhe 'n Sarnen,
A bhaile tighearnail ard, a' deanamh sgallais
Air corruich anfhann, 's e 'na dhaingnich laidir,

MELCHDAL—Ged bhiodh a chomhnuidh shuas
'an Luchairt-eighe
Na Sreicthorn, no na 's airde, far am bheil
O shiorruidheachd an Oigh* fo sgail 'na
suidhe—
Dheanainn g' a ionnsuidh slighe; faigheam
fichead
De 'n oigridh, a dh' aon inntinn, a dhol comh'
rium,
Ghabhainn fo 's laimh briseadh a stigh d' a
dhaingnich.
'S mur lean duin' idir mi, 'n uair bhios sibh
uile
Ri caoidh air son 'ur bothain a's 'ur treudan,
'N uair chromar sibh a sios fo chuing 'n fhir-
fhoirneirt,
Gairmidh mi 'n ceann a cheil na buachaillean
A th' air na sleibhte, an sin, fo 'n iarmailt
shaor,
Far an teid tuigseadh shoilleir, 's cridhe
fallain
A ghleidheadh, ni mi 'n naigheachd aithris
dhoibh
M' an aingidheachd dheiseach so 'tha nis air
tachairt.

STAUFFACHER (ri Bhalter Furst)—Tha e air
tigh'nn gu airde—Am feith sinn, gus
An tig a' chuid a's mios' oirnn?

MELCHDAL—Ciod a's mios
Roimh 'm bi sinn gealtach, 'nuair nach 'eil
Reul na sul
Ri bhi na 's fhaide tearuinte 'nar cinn?
'Bheil sinn mata gun airm? C' arson a
chleachd sinn
A' chrois-bhogh' tharruing, 's an tuadh-chatha
throm
A chluich gu laidir, ealant'? Gheibh gach
creutair
Ball-airm na h-eiginn ann an teinn a chruaidh-
chas,
Tionndaidh 'm fiadh 'tha fannachadh, a's
nochdaidh
E 'chabar eagallach do'n lodhainn chon,
Tilgidh a' ghemse 'n sealgair anns an t-alochd,
A's ainmhidh caild' a chroinn, seirbheiseach
seirbh
An duine, a ni gu foighidneach fo 'n chuing
Treun-neart a mhuineil mhoir a chromadh
sios,
Bheir e 'n dnibh-leum a suas, ma ruigear e.
'S a' gabhail cuims' le adhairc chumhachdaich
Le urchair tilgidh se a namh 's an speur.

BHALTER FURST — Na 'm biodh na tri Duth-
channa dh' aon inntinn
Buinne 'nar triuir theagamh gu'n gabhadh
Rud-eigin deanamh.

STAUFFACHER—Ma thogas Uri glaodh,
A's Unterbhalden deas g' a cuideachadh,
Cha'n fhuirich muinntir Suits air deireadh
orra.

MELCHDAL—'S ioma diu-charaid dhomhs' tha
'n Unterbhalden
A's cha'n 'eil fear 'nam measg dhiubh nach
biodh toileach
A cheann na 'choluinn a chur ann an cunnart
Ach e 'bhi 'n comas da cul-taic no dion
A thoirt do chach—O Aithriche na Tir so!

*The Jungfrau.

Laimh ribhs', a tha lan-eolach, foghluimte,
'Nar dithis, cha'n 'eil annams' ach an giullan—
Mo ghuth-sa feumaidh 'bhi 'na thosd, gu
modhail
'An Cuirt na Soirr'achd: Ach na deanaibh
dimeas
A chionn gu bheil mi og, 's nach fhac' mi
moran,
Air m' fhacal, 's air mo chombairle. Cha'n
ann
Do mhianna bras na h-oige 'tha mi striochd-
adh,
Ach neart mo ghuin, a's cradh mo dhoilghis
geur.
Is aithrichean sibh fein, air ceann 'ur tighean,
Nach b'i bhur durachd gu'm biodh agaibh
mac
Steidheil, d' ur ciabhan priseil 'bheiresdh
urram,
'S a dhionadh Reul bhur sul gu furachail?
O, ged nach d' thainig fathast dochann oirbh
'An corp na 'n cuid, a's tha bhur suilean
agaibh
Gu fallain, soilleir, tearuinte 'n 'ur ceann,
Na biodh, mar sin, ar n-airc-ne coimheach
leibh.
Tha thairis oirbhse mar an ceudna 'n croch-
adh
Sleagh fear-na-foireigne. Rinn sibh an duth-
aich
A tharruing leibh, air falbh e Austria;
Cionnt eile cha robh aca 'n aghaidh m' Athar,
Tha sibhs' co-chionntach ris, 's fo 'n diteadh
cheudna.

STAUFFACHER—(ri Bhalter Furst)—Dean d'
inntinn suas!
Tha mise deas gu d' leanailts'.

BHALTER FURST—Cluinnidh sinn combairle
nan triathan uasal
Aig Sillinnen, a's ann an Attinghausen—
Tha 'r leam gu'n coisinn d' ainm-sa cairdean
dhuinn.

MELCHDAL—C'ait a bheil ainm 'an Sliabh-na-
Coill gu leir
Airidh air tuille urram na bhur n-ainm-sa—
Bhur n-ainmeannan le cheil? 'Na leithid sin
De chuinneadh cinnteach cuiridh daoine
creideas,
Tha 'ghliong a th' aca maith air feadh na
duthcha.
Tha agaibh oigbreachd bheairteach na deadh-
bheus
O'r sinnsreadh, mheudaich sibh gu pailte i:—
'De 'm feum a th' air daoin'-uaisle? Comh-
dhuineamaid
Leinn fhein an gnothuch! Ged nach biodh
againn ach
Sinn fein 's an duthaich! Is i mo bharail-sa
Gu 'n tigeamaid air doigh sinn fein a dhion.

STAUFFACHER—Cha 'n 'eil an tein a th' oirnne
a choir che trom
'Na luidhe air na h-uaislean; oir an sruth,
'Na caoir, a ruidhieadh air an ionad iochdrach,
Cha d' rainig fathast air an ionad uachd-
rach—
Gidheadh cha toir iad dhuinn an cuideach-
adh,
Ma 's ann fo airm a gheibh iad an ceud
shealladh

Air suidheachadh na tire.
BHALTER FURST—Na'm biodh breitheamh
Eadar sinn 's Austria, dh' fheudadh coir a's ceartas
'Bhi air an socrachadh. Ach 'se ar n-Iompaire,
Am Breitheamh 's airde, 'tha 'gar cumail fodha—
Mar sin 's ann *trid ar cairdean fein 'ni Dia Ar comhnadh.* Sireadh sibhs' a mach fir Suits.
A's truaidh mise cairdean ann an Uri,
Ach co a chuireas sinn gu Unterbhalden?
MELCHDAL—Cuiribh mise null—Co aig 'tha uibhir choir?
BHALTER FURST—Cha-'n aontaich mi dha sin, tha thu air aoidheachd
'Am thigh-sa, feumaidh mi do ghleidheadh tearuint'.
MELCHDAL—O, leigibh leam! Gach athghoirid, a's bealach,
Gach frith-rath'd feadh nan creagan 's althne dhemh
'S tha cairdean ann gu leoir a cheileadh mi
O'm naimhdean, 's fasgadh bheireadh dhomh gun ghruaim.
STAUFFACHER—Leig leis dol thairis, 's Dia bhi maille ris,
Cha 'n 'eil an sud am fear a bhrathadh e,
Tha iad air gabhail grain cho dubh do'n fhoirneart
Nach faighear inneal a ni obair dha.
Theid an Aizellen cuideachd, shios fo'n Choillidh,
An Tir a dhusgadh 's companaich a choisneadh.
MELCHDAL—Ciamar a gheibhear fios o 'cheil le cinnt
Air dhoigh nach duisgear amharus nam Maor?
STAUFFACHER—Dh' fheudamaid coinneachadh aig Treib no Brunnen,
Far am bheil loingeis-mharsantachd a taghal.
BHALTER FURST—Cha'n fhaod sinn dol cho bitheanta m'an obair.
Eisdibh ri m' bharail-sa—Shios taobh an Loch,
Aig an laimh chli, far an gabh duin' an t-aiseag
Gu Brunnen. ceart mu choinneamh Clach-nan-ur-sgeul,
Tha lonan uaigneach, folaichte 's an doire,
'S e 'n Ruitli 'thug na buachaillean mar ainm air,
A chionn gu 'n deach a choille 'spionadh as.
Tha 'n sin do duthaich-sa a' oriochnachadh
(A' tionndadh ri Melchdal)
Ri 'r dutbaich-ne; a's bheireadh bata sibhse
(A' tionndadh ri Stauffacher)
Air aiseag ath-ghoirid a nall a Suits.
Gheibh sinn an sin air frith-rathaidean fasail
Air feadh na h-oichch' a's cuiridh sinn gu samhach
Ar comhairle, gu soirbh, ri aon a cheile,
Deanadh gach aon deich daoine creideasach
'Thoirt leis, a tha dh' aon chridhe 's inntinn ruinn,
Co-chruinnicht' air an doigh so, gheibh sinn bruidhinn
Gu ciallach, thairis air a' gnothuch choitchcann
'S dol ris gu mineachail, le comhnadh
STAUFFACHER—Bi'd'h e mar sin. Sin do dheas laimh dhileas
A nall do thé-sa; Mar a tha sinne 'n di
Triuir Fhear, le'r lamhan toinnt' 'an cheile,
Mar sin ni sinn gu treibhdhireach, gun
Seasamh a suas air son *tri Duthchannaa*
Gu'n dion 's am fasgadh ann am beath bas.
BHALTER FURST agus MELCHDAL—Am no 'm bas!
(Tha iad a' seasamh greis mhait tost, le 'n lamhan toinnte 'na
MELCHDAL—M' Athair aosda, dall,
Latha na saors' cha'n 'eil e 'd chomas fh
Ach cluinnidh tu e 'nuair o Alp gu Alp
A dh' eireas suas 'na caoiribh a' chrois-t
'S a thuiteas daingneach laidir an fhoirneirt,
A's theid an Suisseach ait a stigh bhothan
A ghiulan sgeul an aoibhneis 'ch chluais,
A ni le 'dhealradh d' oidhche soilleir d

AN DARA EARRAIN. A' CHEUD RO

For-sheomar Gothach, riomhach le
eantais agus clogaidean. Am Baran,
liath, ard, deas direach, mu chuig a's
fichead, ann am peiteag-mholach, a' l
thaic air bata le cromag do adhairc g
Cuoni agus seathnar sheirbheiseach ei
seasamh m' an cuairt da, le raadalan ag
Ulrich O Rudents a' tighinn a stigh
eudach ridire.
RUDENTS—Tha mi 'n so oncle—Ciod i bl
a nis?
ATTINGHAUSEN—Ceadaich dhomh 'n t
an deoch-mhaidne ol
Le m' sheirbheisich, a reir seann ghn
tighe.
(Tha e ag ol a bicair, a tha, an si
chur m' an cuairt orra air fad).
B'abhaist dhemh fein 'bhi leo an da
coill
A riaghladh, le m' shuil, an saothai
dichioll,
Ceart mar a stiuir mo bhratach iad 's a
Cha dean mi, 'nis ach riaghladh 's an t
Mur tig am ionnsuidh gathan blath na
Cha 'n fheud mi dol g' an aireadh beannta.
Tha 'chuairt gu sior na 's cuinge dol cuinge
'S am bheil, gu fadalach, mo bheatha
A chum na cuairt a's deireannaich cuinge,
Far an tig seasamh air a bheatha gu h-
Cha'n 'eil mi ach am fhaileas fann a ni
'S cha bhi mi ach am ainm an uine gho
CUONI (a' tairgsinn a bhicair do Rudens dhuit-sa, uasail oig.
('Nuair a tha Rudents an teagas gabh se e).
Siuthad, a's ol e!
Fo *aon* chridhe, cho mhaith ri a *aon* bl
Tha e a' tighinn.

ATTINGHUSEN——Falbhaibh a nis, mo chlann,
Air a' cheud Fheasgar-Feill a thig m' an cuairt
Mu ghnothuichean na Duthch' bi'dh cothrom bruidhinn.
(Tha na seirbheisich a' dol a mach),

Attinghausen agus Rudents.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Tha thusa 'n so, an eideadh 's ann an uidheam,
Bi'dh tu a' dol gu Altorf, gu baile 'n Duin?
RUDENTS—Tha oncle, a's cha 'n fheud mi moille 'dheanamh——
ATTINGHAUSEN—Bheil uibhir sin de chabhag ort? Ciamar?
Am bheil an tim cho spiocach air a tomhas
A mach do d' oige, nach 'eil tuille uine
Agad r' a chaitheamh air seann bhrath 'r-do mhathar?
RUDENTS—Tha mi a' faicinn nach 'eil feum a so orm,
Cha'n 'eil mi ach am choigreach anns an tigh so.
ATTINGHAUSEN (le 'shuil gu dil a' beachdachadh air, tacain maith)—Cha 'n 'eil, gu mi-fhortanach.
Ach 's i cuid
A's duilghe nach 'eil thu aig an tigh ad dhachaidh!
Och Ulli! Ulli! Cha'n aithne dhomh thu nis.
Tha thu 'an sioda riomhach, a's, mar mhor-chuis,
Tha thu, le uaill, a' caitheamh it' na pencaig,
Thilg thu an cleoca-purpuir mu do ghuaillibh!
Air an fhear-duthcha tha thu 'g amharc sios
Gu dimeasach, a's tha thu 'gabhail athaidh
Roimh fhailte chridheil.
RUDENTS—Bheir mi dha gu toileach
Am meas a's cubhaidh 'thabhairt. Diultaidh mi
A choir a ghabhas e air fein 'thoirt uam.
ATTINGHAUSEN—Tha 'n tir air fad 'na luidhe fo chorruich throm
An righ—tha cridh' gach duine maith lan iom' guin
M' an ainneart chruadalach 'tha sinn a' fulang—
Ort-sa a mhain cha'n 'eil an deuchainn choitchionn
A' deanamh drughaidh—'S ann a chithear thusa
'Gad dhealachadh o d'chuideachd fein 's o d'chairdean,
'S a' seasamh suas air taobh naimhde do dhuthcha,
M' ar n-eiginn bruidhnidh tu gu tarcuiseach,
Tha thu a' ruith gu faon an deigh toilinntinn,
Tha thu ri miodal ris na h Uachdarain
A chum an deadh-ghean, a's am meas a chosnadh,
A's Tir do shinnsre fuidh an sgiursadh fulteach.
RUDENTS—Tha 'n tir a' fulang foirneirt—ach c'arson?
Co 'tha 'ga tilgeadh 'n coir-a-chinn 's a chas so?
Aon fhacal beag 's e sin na chostadh e,
Gu fuasgladh fhaetainn o bhur teinn 'am prioba,
A's Iompair' suairce, trocaireach a chosnadh.
An-aoibhinn dheibh-san a tha 'gleidheadh an t-sluaigh
Le 'n suilean duinnt, 's g' am brosnuchadh gu stri
An aghaidh ni a bhiodh 'na thairbhe fhior dhoibh.
Air sgath am buannachd fein tha iad a' cumail
Nan Siorramachdan-Coillteach air an ais
Gun mhionnan dligheach 'thoirt do Austria,
Mar a thug uile dhuthchanna m' ar timchioll.
'S maith 'thig e dhoibh 'bhi 'measg nan Triath 'nan suidhe,
'S ann 'chum nach bi triath idir os a cheann
A ghabhas duin' an t-Iompaire mar Thighearn.
ATTINGHAUSEN—Am feum mi eisdeachd ris a' leithid so,
O d' bhilibh-sa?
RUDENTS—Chuir sibh thuige mi,
A's leigibh leam crioch a chur air mo chainnt—
D e 'n seorsa neach a th' annaibh fein an so?
Am bheil cho beag do mhoralachd 'n ar nadur
Nach iarradh sibh dreuchd a bu mheasaile,
No a b' airde na bhi 'n so 'n 'ur ridire,
'S 'n 'ur breitheamh thairis air 'ur ciobairean?
Ciod e? Nach roghainn i 'bu chliutaiche
Bhur n-umhlachd dhligheil 'thoirt do 'r Tighearn rioghail
Seasamh ri 'thaobh an camp dealrach nan lann,
Seach a bhi co'-ionnan ri bhur seirbheisich,
'S a' suidhe 'n 'ur breitheamh am measg thuathanach?
ATTINGHAUSEN—Och Ulli! Ulli! 's mise' dh' aithnicheas i,
Guth min a bhuaireadair! 'S ise a mheall
Do chluas gu deas, 's a chuir an nimh a' d' chridhe!
RUDENTS—Seadh, ni mi aideachadh, cha dean mi cleith air,
Tha goimh a' dol a stigh gu doimhneachd m' anma,
An uair a thoisicheas na coigrich sin
Ri magadh air ar n-uaisle-thuathanachail—
Cha chuir mi suas na 's fhaide leis an dol so,
Am feadh 'tha'n oigridh uasal air gach taobh, dhinn
A' cosnadh cliu dhoibh fein fo bhratach Hapsburg,
Tha mise 'm thamh gu diomhanach air m' oighreachd,
Ceitein mo bheatha feumaidh mise chall
Thairis air obair-latha shuarach choitchionn.
An aitean eile tha nithe 'gabhail ait'—
'Na luidhe air taobh thall nan sleibhte sin
Tha saogh'l a chliu, dealrach le gniomhra gloir-mhoir,
Mo chlogaid sa 's mo sgiath tha ann am Thalla
Meirgte 'nan crochadh; guth misneachail na trombaid,
Glaodh an Fhir-ghairm, 'chum cleas nan airm a' cuireadh,
Cha ruig iad air na gleannta cianail so;

Cha 'n 'eil aon fhuaim r' a chluinntinn ann a so
Ach dranndail leibideach "Sreuda nam Bò"
A's gliogarsaich nan clag am measg nan treudan.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Oh 'dhuine thruaigh, 's ann ort-sa thain' an sgleo,
Tharruing faoin-dhearsa mealltach thu air seachran!
Dean dimeas air an tir 's an d' rugadh tu,
Gabh naire do gach cleachduinn mhaith a thainig
O chian an t-sgaohail a nuas o d' shinnsearachd,
Ach thig an latha 'n uair a thionndaidheas tu
Le deura geirt, a's tagradh trom a' mhulaid,
A dh' ionnsuidh aleishte chairdeil d' aithriche,
'S an ceol so air am bheil thu 'g amharc sios
Le uiread ghrain an ceart uair, ann ad fhadal,
"Sreuda nam Bò" bheir fasgadh air do chridhe
Le cudthrom tiamhaidh druidhidh 'stigh air d' anam
'Nuair chluinneas tu am fonn an tir nan Gall.
Oh 's cumhachdach an ceangal naduir sin
A tha le cuibhreach gaoil a snuim an duine,
Gu daingeann, ris an tir 's an d' rugadh e!
An saoghal cealgach, fuar cha dhachaidh dhuit-sa;
An sud, an cuirt uaibhreach an Iompaire,
Le d' chridhe treibhdhireach bi' dh tu gu siorruidh
'A d' choigreach ann a measg. Cha 'n ionnan bhuaidhean,
Riu-san a dh' fhoghluim thu air feadh nan gleann,
A ni an saoghal mor a thagradh uait.
Bi thusa faibh, thoir d' anam ann an eiric
Gabh fearann, bi ad sheirbheiseach do thriathan
'Nuair dh' fhaodadh tu 'bhi 'd thriath thu fein a's riaghladh
Thairis air d' oighreachd fein, 'am fearann saor.
Och, Ulli! Ulli? Fuirich le do chuideachd!
Na rach gu Altorf—Oh na dean a treigsinn,
Rud 'tha cho priseil—duthaich d' aithriche!
'S mi neach a's deireanaich' de m' shliochd gu leir,
'S an la an caochail mi thig crioch air m' ainm,
Tha 'n sin mo chlogaid, a's mo sgiath an crochadh;
Theid iad le cheil' a charadh leam 's an uaigh.
Am feum, da rir' an smuain tigh'nn thairis orm
Am feadh a tha mi 'toirt a suas na h-anail
Nach 'eil thu ach a' feitheamh dunadh me shul
Gu dol a null gu cuirt a' Bharain uir so
'S an oighreachd uasal, a fhuair mi saor o m' Dhia,
'S a ghleidh mi saor, a ghabhail o laimh Austria!

RUDENTS—Is diomhain dhuinne stri an aghaidh an Righ,
Is leis an domhan; an dean sinne 'mhain,
Gu danarra, sinn fein a chruadhachadh
'Nar ceann-laidireachd, anns an dochas fhaoin
An t-slabhruidh dhuthchanna a bhriseadh air,
A tharruing e gu cumhachdach m' an cuairt oirnn?
Is leis na margaidhean, na moidean 's leis,
Na rathaidibh-mora marsandachd, 's gu ruig
An traill-each fein, a' tarruing air Beinn-Ghotard
Gach aon diu feumaidh cis a phaighead dhasan.
Mar lion m' ar timchioll tha na fearainn aige
G'ar cuartachadh, 's g'ar druideadh teann 's stigh.
An dean an Rioghachd ar dion? An urrainn di
I fein a dhion an aghaidh Austria,
D' am bheil an neart a' dol am meud gach latha?
Mar cuidich Dia sinn, cha'n 'eil air an talamh
An t-Iompaire a ni ar cuideachadh.
'D e 'bheirear air son facal Iompairean
An uair 'tha 'chridh' aca na bailtean sin,
A ghabh fo sgiath na h-iolaire am fasgadh,
A thoirt a suas, mar urras, as an rioghachd.
'Nan cas mu airgiod, no an teinn a' chogaidh!
Ni h-eadh, oncle, is buanachd e, a's gliocas
Sealltuinn air thoiseach oirnn 's na laithean doirbh so,
Am measg nan roinnean a tha gabhail aite,
'S ri ceannard cumhachdach sinn fein a cheangal.
Theid crun na h-Iompaireachd o shliochd gu sliochd,
Aige-san cha'n 'eil cuimhn' air seirbheis dilea,
Ach deanamaid do Thriath na tir dadh sheirbheis:—
'S e 's ciall da sin, duine 'bhi cur an t-sil
'S an àm a tha ri teachd.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Bheil thu, mate, cho glic!
'S na 's leirsinniche na do shinnsre uasal,
A rinn ar agath neamhnaid luachmhor na saorsa
Cogadh, mar laoich, eadhon gu fuil a's bas!
Gabh aiseag gu Lutsern, fiosraich an sin
Ciamar 'tha tighearnas cruaidh Austria,
Mar eallach throm, a' saruchadh nan duthchannan,
Thig lad ar chum a spreidh 's ar caoraich airearamh,
Ar n-airidhean 's ar beanntan theid a mheasadh,
Bacadh theid a chur leo air sunlaith 's sithionn
'S na frithean saor againn; an cachailleithcise
Cuiridh iad tarsuing air gach geata 's drochaid,
Theid iad a's cuiridh iad an ciacras fein
Gu fearran fhaighinn fa chomhair na bochduinn againn,
A's paighidh iad an cogaidhean le 'r fuil-ne—
Ni h-eadh, ma 's fheudar fuil a dhortadh idir,
Air ar agath fein biodh e, bi' dh e na 's saoire
Dhuinn saorsa 'chosnadh, seach an traillseachd thaireil!

RUDENTS—'D e 'a urrainn dhuinne, aluagh do bhuachaillean,

Fheuchainn an aghaidh armailt Ailebeart!

ATTINGHAUSEN — Foghluim, a bhalaich, gne na'm buachaillean so
A thuigsinn! 'S maith a's aithne dhomhs' e,
Oir rinn mi 'n treorachadh gu tric 's a chomhraig,
Chunnaic mi iad a' cath aig blar Fabhents.
Thig iad gu cuing a sparradh air ar muineal
A tha sinn suidhicht' air nach giulain sinn.
Oh, foghluim fhaireachduinn co 'n t-aliochd o 'm bheil thu!
Air sgath gloir dhiomhain, a's faoin-naill gun sta,
Na tilg a leth-taobh neamhnaid d' fhiachalachd—
A bhi air d' ainmeachadh mar Cheannard thairis
Air pobull saor, a ni, o ghradh a mhain,
An seirbheis toileach dhuit a choisrigeadh,
'An cath 's am bas a sheasas dileas riut—
Gu'm b' e sinn d' uaill, dean bosd de 'n uaisle sin—
Ceangail gu teann na boinn 's an d' rugadh tu,
Ri d' dhuthaich, a's ri d' mhuinntir aon thu fein,
A's gramaich riu le d' uile chridhe 's neart,
An so tha freumha diongmhalta do threise;
'S an t-saoghal choimheach ud bidh tu leat fein
Lag mar a chuile, a ni gach gaoth a bhriseadh.
Oh, thig, tha fada o nach fac thu sinn,
Dearbh sinn an diugh, direach air son aon latha—
Na rach gu Altorf—eisd rium 's na rach ann
Direach an diugh; Thoir an t-aon latha so
A suas, gu toileach, mar ghean-maith do d' chairdean.
(Tha e a deanamh greim air a laimh).

RUDENTS—Ach thug mi m' fhacal—Leigibh leam—Cha'n fheud mi,
Oir tha mi ceangailte.

ATTINGHAUSEN (a' leigeil as a laimh, 's a' bruidhinn gu durachdach—Tha thu ceangailte—
Tha, a dhuine thruaigh, ach cha'n ann le d' fhacal,
No bold air bith a tha thu air do cheangal
Ach teud a' ghaoil!
(Tha Rudents a' tionndadh air faibh).
Cleith e, na thogras tu,
Ach s i a' mhaighdeann og Berta o Bhrunec
A tha 'gad tharruing-sa gu Baile 'n Duin,
'S 'gad chuibhreachadh an seirbheis an Iompaire.
Le cul a chur ri d' dhuthaich fein 's a treigsinn
An og Bhean-uasal chosnadh tu mar dhuais,
Na meall thu fein! Is ann le run do ribeadh
'Tha iad a' gleidheadh na mna-oig fa d' chomhair,
Ach cha 'n ann dhuits' a chuir iad i air leth.

RUDENTS—Rinn mi gu leoir a chluinntinn.
Beannachd leibh. (Tha e a' dol a mach).

ATTINGHAUSEN—Oganaich amaidich, nach stad thu! Dh' fhalbh e!
Cha'n urrainn mi a ghleidheadh, no a shaoradh—
Mar sin chuir Bholfensiessen cul ri 'dhuthaich,
A's leanaidh muinntir eil' e mar an ceudna,
Draoidheachd nan coigreach tha le cumhachd laidir
A taladh leis ar n-oigridh thar nam beannta.
Oh, mi-fhortan na h-uair sin anns an d' thainig
An coimheach do ar gleannta samhach ciuin,
A thilgeadh bun os ceann, 's a' mhilleadh oirnn
Na cleachduinnean neo-lochdach, coir a bh' againn!
Tha annasan a' taomadh oirnn a stigh
Mar thuil, gu bras; 's a' sgaradh as a cheile
Na nithe seana, fiachail. Thu aimsir eile
A' teachd; tha ginealach ag eiridh suas
De bheachdan, 's dhoighean eadar-dhealaichte
O'n aithriche! 'D e th' agam-sa r'a dheanamh
Na 's fhaide 'n so? Tha iad-san anns an uaigh,
Na daoine leis am b' abhaist dhomh 'bhi riaghladh,
'S am measg an robh mo bheatha air a caithteamh.
An aimsir agam-sa bithidh, an uine ghearr,
Fo 'n uir na luidhe; 's maith dhoibh-san uil' e
Nach ruig a leas 'bhi beo 's na timean ur' so.

AN DARA BOINN.

Lon le creagan ard agus coille m' a thimchioll. Air na creagan tha staidhrichean le callaid ri an taobh, agus mar an ceudna faraidhean, air am faicear an deigh uine ghoirid-muinntir-duthcha a' tearnadh. Air an taobh-cuil chithear an Loch, agus tarsuinn air, ann an solus na gealaich, bogha-frois. Tha beanntan arda a' dunadh a stigh an t-seallaidh air a chulaobh, agus aleibhtean-eighe a tha na 's airde fathast a togail an aguirr os an ceann. Tha 'n oidhche 'na luidhe air an tir air fad, ach tha 'n Loch, agus na aleibhteau geal eighe, a' dearsadh ann an solus na gealaich.

Melchdal, Baumgarten, Bhincelrid, Meier o Sharnen, Burcard aig Buihel, Arnold o Shebha, Claus o'n Fhlue le ceathrar eile de mhuinntir-duthcha, uile a' giulan airm.

MELCHDAL (fathast air taobh-cuil an t-seallaidh)—
A nios am dheigh-sa Fheara, tha am frithrath'd
A nis a' fosgladh suas air thoiseach oirnn!
Tha mi ag aithneachadh na craige ud
Le croiseag bheag 'na seasamh air a mullach;
Tha sinn aig ceann ar criche, so an Rutli.
(A' tighinn air adhart le leusan).

BHINCELRID—Eisdibh!

SEBHA—Glan falamh.

MEIER—Cha 'n 'eil duin' ann. Is sinn,
A Unterbhaid a th' air a' ghrunnd an toiseach.

MELCHDAL—'D e 'n t-am a dh' oidhche 'tha e?

BAUMGARTEN—Tha 'm Fear-faire
Air Selisburg an deigh da uair a ghairm.
(Cluinnear fuaim cluig fad air falbh).

MEIER—Bi'bh samhach! Eisdibh!

BURCARD—Nach grinn buille clag bheag
Caibeil-na-frith, a' gairm gu maduinnean,

A seirm gu soillier binn a nall a Suits.
O FLUE—Giulanaidh 'n t-adhar gian an fhuaim cho fada.
MELCHDAL—So, faighibh grainnean barrlaich, cuid agaibh,
A's cuiribh srad ris, gu'm bi lasag againn
A' feitheamh air na fir, an uair a thig iad.
(Tha da fhear-duthcha a' faibh g' a thrusadh).
SERHA—'S boidheach an oidhche ghealaich i.
Tha 'n Loch
'Na luidhe 'n sin, cho ciuin, 's cho min ri agathan.
BURCARD—Tha aiseag furaad aca 'n nochd.
BHINCELRID—(a' seoladh ris an Loch)—E! Seallaibh!
Seallaibh 'sud thall! Nach 'eil sibh 'faicinn dad?
MEIER—'D e 'rud a tha'nn? Mar 'eil, mata, gu cinnteach?
Bogha-froise, 'n teis-meadhoin na h-oidhche!
MELCHDAL—Solus na gealaich, 's e a tha 'ga dhealbh.
O FLUE—'S ainneamh, 's is iongantach an comhara so,
Tha iomad aon nach faca riamh a leithid
SERHA—Tha dithis ann; seallaibh, tha fear is baine,
'Na sheasamh os a cheann.
BAUMGARTEN—Tha bata beag
A' tigh'nn a nall, an ceart-uair, direach fuidhe.
MELCHDAL—'S e Stauffacher a th' ann, 's a gheolag aige,
Cha chum an duine coir sinn fada 'feitheamh.
(Tha e 'dol le Baumgarten gu taobh an Loch).
MEIER—'S iad muinntir Uri 's fhaide 'tha ri moille.
BURCARD—Tha cuairt mhor aca-san ri dol m' an bheinn
A chum an car a thoirt as an luchd-sanuis
A tha 's na h-uile ait aig maor-an-fhearain,
(Re na h-uine tha dithis de 'n luchd-duthcha air gealabhan a lasadh am meadhon an aite).
MELCHDAL (air a' chiadach)—Co 'th' ann? Am focal-sanuis!
STAUFFACHER (as a bata)—Cairde na tir.
Tha iad uile a dol as an t-seallaidh, an coinneamh nam muinntir a tha tighinn. Tha Stauffacher, Itsel Reding, Iain a Bhalla, Deorsa Tuathanach, Cenrad Hunn, Ulrich Gobhainn, Iost a Chlachain, agus triuir eile a' leum air tir, as a' bhata, a h-uile gin ac' armaichte mar a tha cach.
IAD UILE (a' toirt giaodh)—Failte dhuibh!
Am feadh a tha cach a' cur seachad na h-uine agus a' cur failt air a' cheile air taobh-cuil an t-seallaidh, tha Melchdal a' tighinn air adhart le Stauffacher.
MELCHDAL—Oh, 'Mhaighstir Stauffacher! Chunnaic mi esan
Aig nach 'eil comas amharc orm-sa tuilleadh!
Rinn mi mo lamh a leagail air a shuilean
Agus dian-thogradh teinntidh diogh'ltais dh'ol mi
A grian a sheallaidh 'th' air a sealadh
STAUFFACHER—Na h-abair diog air dio
Cha 'n e diogh'ltas
'Tha cheana seachad, ach an t-ola 'tha b
A dheanamaid a choinneachadh an tra
Ach inn's dhomh 'de 'rinn thu an bhaiden,
'De 'bhuidhinn thu air son an Choitcheann,
A's ciamar a chaidh agad air dol as,
Thu fein, o ribeachan a's foill luch aidh.
MELCHDAL — Troimh shleibhtean e Shurenne ghabh mi,
Thar roinntean eighe, farsuing-egaoill
Far nach 'eil guth aoin creutair chluinntinn
Ach rochdal gharg an Lammergeier re
Gus an do ruig mi Bealaich-ard-an-t-s
Far am bi buachaillean na h-Engelbe
A's feadhain Uri tric a' dheanamh gl
'S a failteachadh a' cheile anns an t-s
Agus ag ionaltradh an treudan comhl
Chaisg mi mo thart le bainne f Gletsher,
'Na chobhar geal, a' stealladh tr claiseau.
A stigh do bhothain leth-uaireach nas
Chaidh mi, 's gun duin' annta, mi aonar
Mar aoidh 's fear-tighe, gus an d' rai
Frith-bhailtean, 's comhnuidhean na sin
A chleachd a bhi 'n co-chomunn aon
Bha, cheana, glaodh na gairisin 'thachair
Air gaoir a thogail anns na gleanntan
Iomradh mo mhi-fhortain, rinn urra ach
Air thoiseach orm a ghiulan thun ga
Aig an do bhuil mi re mo thuruis uil
Fhuair mi lan diomb gach anam g chealgach
Thairis air cumhachd dalma 'n Tig nuaidh so;
Oir, mar na Beanntan ac', o linn gu l
A' toirt a mach gu sior nan luithean
Na h-uilid gun mhughadh riochd a' sios,
Na neulta fein 's na gaoitheadh fhiaradh
A' gabhail nan aon aighean troimh a
Mar sin tha 'n so na seana chleachdu
A' tigh'nn o'n t-seanair nuas a chum
Cha 'n fhuiling iad gu h-obann doigh
Bhi air an sparradh air a' chaithe-be
Riaghailteach ris an robh iad riamh,
Shin iad a mach dhomh 'n deas lamh aca,
Thug iad na sleaghan meirgte 'nuas o
Dhealraich o 'n suil solus a mhisnich
A ghlac an cridhe 'n uair a dh' ainmi
Na h-ainmean sin 'tha coisrigt' fe beann
Bhur n-ainm fhein 's Bhalter Furst—,
'Tha ceart 'n 'ur beachd-se, bhoidh dheanamh,
Eadhon gu has bhoidich iad sibha' a l

Mar sin fo fhasgadh naomha coir na h-aoidh-
eachd
Gu tearuint' ghreas mi eadar Baile 's Baile,
'S an uair a thainig mi gu gleann mo dhach-
aidh.
'S am bheil luchd-daimh dhomh 'chomhnuidh
'm fad 's am fagus,
'Nuair fhuair mi m' Athair, dall, a's air a
chreachadh,
Air connlach coigrich, a tigh'nn beo air
caoimhneas
Dhaoine le baigh a's seirc annt' ——
STAUFFACHER—A Thighearna Neimh!
MELCHDAL—Cha d' rinn mi gul! Cha b'an le
deoir na laigse
A dhoirt mi neart a 's teas mo chraidh a mach,
'Nam bhroilleach ghlais mi e mar ionmhas
priseil,
Ach m' inntinn suidhichte a mhain air
gniomhra.
Streap mi gach eas a's coirre anns an t-sliabh.
Cha robh aon ghleann cho diomhair nach do
ghlac
Mo shealladh e, 's nach d'fhuair mo chas a
mach;
Gu ruig bun reodht' a' ghletsher rinn mi
taghal,
A's fhuair mi bothain air an siteachadh
A's anns gach ait an deachaidh bonn mo choise
Fhuair mi co-ionann fuath an aghaidh foir-
neirt;
A chionn gu ruig a chrioch a's iomallaich'
'S am faighear creutair idir 's am bheil anail.
Far a bheil talamh cruaidh a' diultadh toraidh,
Tha saant nam Maor a' creachadh anns gach
cearn—
Cridhe nan daoine coire truagh sin uile
Le gath mo bhriathra guineach bhrosnuich
mi,
Is leinn iad uile eadar chorp a's anam.
STAUFFACHER—'S mor na chaidh agad air, 'an
uine ghoirid.
MELCHDAL—Ach rinu mi tuille 'e sin. 'S iad na
daingnichean
Rosberg, a's Sarnen, roimh 'bheil geilt an
t-sluaigh;
Oir gheibh an namhaid, cul am balla-craige,
E fein gu deas a dhion, 's an tir a mhilleadh.
Le m' shuilean fein bu mhiann leam fhiosrach-
adh;
Bha mi aig Sarnen, 's chaidh mi stigh do'n
Daingneach.
STAUFFACHER—Bha dh' aghaidh agad dol do
ghara 'n Tiogair?
MELCHDAL—Chaidh mi an sin 'an eideadh
Eilthireach
Chunnaic mi Maor-an-fhearainn aig a bhord
A ruidhtearachd—Thugaibh breith mar 'eil
Mo chridhe agam air a cheannsachadh;
Chunnaic mi 'n Namhaid 's cha do ghearr mi
sios e.
STAUFFACHER—Bha 'm fortan fabharach, gu
dearbh, ri d' dhanachd.
(Ee na h-uine tha 'n luchd-duthch 'eile air
tighinn am follais, agus air dluthach-
adh riu 'nan dithis).
Ach inn 's dhomh 'nis, co iad na cairde so,
'S na daoine maithe uile 'rinn do leantuinn?
Cuir mi 'an eolas orra 's fosglamaid
Ar cridheachan gu muinghinneach ri cheile.
MEIER—Co do nach aithne sibhse 's na tri
Duthchanna?
Is mise Meier o Sharnen; an duine so
'S e mac mo pheathar, Strnth o Bhincelrid.
STAUFFACHER—Is ainm sin air nach 'eil sin
aineolach,
'S e Bhincelrid a bh'ann, a mharbh a'
bheithir
'S an Rumaiche, aig Sarnen; 's a thuit 's a'
chleachd.
BHINCELRID—B'e sin me shinnsear-sa, a
Mhaighstir Bherner.
MELCHDAL (a' leigeadh ris dha da fhear-
duthcha)—
'S ann cul na coille 'tha iad so a' fuireach,
Buinidh iad do Thigh-manach Engelberg
Cha dean sibh tair orra, ged 's traillean iad,
'S cha'n ann mar sinn' air oighreachd shaor
'nar suidhe;
Tha gradh aca do'n Tir, 's tha iad, 'nan dithis,
A thuilleadh air a sin, fo theistneas maith.
STAUFFACHER (Riu 'nan dithis)—
Sinibh 'ur lamh dhomh. 'S maith do'n duine
sin
Nach 'eil an eismeil maighstir air an talamh;
'S mor luach na h-onoir ann an inbh air bith.
CONRAD HUNN—So Maighstir Reding, an seann
Bhailidh againn.
MEIER—'S ann domh a's aithne e. M'eascaraid
'sa mhod
Mu shean bhail-sinnsearachd a tha aig lagh
leam.
A Mhaighstir Reding, ged is naimhdean sinn
'Sa chuirt, tha aonachd eadaruinn an so.
(Tha e a' toirt crathadh d'a laimh).
STAUFFACHER—Thubhairt thu sin gu maith.
BHINCELRID—Eisdibh! Sin agaibh iad!
S' i dudach muinntir Uri th' ann a sinn.
(Chithear air an laimh-dheas a's chli, fir
fo airm le leusan a' tearnadh nan
creag).
IAIN A BHALLA—Faicibh! Nach 'eil am
Ministeir a fein,
Seirbheiseach naomha Dhe, a tearnadh leo?
Cha chum an rathad doirbh, no oillt na
h-oidhche
Am Buachaill' dileas coir air falbh o 'thrend.
BAUMGARTEN—Tha'n Cleireach leis, a's Maigh-
stir Bhalter Furst,
Ach Tell cha'n fhaic mi feadh na cuideachd
uile.
Bhalter Furst, Raoseelman am Ministeir,
Parnig an Cleireach, Cuoni am buachaille,
Bherni an sealgair, Ruodi an t-iasgair, le
cuignear eile de luchd-duthcha. Tha ann
duibh gu leir, tri-deug-'ar-fhichead, tha
iad a' tighinn air adhart a dh' ionnsuidh
an teine, agus a' seasamh m'a thimchioll.
BHALTER FURST—'S ann air an doighe so, air ar
criochan fein,
A's air an fhearann far an deach' ar n-arach
Is fheudar tigh'nn, gun fhios, an ceann a
cheile,
'San t-seapail mar a bhios na mortairean.
'S fo agail na h-oidhch' a bheir, am bitheantas,
Coingheall d'a cleoca tiugh do Chiont's do
Cheannairc,
A sheachnas suil na greine—coir a's ceartas

A thoirt a mach dhuinn fein, gnothuch cho soilleir
Ri aghaidh dhealrach fhosgailt' meadhon-latha.

MELCHDAL—Coma leibh, sniomhaidh siun 's an oidhch' an snath
A's caithidh sinn an clo ri solus la.

RAOSSELMAN—Eisdibh an ni chuir Dia am chridhe, 'chairde!
Tha sinn an so mar chuirt na Siorramachd
A' seasamh ann an aite 'n t-sluaigh gu h-iomlan.
Mar sin, biodh ar co-thionai socruichte
A reir sean nos na Tir an am na sithe;
Bitheadh an teinn 's a bheil sinn dhuinn 'na leth-sgeul
Ma thachras ni neo-laghail ann ar coinneamh.
Tha Dia 's gach ait 's am fritheil duine ceartas,
Agus tha sinn fo iarmailt-'san 'n ar seasamh.

STAUFFACHER—Seadh, coinnicheamaid a reir nan gnath o shean;
A's ged tha 'n oidhch' ann dealraidh ceartas oirnn.

MELCHDAL—A's ged nach 'eil lan-aireamh 'n t-sluaigh againn,
Tha 'n cridhe leinn, tha 'n raghadh dhiu a lathair.

CONRAD HUNN—'S mur 'eil na seana leabhraichean aig laimh
Gidheadh tha 'n reachdan air ar cridhe sgriobhte.

RAOSSELMAN—Gruinnicheamaid m' an cuairt, ma ta, gun dail
Cuirear 'nan seasamh claidhmhnean a' chumhachd!

IAIN A' BHALLA—Seasadh Fear-riaghlaidh 'suas 'na aite fein,
A's seasadh 'oifigich a suas r'a thaobh!

AN CLEIREACH—Ach tha tri Pobuill ann. Co 'nis de'n tri
D'an coir dhuinn ceannas a thoirt air an iomlan?

MEIER—Air son na h-onoir sin biodh Suits a's Uri
A' stri, ach seasaidh Unterbhaid a leth-taobh.

MELCHDAL—Seadh, seasaidh sinn air ais; 's e sinn 'tha 'g asluchadh
Cuideachaidh o ar cairdean cumhachdach.

STUAFFACHER—'S le Uri 'n claidheamh; chaidh do ghnath a bhratach
Air thoiseach air ar feachd 's na turuis Roimheach.

BHALTER FURST—Onoir a' chlaidheimh is le Suits a mhain,
Is uaill leinn uile 'n stoc o 'n d' thain' ar sliochd.

RAOSSELMAN—A' chomh-stri shuairce leigibh leam gu cairdeil
A shocruchadh: Ni Suits 's a chomhairle,
A's Uri anns a' champ dol air ar ceann.

BHALTER FURST (a' sineadh nan claidhmhnean do Stauffacher)—Gabh iad!

STAUFFACHER—Cha ghabh, an onoir biodh do'n aois.

DEORSA TUATHANACH—Ulrich an gobhain, 's e an duine 's sine.

IAIN A' BHALLA—Is duine treun e, ach cha 'n 'eil e saor;
Cha ghabhar traill mar bhreitheamh a
Suits.

STAUFFACHER—Nach 'eil an so againn a
Fear-riaghlaidh?
Co 'b fhearr a dh' iarramaid na Mai
Reding?

BHALTER FURST—Biodh eean dhuin
Bhreitheamh a's 'na Cheannard?
Gach aon ri 'n cord sin togadh e a lamh.
(Tha iad uile a' togail na laimhe dei

REDING (a' seasamh 'n am meadhon)—
urrainn domh mo lamh a chur air leal
Ach air na reulta siorruidh bheir mi mic
O'n cheartas ghlan nach teid mi 'thac
brath.
(Tha dithis de na claidhmhnean air
'n an seasamh m' a choinneam
na fir a' seasamh 'nan sreit
thimchioll, Suits anns a' mhead
air thoiseach air—Uri air a
dheis, agus air a laimh chli,
bhalden. Tha e a' seasamh a'
a thaic air a chlaidheamh-mor).
Cied 'thug an so tri cinnidhean nan alis
Aig meadhon-oidhch' a dh' ionnsuidh cl
fhuar
An Loch, gun aoidheachd ann no fa
tighe?
Ciod e 'n choimh-cheangal ur 'tha sinn
Ri 'shuidheachadh an so fo reulta neim

STAUFFACHER (a' seasamh taobh sti
sreith)—
Cha chumhnant ur 's am bith 'tha
deanamh,
Ach coimhcheangal a rinn, o chian
sinnsear
A dheanamaid ath-nuadhachadh an noc
Biodh fhios agaibh, a chairde, 'tha
bhoinn rium,
Ged tha an Loch 'g ar sgaradh
sleibhtean,
A's tha gach pobuill dhinn 'g a riaghladi
Tha sinn de 'n aon sliochd, tha sinn de
fhuil,
'S ann a aon dachaidh 'thainig sinn a m

BHINCELRID—Mar sin, is fior, mar chana
na dain,
Gu'n d'thainig sinn o dhuthaich che
imrich?
O, aithris dhuinn na 's aithne dhuit
sgeul,
A chum gu'n socruichear an cumhnant
Air a' choimhcheangal a bha ann o shes

STAUFFACHER—Eisdibh, ma ta, ri sgeu
Buachaillean,
Bha cinneach mor ann, cul na duthcha
Rathad na h-airde tuaith, a bha 'n an e
Fo ghorta chruaidh. 'S a chas so ar
robh iad
Rinn Comhairle an t-sluaigh a shecruch
Gach deicheamh saor-dhuin' air an tu
crannchur,
Gu'n treigeadh e a dhuthaich—Thachai
Thog iad a mach, a' caoidh, fir agus mn
Feachd mor, a dh' ionnsuidh tir na h-
deas,
Le 'n claidheamh rinn iad slighe trot
Ghearmailt,

Gus an do rainig iad Ard-thir nan aliabh so.
A's air an fheachd cha d'thaiuig sgitheachadh
Gus an deach' iad a stigh do 'n fhas-ghleann fhiadhaich
Far am bheil am Muotta, eadar lointean
An diugh a' siubhai—Anns an aite so
Cha robh aon lorg de 'n chinne-daoin' ri fhaicinn
Ach bothan aonaranach taobh a' chladaich.
An so bha duine 'feitheamh air an aiseag—
Ach bha an Loch fo bhruaillean mor, 's cha robh
E comasach do 'n t-sluagh dol thairis air;
Bheachdaich iad na bu dluithe air an duthaich.
Thug iad fainear beartas nan coilltean maiseach.
Fhuair iad a mach tobraichean maithe fioruisg'
Bha 'r leo gu'n d'fhuair iad aon uair eil' air ais
D'an duthaich ghaolach. Chuir iad rompa fanachd.
Theg iad an sin an sean frith-bhaile Suits,
A's chuir iad seachad ioma latha goirt.
M' an d'fhuair iad freumhan diongmhalta nan craobh,
Aig an rohh greim cho farsuing air an talamh,
A ghart-ghl nadh, 's an t-aite 'reiteachadh—
Fadheoidh, an uair nach robh gu leoir de fhearann
Aca, air son an aireamh ahluaigh a bh'ann,
Chaidh iad air adhart thun a' Mhonadh-dhuibh,
Seadh, eadhon gu ruig Bheisland, far am bheil
Pobull de chanain eile, foiaichte
Air chul bhallachan siorruidh eighe 's shneachd.
Chuir iad a suas 's a Chernbhaid Baile-Stants,
Shuidhich iad Altorf ann an gleann na Reuss—
Ach ghleidh iad riamh cuimhn' air an siunsireachd;
Am measg nan sliochdan coigrich uile 'thainig
A stigh do 'n Tir o'n am sin gus a nis,
Gheibh muinntir Suits a cheile 'mach gu h-ealamh,
'S e 'n cridhe blath a dh' aithnicheas an fhuil.
(Tha e 'sineadh a mach a lamh air a dheis agus air a chli).

IAIN A' BHALLA — Seadh, tha sinn a dh' aon chridhe, a dh' aon fhuil!

IAD UILE (a' crathadh lamhan a' cheile)—Is aon sluagh sinn, theid sinn mar aon m 'ar gnothuch.

STAUFFACHER—Tha dream eile 'n ar tir fo chuing a' choimhich,
Striochd iad gu h-iriosal fo smachd a Bhuadhair.
Tha, eadhon ann ar criochan fein, a' fuireach
Moran de Shasunnaich a tha 'nan iochd'rain,
Fo ughdarras coimheach, agus tha an clann
'N an oighreachan air iochd'ranachd an athar.
Ach sinne 'tha de fhior shean stoc na Suits,
Ghleidh sinn a ghnath an t-saorsa mar ar coir,
Riamh cha do lub ar glun fo phrionnsachan,
O'r saor-thoil fein ghabh sinn ri dion an Iompeir'.

RAOSSELMAN—"O'r saor-thoil fein fo agail 's fo dhion na Rioghachd,"
Sgriobh Iompair' Fridrich e mar sin 'na litir,

STAUFFACHER—Gidheadh cha 'n 'eil an duine saor gun mhaighstir.
Feumaidh Priomh-cheannard a bhi ann, Ard-bhreitheamh,
Far am faigh duine ceartas anns a' chomhstri.
Thug, air an aobhar sin, ar n-aithriche
An t-urram so do 'n Iompair' thar an fhearainn
A bhuidhinn iad le 'n saothair as an fhaasach,
Oir is Triath e air a' Ghearmailt, 's air an Eadailt,
A's mar na saor-dhaoin' eile ann a rioghachd,
Ghabh iad 'n a sheirbheis urramach 's an Arm;
Oir is e so aon dleasanas sonruichte
A tha mar fhiachadh air an t-saor-dhuine,
An rioghachd a tha 'ga dhion a dhion gu toileach.

MELCHDAL—Is comharradh traill ni 'thuilleadh air a sin.

STAUFFACHER—An uair a chaidh an sluagh-ghairm feadh na duthcha,
Lean iad a' bhratach rioghail, chuir iad a bhlair.
Chaidh iad do 'n Eadailt leis, a' giulan airm,
'Chum crun na Roimh a shuidheachadh air a cheann.
Fhritheil iad, aig an tigh, gu ciallach ciuin,
A reir sean chleachduinn, fuidh an laghan fein,
Na cuisean aca; aig an Iompaire
A mhain bha coir binn-bais a thoirt a mach.
A chum na cuise so a fhrithealadh,
Bha Morair ard a bh' air a chur air leth,
Aig nach robh oighreachd anns an duthaich so,
An uair 'bha breith ri thoirt air cionta-fola
Ghairm iad a stigh e 's fuidh an iarmailt fhosgailt'
Labhair e 'cheart-bhreith 'mach, gu simplidh soillier,
Gun gheilt no fhiamh roimh aghaidh duin' air bith,
C' aite 'bheil lorg an so gur iochdarain sinn?
An ti d' an aithne atharrach, bruidhneadh e!

AN TUATHANACH—Ni h-eadh, tha h-uile cuis mar 'tha thu 'g radh,
Tighearnas air 'fhoirneadh oirnn a dh' aindeoin
Riamh air an t-saoghal cha do ghiulain sinn.

STAUFFACHER—Dhiult sinn do 'n Iompaire e fein ar n-umhlachd.
Air dha, air sgath nan sagairt, ceartas fhiaradh.
An uair a ghabh muinntir na h-Abaide
Aig Einsiedeln, coir air ar monadh-feurach,
Air an robh spreidh againn bho am ar sinnsear,
Agus a thug an t-Aba 'mach sean litir,
A thiodhlaic dha an grunnd neo-aitichte,
Air nach robh coir aig duine seach a cheile—
Ghleidh iad ar lath'reachd-ne tur as an t-sealladh—
An sin thubhairt sinne: "Tha bhur litir fealltach!
Cha 'n urrainn Iompaire an ni a's leinne
A thoirt air falbh do dhuin' air bith, mar thiodhlac;

A's ma ni 'n rioghachd ceartas aicheamh dhuinn
Ni sinn gu maith as eugmhais rioghachd 'n ar beanntan."
Mar sin labhair ar sinnsir! An dean sinne,
An clann, masladh na cuinge ur so 'ghiulan,
Bho iochdaran coigreach an cuir sinn a suas
Le gioliachd nach robh 'chridh' aig Iompaire
Air bith 'na chumhachd riamh a thairgse dhuinn?
Chruthaicheadh, mar gu'm b'eadh, an grunnd so leinn
Le 'r dichioll fein as na sean choillte fasail,
A bha 'n an dachaidh aig na math-ghamhna,
A's rinn sinn e 'na aite-comhnuidh dhaoine;
Sgrios sinn gu tur aliochd phuinnseanta nam beithir,
A bhris a mach oirnn as na mointichean;
Reub sinn an agaile glas de cheo a bha
Os ceann an fhasaich so gu sior an crochadh,
Spealg sinn a' charraig chruaidh, thar beul an t-aluichd
Thilg sinn an drochaid thearuint' do 'n fhearthuruis:
Coir mile bliadhna air an talamh so
Tha againne—Agus tha 'chridh' aig duine,
Seirbheiseach coigreach uaislean, tighinn an so
Gu slabhruidhean a dheanamh dhuinn, 's an sparradh,
Le masladh oirnn, a's sinn 'n ar dhuthaich fein?
O 'leithid de fhoirneart nach 'eil doigh dol as?
(Tha gluasad mor am measg nan daoine).
Ni h-eadh, tha eadhon crioch ri cumhachd foirneirt.
An uair nach faigh an duine saruichte
Ceartas, air taobh air bith ri 'n amhairc e,
An uair a bhios an t-om do-ghiulan glacaidh e
Spionnadh as ur, a's treoir d'a chridh' o neamh,
A's bheir e nuas dha fein na coraichean
A th'air an tasgadh tearuint' shuas an sud dha,
Nach gabh gu brath toirt uaith, a tha do bhriseadh,
A's siorruidh mar na reulta fein 's an speur—
Sean ordugh Naduir fein theid car air-ascaoin,
An uair a thionndaidheas duin' an aghaidh dhaoine—
An t-inneal deireannach a bheirear dha,
An uair a thig gach meadhon eile gearr,
'S e sin an claidheamh. Tha coir againn ar seilbh
Is luachmhoire a dhion an aghaidh foirneirt—
Tha sinn a' seasamh 'suas air son ar duthaich,
Air son ar mnai, agus air son ar cloinn!

IAD UILE (a' tarruing an claidhmhnean)—Tha sinn a' seasamh air son mnai, a's cloinn!

AN DARA EARRANN.

RAOSSELMAN (a' seasamh taobh na sreith)—Mu 'n glac sibh 'n t-slesgh, thugaibh fainear gu maith!
Feudar a chuis a shocruchadh gun aimhreit
Eadar sibh fein 's an t-Iompaire. Aon fhacal,
'S e sin na chosdadh e, 's bhiodh an luchd-ceannais
A tha 'g ar saruchadh a' sodal ribh.
Gabhaibh an ni a thairgeadh dhuibh cho bitheant',
Sgaraibh sibh fein o 'n Iompaireachd gu buileach,
Aidichibh uachdaranachd na h-Austria —

IAIN A' BHALLA—Ciod 'thuirt am Ministeir! Sleuchdadh do Austria!

BURCARD—Na h-eisdibh ris!

BHINCELRID—Comhairle brathadair, Namhaid do 'n tir!

REDING—Socair, a chompanaich!

SEBHA—Sleuchdadh do Austria, 's i 'n deigh ar creineadh!

O FLUE—Gu 'n tugamaid a suas, fo bhagradh ainneirt,
An rud a dhiultadh leinn do chiuineas seimh!

MEIER—Bu traillean 'an da rireadh sinn an sin,
'S bu mhaith a thoilleamaid a bhi 'nar trail'ean!

IAIN A' BHALLA—Gearramaid ceann as o choir nan Suisseach
A their aon smid mu gheill do Austria!
Fhir-rioghladh, b' i mo chomhairle gur e so
A cheud lagh-duthcha 'bheireamaid a mach.

MELCHDAL—Biodh e mar sin. Gun choir gun urram bitheadh
An ti 'their diog mu gheill do Austria.
Na gabhadh duine 'stigh gu taobh a thein' e.

UILE (a' togail na laimhe deise)—'S i sin ar toil, biodh e 'n a lagh!

REDING (an deigh uine ghoirid)—Is lagh e.

RAOSSELMAN—Tha sibh a nis, tre 'n lagh so, saor gu dearbh.
Cha tarruing Austria le diorras uaibh
An rud nach d' rinn i 'chosnadh uaibh gu cairdeil ——

IOST A' CHLACHAIN — Air adhart ordugh 'n latha!

REDING—A chompanaich!
Am bheil gach meadhon suairce chean' air fheuchainn?
Faodaidh e bhi nach fios do 'n righ mar 'tha;
Dh' fhaoidte nach ann le 'thoil 'tha sinn a' fulang.
An ni mu dheireadh so feuchamaid fathast—
Mu 'n glac ar lamh an claidheamh, cuireamaid
Ar gearan ann a lathair. Is uamhasach,
Eadhon 's an aobhar cheart, cumhachd a' chlaidheimh.
Thig comhnadh Dhe a mhain an uair nach urrainn
An duin' e fein a chuideachadh na 's fhaide.

STAUFFACHER (ri Conrad Hunn)—'S i d' aite-sa do chomhairle 'thabhairt. Labhair.

CONRAD HUNN—Chaidh mi do luchairt Rheinfeld thun an Righ,
Mu riaghladh teann nam Maor a dheanamh gearain,
'S a dh'fhaotainn litir uaith, a' daingneachadh
Ar saorsa mar o shean, a reir nan cleachduinn
A rinn gach Iompair' ur air thoiseach air.
Fhuair mi an sin a' feitheamh, teachdaireas
O iomad ait, o Suabia, 's taobh na Rhein;
Fhuair iad gu leir na sgriobhaidhean mu 'n d' thain' iad.
A's thill iad dhachaidh, toillichte, d' an duthaich,
Ach mise 'mhain, an teachdair' agaibh-se,
Sheoladh a stigh an lathair na Comhairle,
A thug, le briathra falamh, domh mo chead:

ı ceart-uair, uine aig an Iomp-
n' aig', uair-eiginn, amharc m' ar
ɔhi dol le ceumaibh airsnealach
ıairt, chunnaic mi 'n Diuchd og
. diuth air uinneag-mbor, a' gul
air, uaislean Bhart, a's Teger-
aodh rium :—" Cuidichibh sibh
'bh a' seallıuinn air son ceartais.
achadh mac a bhrathar fein,
h 'oighreachd laghail uaith air
hd a' guidhe air son cuid a
inn gu aois, tha 'n t-am dha 'nis
's na daoin' aige a riaghladh.
ıgairt a fhuair e? Crun beag
ceann a' ghille leis an Righ :
ise 's freagarraich' do 'n oige."
ı—Tha sibh a' cluinntinn sin.
tas
tigh dhuibh! Cuidichibh sibh
ıon eile cha 'n 'eil againn. Thug-
ar leinn ar cuis le faicill
ıeir toil-inntinn do gach cridhe.
T (a' seasamh taobh stigh na
inn am foireigneadh graineil so ;
na choraichean a ghleidheadh,
dhuinn iad le ar n-Athraichean,
ruith leinn fein, gu gramachadh
srein a dh'ionnsuidh coirean ur.
ı Righ an ni 's leis an Righ,
aig am bheil Tighearna
rbheis dha a reir a dhleasdanais.
n' fhearanns' air a ghabhail fo
r—Do Austria leanaidh tus' air
h.
N—Tha mise 'paigheadh cis do
.
r—Rach thus' air d' adhart a'
ain.
o'n Bhaintighearna aig Tsuirch
bhoid.
:—A dlighe fein bheir thusa do
nach.
Tha mise saor o dhlighe ach do
d.
r—An ni a mhain a's fheudar
is,
ı, cha teid sinn ceum na's fhaide.
id na Maoir le 'n seirbheisich,
l a nuas na daingnichean ;
ola, ma bhios e 'n ar comas.
Iompaire mar sin gu soilleir
ın a chuir chuige sinn
n-urram dligheach a thilgeadh
ı 'cumail casg oirnn fein,
'n gleidh e 'fhearg gu seolt' fo
Oir duisgidh sluagh, a cheannaicheas iad fein
Le 'n claidheamh ann nan lamhau, eagal ceart.
REDING—Ach ciamar a tha sinn ri 'thoirt gu crich?
Tha airm a' chogaidh ann an laimh an namhaid.
Air chiunt cha dean e striochdadh dhuinn 'an sith.
STAUFFACHER—Striochdaidh, cho luath 's a chi e sinn fo airm ;
Thig sinn gun fhios, m' an urrainn da 'bhi uliamh.
MEIER—Tha sin gu math na 's usa 'radh na 'dheanamh.
Tha anns an tir da dhaingneach laidir mhor',
Bheir iad do 'n namhaid dion 's bioh iad 'nan uamhas
'Nuair 'thig an Righ a nuas g' ar ciosnachadh.
Rossberg a's Sarnen 's fheudar a chur fodha
Mu'n togar sleagh anns na tri Duthchanna.
STAUFFACHER—Le dail cho fada gheibh an namhaid sanus ;
Cha ghabh a rrun cleith 's fios aig uibhir uime.
MEIER — Cha 'n fhaighear brathadair 's an Duthaich-choilliteach.
RAOSSELMAN — Bhrathadh deadh eud 's an aobhar, cuid againn.
BHALTER FURST—Ma chuirear seachad uine bidh an Dun
Aig Altorf air a chriochnachadh, a's gheibh
Am Maor e fein a dhaingneachadh 'n ar n-aghaidh.
MEIER—'S ann oirbh fein a mhain a smuaintich sibhse.
AN CLEIREACH—Agus tha sibhse neo-cheart.
MEIER—Sinne neo-cheart!
Tha 'chridh' aig Uri sin a radh 'n ar n-aodann!
REDING—Air 'ur boid, tosdaibh! Tha mi 'guidhe oirbh!
MEIER—Seadh, ma tha Suits a's Uri air a cheile
A thuigsinn, feumaidh sinne cumail samhach.
REDING—'S fheudar 'ur toirt an lathair na Comhairle,
Tha sibh a' togail aimhreit le 'ur braise!
Nach 'eil sinn uile 'seasamh 's an aon aobhar?
BHINCELRID—Na'n cuireamaid air ais a' cuis gu Nollaig,
Tha e 'na chleachduinn aig na Sas'nnaich uile
Dol thun a' Caisteil le gean-math do'n Mhaor.
B' urrainn mu dheich no dusan de na fir
Dol leo do 'n Dun gun amharus a thogail.
Biodh aca 'm falach orra stuib mhath laruinn,
A theid gu furasd' anns na bataichean,
Oir cha 'n 'eil duine a toirt airm do 'n Dun.
Biodh a' chuid mhor dhinn anns a' choill 'am falach.
'S cho luath 's a gheibh cach ceannas air a gheata
Gu daingean, reidh, seidear an dudach leo,
Brisidh an companaich o 'n ionad-falaich,
'S gun mhoran tuilleadh dragh is leinn an Caisteal.
MELCHDAL—Dun Rossberg gabhaidh mis' os laimh a streap,
Tha 'chailleag air a bheil mi 'n gaol 'na traill ann,
B' fhurasda dhomh a briodal thun na h-uinneig
Fuidh 'n leth-sgeul cothrom bruidhne fhaotainn lestha ;

Aon uair 's gu 'm faighinnse gu ceann an fharaidh
Cha b' fhada 'bhiodh mo chairdean as mo dheigh.

REDING—An i bhur toil a' mhoille so a dheanamh?
(Tha a' chuid a's mo dhiu a' togail an laimh).

STAUFFACHER ('g an cunntas)—Tha tuilleadh 's fichead ann an aghaidh dusan!

BHALTER FURST—'Nuair, air an latha 'theid a shocruchadh,
A tha 'n da dhsingneach ri bhi air an leagail,
O bheinn gu beinn theid a' chrois-taraidh 'lasadh!
Gairmear an sluagh gu luath an ceann a cheile
A dh' aon bhuidhean, gu Priomh-aite gach Duthaich!
'Nuair 'chi na Maoir fo airm sinn 'an dairieadh
Bheir iad a suas a' chomh-stri, creidibh mise,
'S 'an ealachd bidh iad taingeil leth-ageul fhaotainn
Gu seapadh as an tir le craicionn slan.

STAUFFACHER—'S e Gessler an t-aon duine a bheir dragh dhuinn,
'S duin' uamhasach e le 'luchd-eich m'an cuairt air;
Cha gheill e anns a bhlar gun dortadh fola,
Seadh, eadhon as an tir againn air 'fhuadach'
Bhiodh esan fathast dhuinn 'na chulaidh-eagail.
Tha geilt orm nach teid againn air a chaomhnadh,
'S cha mhor nach biodh e cunnartach a dheanamh.

BAUMGARTEN—'Bheil cunnart ann r'a sheasamh, cuiribh mis' ann!
'S e Tell d'an toir mi taing air son mo bheatha.
Bu toilichte a shaothraichinn, mar thraill,
Aig obair dhiblidh, air son math na dutheha,
M' onoir fhein dhion mi, 's riaraich mi mo chridhe.

REDING—Bheir tim m' an cuairt a' Chomhairle a's fearr.
Feitheamaid e le foighidinn. 'S fheudar earbsa
A' chur, an tomhas, anns an am ri teachd.
Ach faicibh, fhad 's 'tha sinne fathast trang
Mu obair-la na h-oidhch', air aird nan cruach
Tha solus glan na maidne ur a' lasadh
Le dealradh tla—'S mithich dhuinn uile sgaoileadh,
Mu 'n tig lan sholus latha oirnn gun fhios.

BHALTER FURST—Na gabhaibh iomagain, oir is athaiseach
A gheilleas dorchadas nan gleann do 'n la.
(Tha iad uile, a dh' aon inntinn, a togail an adaichean, agus ag amharc cor uine, gu tosdach, air rughadh dearg na faire, air mullach nan aleibhte).

REDING—Air an la ur a tha 'g ar failteachadh
Air thoiseach air gach sluagh gu h-iosal fodhainn,
'S na bailtean ann an tromadas a chomhnaidh,
Le 'r boid an cumhnant nuadh so nasgaidh sinn.
'N ar sluagh de bhraithrean aointe mairidh sinn,
Cha dealaich cas na cunnart sinn o cheil'.
(Tha iad uile ag radh nam briathra ceudna 'n a dheigh, a' togail tri meoir).
Mairidh sinn saor mar bha ar n-Aithriche,
Am bas a roghainn air a bhi 'n ar traillean.
(Mar gu h-ard).
Ar n-earbsa cuiridh sinn 's an Dia a's airde,
A's cha bhi eagal oirne roimh cumhachd dhaoine.
(Mar gu h-ard. Tha iad uile a' crathadh lamhan a cheile gu cridheil).

STAUFFACHER—Rachadh a h-uile duine 'nis gu samhach
Dhachaidh thun a luchd-daimh 's a chompanaich.
An ti 'n ar measg a tha 'n a bhuachaille,
Geamhraicheadh e aig an tigh a threud 'n sith,
Agus 'an samhchair cairde coisneadh e
D' ar co-cheangal. An rud a's fheudar fhuiang
Gu ruig an t-am sin, giulainibh gu duineil!
Leigibh le cunntas an fhir-fhoirneirt ruith
Cho ard 's a thogras e, gu ruig an la sin
'S am feum na fiachan, sonruichte a's coitcheann,
A bhi, a dh' aon bheum, air an diolaidh leis.
Cumadh gach aon a chorruich ceart fo cheannsal,
'S airson an iomlain carnadh e a dhiogh'ltas;
A chionn, gach aon fa leth a ni e fein
Gu glic a chuideachadh 'na chuisean fein,
Tha e a' buidhinn na creiche dhuinn air fad.

(Tha iad a' sgaoileadh, cho tosdach 's a's urrainn doibh, a dh' ionnsuidh tri rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte. Tha 'n t-aite car ghreis falamh, fosgailte, am feadh a tha a' ghrian ag eiridh thairis air na sleibhtean-eige).

AN TREAS EARRANN. A' CHEUD ROINN.

A Chuirt mu 'n cuairt an dorus Tell. Tell leis an tuadh 'na laimh; Hedbhig (a bhean) trang ri obair-tighe; Bhalter agus Uilleam, air an taobh cuil, a' cleasachd le crois-bhogha bheag.

BHALTER (a' seinn)—

Thar nan gleann 's nan aleibhte,
Moch aig eiridh grein,
Thig a ruag nan eilid,
Fear a' bhogha threin.

Mar is triath am fir-eun
Ard thar ealt' nan speur;
Fear nan saighead, 's righ e
Thar na seilg gu leir.

'S leis na tha 's na frithean
Air a' bheinn ud ahuas,
Eun air sgeith, na sithionn,
Bheir na saighde nuas.

(A' tighinn 'na leum).
Bhrist an t-sreang orm! Ceanglaibh dhomh i, 'athair.

TELL—Cha cheangail, cuidichidh sealgair maith e fein.
(Tha na balachain a' dol as an rathad).

HEDBHIG—Gu'n tugadh Dia nach ionnsuicheadh iad am feasd!!

TELL—Ionnsuichidh iad a h-uile rud. Is fheudar

Eagan a bheir e fein roimh 'n t-saogh'l gu sgairteil
A dheanamh acfhuinneach gu dion a's cath.
HEDBHIG—Mo thruaigh, cha 'n fhan lad toilicht' aig an tigh.
TELL—A bhean, cha 'n 'eil dol agams' air na 's mo.
Cha d' rinneadh mise air son iomain threud ;
'S toil leamsa comharadh a theicheas uam
Gun chloe a ruag. Cha 'n 'eil mo bheatha sona
Muir toir gach la rud dhomh as ur ri ghlacadh.
HEDBHIG—'S cha smuaintich thu air iom'gain bean-an-tighe,
A' feitheamh riut le cridh' an impis againeadh.
Lion oillt mi 'n uair a dh' inn's na gillean dhomh
Na chual' iad mu do thuruis chunnartach.
Gach uair a thig thu 'dh' fhagail beannachd agam
Tha mi air chrith nach till thu m' ionnsuidh tuilleadh.
Chi mi thu air na sleibhte fladhaich eigh'
A' dol air seachran, na, o agorr gu agorr,
A' toirt an leum, 's a' tuiteam eatorra.
Chi mi a' ghemse hochd a th' air a ruigheachd
A' tionndadh ort le leum a's sibh 'n 'ur dithis
A' ruidhleadh sios do iochdar dubh an t-sluichd.
Chi mi, 'am prioba, am beum-sneachd 'gad phronnadh
No 'n gleteer mealitach fo do chos a' fosgladh
A beul gun iochd, 's 'gad dhunadh beo 's an uaigh—
Mo chreach, a 'n ceud cruth sadar-dhealaichte
Tha 'm bas a' glacadh sealgair treun nam beann !
'S i 'n obair thubaisteach, neo-thoilicht' ise,
A bheir air duine dol, gu cunnart beatha,
O la gu la 'na ruith thar oir an t-sluichd !
TELL—Am fear a dh' amhairceas gu brisg m' a thimchioll,
Le coluinn 's ceann aige cho slan ri bradan,
'S a chuireas earbsa ann 'na Chruithear dileas,
Bheir eean as gach teinn e fein gu furasd' ;
Cha'n 'eil a' bheinn gu brath 'na culaidh eagail
Do 'n duine 'rugadh a's a thogadh oirre.
(Tha e air obair a chriochnachadh, agus tha e a' cur seachad na h-acfhuinn).
A nis, is i mo bheachd gu'n seas do dhorus,
Gu dlougmhalta, car latha 's bliadhn' na dheigh so :
Cha chuir sinn feum air saor, a's tuadh 's an tigh.
(Tha e togail 'aid).
HEDBHIG—C'aite 'bheil thu 'dol ?
TELL—Gu Altorf, thun d' athar.
HEDBHIG—Tha rud-eiginn le cunnart ann a thaic A' ruith 'ad inntinn ? Aidich dhomh nach 'eil ?
TELL—Ciod air an t-saoghal a chuir sin 'ad cheann ?
HEDBHIG—Tha rud-eiginn 'nar meaog 'ga chur 'an ordugh
An aghaidh nam Maor. Bha coinneamh air an Ruthl,
Tha fhios 'm air—'s tha thusa 'an co-bhoinn riu.
TELL—Cha robh mis' anu—ach cianteach seasaidh mi
Air son mo dhuthaich ma bhios feum aic' orm.
HEDBHIG—Sparraidh iad thusa 'n teis-meadhoin a' chunnairt !
'S i 'chuid is duilghe 'thuiteas ortsa daonnan.
TELL—Leagar a' chis air duine 'reir a chuibhrinn.
HEDBHIG—A's chuir thu 'n t-Unterbhaldnear thar an aiseig
'Am meadhon na stoirm—'s iongnadh gu 'n d' fhuair sibh as :
Nach robh smuain idir agad air beann no cliann ?
TELL—'S ann oirbh a smuaintich mi, a bhean mo ghaoil,
Theasraig mi beatha athar air son a chloinne.
HEDBHIG—Am bata 'chur a mach 's na tonnan beuchdach !
Cha b' e sin idir earbsa chur 'n Dia,
'S e buaireadh Dhe a theirinn-sa r' a leithid.
TELL—Cha mhor a choimhlionas an duine sin
A sheasas tuille 's fad' a' beachdachadh.
HEDBHIG—Tha thusa cneasda, deas gu cuidachadh,
Ni thu turn coimhearsnaich do dhuin' air bith,
Ach ann an teinn cha chuidich duine thusa.
TELL—Nar leagadh Dia gu 'm bi mi 'n eisneil comhnadh !
(Tha e 'toirt leis a chrois-bhogha agus na saighdean).
HEDBHIG—'De 'ni thu leis a' bhogha ? Fag 'an so i !
TELL—Na'm fagainn ise bhiodh mo lamh a dhith orm. (Tha na balachain a' tilleadh).
BHALTER—Athair, c'aite 'bheil sibh a' dol ?
TELL—Gu Altorf,
A laochain, thun an t-seanair—An tig thu leam ?
BHALTER—'S mi 'thig, gu toilichte.
HEDBHIG—Tha 'm Maor an sin
Aig a' cheart am so. Cum air falbh o Altorf.
TELL—'S e 'n diugh an latha 'bha e ri dol ann.
HEDBHIG—'S a chionn gur e, fuirich ach gus am falbh e ;
Na toir thu fein 'n a chuimhne, 's beag air sinn.
TELL—Is beag a choire a ni 'mhi run ormsa.
Gluaiseam gu ceart, cha chuir aon namhaid fiamh orm.
HEDBHIG—'S iad daoine ceart is mo a dhuisgeas fhuath.
TELL—Direach a chionn nach faigh e greim orra ;
Riumsa cha ghabh e gnothuch, 's e mo bharail.
HEDBHIG—Seadh, tha thu dearbhta as ?
TELL—O cheann a ghoirid
Chaidh mi a shealg thar a ghrunud fhiadhaich ud
Braigh Ghlinne Shach, gun aileadh cois g' am stiuradh,
Aig dol air adhart dhomh thar frith-rath'd creagach
Far nach robh roghainn ann, ach gabhail romham ;
Bha bruach na creige 'n crochadh os mo cheann,

A's fodham bheuchd an Shach, 'na caoir a' siubhal.
(Tha 'n da bhalachan a' druideadh dluth dha, h-aon air gach taebh, agus ag amharc 'na aodann leis an iongnadh a's modha).

'S an aite sin thainig am Maor 'am choinneamh,
Esan, 'na aonar, leamsa, 's mise leis-san,
Duine ri duine, an slochd ri taobh ar coise :
Cho luath 's a thug am Maor an aire dhomh,
'S a dh' aithnich e mi—mis' air an deanadh e
O cheann a ghoirid peanas trom a leagadh,
Air son gle bheagan aobhair—'s a chunnai e
Mi 'tighinn 'na choinneamh le 'm bhogha treun 'am laimh,
Dh' fhas aodann ban, a's chrith a ghluinnean fuidhe ;
Chunnaic mi e a' tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh sin dheth
Gu'n tuiteadh e gu'n lughas air a' chraig.
Lion truas mo chridhe dha, chaidh mi gu modhail
G' a ionnsuidh, 's thubhairt mi :—Is mise th' ann
A Maighstir Gessler. Ach cha b' urrainn da
An t-aon amid bhochd fhaighinn a mach o' bhilean,
Le 'lamh a mhain smeid e rium dol air m' adhart ;
Dh' fhalbh mi 's chur mi a sheirbheisich d' a ionnsuidh.

HEDBHIG — Chriothnaich am Maor roimh d' ghnuis—mo thruaigh thusa !
Cha mhaith e dhuit gu 'm faca tu a laigse.

TELL—Air son an aobhair sin tha mi 'ga sheachnadh,
A's cha bhi iarruidh aige-san air m' fhaicinn-s'.

HEDBHIG—Fuirich an diugh air falbh o 'n aite sin
Rach thusa 'shealg do 'n bheinn a roghainn air.

TELL—Ciod a th' ort?

HEDBHIG—Tha iomagain orm. Fuirich air falbh.

TELL—C'ar son 'tha thu 'cur dragh ort fein gun aobhar?

HEDBHIG—A chionn gur ann gun aobhar, 'Tell, fuirich leinn.

TELL — Gheall mi, a bhean mo ghaoil, gu 'n rachainn ann.

HEDBHIG — Am feum thu falbh ? Mata, fag dhomh mo ghiuilain !

BHALTAR—Cha 'n fhag, a mhathair, falbhaidh mi le m' athair.

HEDBHIG—A Bhalti, saoil an treigeadh tu do mhathair?

BHALTER—Bheir mi rud boidheach dhachaidh dhuibh o 'n t-seanair.
(Tha e a' falbh le athair).

UILLEAM — A mhathair, tha mise 'fuireach leibhse.

HEDBHIG (a' tilgeadh a lamhan m' a thimchioll) —Tha a laoigh !
Ach 's tusa 'd aonar a th' air fhagail agam !
(Tha i a' dol gu dorus-mor na cuirte, agus a' cumail a suil re uine fhada air an dithis a th' air falbh).

AN TREAS EARRANN. AN DARA ROINN.

Duthaich choillteach, fhiadhaich, dhuinte.
Steallairean a' taomadh 'nan smuid thar nan creagan.
Berta ann an eide-seilg ; ann an tiota 'na deigh, Rudents.

BERTA (rithe fein)—Tha e 'gam leanachd.
Gheibh mi mu-dheireadh thall
Mi fein a mhineachadh.

RUDENTS (le ceum cabhagach a' tighinn a' stigh) —A Bhan-tighearna,
Fhuair mi, mu-dheireadh thall, 'n 'ur n-aonar sibh
Tha bruachan creagach, cas, mu 'n cuairt 'g ar druideadh,
'S an fhasach so cha chluinnear sinn 's cha'n fhaicear,
Cha leig mo chridhe leam 'bhi 'm thosd na 's fhaidhe——

BERTA—'Bheil cinnt agaibh nach 'eil an t-sealg 'g ar leanachd ?

RUDENTS—Tha 'n t-sealg an sud fa 'r comhair—mur glac mi 'n cothrom,
A tha cho luachmhor, cailidh mi am feasd e—
Feumaidh mi nis mo bhinn a chluinntinn uaibh
Eadhon ma's ann gu 'r sgaradh uam gu siorruidh.
O ! ciod a tha 'toirt dhuibh bhur sealladh tha
Fholach fo choslas gruaim ? Ach co e mise
Gu'n deanainn-sa mo shuil a thogail ribhse?
M' ainm cha 'n 'e'l fathast iomraiteach ; cha'n fheud mi
Mi-fein a mheas a 'n aireamh ard nan ridir
Curanta, cliuiteach, ann an dreuchd 's 'am morchuis
A' dealradh oirbh mu'n cuairt, 's gun tamh 'g 'ur briodal.
'S iad gradh a's treibhdhireas a mhain mo stor-sa——

BERTA (le durachd gheur)—Tha dh' aghaidh agaibh bruidhinn mu threibhdhireas
Agus mu ghradh, sibhse a tha neo-dhileas
'N 'ur dleasdanas iomchuidh do 'ur coimhearnaich ;
Traill Austria, a reic e fein de'n chaigreach,
Do'n fhear a tha a' saruchadh a dhuthcha?

RUDENTS—Tha sibhse 'tilgeadh so a suas 'am aodann ?
Co 'shir mi air an taobh sin ach sibh fein ?

BERTA—Bha fughair agaibh 'an da-rireadh m' fhaotainn
Air taebh na h-ainneart ? Bheirinn mo lamh seachad
Do Ghessler fein (Fear-saruchaidh a phobuill)
M' an tugainn i do mhac mi-nadurra
Na Suiss, a thug e fein a suas, gu socrach,
Gu bhi 'na inneal ann an laimh an Namhaid.

RUDENTS—O, cha 'n e so ris an robh fughair agam !

BERTA—Ciamar ? Nach i a chuideachd fein a's dluithe
Do chridhe 'n duine mhaith ? C' aite am faighear
Dleasnas a's measaile le nadur uasal,
Na 'seasamh mar fhear-dion do neo-chiontachd,
Ceartas a chumail riusan a tha saruicht' ?

' anam air a chradhadh air son an
igh,
a' fulang leo ; tha iad cho modhail,
ig a' cheart am cho lan de neart
rrainn domhsa gun an gradhachadh,
l a' tarruing m' uile chridh' d' an ion-
lh
mo mheas a' meudachadh gach la.
bhse, d' an d' thug nadur, 's inbhe

eith, a's cothrom air an dion 's an
nadh,
dh a ·hreig iad, agus, gu neo-dhileas,
ir dol a nunn gu taobh an Namhaid,
eanamh shlabhruidhean air son 'ur
:ha,
ibhse 'tha 'cur mi-thlachd orm, a's
heas ;
tur a dh' aindeoin air mo chridhe 'tha e
rinn mi roimh so 'ur fuathachadh.
—Nach e flor mhaith mo shluaigh a
rrainn-sa
hiadh cumhachdach na h-Austria ?
dh iad sith ——
Mhealadh iad traillealachd !
hidh sibh an t-saor·a as an daingneach
eireadh 'dh 'fhagadh aic' air uachdar
mh.
gse aig an t-sluagh na 's fearr na sin
tha 'chum am maith. Faoin-choslas
a
heall am flosrachadh neo-mhearachd-

aidh an lion a thilgeadh thar bhur
sa.
—'Bherta ! 's beag oirbh mi, tha sibh
amh tair orm !
Na 'n d' rinn mi sin 's e 'b'usa dhomh.
eean
n fo dhimeas, seadh, a'toilltinn dimeas,
namh duin'a ghradhachadh gu toileach.
—O, Bherta ! Bherta ! Tha sibh 's aon
ba
hogail suas gu airde aoibhinn sonais,
gam thilgeadh sios gu doimhneachd
gh !
Cha'n 'eil idir, an uaisle ann bhur
r
eil gu buileach air a mhuchadh fathast !
meas a tha 'ruith 's an fhuil agaibh
habhadh a chur fodh' as eugmhais
art.
maith gur i a's laidire na sibhse,
n-aindeoin tha sibh fathast maith a's
!
—Tha earbsa agaibh annam ? Bherta,
ta,
an na dheanainn ni air bith a thogradh
radhsa !
Bithibh, a mhain, an ni air son
ch 'ur cruthachadh le nadur aluinn !
h an t-aite 's an do chuir i sibh,
h air taobh 'ur pobuill a's 'ur duthaich,
h a mach air son 'ur coirean ceart !
—Mo thruaigh ! Ciamar a sin a choisibhse,
, gu brath, a gheibhinn idir ceir oirbh
eid ' mi 'n aghaidh cumhachd an
aire ?

Nach ann fo thoil ainneartach 'ur fear-cinnidh
A tha gu teann 'ur lamh-sa air a gleidheadh ?
BERTA—'S an anns an duthaich choillteach a
tha m' fhearainn
Na'm biodh na Suissich saor bhithinns' ann
cuideachd.
RUDENTS—O, Bherta, ciod an sealladh a nochd
sibh dhomh !
BERTA—Na h-earb tre dheadh-ghean Austria
mis' a choenadh ;
A lamh tha sinte mach a dh'ionnsuidh m'
oighreachd,
Fa run a h-aonadh ris an Oighreachd mhor.
Tha 'n ciocras fearainn sin, a shluigeadh suas
An t-saorsa agaibhse, 'gam mhaoidheadh-sa
Aig a' cheart am, air son an aobhair sheudna !
A charaid, tha mi air mo chur air leth
Mar thabhartas ; mar dhuais theid mo thoirt
seachad
Do chuideiginn mu'n chuirt a choisneas
fabhar—
An sud, far am bheil foill, a's cuilbheartan
A' dol air adhart—air falbh a dh' ionnsuidh
cuirt
An Iompaire—tha e 'n am beachd mo thar-
ruing
Tha 'n sud a' feitheamh orm cuibhrichean
posaidh
'Is fuathach leam—cha'n 'eil dol as dhomh ann
Mur dean an gradh mo theasragainn—Bhur
gradh-se !
RUDENTS—Dheanadh sibh teilichte sibh fein an
so,
Bu leoir leibh a bhi leam 'n am dhuthaich
fein ?
O Bherta, ciod a bha 'n am thogradh dian
A mach do 'n t-saoghal ach oidheirp sibhse
fhaotuinn ?
Sibhse a mhain shir mi air slighe na gloire,
Mo dheigh air urram fhuair a steidh 'n am
ghradh.
N' am b' urrainn duibh 'ur beatha 'chaitheamh
leam-sa
Duinte a stigh anns a' ghleann shamhach so,
'S 'ur cul a thionndadh air an t-saoghal
uaibhreach
An sin tha crioch mo spairn-sa air a ruigh-
eachd ;
Faodaidh, an sin, sruth bras an t-saoghail
bhuairte
Sadadh ri taobh bruach dhiongmhalta nam
beann so—
Aon togradh luaineach tuilleadh cha'n eil
agam
A dh' ionnsuidh caithe-beatha 's farsuinge—
Faodaidh, an sin, na creagan so mu'n cuairt
oirnn,
Am balla ard neo-ghluasdach a thogail,
Agus an gleannan sona duinte so
Fosgladh a suas ri aghaidh neimh a mhain
A's bidh e air a lionadh dhomh le soillse !
BERTA—Tha thu gu leir an ni a shaoil mo
chridhe
A bha thu, cha'n 'eil m' earbsa air a mealladh !
RUDENTS—Air falbh gu brath, an doille-inntinn
ghorach
A mheall mi ! Gheibh mi sonas aig an tigh.
An so, am measg nam bruthaichean 's nan
loinntean

Far an do chleasaich mi gu h-aoibhinn eutrom,
Far nach 'eil tom, no creag, no lagan boidheach
Nach toir air ais gu'm chuimhne mile solas,
A's tha gach craobh, a's preas, a's fuaran aluinn
Co-ionann leam ri cairde caomh mo ghaoil,
Bheireadh tu ann am dhuthaich fein dhomh coir ort?
O, 's maith a thug mi gaol dh' i riamh! Tha fhios 'm
Air thalamh nach biodh gean orm an taobh mach dhith.

BERTA—C'aite am biodh I-an-t-sonais dhuit ri fhaotainn
Mur b' ann an so, 'an tir na neo-chionta
'An so, far am bheil dachaidh thearuint' fathast
Aig an t-seann dilseachd agus threibhdhireas
A b' abhaist a bhi eadar duine 's duine,
Far nach 'eil ceaig, no breug a' tuinneachadh?
An so cha tig am farmad a chur dragh
Air obair glan ar n-aoibhneis, ach, gu reidh
Sruthaidh o la gu la na h-uairean seachad.
Thusa chi mi an sud, gu duineil fiachail
Am measg nan sar a's cliuitiche a cheud fhear,
Le meas a's deadh-ghean air do chuartachadh,
Eadhon mar righ ag oibreachadh 'n a rioghachd.

RUDENTS—Thusa chi mise 'ad aibhinn am measg bhan,
Am banaichd a's finealta, le gliocas
A riaghladh os ceann obair an tighe,
A' togail Paras ann am dhachaidh dhomh,
A's mar an t-Earrach, air an talamh lom,
A blaithean grinn a' sgapadh anns gach ait',
A sgeadachadh mo bheatha-sa le maise,
'S a' dusgadh aoibh a's cridhealas mu'n cuairt ort.

BERTA—Mo charaid, feuch c'arson a bha mi 'caoidh!
Thu fein fhaicinn a sgrios, a' tilgeadh uait
An toileachaidh so 's airde leat 'ad bheatha.
Mo thruaigh mi! Ciamar a rachadh leamsa
Na 'm feumainn ridir uaibhreach mor a beantuinn,
Fear-cioenachaidh—a stigh d' a chaistealdubh?
Balla no dun cha'n 'eil an so gu'm sgaradh
Bho shluagh a mhiannaichinn a dheanamh aoibhinn.

RUDENTS—Ach ciamar a gheibh mi 'n ribe 'thilgeadh dhiom
A chuir mi fein le 'm ghoraich' thar mo cheann?

BERTA—Srachd thar do mhuineal i, le misneach dhuineil!
Thigheadh an rud a thoilicheas—seas ri d' shluagh
Tha coir-breith agad sin a dheanamh——
(Dudaichean na seilg air an cluinntinn fad as).
Tha 'n t-sealg
A tighinn na's dluithe—falbh, feumar dealachadh,
Dean cath air son do dhuthaich, as dohag oil!
Oir tha sin uil' air chrith roimh an aon namhaid
'S i an aon saorsa a ni saor sinn uile!
[Tha iad a'

AN TREAS EARRANN. AN TREAS ROI
Lon laimh ri Altorf.

Air an taobh beoil tha craobhan, air an cuil tha an Ad air barr stuib. Tha an se air a dhunadh a stigh le Beinn-na-dr eachd,* os ceann am bheil aliabh-eighe ag gu maiseach.

Friesshard agus Leutold air freiceads

FRIESSHARD—Tha sinn an so ri freiceadh fheum.
Duine cha tig g'ar coir, air eagal modh
A thoirt do'n Aid so againn. Eoimh s
B' abhaist an t-aite 'bhi cho trang ri fa
Tha'n fhaiche so mar fhasach, riamh o'
A chaidh am Bochdan a chur air an st
LEUTOLD—Cha'n 'eil ach alaodaire an dra rithis.
'Toirt dheth a bhoinneid phrabach 's seachad
Gu aimheal a chur oirnn. Theid fiachail
Astar mu 'n cuairt mu 'n crom iad druim
FRIESSHARD—Feumaidh iad gabhail s air a so
'Nuair 'thig a' Chuirt a mach, aig me latha.
Bha flughair agam—ia o cheann a ghol
Gu 'm faighinn grainnean math a chur
Oir cha robh smuaint air modh a thoir Aid,
Tr-ug Raoseelman, am ministeir, gu gra
An aire dha,—'s e air a cheum a' cilleac
O 'bhi a' frithealadh air duine tinn—
Sheas e an so, direach air beul an stuib
Le samhlaidhean na sacramaid 'na lam
Dh' fheum Para Cleireach gliongadh chiagan;
Thuit gach fear riamh 'sa chuideachd ghluinnean,
A's dh' fheum mi fhein a dheanamh c cach—
Chrom iad do'n Chisteig-naoimh, cha do'n Aid.
LEUTOLD—A chompanaich, 's ann 'tha m a' saoilsinn
Gu bheil sinn air ar cur an so air brang
Air beul na h-Aid'. Is tamailt e do mha
Seasamh mar fhreiceadan air beulaobh
Ni duine smiorail 'sam bith dimeas oir
Gu 'n deanadh duine modh a thoirt do
Air m' fhirinn fhein 's e reachd gun tu ann
FRIESSHARD—Urram do Aid fhalaimh, nach toirteadh?
Nach iomadh claigionn falamh 'ni thu dha?
(Hildegart, Melchtild, agus Ealas an ciann a' tighinn agus a' se 'nan sreath mu'n cuairt air an
LEUTOLD—'S tha uibhir de 'n ghill'-ea annad-sa,
Bheireadh tu dragh air daoine coir a na
Rachadh na thoilicheas seachad air an

* The Bannberg.

Cha seall mo shuils' an rathad aca tuilleadh.
MELCHTILD—Tha sin am Maor an crochadh—
'ur *bou* d'ha, chlann!
EALASAID—'Eudail, na'm falbhadh e's an ad aig' fhagail,
'S i 'n duthaich nach bu mhisd a chulaobh fhaicinn!
FRIESSHARD ('g am fuadach air falbh)—
An gabh sibh as a so! Muathan na mallachd!
Co 'tha 'g 'ur n-iarraidh! Cuiribh an so bhur fir,
Ma tha fonn orra 'n lagh a chur gu dulan!
(Tha-na mnathan a' falbh).

Tha Tell a' tighinn a nios, am balachan aige air laimh; tha iad a' gabhail seachad air an Aid gun an aire 'thoirt dh' i, an aghaidh ris na beanntan.

BHALTER (le 'chorag a' leigeadh ris Beinn-na-draoidheachd)—
Athair, am bheil e fior ma bheirear buille
Le tuaidh do chraoibh 'sam bith a th' air a' bheinn ud,
Gu'n tig an fhuil aisde?
TELL—Co 'thuirt sin, a laochain?
BHALTER—'S e 'm buachaille mor a bha 'ga innseadh dhuinn—
Tha draoidheachd air na craobhan, thubhairt e,
'S ma ni sinn cron orra, cinnidh ar lamh
An aird—an deigh dhuinn siubhal—as an talamh.
TELL—Cionteach gu leoir tha iad 'nan craobhan coisright'.
Am faic thu'n sud na Firnen, aidhearcean geala
Cho ard gu'n caillear sealladh dhiu 'san speur?
BHALTER—'S iad sin na Gletseren 'bhios sinn a' cluinntinn,
A' deanamh uibhir stairn air feadh na h-oidhche,
'S o'm bheil na beuman sgriosail sneachd a' tuiteam.
TELL—Seadh direach, agus bhiodh, o cheann a fada,
Altorf 'na luidhe, pronn, fo bheuman-sneachd
Mur-bhith a' choille ghiuthais shuas an sud—
Feachd-duthcha treun—a sheas 'g a dhion o sgrios.
BHALTER (an deigh beachachadh car tiota)—
Athair, am bheil tir 'sam bith gun bheanntan ann?
TELL—Na'n tearnadh duine bho na cruachan againn'
Ruigeadh e duthaich a tha farsuing, reidh,
Cha chluinnear fuaim nan eas 'an sin a' taomadh,
Na h-aimhnichean tha 'ruith gu lubach seimh;
Chi duine 'h-uile cearn mu'n cuairt gun bhacadh,
Tha 'n coirce 'cinntinn ard an dailtean briagh
Tha 'n tir, gu amharc air, mar gbaradh maiseach.
BHALTER—'S c'arson, athair, nach rachamaid gu luath
A sios a dh' fhuireach anns an duthaich briagh sin
Seach a bhi ann an se le geilt 'gar cubadh?
TELL—Tha 'n duthaich aiuinn, maith eadhon mar Pharas
Ach cha 'n e 'n treabhalche a bhios a' mealtuinn
A bheannachd phailt' a tha an cois a shaothair.
BHALTER—Nach 'eil na daoine 'fuireach, mar 'tha sibhse,
Saor air am fearann fein?
TELL—'S ann leis an Easbuig,
Agus an Righ a tha na dailtean aca.
BHALTER—Ach saoil nach feud iad sealgach anns a' choille?
TELL—Is leis an triath an sithionn a's an eunlaith.
BHALTER—Nach feud iad iasgach anns na h-uilld mata?
TELL—Is leis an Righ na-huilld, an loch, 's an salann.
BHALTER—Co e an Righ mata, roimh 'm bheil an eagal?
TELL—An Ti a tha 'g am beathachadh 's 'g an dion.
BHALTER—Nach urrainn iad an air' 'thoirt orra fein?
TELL—Cha 'n earb na coimhearsnaich a cheil' an sud.
BHALTER—Athair, bhiodh an tir fharsuing cumhann leamsa,
'S fearr a bhi fuireach fo na beuman-sneachda.
TELL—Seadh, 's mor 'is fearr a laochain slei bhtean-eighe
A' seasamh aig do chul seach daoine ocla.
(Tha iad a' dol a ghabhail seachad).
BHALTER—Eh, athair, faic an ad air barr a' chabair!
TELL—Nach coma leinne 'n ad! Tiugainn air adhart.

(Tha e air ti 'dol seachad, an uair a tha Friesshard a' tighinn 'na choinneamh le a shleagh a suas).

FRIESSHARD—'An ainm an Iompaire! Tha thu ri stad!
TELL (a' deanamh greim air an t-sleagh)—
'D e 'tha dhith ort? C'arson a ghleidheadh tu mi?
FRIESSHARD—Bhrist thu an aithne; feumaidh tu tighinn leinne.
LEUTOLD—Cha d' rinn thu modh do 'Aid, 'an gabhail seachad
TELL—Leig as mi, 'charaid.
FRIESSHARD—Air falbh do 'n phriosan ort!
BHALTER—M' athair do 'n phrioson! Cuideachadh! Cuideachadh!
(A' ruith air adhart).
'An so, fheara! Cuidichibh m' athair, a dhaoine!
Ainneart! Ainneart! Tha iad 'g a chur an sas!

(Raosselman, am Ministeir, Paruig an Cleireach, agus triuir fhear eile a' tighinn air an adhart).

PARA CLEIRICH—'D e 'th' ann?
RAOSSELMAN—C'arson a ghlacadh tu an duine?
FRIESSHARD—Is namhaid e do'n Righ, 's fearceannairc e!
TELL (a' beirsinn air le braise)—Mise 'am fhearceannairc!

RAOSSELMAN—A charaid, tha thu 'm mearachd,
'S e Tell a th' ann, fear-duthcha siothchail coir.
BHALTER (a' toirt an aire do Bhaiter Furst, agus a' ruith 'na choinneamh.—
A Sheanair, cuidichibh! Tha m' athair fo ainneart.
FRIESSHARD—Do 'n phriosan ort!
BHALTER FURST (a' greasad a nios)—
Stad! Seasaidh mi'n urras air!
'An ainm an Fhortain, 'Tell ciod a th' air tachairt?
(Tha Melchdal agus Stauffacher a' tighinn a nios).
FRIESSHARD—Ard-uachdaranachd a' Bhaillidh thar na duthcha
Cha 'n aidiche e, a's tha e 'deanamh tair air.
STAUFFACHER—Rinn Tell, da-rireadh so, am bheil thu 'g radh?
MELCHDAL—A spolochdaire, 's i 'n dearg bhreug a th'agad!
LEUTOLD—'ha d' rinn e modh' do 'n Aid 's a ghabhail seachad.
BHALTER FURST—Agus air son so theid a chur anns a' phriosan?
A charaid, gabh ri m' urras a's leig as e.
FRIESSHARD—Rach thus'an urras air do choluinn fein!
Ni sinn'ar dleasdannas—Thugaibh air falbh e!
MELCHDAL (ris an luchd-duthcha)—'S i ainneart narach a tha 'so, a mhuinntir!
An giulain sinn gu'n toir iad leo an duine
Gu ladarna, mar so, fa chomhair ar suilean?
PARA CLEIREACH—Cha seas sinn e, is sinne 's treise, 'chairde,
Gnala ri guala seasaidh sinn a cheile.
FRIESSHARD—Co agaibh 'theid an aghaidh reachd a' Mhaoir?
TAUIR (eile de Luchd-duthcha)—Cuidichidh sinne sibh.
'D e th' ann? Gu lar iad!
(Hildegard, Melchtild, agus Ealasaid a' tilleadh air an ais).
TELL—Ni mi mi-fein a chuideachadh an ealachd
Falbhaibh, a mhuinntir. Na 'm biodh feum air spionnadh
An gabhainn geilt, saoil sibh, roimh 'm biodagan?
MELCHDAL (ri Friesshard)—Thoir as ar meadhon e, ma tha 'chridh' agad!
FURST agus STAUFFACHER—Air d' athais! Socair!
FRIESSHARD (a' glaedhaich)—Ar-a-mach! Ceannairc!
(Cluinnear dudaichean seilge).
NA MNATHAN—Sin am Maor a' tighinn!
FRIESSHARD (a' togail a ghuth)—Ar-a-mach! Ceannairc!
STAUFFACHER—Raoichd thus' a shlaightire! Ran gus an spreadh thu!
RAOSSELMAN—An cum thu samhach?
MELCHDAL—Duin do ghlochd, a chlap-sgain!
FRIESSHARD—Foir, foir air seirbheiseach an lagh 's na rioghachd!
FURST—Tha 'sin am Maor! Me thruaigh, ciod a thig ruinne?
Gessler, air muin eich, seabhag-seilg air caol a dhuirn, Rudolf bho Harras, Berta agus Rudenta, buidheann mhor sheirbheiseach fo airm 'gan leantuinn, agus a' seasamh, le 'n sleughan fada, mu 'n cuairt an iomlain.
RUDOLF—Ait', aite do 'n Mhaor!
GESSLER—Sgaoilibh o 'cheile iad,
C'ar son a thrus an sluagh? Co 'bha 'glaodhaich foir?
Co 'bh' ann? Bu mhaith leam fios.
(Ri Friesshard)—Seas thusa mach!
Co thu, 's c'ar son a ghlac thu 'n duine so?
FRIESSHARD — Uachdarain chumhachdaich, 's fear-airm leat fein mi,
Air freiceadan an so air beul na h-Aid.
Ghlac mi an duine so direach 's a ghniomh
A' gabhail seach gun mhodh a thoirt do'n Aid.
Bha mi 'ga chur an sas a reir bhur n-ordugh,
Ach dh' fheuch an sluagh le ainneart a thoirt uam.
GESSLER (an deigh dha 'bhi mionaid 'na thosd)—
Am bheil thu 'deanamh dimeas air an Iompair'
A's ormsa, 'Tell, a tha 'na ainm a' riaghladh,
Gu 'n diult thu modh do 'n Aid a chroch mi 'n so,
Gu dearbhadh cinnteach a chur air 'ar n-umhlachd?
Droch-run do chridhe rinn thu 'bhrathadh dhomh.
TELL—A mhaighstir choir, thoir maitheanas domh! Cha b' ann
A' deanamh tarcuis oirbh a bha mi idir,
Ach cha do ghabh mi umhail 's an dol seachad.
Cha 'n ainm dhomh TELL, ma 's ann 'gam dheoin a bha e,
Gabhaibh mo leisgeul, cha tachair e a rithis.
GESSLER (an deigh a bhi greis 'na thosd)—
Tell, tha thu 'd mhaighstir air a' chroisbhogha,
Chaidh a radh rium nach tig duin' eile suas riut?
BHALTER—'S tha sin fior, a mhaighstir; tilgidh m' athair
Ubhal bho chraoibh dhuibh aig cuig fichead ceum.
GESSLER—An leats' an giullan, 'Tell?
TELL—Is leam, a mhaighstir.
GESSLER—'Bheil duine cloinne 'thuilleadh air-san agad?
TELL—Tha dithis ghiullan ann, a mhaighstir choir.
GESSLER—A's co de'n dithis dhiu a's docha leat?
TELL—Tha iad an aon chuid ionmhuinn leam le cheile.
GESSLER—A nis mata, Tell, ma chuimsicheas tu
Ubhal air craoibh aig astar ceud ceum uaipe
Bheir thu lan dearbhadh ann am lathair air d' ealdhain—
Gabh a' chrois-bhogha—tha i aig do lamh—
Dean thu fein deas gu cuimseachadh air ubhal
A theid a chur air ceann do bhalachain—
Gabh cuimse mhaith, bheirinn a' chombairi' ort,
A chionn, mur buail do shaighead air an ubhal
Aig a' cheud ionnsuidh, caillidh tu do cheann!
(Tha uamhunn ri fhaicinn anns gach gnuis
TELL—A mhaighstir—'d e 'n rud uamhasach tha

: beachd do m' thaobh ?—Bho cheann mo
ibh tha mi—
eadh, a mhaighstir choir, cha 'n fheud e
ith
tigeadh sin 'n 'ur smuaint—Nar leigeadh
e—
o' urrainn sibh gu brath, an ceart dha-
adh,
dh air athair a leithid sin a dheanamh !
R—Feuchaidh tu air an ubhal, air ceann
mhic—
ni 'ga shireadh ort, 's tha thu ri 'dhean-
h.
Tha mi ri cuimse 'ghabhail leis a' bhogha
;' cheann ghaolach aig mo bhalachan
i ?—
earr leam dol thun a' bhais na aont-
adh !
R—Feuch e, no basaich fein 's do lean-
comhladh.
Dheanadh sibh mi 'am mhortair air mo
ullan !
aighstir, cha'n 'eil clann agaibh, mar sin
achduine cridhe Athar cha 'n aithne
ibh.
R—Seadh, 'Tell, tha thu air tighinn g' ad
nsuidh fein
-ealamh ; thuirt iad rium gur duin' thu
iochh a' coiseachd mar gu 'n robh thu
adar,
il thu neonach ann ad dhoighean uile
: toigh leat nitheanan neo-chumanta,
in tha mi air geall neo-chumanta
ir fa 'd chomhair. Bheachdaicheadh fear
,
eadh e air a mheigh na cuisean aige—
l thusa—dall 'g ad dheoin—gu dian air
iart,
ieid thu 'n sas le d' uile neart 's a chuis.
—O, aguiribh a thoirt dheth nan daoine
hda !
iad air chrith, a's ban le geilt m' ur
chioll—
n 'eil iad cleachdte ri 'ur briathra-sa
;habhail ann am beachd mar fheala-dha.
R—Co 'their gur feala-dha a th' ann am
s ?
Tha e 'sineadh a lamh a dh' ionnsuidh
geug craoibh a tha os a cheann).
so an t-ubhal — Deanaibh ait', a
uinntir—
i'sibh a mach an t-astar mar is
achdta—
ir fichead sinteag—cha toir na's lugha,
uilleadh air a sin. Rinn esan uaill as
tugadh e a dhuine nuas aig ceud dhiu—
Fhir-a'-bhoghe, 's biodh do chuimse
nteach !
F—Mo chreach ! Tha so air tighinn gu
rireadh !
h air a' Mhaor, mo ghiullan, air do
uinnean,
i' fheuch an dean sin maith—air son do
atha !
GR FURST (fo 'anail, ri Melchdal a tha air
inn a' ceannsachadh a mhi-fhoighidinn)—
mhach, tha mi 'guidhe, cum ort fein !
—'Uachdarain, deanadh so do riarachadh;
an aghaidh naduir, amhghar athar
A thionndadh 's an doigh so gu culaidh-
mhagaidh.
Ma thoill an duine bochd so corp a's anam
A chall tre choire fhaoin, air m' fhirinn ghloin !
Dh' fhuiling e cheana 'm bas deich uairean
thairis,
Leig dhachaidh e gun lochd d' a thighein-
tubha ;
Tha e air eolas a chur oirbh ; bidh cuimhn'
aige,
'S aig clann a chloinne, air an latha so.
GESSLER—Fosglaibh an t-slighe ! Clis, c'ar son
do mhoille
Thoill thu do bheatha 'chall, tha e am chomas
Do chur gu bas, a's feuch gu h-iochdmhor,
tha mi
A' cur do chor ann do laimh sheolta fein.
Cha'n urrainn duine 'radh gur cruaidh a bhinn
Ma nithear air a chur e fein 'n a mhaighstir.
Rinn thusa bosd a d' shuil neo-mhearachdach.
Ro-mhaith ! A shealgair, dealbh a nis dhuinn
d' ealdhain !
Tha am ball-cuimse airidh ort, 's ard do
dhuais !
Amaisidh duine cumant air an t-suil-dhubh
Am meadhon na targaid, ach their mise sar
Ris-san a thaisbeanas, gu deas, a sheoltachd
Gun chaochladh, aig gach am, a's anns gach
aite—
Aig nach 'eil 'aigne 'dol 'na laimh 's na shuil.
BHALTER FURST ('ga thilgeadh fein a sios na
lathair)—
'Uachdarain, 's aithne dhuinn gu maith bhur
cumhachd,
Ach leigibh seachad coir, a's nochdaibh
trocair !
Thugaibh leibh leth mo mhaoin—gabhaibh na
th' agam !
Ach caomhnaibh athair o dheanamh tuirn cho
oilleil.
BHALTER TELL—A sheanair, na lubaibh glun
do 'n duine chealgach !
Innsibh dhomh c'ait' an seas mi. Cha 'n
eagal domh.
Bheir m' athair eun air sgeith a nuas le
'shaighead
Cha teid e cearr 'am bualadh cridh' a leinibh.
STAUFFACHER—Nach gluais neo-chiont an lein-
ibh sibh, a Mhaoir ?
RAOSSELMAN—O, cuimhnichibh, tha Dia air
airde Neimh
D' am feum sibh cunntas a theirt air 'ur
briathran.
GESSLER (le a laimh a' comharrachadh a' bhal-
achan doibh)—
Ceanglaibh e ris a' chrann-teil' ud !
BHALTER—Mo cheangal !
Cha ruig sibh leas mo cheangal ! Seasaidh mi
Gun eang a charachadh, cho bidh ri uan,
Cha dean mi uibhir 's anail bheag a tharuing.
Ach ceanglaibh mi 's cha 'n urrainn mi 'bhi
samhach,
Bhithinn air son gach iall a shracadh dhiom.
RUDOLF—A laochain, leigidh tu, mata, breid
air do shuilean !
BHALTER—C'ar son a cheangladh sibh eadhon
mo shuilean ?
Am bheil sibh 'smuainteach' gu'm bi eagal orm

Roimh shaighead, 's i an lamhan cinnteach m' athar?
Seasaidh mi teann, cha dean mi roeg a phriobadh.
Greasaibh, athair, feuchaibh gur fear-bogha sibh!
Tha e 'cur teagaimh annaibh, tha duil aige
Gu'n agrios e sin—Tilgibh an t-ubhal, buailibh e
Gu mi-thlachd a chur air an duine mhosach!
(Tha e 'dol agus a' seasamh fo 'n chrann-teile, tha 'n t-ubhal air a chur air a cheann).

MELCHDAL - Ciod? An coimhlionar fo na suilean againn
Eucoir cho gailbheach? C'ar son a rinn sinn boidean?

STAUFFACHER—Tha sin an diomhain. Cha 'n 'eil airm againn;
Nach faic thu coill de lannan timchioll oirnn.
Dia 'thoirt maitheanais dhoibh-san a chomhairlich dail!

GESSLER (ri Tell)—Gu d' obair. Ma bhios duine 'caitheamh airm
Cha 'n ann an diomhain. Tha e cunnartach
A bhi a' giulan inneal-bais mu 'n cuairt,
Tillidh an t-saighead air an duine 'thilg i.
Tha a' choir ard so 'tha 'n luchd-duthcha 'gabhail
A' tabhairt oilbheum do Ard-Thriath na tire,
Na caitheadh airm ach neach a striochdas dhasan.
Bha thusa 'gabhail tlachd 'am bogha 's saighead,
Ro-mhaith, ball-cuimse taghaidh mise dhuit.

TELL (a' tarruinn a bhogha agus a' cur saighead air)—
Fosglaibh dhomh slighe! Aite dhomh!

STAUFFACHER—Ciod, 'Tell? Gu brath cha 'n fheuch—Tha thu air bhall-chrith
Cho luath ri duilleig, tha do lamh a' crith'
'S do ghluinnean mar gu'm failnicheadh iad fodhad ——

TELL (a' leigeil leis a' bhogha sleamhnachadh a sios)—
Tha 'h-uile ni a' snamh air thoiseach orm.

NA MNATHAN—A Fhreasdail chothromaich!

TELL (ris a' Bhaillidh)—Na cuiribh chuige mi
Gu'm shaighead a thilgeadh. Sin dhuibh mo chridhe!
(Tha e a' rusgadh a bhroillich).
Gairmibh 'ur marcaichean gu 'm sgath a sios!

GESSLER—Cha 'n i do bheatha idir a tha 'dhith orm.
Bu mhaith leam dearbhadh air do chuimse fhaicinn.
Ni thusa 'h-uile rud, cha mheataich dad thu,
Giacaidh tu 'n stiuir cho ealamh ris a' bhogha;
Cha chuir a' ghaillion oilit ort, ma bhios duine
Ri theasragainn. Cuidich thu fein a nis,
Thusa a theasraigeas cho deas dream eile!

(Tha Tell a seasamh ann an spairn eagallach, a lamhan ag oibreachadh agus a shuilean a' tionndadh aig aon am le feirg, a dh' ionnsuidh Gessler, aig an am eile, le durachd, a suas gu neamh. Ann am prioba na sul, tha e a' glacadh a bhalg-shaighead, a' tarruing an dara saighead as, agus 'ga chur ann a chrios. Tha 'm Baillidh a' gabhail beachd air a h-uile car).

BHALTER (fo 'n chraoibh-teile)—Athair, nach tilg sibh! Cha 'n 'eil eagal orm!

TELL—Feumaidh e 'bhi!
(Tha e a' tighinn g' a ionnsuidh fein agus a' deanamh deas a bhogha gu tarruing).

RUDENTS (a bha fad na h-uine fo ghluasdinntinn cho dian gur gann a bha e a' cumail air fein)—
'Uachdarain, tha 'n t-am
Nach cuireadh sibh a' chuis na 's fhaid' air adhart,
Cha dean sibh e—Cha robh ach dearbhadh ann—
Ruig sibh 'ur crioch—Oir thig a' ghairge gearr
Air a' chrich cheart ma theid i tuille 's fada.
Ma bhios an t-sreang ro-theann brisear an bogha,
An uair 'is teinne 'n 'gad 's ann 'bhrisear e.

GESSLER—Bi thus' ad thoed gus an teid bruidhinn riut.

RUDENTS—Feumaidh mi labhairt! Feudaidh mi a dheanamh!
Onoir an Iompaire tha luachmhor leam,
'S e fuath a choisneas riaghladh mar so dha
Cha 'n i so toil an Righ, tha mise fioraich—
Cha toill mo shluagh a leithid so de liodairt,
Agus cha'n 'eil lan-choir agaibh 'thoirt dhoibh.

GESSLER—Seadh! Tha thu daima!

RUDENTS—Bha mi ann am thoed
A' gabhail ealla ris gach gniomh an-iochdmhor,
Dhuin mi mo shuilean air na bha mi 'faicina,
Mo chridhe goirt, le corruich a' cur thairis,
B' fheudar gu teann a ghlasadh ann am bhroilleach;
Ach b' e neo-dhiliseachd a bhiodh ann do 'n duthaich,
Agus do 'n Iompaire 'bhi 'm thoed na 's fhaide.

BERTA ('ga tilgeadh fein eadar e agus Gessler)—
Cuiridh tu 'n duine cuthaich sin air bainidh!

RUDENTS—Threig mi mo chinneadh, thiomadaidh mi mo chulaobh
Riusan a tha dh' aon fhuil rium, thilg mi dhiom
Gach cheangal naduir, a chum sibha' a leanmhuinn—
Chreid mi gur i a' chuid a b' fhearr a rinn mi
Ann a bhi daingneachadh cumhachd an Righ—
Tha nis an sgail air tuiteam o mo shuilean—
Le uamhas chi mi 'n slochd air thoisich orm,
Mo thuigse gearr-shealladh thug sibh air seachran
Mheall sibh mo chridhe earbsach—Bha mi air ti
Mo shluagh a sgrios, fo dhurachd maith a dheanamh.

GESSLER—A leithid de ladarnachd ri d' Thriath, 'dhuin' oig?

RUDENTS—'S e 'n t-Iompaire mo thighearna, cha sibhse—
Rugadh cho saor ribh fein mi, neo-air-thaing
Mur 'eil co-inbhe agam ribh mar Ridir.
Mur bitheadh sibh 'an so 'an ainm an Righ
D' an toir mi urram, ged a bheirear maladh
'N 'ur riochd-sa air, thilginn a sios a' mheatag
Mur coinneamh, agus bhiodh e oirbh mar fhiachadh
Freagairt a thabhairt a reir gnath nan Ridir.
Seadh, smeidibh air bhur marcaichean—Cha 'n 'eil

an so mar iadsan—
A' sineadh a laimh a chum an t-aluaigh)—
Gun bhall-arm
claidheamh agam, ma thig neach 'g am
ir ——
'ACHER (a' toirt glaoidh)—Tha 'n t-ubhal
tuiteam !
feadh a bha aghaidh a h-uile duine air a
ladh ris an taobh so, agus a thilg Berta i
dar Rudents agus an t-Uachdaran, tha
an t-saighead a thilgeadh).
LMAN—Tha 'n giullan beo !
GHUTHANNA—Dh' amais e air an ubhal !
Tha Bhaiter Furst gu tuiteam ann an
laigse, Berta a' cumail taice ris).
R (le iongnadh)—Ciod ! An do thilg e
? An t-uamhas duine !
—Tha 'm balachan beo ! Thigibh d' ur
nnsuidh fein !
ER TELL (a' tighinn 'na leum leis an
al)—
r, so an t-ubhal ! Nach robh fhios agam
leonadh sibh gu brath 'ur balachan fein.
Tell ag aomadh air adhart mar gu 'n robh
an fathast a' leanachd na saighde—tha
a-bhogha a' sleamhnachadh gu lar—an
ha e 'faicinn a bhalachain a' tighinn tha
sad 'na chomhail le gairdeannan fosg-
ras air dha a thogail tha e 'g a phasgadh
n ri 'bhroilleach ; tha e an sin a' call a
gus gu tuiteam ann an laigse. Tha
a h-uile duine mu 'n cuairt air a
d).
—Gu 'n sealladh Trocair oirnn !
R FURST (ri Tell agus a ghiullan)—
chlann ! mo chlann !
ACHER—Moladh gu'n robh do Dhia !
D—B' i sin an urchair !
iomradh oirre gu linn mu dheireadh 'n
oghail.
' — Theid sgeul a dheanamh air an
algair Tell
's a bhios beinn a' seasamh air a bunait.
ha e a' sineadh an ubhail do 'n Uachd-
aran).
R—Air m' fhacal, air a sgoltadh roimh 'n
meadhoin !
air chuimsa' da-rireadh, bheir mi 'chliu
.
LMAN — Tha 'n urchair taghta, ach
oibhinn dhasan
fhoirn air adhart Tell gu Dia a bhuair-
i !
ACHER—Tell, thig g' ad dh' ionnsuidh
seas air do chasan,
inell dh' fhuasgail thu thu fein, 's a nis
or 's gun dochann faodaidh tu dol
aidh.
MAN—Tiugainn, a's thoir air ais do 'n
thair a mac !
iad a' feuchainn a thoirt air falbh leo).
—Tell, eisd rium !
' tilleadh)—Ciod, a mhaighstir, a bu
ith leibh ?
—Chuir thu 'am falach saighead eil' ad
—
chunnaic mi gu maith thu ! C'ar son
i ?

TELL (fo amhluadh)—Tha sin 'na chleachd-
uinn aig na sealgairean.
GESSLER—Tell, cha 'n e sin a bh' ann, cha
ghabh mi 'n fhreagairt ;
Bha rud-eiginn a thuilleadh ann ad bheachd ;
Abair an fhirinn ghlan gu saor a mach
A's ciod air bith e tha do bheatha cinnteach,
C'ar son a thug thu leat an dara saighead ?
TELL—Mata, a mhaighstir, o 'n a rinn sibh
cinnteach,
Mo bheatha dhomh –bheir mi dhuibh brod na
firinn.
(Tha e a' tarruing na saighde as a chrios,
agus a shuil air a' Mhaor le sealladh
eagallach).
Na'm biodh a' cheud te air mo leanabh a leon,
Chuirinn an dara saighead troimh 'n chridh'
agaibhse,
Air chinnt cha rachainn cearr 'an amas oirbhse.
GESSLER — Seadh, mata, 'Tell, gheall mi do
bheatha dhuit,
M' fhacal mar Ridir thug mi, gleidhidh mi i—
Ach air do dhroch-run fhiosrachadh cho
dearbhta.
Togaidh mi leam thu, 's theid do ghleidheadh
tearuint'
Far nach ruig grian no gealach ort na 's mo,
'S bidh mise tearuint' o na saighdean agad.
Cuiribh 'an sas e 'Illean ! Ceanglaibh e !
(Tha iad a' ceangal Tell).
STAUFFACHER—Ciod, Uachdarain ! Ni sibh mar
so ri duine
A rinn Lamh Dhe gu follaiseach a dhion ?
GESSLER—Chi sinn an saor I e an dara uair.
Thugaibh air bord mo bhat' e ; Leanaidh mi
sibh
'Am prioba, bheir mi fein thun Cussnacht e.
RAOSSELMAN — Cha 'n 'eil a chridh' agaibh,
eadhon an t-Iompair',
Cha'n 'eil a chridh' aige a leithid a dheanamh.
Tha sin an aghaidh ar litrichean-saorsa !
GESSLER—Ach c'ait' am bheil 'ur litrichean-
saorsa ?
An d' rinn an t-Iompaire an daingneachadh ?
Cha d' rinn e 'n daingneachadh. Is ann tre
umhlachd
A tha am fabhar so agaibh ri 'chosnadh.
Tha 'h-uile gin agaibh 'n 'ur ceannaircich
An aghaidh lagh an Righ, tha sibh a' fadadh
Ruintean an-dana ar-a-mach a dheanamh.
'S aithne dhomh sibh—tha mi a' faicinn troimh
A h-uile h-aon agaibh gu soilleir—Esan
Tha mi a' toirt an ceart-uair as bhur meadhon,
Ach tha sibh uile cuireach cho maith ris-san.
Esan 'tha glic 'n 'ur measg ionnsuicheadh e
A theanga 'ghleidheadh, agus a bhi umhal.
(Tha e a' falbh, Berta, Rudents, Harras,
agus na gillean 'ga leanntuinn,
Frieshard agus Leutold a' fuireach
air deireadh).
BHALTER FURST (ann an cradh geur cridhe)—
Tha e air falbh ; tha e an deigh cuir roimh',
Mi fein agus mo theaghlach uile 'sgrios !
STAUFFACHER (ri Tell)—C'ar son a chuir thu 'm
beisd cho fada chuige !
TELL—Am fear a dh' fhuiling cradh cho goirt ri
'm chradh-sa
Ceannsaicheadh 'se e fein ma 's urrainn e

STAUFFACHER—O, tha na h-uile gin againn 'an
geimhlibh!
MUINNTIR-DUTHCHA (a' dluthachadh mu 'n
cuairt air Tell)—
Ar dochas deirionnach tha caillte leatsa.
LEUTOLD (a' tighinn dluth)—'Tell, 's duilich leam
—Ach feumaidh mi 'bhi umhal.
TELL—Mo bheannachd leibh!
BHALTER TELL (le briste-cridhe, a' cur a lamhan
m' a mhuineal)—
O, m' athair! M' athair laghach!
TELL (a' togail a laimh gu neamh)—'S ann shuas
an sud 'tha d' athair! Amhairc ris-san!
STAUFFACHER — 'Tell, nach 'eil guth agad ri
chur gu d' mhnaoi?
TELL (a' teannachadh a bhalachan ri 'uchd)—
Tha 'n giullan slan; dhomhsa bheir Dia a
chomhnadh.
(Tha e 'g a fhuasgladh feiu uapa gu grad
agus a' leanachd an Luchd airm).

AN CEATHRAMH EARRANN. A' CHEUD ROINN

An Cladach air taobh an ear Loch-nan-ceithir
—Siorramachdan—Coilliteach. Tha sguirr agus
stallachan cas an taobh an iar a' dunadh a stigh
an t-seallaidh. Tha luasgadh air an Loch, tha
srann na gaoithe, agus sloisreadh nan tonn a'
dol na 's airde an drasda 's a rithis tha tein'-
athair agus tairneanach ann.

Cuns o Ghersau, Iasgair agus a Bhalachan.

CUNS—Chunnaic mi e le 'm shuilean, creidibh
mi,
Thachair e uile mar a dh' inn's mi dhuibh.
IASGAIR—Tell air a thoirt 'na phriosanach do
chussnacht,
An duine 'b' fhearr 's an tir, an lamh 'bu treine
Ach sinn a sheasadh, suas air son ar saorsa.
CUNS—Tha 'm Baillidh fhein 'g a thoirt leis thar
an Loch,
Bha isd a' deanamh deas gu dol air bord
Air dhomh Fluelen fhagail; ach ma dh'
fhaoidte
Gu 'n d' rinn an stoirm, a tha gu bras ag
eiridh,
'S a chuir mi fein, gun taing, an so air tir
Mairneal a chur 'nan car nach d' fhuair iad
seoladh.
IASGAIR—Tell ann an geimhlibh ann an laimh
a' Mhaoir!
Theid a chur, creid mi, domhain gu leoir fodha
Nach faic e solus geal an latha tuilleadh!
A chionn bidh geilt air-san a ruig cho goirt e,
Roimh a dhi-ghaltas ceart na 'm biodh e
fuasgailte.
CUNS—Tha ar sean Riaghlair, cuideachd, chuala
mi,
Triath Attinghausen, air a leaba-bhais.
IASGAIR—Bri-ear mata ar n-acair dheireannach,
Tha aige-san a mhain a chridh' a ghuth
A thogail suas gu coir an t-sluaigh a thagradh.
CUNS—Tha 'ghaillionn air lan-uachdar fhaot-
ainn; slan leibh;
Theid mis' a null do 'n Chlachan air son
aoidheachd;
Cha 'n 'eil maith smuainteachadh air falbh an
diugh.
IASGAIR—Tha Tell an sas, tha 'm Baran maith
a caochladh!
Togaidh Ainneart gu ladarna a ceann,
Tilgidh i nair a's naisneachd tur air chul
Tha beul na firinn a's a' cheartais balbh,
An t-suil gheur air a dalladh, an gairdea
A bheireadh fuasgladh dhuinn 'an
ruidhean!
AM BALACHAN—Tha e 'cur clach-mhe
throm. Thigibh a stigh
Do 'n bhothan, athair; cha 'n 'eil comh
achd
Fuireach 'an so 's an tigh cho forgailte.
IASGAIR—Seidibh, a' ghaoithean! Boillsg
dhealanaich!
Sgoltaibh o chei'e, 'neula! Doirtibh a
A shruithean neimh, cuiribh an tir fo dì
Sgriosaibh 's an eitein ginealach nach
adh!
Gabhaibh, a dhuile borba, tighearnas;
Tillibh air ais gu 'r dachaidh anns an fh
A mhangana, agus a mhadaidh alluidh,
Is leibh an duthaich. Co againn le 'm b
Fuireach as eugmhais saorsa anns an ai
BALACHAN—Eisdibh ri goil a' chaoil, ri b
na cuairt-ghaoith,
Riamh cha robh dairirich coltach ris 'sa
so!
IASGAIR—Air ceann a leinibh fein cui
ghabhail,
Riamh roimh' cha deach orduchadh do a
Agus cha 'n eirich Nadur ann an corruic
A suas 'n a aghaidh—O, cha ghab
iongnadh
Na stallachan sin fhaicinn thun an Loc
'Gan aomadh fein, na sguir ud shuas,
Baidealan reodht' na h-eigh, air na
dhruigh
An t-aiteamh riamh o Là a chruthachai
Bho 'm binnein ard a leaghadh mar a' ch
Na beanntan air an sgoltadh, na glea
ciar
'G am filleadh air a cheil', no tuil a sgri
An dara uair, gach comhnuidh dhaoi
thalamh!
(Tha gliongarsaich air a chluing
AM BALACHAN—Eisdibh, tha clag a' bu
air an aoinidh.
Cinnteach tha iad a' faicinn bat' an cun
'S tha 'n clag 'gan trusadh air son ur
'dheanamh.
IASGAIR—Mo thruaigh, an long a th' air a
an ceart-uair
'Ga tulgadh anns a' chreadhail eagallai
Stiuir cha dean feum a so, an stiuradair
Bithidh, e fein, fo cheannsal aig an doin
Cluichidh a' ghaoth 's na tonnan leis an
Mar gu 'm bu chniota e—Am fad 's am f
Cha 'n 'eil aon chamus anns am faigh e fas
Gu corrach doirbh, ag eiridh ard fa 'chor
Tha creagan gruamach, air nach fosgail
A' togail aodann dur neo-bhaigheil ris.
AM BALACHAN (a' sealltuinn ris an laimh c
Athair! Sin long a' tighinn a Fluelen!
IASGAIR—Dia a thoirt comhnadh do na d
bochda!
Aon uair 's gu 'n glac a' chumhann
ghaillionn
Le cuthach sadaidh i mu 'n cuairt s
cuairt air,
Mar a ni leomhan, ann a gharradh iarui

: gun tamh, a's cath an aghaidh nan
l,
adh doruis dha le beuchdaich dhiomh-

an tha balla ailbhinn thun an speur
ideadh air gach taobh 's a Bhealach so.
N—Birlinn a' Mhaoir, 's i th' ann bho
athair,
a am mullach dearg oirre, 's 'm bratach.
-A cheartais Dhe! 'S e fein a th' ann
nnteach,
achdaran, a tha tighinn thar an aiseig—
' seoladh agus tha a chionta
a giulan leis air bord na luinge!
gairdean diogh'ltais e a mach gu
amh,
a e gu bheil Uachdaran 's treise
air fein a nis. Cha toir na tonnan
ir a ghuth; agus cha chrom na creagan
nn gu modhail ris an aid aige—
ain, na dean urnuigh, na dean greim
imh a' Bhreitheimh, gu bacadh a chur
!
CHAN—Cha 'n ann air son an Uachd-
'tha mi 'g urnuigh,
r son Tell, a th' air an t-soitheach leis.
-Mo thruaigh, neo-reusantachd nan
an dall!
an nach feud *aon pheacach* faighinn as,
los Thu 'n stiuradair comh 'ris an long?
LACHAN—Faicibh, fhuair iad seach
isgrat gu tearuint'
lig a' ghaoth, a sheid a nuas cho laidir
Chrannaig-dhuibh, air ais a rithisd iad
enberg. Cha 'n 'eil mi nis 'gam faicinn.
-Tha iad a' dluthachadh ris an Sgian-
rnach,
bheil uibhir bhataichean 'g am brise-

brich iad an long mu'n cuairt gu seolta
'na sgionabhagan aig Uisge-Flue
' ruith mar bheirm a stigh 's an Loch.
radha stiuradair air bord aca,
b' urrainn duin' an teasraiginn, b' e
);
a a lamh 's a ghairdean-san 'an geimh-

lleam Tell leis a chrois-bhogha.
' tighinn air adhart le ceuman ealamh,
rc mu 'n cuairt le iongantas agus a'
gu bheil fhaireachduinnean air an
air an doigh 'is laidire. Tha e 'ga
fein air an lar, le a lamhan sinte air
h agus an sin air an togail a suas gu

CHAN (a' toirt an aire dha)—Co 'm fear
ud, athair, a th' air a ghluinnean?
-Tha a lamhan ris an lar a' greimeach-

e mar gu 'm biodh e thar a bheachd.
CHAN (a' tighinn air adhart)—'De tha
icinn? Athair, thigibh an so!
(a' dluthachadh ris)—Co 'th' ann? A
learna Neimh! 'S e Tell a th' ann!
a thainig sibh an so? O, innsibh!
CHAN—Nach robh sibh ceangailt' ac'
ord na birlinn?

IASGAIR—Cha robh sibh air 'ur toirt air falbh do Chussnacht?
TELL (ag amharc mu 'n cuairt air)—Fhuair mi dol as.
IASGAIR 's am BALACHAN—Dol as! O, miorbhuil Dhe!
AM BALACHAN—Co as a fhuair sibh 'so?
TELL—Fhuair as a' bhata.
IASGAIR—Ciod?
AM BALACHAN—C'aite 'bheil am Maor?
TELL—Air bharr nan tonn.
IASGAIR—Am bheil e comasach? Ach sibhse?
Ciamar a fhuair sibh saor o gheimhlean a's o ghaillionn?
TELL—Fhuair trid roimh-eolas grasmhor Dhe. Ach eisdibh!
IASGAIR 's am BALACHAN—O, innsibh, innsibh!
TELL—Am bheil fios agaibh
A h-uile ni mar 'thachair dhomh aig Altorf?
IASGAIR—A h-uile car dheth, rachaibh air 'ur n-adhart.
TELL—Gu 'n d' rinn am Maor mo chur an sas, 's mo cheangal,
'S gu 'n robh e los mo thoirt air falbh do Chussnacht?
IASGAIR—'S gu 'n deachaidh e air bord leibh aig Fluelen,
'S aithne dhomh 'h-uile diog. Innsibh a nis
Ciamar a fhuair sibh teicheadh as an t-saoitheach?
TELL—Bha mi 's a bhat' am luidhe, ceangailte
Le iallan teann, gun airm, air duil a thoirt
A suas gu buileach. Cha robh fughair agam
Gu 'm faicinn, tuilleadh, solus aoibhinn latha
No aghaidh chaoimh mo cheile, a's mo chloinne,
'S le mulad sheall mi air an fhonn mu'n cuairt domh ——
IASGAIR—A dhuine thruaigh!
TELL—Sheol sinn mar sin, air falbh,
Am Maor, Rudolf o Harras a's na gillean.
Ach bha mo bhogh-sa, leis a' bhaig-shaighead,
Shios anns an deireadh, direach aig an stiuir.
'S air dhuinn tighinn thun na glaice sin troimh 'm bheil
An Acsen-bheag a' ruith, aig ordugh Freasdail
Bhris oirnn, a nuas o achlais chiar a Ghotaird,
Doinnionn cho mhortach, ghabhaidh, a dail-adh oirnn
Gu 'n d' fhailnich cridhe gach fear-stiuir a bh' againn,
'S shaoil sinn gu'n robh sinn uile ri dol fodha.
Chuaia mi 'n sin h-aon de na seirbheisich,
A tionndadh ris a' Mhaoir, 's ag radhainn ris:
A mhaghstir, tha sibh 'toirt faineur na h-eiginn
'S am bheil sibh fein a's sinne, gu bheil sinn
Thar bruach na siorruidheachd air a's dheth 'gar n-iomain;
Tha 'n sgioba air an ciall a chall le h-eagal,
'S a thuilleadh air a sin, cha'n 'eil iad eolach—
Ach, feuchaibh, is duine laidir Uilleam Tell,
Agus is aithne dasan bat' a stiuradh—
'De theireadh sibh a nis ri 'chur gu feum,
Gu comhnadh a thoirt dhuinn 'an am air n-airc?
Thionndaidh am Maor rium—'Tell, na'm biodh tu earbeach
Ar toirt gu sabhailt as a' ghaillionn so,
Bheirinn gu deonach dhiot na ceanglaichean!

A's fhreagair mi—"Le comhnadh Dhe, a mhaighstir,
Dh' earbainn 'ur toirt gu tearuint' as a so."
Fhuair mi, mar sin, cuidhteas de 'm chuibhrichean;
Ghlac mi an stiuir 's chaidh sinn gu reidh air adhart.
Ach bha mi 'siaradh daonnan thun na lethtaobh,
Far an robh m' airm 'nan luidhe, 's bha mi gleidheadh
Suil bhiorach, fad na h-uiue, air a' bhruaich,
Gu leum a mach cho luath 's a gheibhinn cothrom.
'S air toirt an aire dhomh do bhile creige
A bh' air sron chorrach, a ruith a mach 's an Loch ——

IASGAIR—Aig cas na h-Acsen-mhoir, 's aithne dhomh i,
Ach cha do shaoil mi e bhi comasach—
Tha i cho cas—'leum oirre as a' bhata ——

TELL—Dh' orduich mi do na balaich iad a dh' iomram
Gu sgiobalta gu taobh na sroine ud
"An sin," ghlaoidh mi, "tha 'chuid a's miosa thairis!"
Le sgriob chaidh sinn a stigh 's ruig sinn a cliathaich;
Ghuidh mi gras Dhe 'bhi leam, uile spionnadh m' anma
Chuir mi 's gach feith a's cuisle, deireadh a' bhata
Dhinn mi cho teann 's a ghabhadh ris a' chreig,
Sgiab mi leam m' airm, thug mi 'n dnibh-leum ud thairis,
'S le stailceadh garbh de m' chois 'an coir mo chuil,
Shleamhnaich an sgoth air ais do 'n choire ghoileach—
Tuilgadh i air na tonnan, ma 's toil Dhe e!
Fhuair mise 'n so sabhailte as an stoirm,
'S o chumhachd dhaoine--rud 'is miosa fathast.

IASGAIR—'Tell, tha an Tighearna air miorbhuil shoilleir
Oibreachadh air do shon; cha 'n urrainn mi
Fathast ach gann mo shuilean fein a chreidsinn—
Ach, abair, c'aite 'bheil thu 'dol a nis?
Tearuinteachd cha bhi ann dhuit anns a' chearn so
Aon uair 's gu 'm faigh am Maor slan as a' ghaillinn.

TELL—Chuala mi e ag radh ri cuideiginn,
'Nuair bha mi 'm shineadh ceangailte 's a bhata,
Gu 'n robh e toileach dol air tir aig Brunnen,
Agus mo thoirt thar Suits do 'n daingneach aige.

IASGAIR—An ann air tir a theid e fad an rathaid?

TELL—'S e sin a bheachd.

IASGAIR—Folaich thu fein, mata,
Gun dail, a chionn cha dean am Freasdal
Do chuideachadh an dara uair o 'laimh.

TELL—Seol dhomh an t-ath-ghoirid thun Arth a's Cussnacht.

IASGAIR—Tha 'n rathad-mor a' dol thar Arth a's Steinen,
Ach tha sligh' eil' is uaigneiche 's 'is giorra
Thar Lobherts, seolaidh 'n giullan agam dhuit i.

TELL (a' beirsinn air laimh air)—Dia a thoirt paigheadh dhuit. Mo beannachd leat.
(Tha e a' fhalbh, agus a' tilleadh air ais).
Nach robh thu aig an Rutli comh'ri cach?
Tha leam gu'n deachaidh d' ainm-sa ainmeachadh.

IASGAIR—Bha mi an sin, a's ghabh mi orm na boidean.

TELL—Nochd dhemh an caoimhneas so mata; gun teid thu
Gu Burglen; tha mo bhean gu truagh mu 'm dheighinn,
Inn's dh' i gu bheil mi tearuinte, 's am falach.

IASGAIR—Ach c'ait' an abair mi 'tha sibh a' teicheadh.

TELL — Gheibh thu m' athair-ceile leatha, 's feadhain eile
A chaidh fo bhoidean comhla aig an Rutli—
Biodh iad 'am misneach mhaith, a's biedh iad tapaidh,
Tha gairdean Tell 'na chomas fein a rithis;
Cha 'n fhad ach gus an cluinn iad tuilleadh umam.

IASGAIR—'D e tha 'n 'ur beachd? Innsibh gu saor dhomh e.

TELL—Aon uair 's gu bheil e deanta gheibh sibh fios air.

IASGAIR—Cuir air an t-aligh' e, 'Ienni—Dia 'dhol leis!
Bheir e gu crich an rud a chuir e roimhe.
(Tha iad a' falbh).

A' CEATHRAMH EARRANN. AN DARA ROINN.

Aros Attinghausen.

Am Baran 'na luidhe air beinge mhor, a faotainn a bhais. Bhalter Furst, Stauffacher, Melchdal, agus Baumgarten a' frithealadh dha.

Bhalter Tell air a ghluinnean laimh ris.

BHALTER FURST—Tha a chrioch air tighinn, tha e seachad leis.

STAUFFACHER—Tha leam-sa nach e coltas bais a th' air—
Seall, tha an iteag air a bhile 'gluasad.
Tha 'chadal ciuin 's tha aoigh thairis air 'aodann.
(Tha Baumgarten a' dol thun an doruis agus a' bruidhinn ri cuideiginn).

FURST (ri Baumgarten)—Co th' ann?

BAUMGARTEN—Bean Uilleam. Deanaibh guth rithe;
Tha toil aice an giullan fhaicinn cuideachd.

BHALTER FURST—An urrainn domhsa comhfhurtachd a thoirt dh' i?
Am bheil e agam fein? Nach 'eil gach doruinn
'Sa bheatha so 'ga charnadh air mo cheann?

HEDBHIG (a' pucadh a stigh)—C'aite 'bheil mo leanabh? Leigibh leam,
Feumadh mi fhaicinn ——

STAUFFACHER—Cumaibh oirbh fein, a bhean!
Cuimhnichibh gur e tigh a' bhais 's am bheil sinn ——

HEDBHIG ('ga tilgeadh fein air muineal a' bhalachain)—Mo Bhalti fhein! A's tha thu beo agam!

BHALTER (a' cur a lamhan timchioll oire)—Mo mhathair bhochd!

›heil an fhirinn ann ?
g ni ruit ?

arc gu durachdach air).

masach
e da rireadh feuchainn ort ?
ainn e ? O, cha'n 'eil cridh' aige,
nibh fein saighead a thilgeadh !
r—Rinn e le goimh e a bha
ıa.
aig' air, b'e pris a bheath' e.
a 'n robh cridhe athar ann a

ı e a leithid sinn de gniomh
ghnaicheadh e m le uair !
Bu choir dhuibh freasdal gras-
ıoladh,
cho maith ——
rrainn domh-sa
neachadh mar a dh'fhaodadh

inn beo gu ceithir-fichead
ıa 'leigeas mi a'm shuil e—
hi mi 'chaoidh 'na sheasamh

a bhogha a tarruing air.
›hean, am flos duibh mar a ruig

idhe garg nam fear ! Ma theid

ı cha'n fhiu leibh ni 'na dheigh ;
h dhall, iobraidh sibh anns a

har agus ceann an leinibh !
Nach cruaidh gu leoir leibh ;cer
ibh
ı a chur ris le trod, 's cur-

int' idir air a dheuchainn-san ?
ndadh agus a spleuchdadh air)—
leoir ri thairgse agad-sa
ınn an cas ? C'ait' an robh thusa
ngail iad an sar le iallan ?
do chomhnadh-sa an sin ?
abh thu ealla ri do charaid
s 'ur measg—Am b' ann mar sin
ell 's na cuisean agadsa ?
heas e a 'cur dheth, 's a bron
luchd-eich a Mhaoir ad dheigh,
ı ort an Loch, an caoir, a beuchd-

deura faoin a ghabh e truas

hata leum e, cha robh guth air
'chlann, a's thug e fuasgladh

r- Ciod a bha ann ar comas-ne

ı lamhan—aireamh cho beag

hais airm ?
igeadh fein air a bhroilleach)—
O, m' athair bochd !
se, cuideachd, air a chall !
omlan, chaill sinn e air fad !
h dhuinn uile ; ochan mise,
h air-san ! Dia 'ga neartachadh,
-dochas aite ann a chridhe !
›n charaid beo cha ruig am feasd

A sios d'a ionnsuidh 'n iochdar dubh an daingnich—
Na 'm fasadh e gu tinn ! O, 's cinnteach e !
Bheir duhhra tais a phriosain trioblaid air ;
Mar fhraoch nan cruach, a chailleas dath a's dreach
Ma theid a thoirt o'n bhruaich 's a chur 's an uinneig
Cha tig e beo ach ann an suil na grein,
Ag ol mar iocshlaint anail ghlan nam fuar-bheann.
Esan 'an geimhlean ! 'S i 'n t-saorsa anail anma,
Cha'n fhan e beo 'an tochar nan toll-dubh ud !

STAUFFACHER—Na gabh cho bras e. Ni sinn uil' ar dichioll
Gu a phriosan fhosgladh dha.

HEDBHIG—Ciod a ni sibhse,a's gun esan agaibh ?
Bha dochas ann fhad' sa bha Tell aig saorsa,
An sin bha caraid aig an neo-chionta.
'S Fear-comhnaidh aige-san a dh' fhuiling ainneart,
Bheireadh Tell fuasgladh do gach aon agaibh,
Cha d' thug sibh uile comhladh fuasgladh dhasan !

BAUMGARTEN—Cuisdibh ! Tha e 'toirt caruch-adh air fein.

ATTINGHAUSEN (a suidhe suas)—C'ait' am bheil e ?

STAUFFACHER—Co ?

ATTINGHAUSEN—Tha e g' am dhiobradh,
G'am threigsinn aig a mhionaid dheirionnach !

STAUFFACHER—'S e 'm fear og a tha 'na bheachd —an deachaidh flos air ?

BHALTER FURST—Chaidh cur g'a iarruidh—
Giacaibh comhfhurtachd,
Fhuair e aithn' air a chridhe, is leinn fein e.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Bhruidhinn e suas, thuirt sibh, air son a dhuthcha ?

STAUFFACHER—Le geire ghaisgeil.

ATTINGHAUSEN—C'arson nach 'eil e 'tighinn
'S gu'n toirinn dha mo bheannachd dheirionn-ach ?
Tha mi a faireachduinn na criche dluth.

STAUFFACHER—Ni h-eadh, a mhaighstir uasail, rinn an cadai
Bhur n-urachadh, a's tha 'ur sealladh beo-thail.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Far am bheil cradh tha beatha, dh' fhag an cradh mi,
Tha m' amhghar air dol seachad, mar mo dhochas,
(Tha e a' toirt an aire do 'n bhalachan)
Co leis an giullan ?

BHALTER FURST—Thugaibh 'ur beannachd dha !
'S e m' ogha e, a's tha e 'nis gun athair.
(Tha Hedbhig agus am balachan a tuiteam air an gluinean fa chomhair an t-sean-duine).

ATTINGHAUSEN—'N 'ur dileachdain tha mi 'g 'ur fagail uile,
A h-uile gin agaibh—Mo thruaighe mi,
Gur h-e an sealladh deirionnach air thalamh
A fhuair mo shuil, mo dhuthaich a' dol fodha !
Lan chrich mo bhliadhn' a ruigeachd, agus leo
Gach dochas ait a' dol a sios do'n uaigh leam !

STAUFFACHER (ri Bhalter Furst)—An leig sinn falbh leis anns a mhulad throm so ?

Soillsicheamaid uair dheirionnach a bheatha
Le dealradh blath ar dochais—Air Triath ionmhuinn,
Togaibh a suas 'ur n-inntinn! Oir cha'n 'eil sinn
Gu buileach air ar treigsinn, na cho caillte
Nach faodar fathast fuasgladh fhaotainn leinn

ATTINGHAUSEN—Co a bheir fuasgladh dhuibh?

BHALTER FURST—Ar lamhan fein.
Eisdibh! Tha na tri duthchanna air cordadh
Gu'n cuidich iad gu h-iomlan an luchd-foirneirt,
Tha 'n cumhnant naisgte; thug sinn boid d'a cheile.
Mu'n toisich cursa na bliadhn'-uir air ruith,
Thatar ri dol, le dluigh, au taic na h-oibre,
Gabhaidh bhur duslach fois 'an duthaich shaor.

ATTINGHAUSEN—O, 'bheil a cho-bhoinn air a co-dhunadh?

MELCHDAL—Eiridh na tri duthchanna le cheile air an aon latha; tha sinn uile deas,
Chaidh ar run-diomhair—gus a nis co-dhiu—
A ghleidheadh gu math uaigneach. Tha an grunnd
Fo chasan an luchd-foirneirt, coeach, feallsa,
Lathan an riaghlaidh tha air an aireamh,
Cha'n fhaighear lorg 's an tir dhiu, 'n uine ghoirid.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Ciod mu na daingnichean a th' anns an duthaich?

MELCHDAL—Air an aon latha tuitidh iad air fad.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Am bheil na h-uaislean leibh anns a che-bhoinn so?

STAUFFACHER—Tha flughair againn ri an comhnadh-san
Ma thachras gu'n tig feum air. Gus a nis
Is iad an Tuath a mhain a ghabh na boidean.

ATTINGHAUSEN—An d' rinn an Tuath a leithid sin do ghniomh
A ghabhail orra fein gun chomhnadh uaislean,
'Bheil uibhir mhuinghin aig an t-shluagh 'nan neart fein?
Faodaidh sinn triall a sios de 'n uaigh gu soisneach,
Mairidh an sluagh 'n ar deigh—tre bhuaidhean ura
Maise na Daonnachd cumar ar a h-adhart.
(Tha e a leagadh a lamh air ceann a bhalachain, a tha air a ghluinean fa 'chomhair).
O d' cheann-sa, 'ruin, air an do sheas an t-ubhal,
Brisidh a mach gu h-urar saors' is airde;
Thuit na seann nithe, tha an linn air caochladh,
Tha beatha nuadh ag eiridh air an laraich.

STAUFFACHER (ri Bhalter Furst)—Faic thus' an t-soills' tha dearsadh as a shuil,
Cha'n e sin amaladh Naduir, a' dol as,
Ach briseadh faire beatha nuadh ag eiridh.

ATTINGHAUSEN—Bho an sean chaistealan cromaidh an uaisle 'nuas,
Le luchd nam bailtean theid i 'an co-bhoinn,
Oibrichidh iad maith a cheile laimh air laimh;
'An Uechtland cheanna thoisich sin, 's 'an Turgau,
Bearn uasal tha a togail a ceann flathail,
Freiburg, is baile diongmhalt dhaoine saor i,
Tha Zurich sunorail air a cuideachdan
A chur fo airm, mar fheachd air son a chath,
An aghaidh neart nam ballan bith-bhuan aca
Cumhachd nan Righre brisear ann 'na bhloighdean.
(Tha e a labhairt nam briathran a leanas mar aon a faicinn taisbein, a ghuth ag eiridh mar aon air a dheachdadh le spiorad faistneachd).
Chi mi na Prionnsaichean, 's na Tighearnan,
A tearnadh ann an acfhuinn-cogaidh greadhnach
Gu cath le Pobull neo-choireach nan Aireach.
Theid beatha 's bas gu dulan anns a chomhstri,
Theid ioma Bealach 's Gleann a dheanamh glormhor
Tre ainm nam blara fuilteach 'theid a chur.
Tilgidh 'm Fear-duthch 'e fein, le broilleach ruisgte,
An aghaidh barr nan sleagh, mar iobairt shaor!
Brisidh e iad, a's tuitidh blath na h-uaisle,
Togaidh, le caithream-buadh, an t-saors' a bratach.
(A' deanamh greim air laimh Bhalter Furst agus Stauffacher).
Seasaibh, mar sin, gu dluth ri aon a cheile—
Gu teann 's gu bith-bhuan—na biodh cearna saor
Coimheach no doichiollach ri cearna eile—
Cuiribh luchd-faire air na beanntan agaibh,
A chum gu'n aon, 's gu'n tionail iad gu h-ealamh
Na cuideachdean fa leth a tha 'n co-bhoinn—
Bithibh aointe—aointe—aointe.

Tha e a tuiteamh air ais air a chlua-aig—na lamhan aige fathast, anns a bhas, a gleidheadh greim air lamhan a dha charaid. Tha Furst agus Stauffacher ag amharc air fad uine, 'n an tosd; tha iad an sin 'ga leigeadh as, agus a tionndadh air falbh o 'n chuideachd, gu am bron a leigeadh a mach. Tha na seirbheisich a trusadh a stigh gu tosdach, agus a dluthachadh ris, le mulad agus cradh-cridhe air gach aghaidh; tha cuid dhiubh a' dol air an gluinean, a beirsinn air a laimh agus 'ga pogadh. Am feadh a tha so a' dol air adhart, tha clag a bhaile a' bualadh.

Rudents, riusan air an ainmeachadh gu h-ard.

RUDENTS (a tighinn a stigh le cabhaig)—
A' bheil e 'lathair? An urrainn da me chluinntinn?

BHALTER FURST (fathast le 'aghaidh air a tionndadh air falbh, agus le a laimh a comharrachadh a mach mar a bha a chuis)—
Is sibhse 'nis ar Tighearn' 's ar Fear-dion.
Tha'n oighreachd so a nis fo ainm eile.

RUDENTS (a' toirt an aire do 'n chorp, agus a seasamh, air a ghlacadh le cradh goirt cridhe(—O, saoil an d'thainig m' aithreachas cho anmoch
'S nach dean e math dha?—O, a Thighearna mhaith,
Nach fhaodadh e 'bhith air a cheadachadh
A chuisle a thoirt buille na dha 'thuilleadh,
Gu 'chumail beo ach gus am faiceadh e
An t-atharrachadh a thainig air mo chridhe?

Rinn mise dimeas air a bhriathra dileas.
Am feadh a bha e 'siubhal anns an t-solus—
Dh' fhalbh e a nis, dh' fhalbh e gu siorruidh uam,
'S an dleasnas so mar fhiachadh orm neo-dhiolta?—
O, innsibh dhomh! An d' fhalbh e ann am feirg rium?
STAUFFACHER—A' caochladh, fhuair e fios air mar a rinn sibh,
Bhur misneach ann an labhairt bheannaich e.
RUDENTS (a' dol air a ghluinean lamh ris an t-seann duine mharbh)—
Seadh fhir-mo-chridhe! Laimh ri d' dhualach beannaicht',
Do'n chre gun deo tha mi a tabhairt m'fhacail
Le d' laimh fhuair, ghaolaich paisgte ann am laimh-sa
Reub mi o m'anam cuibhrichean a choisgrich;
Air m' aiseag tha mi do mo shluagh 's do m' Dhuthaich,
O so a mach gu brath cha'n 'eil, 's cha bhi mi
Ach ann am Suisseach eadar chorp a's anam—
(Ag eiridh)—Tha sibh a caoidh 'ur caraid, athair gach aon—
Ach ged a tha na cailleadh h-aon a mhianeach;
Cha'n i an oighreachd aige 'mhain a thuit orm,
Tha 'n spiorad aige 'tuirling orm a nuas,
Tha 'chridhe annam, bheir mi treise m' oige
A chum na h-oibre sin a choimhlionadh
Nach ruigeadh aois-san air, ged a bu mhath leis.
Aithriche coir, thugaibh, gach aon, 'ur lamh dhomh!
Melchdal, bheir thusa dhomh do thè-sa cuideachd!
O, smuaintich ort—Na tionndaidh uam air falbh!
Gabh ri mo mhionnan, gabh ri m' bhoidean dileas.
BLALTER FURST—Thoir dha do lamh. Tha aithreachas a chridhe
A toilltinn gu'm biodh muinghin againn ann.
MELCHDAL—Mar neo-ni mheasadh am fear-duthcha leibh
Abraibh, ciod ris am faod sinn amharc uaibh?
RUDENTS—Na cuimhnich ann am aghaidh mearachd m' oige!
STAUFFACHER—Bithibh aointe—b' e so facal deirionnach
Ar n-athair ionmhuinn—Gleidhibh e 'n ar cuimhne.
MELCHDAL—So dhuibh mo lamh? Biodh fhios agaibh, Fhir-uasail,
Gur fhiach crathadh do lamh an Tuathanaich
Uibhir ri facal seasmhach duin' air bith.
Ciod e an Ridir as ar n-eugmhais-ne?
Ar n-inbhe tha na 's sine na 'ur té-sa——
RUDENTS—Is measail leam i, 's dionaidh mi le m' shleagh i.
MELCHDAL—An gairdean sin a chiosnaicheas an talamh
Ge cruaidh i, 's a bheir oirre toradh 'ghiulan,
Foghnaidh a threise—le bhur cead, a Bharain,
Gu broilleach duine fein a dhion, gu smiorail.
RUDENTS—Ni sibhse mis' a dhion, a's mise sibhse,
Mar sin tre aon a cheile bidh sinn laidir.
Ach ciod am feum air bruidhinn, le ar duthaich
'Na cobhartach, fo fhoirneart teann a choigrich?
Aon uair 's gu'm faigh sinn saor an grunnd o naimhdean
Ni sinn, an sin, gach cuis a reiteachadh.
(An deigh dha fanachd samhach tiota).
Cha'n 'eil sibh a' toirt freagradh? Ciod? nach toill mi
Fathast gu 'n cuireadh sibh 'ur n-earbsa annam?
'S fheudar, mata, a dheoiu na 'dh' aindeoin oirbh,
Mi fein fhoirneadh a stigh 'n 'ur ruintean dlomhair.
Cho-cruinnich sibh—Bhoidich sibh aig an Rutli—
Tha fios agam—fios air gach ni a rinneadh.
An rud nach d' earb sibh rium ghleidh mi dhomh fein
Mar urras coisrigte, gu dileas teann.
Cha robh mi riamh am namhaid do mo dhuthaich.
'S mise nach togadh lamh am feasd 'n a h-aghaidh.
Ach 's olc a rinn sibh dail a chur 'n 'ur gniomh,
Thuit Tell gu grad 'n a iobairt do 'ur mairneal.
STAUFFACHER—Ach mhionnaich sinn gu 'm feitheamaid gu Nollaig.
RUDENTS—Cha robh mi leibh, cha mho a thug mi boidean,
Ma dh' fheitheas sibhs' theid mis' an greim——
MELCHDAL—Ciod? Ni sibh——
RUDENTS—Mar aon de Aithriche na tire tha mi
A nis 'g am chunntas fein, 's i a cheud dleasnas
A tha mar fhiachadh orm sibhse a dhion.
BHALTER FURST—An dualach ionmhuinn so a chur fo 'n uir,
'S i dleasdannas is dluithe oirbh 's is naoimhe.
RUDENTS—Aon uair 's gu'm faigheamaid an duthaich saor
Chrunamaid e, 's e air a chaisil-chro!
O, 'chairde! Cha'n iad a mhain bhur cuiseansa
Ach m' fheadhain fhein air son am feumar cath
An aghaidh fear an fhoirneirt—Thugaibh eisdeachd!
Tha Berta agam air dol as an t-sealladh,
Gun fhios duinn chaidh a giulan as ar meadhon,
Air falbh mar chreich aig ainneart ladarna!
STAUFFACHER—Bha 'chridh' aig Gessler gniomh cho ainneartach
Gun agath a dheanamh air bean-uasal shaor?
RUDENTS—Mo chairde! Bha mi 'gealltuinn duibh mo chomhnadh
Ach feumaidh mis' a thagradh uaibhs' an toiseach.
Chaidh ise 's ionmhuinn leam a spioladh uam,
Co aig 'tha fios c'ait' an do cheil a Bheisd i,
No ciod an t-olc a dh'fhaodas tachairt dh'i
Mu 'n lub a cridhe gu 'bhi air a chuibhreach'
Le ceanglaichean a bhiodh 'n an grain leatha!
Na treigibh mi; O, thugaibh dhomh 'ur comhnadh
Gu ise 'theasragainn—Tha gaol aig' oirbh,

Theill is' o 'n duthaich e, gu 'm biodh gach gairdean
A tarruing, air a sgath, a chiaidheimh ruisgte ——

BHALTER FURST—'De 'ghabhadh sibh fo 's laimh?

RUDENTS—Cha 'n fhios domh ciod!
'S an dorchadas a tha 'g a folach uam.
'An goimh mo theagamh, 's m' eadar-chomh-airle
Aon ni a mhain tha soilleir ann am inntinn—
O laraich bhriste cumhachd borb an fheir-neirt—
A sin a mhain theid againn air a cladhach.
Gach daingneach leagamaid gu lar a sios,
Ach as a phriosan bheir sinn i a nios.

MELCHIDAL—Air adhart leibh! Leanaidh sinn sibh gu deonach.
C' arson a dh'fhagamaid gus an la-maireach
A chuis a ghabhas coimhlionadh an diugh?
Bha Tell aig saorsa 'n uair a bhoidich sinn
D'a cheile aig an Rutli, cha robh fathast
An tubaist chianail so air tachairt dha.
Tha feum na h-uair a tagradh riaghailt eile;
Co 'tha cho meat' nach teid e 'n greim a nis!

RUDENTS—Armaichibh sibh fein, biodh deas air son na h-oibre
A chionn, na 's luaithe na a b' urrainn geola
Fir-gnothuich dol air sgeith, le sruth a's soirbheas
Ruigidh d' ur n-ionnsuidh teachdaireachd ar buaidh;
Cho luath 's a chi sibh lasair air na beannta,
Tuitibh mar ghaillionn Geamhraidh air an Namhaid,
Aitreabh an Fhoirneirt brisibh as a cheile.
[Tha iad a falbh.

AN CEATHRAMH EARRAINN. AN TREAS ROINN.

Bealach cumhann dluth air Cussnacht.

Tearnar o'n taobh cuil a nuas eadar creagan. Tha luchd-turuis air am faicinn air a' bhruthach fada mu'n tig iad am follais air an taobh beoil. Tha creagan a' dunadh a stigh an t-seallaidh gu h-iomlan; air h-aon de na creagan a's faigse tha bile air a chomhdachadh le preasan agus fas-choille.

TELL (a'tighinn am follais leis a chrois-bhogha)—
Roimh'n bhealach chumhann so feumaidh e tighinn!
Cha'n fhaigh e 'stigh do Chussnacht rathad eile—
Bheir mi gu crich a so e—Tha'n cothram maith,
Cumaidh na preasan fearn mi as a shealladh,
O 'n tom so amaisidh mo shaighead air;
Cuingead an rathaid cuiridh grabadh orra
Nach urrainn iad mo ruaig. Socruich do chunntas
A nis, Gessler, le 'd Chruithfhear, oir tha agad
Ri gabhail romhad, ruith do ghloine 'mach.
Gu ciuin, neo-lochdach bha mo chaithe-beatha—
Riamh cha do thionndaidh mi an t-saighead agam
Ach ann an aghaidh beothaichean na coille,
Aon smuaint air mort cha d'thainig ann am inntinn—
'S tusa 'chuir sganradh orm a nead na sithe,
Gach boiune baigh a's caoimhneis a bi chom
Gu gamhlas thionndaidh thu, 's gu nim nathrach;
Ri uamhasan rinn thusa cleachdte mi—
Esan a ghabhadh cuims' air ceann a leis
Air cridhe a Namh 's urrainn e amas eachd.
Mo bhalachain bheag, na broin, mo mhath, dhileas.
'S fheudar an dion o'd chorruich-sa, a M
An sud, an uair a tharruing mi an taife
'S mo lamh air chrith, a's le toili mhallaicht'
A thug thu orm a thionndadh air mo lea
An uair a thraogh mo neart fo uamh amhghair,
A dh' asluich mi gu diomhain ort mo cl nadh,
Gheall mi dhomh fein le boidean uam
Nach cuala neach ach Dia air Neamh a
Gur e do chridhe-sa an ath bhall-cuim
A leiginn urchair air. An rud a gheall
'S a chuir mi romham ann an uair na d
Is dlighe naomh e, coimhlionaidh mi e.
Is tu mo Riaghlair, a's Maor mo Righ
Ach, an Righ fein, cha luathsaicheadh
Eadhon dha fein an dol air adhart aga
Chuir e do'n tir thu a chum breitheans
A thoirt—gu cruaidh, oir tha e dio ruinn.
Cha b'ann a chum gu'n cuireadh tu an
Gach droch-bheart ghraineil, le toili mhortach,
Gu tearuinte, gun pheannas a thigh'nn
Tha Dia ann a bheir dioladh 's peanas
Thus' thug an deuchainn chruaidh orr a mach,
Mo stor thu 'nis, mo sheud is priseile—
Bheir mi ball-cuimse dhuit air nach do d
Riamh guidhe geur an amhghair gus a
Ach fairtlichidh air cur 'nad aghaidh-s
Agus mo thaifeid dhileas, thusa cuides
A rinn deadh sheirbheis dhomh 's na cl aoibhinn,
Na treig mi 's an da-rireadh uamhasai
Cum diongmhalta do ghreim a nis, mo mhath,
A chuir cho bitheanta an t-saighead ghu
Air sgeith dhomh anns am a th'air dol s
A chionn, mur ruig an te so cridh' ar N
Cha'n 'eil te eil' ann air am faigh mi la

(Tha luchd-turuis a' dol seachad, rathad).

Feithidh mi air an aite-shuidhe chloic
A th'air a chur a chum gu'm faigh luchd
An sgios a leigeil tachdainn ann an so-
Tha 'h-uile duine riamh a' gabhail seac
Air an duin' eile mar nach buineadh is
Do'n aon taobh-duthcha. Cha'n 'eil s labhairt,
Cha'n fharraid duine ciamar a theid dl
Tha 'n so a' gabhail seachd, am marsa
Le curam uallaichte, am Fear-turuis
Gun mhorau air a dhruim no ann a sp
Am manach crabhach, am Fear-r duaichnidh,

hearach nan cleas, Fear giulain
trom-luchdaichte o thirean cein,
r gach slighe sinn gu ceann an
ail.
le gin diubh air a ghnothuch fein—
ort a' chuis 'tha mise as a dheish!
, 'n uair a bhiodh 'ur n-atha'r bho'n

ain bheaga, thogadh sibhse loiach
dh dha; a chionn cha d' thain' e

lh gun rud-eiginn a thoirt d' ur
uidh.
heudte nach biodh ann ach fluran
ach,
eo-chumanta, no saighead-shith—
bhear air na cnuic 'na uaireannan,
l an drasd air creach nach ionann

h na slighe fhiadhaich tha e 'feith-

a' snamh 'na inntinn: 'S ann air son
n namhaid 'tha e ri feall-fho ach.
1 's ann irbhse 'mhain a tha a
tean,
n am ud, tearnaidh e sibh fathast.
o-chionta a dhion, a chlann bheag
1
1 e'n taifeid aig' air Fear-a-chuthaich!
sealg air sithionn neo-chumanta,
an sealgair umhail ged a dh' fheumar
n, anu an dubhagan a' Gheamhraidh
mu'n cuairt, a' toirt duibh-leum an
is
ag gu creag, a' streap ri sgorran corr-

ghadh fein gu tric le 'fhuil fein riu,
g bhochd a ghlacadh: Tha 'an so
adh duais a's luachmhoire gu mor,
1 Namhaid sin a chuireadh as domh.
ceol iollagach air a chluinntinn fad
s, ach a' tighinn na 's dluithe).
1 mo bheatha laimhsich mi am bogha
eadh chleachduinn sealgair a's fir-

nich mi 'h-uile doigh 's an cleachdar e,
an t-saighead tric 'an suil na targaid,
uais bhoidheach a thug mise dhach-

asan aighearach. Ach tilgidh mi 'n

chuireas crun orra gu h-iomlan
huidhneas dhomh an duais a's airde
choisneadh ann an cuairt nan sliabh.

ais a' gabhail seachad, agus a' dol a
h 'n Bhealach. Tha Tell a' gabhail
, a leigeil a chudthrom air a bhogha.
maor-coille, a' deanamh a suas ris).

e sin Clostermeier a Morlisachen
a fhear-bainns' an diugh: Duine
h,
a na deich airidhean a th' aige
nan Alpen. Tha iad air an rathad
Bean-na bainns' a nall a Imisee
ca 'bhios an roichd an nochd' an
ch'.

Tiugainn! Tha 'n cuireadh air a thoirt gu saor
Do h-uile duine coir a thogras tighinn.

TELL—Cha b' fheaird' a' bhanais aoidh le inntinn throm.

STUSSI—Ma tha ni 'cur ort, tilg gu smachdail dhiot e!
Glac na thig ann ad rathad; tha na h-amannan
An ceart-uair cruaidh; mar sin, bu choir do dhuine
Solas a ghabhail 'n uair a gheibh e 'n cothrom.
An so tha banais, an sud tha tiodhlacadh.

TELL—'S tric 'bheir an darna h-aon mu 'n cuairt an t-aon eile

STUSSI—'S e doigh an t-saoghail e. Tha driod-fhertain
A' tachairt anns gach cearn: Tha beum mor sneachda
Air tuiteam ann an Glarus, agus cliathaich
Bhein Ghlairnis air dol fodha anns an talamh.

TELL—Am bheil na beanntan fein a' criothnachadh?
Cha 'n 'eil ni idir air an talamh seasmhach.

STUSSI—Tha iongantais 'an aitean eile cuideachd,
Bhruidhinn mi an la roimh ri fear a Badein
'Bha, mar bu choltach, Ridire a' marcachd
A dh' ionnsuidh an Righ. 'Nuair bha e air a rathad
Thainig sgaoth choinnspeach air, a ghabh do 'n each,
Lot iad cho gailbheach e gu 'n do thuit e sios
Marbh, air an lar, bho'n chradh a dh'fhuiling e,
A's dh' fheum an Ridir bochd an rathad a choiseachd.

TELL—Bhuilicheadh gath air creutairean 'tha anmhunn.
(Armgart — bean bhochd—a' tighinn le croithein phaisdean, agus a' seasamh leo aig beulaobh a' Bhealaich).

STUSSI—Tha feadhain an duil gu 'r comhara a th' ann
Air mi-fhortan mor ri tuiteam air an tir,
Air gniomhara 'bhios dubh an aghaidh Naduir.

TELL — Tha 'n leith'de sin de ghniomharan a' tachairt
A h-uile la, gun chomhara miorbhuileach,
Air bith a thabhairt fios roimh laimh mu 'n deighinn.

STUSSI—Gu cinnteach tha, is math do 'n fhear a dh' fhaodas
Oibreachadh air a chroit 'an sith, a's suidhe
Aig taobh a theallaich fein gun dragh gun iomagain.

TELL—Cha 'n fhaigh an duine 's fearr fantuinn 'an sith
Ma tha droch coimhearsnaich 'am mi-run ris.
(Tha Tell ag amharc gu tric le flughair neo-shocair, ri mullach a' Bhealaich).

STUSSI—Slan leibh. Tha sibh a' feitheamh cuideiginn.

TELL—'S mise tha sin.

STUSSI—Mo bheannachd leibh mata,
Coinneachadh solasach ri 'r cuideachd dhiubh!
Tha sibh de mhuinntir Uri. Tha flughair ris
An Urramach, an Riaghlair as a sin an diugh,

FEAR-TURUIS—Cha ruig leas tuilleadh fughair a bhi agaibh
Gu'n tig am Maor an diugh. Tha na aibhnichean
'N an tuil an deigh nan sputan uisg' a rinn e,
Tha h-uile drochaid riamh sguabta air falbh.
(Tha Tell a' seasamh a suas).

ARMGART (a' tighinn air adhart)—Cha'n eil am Maor a' tighinn!

STUSSI—An robh dad
A dhi ort leis?

ARMGART—Mo chreach, 's ann agams' a bha sin!

STUSSI—C'arson
A tha thu 'g ad chur fhein air thoiseach air
'S a bhealach chumhann so?

ARMGART—A chionn nach faigh e
A nuil na nail uam, feumaidh e mo chluinntinn.

FRIESSHARD (a' tighinn le deifir a nuas am Bealach, a' ghlaodhaich) -
Gabhadh a h-uile duine as an rathad
'S mo Thriath am Maor a' tighinn as mo dheigh
A' marcachd.
[Tha Tell a' dol as an t-sealladh.

ARMGART (le aoibhneas)—Tha 'n t-uachdaran a' tighinn!

Tha i a' dol adhart leis a chloinn gu taobh beoil an t-sealladh. Tha Gessler agus Rudolf o Harras, air muin eich, a' tighinn 'n ar sealladh aig mullach a' Bhealach.

STUSSI (ri Friesshard)—Ciamar a fhuair sitb thairis air an uisge,
'S gu'n d'thug an tuil na drochaidean air falbh?

FRIESSHARD—Rinn sinne, 'charaid, cath an aghaidh an Loch,
'S beag suim a ghabhas sinn do thuil na'm beann.

STUSSI—An robh 'm bat' agaibh 's a ghaillionn uamharr' ud?

FRIESSHARD—'S ise bha sin? Cha teid e chaoidh a m'aire!

STUSSI—Hoch! Stad a's inn's dhuinn uime!

FRIESSHARD—Cha'n fhaod mi stad,
Tha bh' uam ruith thun a' chaisteil a thoirt sanas,
Gu bheil an t-uachdaran 'an so a' tighinn.

STUSSI—Na'n robh na bha 's an long nan daoine maithe
Gach duine is luch a bh' innte chaidh do'n ghrunnd.
Theid sguidhearan mar sud roimh thein 'a's uisge.
(A' toirt suil mu'n cuairt).
C'a te 'bheil fear-nam-beann a bha bruidhinn rium?
(Gessler agus Rudolf o Harras air muin eich).

GESSLER—Abair na thogras tu, 's mi seirbheiseach
An Righ, a's feumaidh mi a thoileachadh,
Cha b' ann a chum an sluagh a bheadaradh,
Na a bhriodal a chur e do'n duthaich mi:
Umhlachd, sin aithne-san; 's i smior na ceisde,
C' dhiubh 's iad na croiteirean na'n t-Iompaire
A tha ri bhi 'nam maighstirean 's an tir?

ARMGART—'S e so mo chothrom! Ni mi 'nis mo ghuidhe!
(Tha i a' tighinn gu gealtach air adhart).

GESSLER—Cuimhnich cha b' ann air sgath na feala-dha
A chaidh an Ad a chur a suas aig Altorf,
Na fathast, a chum cridh' an t-aluaigh a dhearbhadh,
'S aithne dhomh iad o shean. Ach rinn mi e
'Direach a dh' aon obair gu an ionnsuchadh
Na h-amhaichean sin ac'—a ghleidheas iad
Cho direach ann am lathair—a chromadh dhomh.
Chuir mi an t-aobhar oilbheum so'n an rathad
A chum gu'n glac an suil e, a's gu'n gleidh e
'Nan cuimhn' an Triath a b' aill leo dhi-chuimhneachadh.

RUDOLF—Tha coirean aig a' phobull mar an ceudna.

GESSLER—Cha'n am so gu an cur air a mheighthomhais!
Tha'n ceart-uair gnothuiche mora, cudthromach,
G' am bualadh air an inneinn: Tha e iomchaidh
Gu'n cinneadh cumhachd teaghlach rioghail Hapsburg.
An ni a thoisicheadh air mhodh cho cliuiteach
Fo laimh an Athar, chuireadh am mac air adhart.
Tha 'm pobull beag so 'na chnap-starra daonnan,
'S an rathad oirnn. 'S fheudar an ciosnachadh
Air aon doigh no doigh eile, mar a dh' fhaodas.
(Tha iad a' dol air an adhart. Tha a bhean bhochd 'g a tilgeadh fein a sios an lathair an uachdarain).

ARMGART—Trocair, a Mhoir-fhir! Tha mi 'guidhe ceartais!

GESSLER—Ciod air an t-saogh'l is ciall duit, a' tighinn air m' aodann
'An so air an rath'd-mhor! Gabh as an rathad!

ARMGART—Tha'n duin' agam 'n a luidh anns a' phriosan;
A dhileachdain a glaodhaich air son arain—
Tha mi a' guidhe oirbh gu'n gabh sibh truas dhinn,
A mhaighstir, ann am ar n-eighinn chruaidh.

RUDOLF—Co thu, a bhean? Co e an duin' agad?

ARMGART—Faladair bochd, 'tha fuireach air Beinn Rigi,
'S i 'cheird aige 'bhi gearradh an fheoir fhiadhain
Bho bheul nan slochd, 's air feadh nan stacannan,
Far nach bi 'chridh' aig feudail cas a chur—

RUDOLF (ri Gessler)—Ceird bhochd a's mhuladach, air m' fhacal fhein!
Guidheam gu'n leig sibh as an duine truagh!
Eutrom no trom, ciamar air bith a choire,
Tha peanas trom gu leoir aige 'na cheird.
(Ris a' mhnaoi).
Theid ceartas a thoirt duit shuas aig a' chaisteal—
Theid eisdeachd riut, cha 'n aite freagarrach so.

-Cha teid mi aon cheum as an ait'
eil mi
an toir am mor-fhear m' fhear air ais
!
seathadh mios o'n 'tha e 'n sas,
mhain dha bhi feitheamh binn a
eimh.
A bhean, bheireadh tu buaidh gun
rm! Tog ort!
-Ceartas, a Mhaoir! Tha mi a'
a ceartais
itheamh na tir an ait' an Iompair'
Dhe; coimhlion do dhleasdannas,
hu fein an duil ri ceartas fhaotainn
,deonaich an ceartas ceudna dhuinne!
Tog ort! A'm shealladh na graisg
a!
a' deanamh greim air srian an eich)—
. Ni tuilleadh cha'n 'eil ri chall
.
r, cha'n fhaigh do chas dol ceum na's
am faigh mi ceartas—seadh, cuir
ort!
orm gu fladhaich fo do mhala
hail,
s a thogras tu—tha ar fu'angais
ho fada, tha sinn caoin-shuarach
h tha thu toillchte na diombach
A bhean, gabh as an rathad orm, air
an t-each agam fo 'chasan thu!
-Ma thogair! So!
i a' slaodadh na cloinne thun an lair,
gus 'ga tilgeadh fein air an rathad air
hoiseach air).
Rachadh e thairis oirnn,
an t-each agad mi fhein 's mo chlann
idhean, 's mi nach caraich as a so!
rud 'is miosa 'rinn thu riamh——
A bhean, tha thu air bainidh!
(le tuilleadh deine)—'S fhada mhor
h thu tir an Iompaire fo 'd shail!
'eil annam-sa ach boirionnach!
fhear mi dheanainn rud-eiginn a b'
e 'n so 'san uir a' glaodhaich riut.
ceol na bainnse air a chluinntinn a
ithis, bho mhullach a' Bhealaich,
ch, fann, a thaobh an astair).
-C' ait' a bheil, mo ghillean? Ni mi
inn
bh mi aithreachas, mur toir iad leo i.
Le 'r cead, cha'n fhaigh na gillean air
art.
eachd bainnse 'dol roimh 'n Bhealach
-Tha mi 'am riaghlair tuilleadh 's
do'n dream so—
chaidh ceangal fathast air an tean-
cha'n 'eil iad fathast fo ar smaig
choir, ach bidh e tur air atharrach
an la-diugh. Cuiridh mi glas-ghuib
ni 'n inntinn dhanarra so aca,
iise 'nuas an straic, cromaidh mi
n

Spiorad na saorsa. Bheir mi achd ur a stigh
Thar fad a's leud na tire. Bheir mi—

(Tha saighead a' dol troimh a chridhe, tha e a' cur a lamh a suas ris, agus a' dol a thuiteam. Le guth fann).

Gu'n deanadh Dia trocair a nochdadh dhomh!

RUDOLF—A Mhoir-fhir? Ciod? Co as a thainig so?

ARMGART (ag eiridh)—Mort, mort! Tuitidh e! Fhuair e urchair!

Faicibh an t-saighead, tha i 'n sas 'na chridhe.

RUDOLF (a' leum bharr an eich)—Iod an gniomh oilleil a tha so air ta hairt?

A 'ighearna! Mo chreach, a Ridire,

Guidh air son trocair oir is duine marbh thu!

GESSLER—'S i saighead Tell a th' ann.

(Tha e a' sleamhnachadh bharr an eich, agus tha Rudolf 'ga chuideachadh a nunn thun an t-suidheachan chloiche).

TELL ('ga leigeadh fein ris, shuas air mullach na creige)—

Dh' aithnich thu 'n t-saighead,
Na h-iarr te eile! Tha na bothain saor,
An neo-chiontach tha tearuinte o 'd laimh,
Cha dean thu dochann air an duthaich tuilleadh.

(Tha e a' dol as an t-sealladh. Tha 'n sluagh a' taomadh a stigh).

STUSSI (air thus' 's air thoiseach—'De th' ann? Ciod air an t-saoghal a th' air tachairt?

ARMGART—Chaidh saighead a chur ann am Maor-an-fhearainn.

AM POBULL—Co anns an deach an urchair?

(Am feadh a tha a' cheud bhuidhionn de chuideachd na bainnse a' tighinn thun an taobh beoil, tha a' chuid ma dheireadh dhiubh shuas air mullach a' bhruthaich, agus tha an ceol a' dol air adhart).

RUDOLF O HARRAS—Falbhaibh, ruithibh
A dh' iarraidh cuideachadh, 's e call na fola!
Rachaibh air toir a mhortair! Ochan thu!
A dhuine thruaigh, agus 's e so is crioch dhuit;
Cha 'n eisdeadh tu ri 'm shanus ann an am!

STUSSI—Air m' fhirinn, tha e 'n sin gun deo 'na luidhe,
Cho ban ri breid.

MORAN GHUTHANNA—Co e a rinn an gniomh?

RUDOLF—Am bheil na daoine air an ciall a chall
Gu'n dean iad ceol thar mort? Cuiribh 'nan tosd iad!

(Tha 'n ceol a' stad ann am prioba, tha tuilleadh sluaigh a' tighinn iluth).

A mhaighstir, innsibh dhomh ma 's urrainn duibh—
Am bheil ni a mhiannaichidh sibh earbsa rium?

(Tha Gessler a' deanamh sannis eiginn le a laimh, an uair nach 'eil iad 'ga thuigsinn tha e 'gan deanamh thairis a rithis le tuilleadh braise).

RUDOLF O HARRAS—C'ait' am bu mhaith leibh mi a dhol? Do Chussnacht?
Cha 'n 'eil mi 'tuigsinn; O, na bithibh diombach,
Coma leibh nithe talamhaidh, biodh 'ur n-aire

Socruichte air an t-siorruidheachd 'tha dluth dhuibh.

(Tha cuideachd na bainnse a' tarruing dluth, agus a' seasamh mu 'n cuairt, ag amharc air Gessler le oillt, gun chomh-fhulangas).

STUSSI—Seallaibh cho ban 's a tha e—tha 'm bas a snamh
Mu 'n chridh' aige—tha ceo 'tigh'nn air a shuilean.

ARMGART (a' togail a suas h-aon de 'n chloinn)—
Feuchaibh, a chlann, mar gheibh Fear-foirneirt bas!

RUDOLF O HARRAS—Mnathan a' chuthaich, 'bheil sibh gun mhothachadh,
Gu 'm biodh a leithid so de shealladh sgreataidh
'N a roic do 'r suilean? Thoiribh lamh dhomh,
So, thugaibh cuideachadh—Nach 'eil duin' ann
A thairngeas an gath goirt a' bhroilleach leam?

NA MNATHAN (a' seasamh air an ais)—
Gu'n cuireamaide corag air an duine
A bhualadh sios le lamh an Tighearna?

RUDOLF O HARRAS—Mo mhallachd oirbh!
(A' tarruing a chlaidheimh).

STUSSI (a' cur a lamh air a ghairdean)—Ma bhios a chridh' agaibh!
Tha sibh aig crioch bhur tighearnais. Thuit am Fear
A bhruth air tir fo 'shail; cha 'n fhuiling sinn
Tuilleadh co-eigneachadh a dheanamh oirnn,
Is daoine saor sinn,

UILE (le iolach)—Tha an Duthaich saor!

RUDOLF O HARRAS—An d' thainig e gu so? Bheil crioch air umhlachd,
'S air urram cheana?
(Ris an luchd-leamhuinn a tha a' drobhadh a stigh).
Tha sibh uile 'faicinn
A' mhuirt oillteil a chaidh a chur an gniomh
'An so. Is diomhain comhnadh 'sam bith iarruidh,
Is diomhain, mar an ceudna, toir a chuir
An deigh a mhortair; tha curam eile oirnn—
Gun mhoille, greasaibh oirbh a stigh do Chussnncht,
Daingneach an Iompaire a ghleidhadh dha!
Chaidh, ann am prioba, ceanglaichean an dleasnais
Agus na riaghailt fhuasgladh, cha'n 'eil earbsa
Ri 'chur 'an dilseachd duine seach duin 'eile.

ARMGART—Deanaibh aite! So na Manaich a' tighinn.
(Am feadh a tha'n luchd-airm a' falbh, tha sia Manaich a' tighinn dluth).

STUSSI—Cho luath 's a tha an iobairt marbh,
Trusaidh na fithith thun a chairbh.

NA MANAICH (a' seasamh 'nan leth-chuairt mu thiomchioll air a' mharbh, agus a' seinn ann an guth tiamhaidh, iosal)—
Is tric am bas a' deanamh sas,
Gu grad, air clann nan daoin'
Cha'n eisd e'n glaodh, tha'n guidhe faoin,
Is gearr an triall 's an t-saogh'l,
An sean, 's an t-og—cha 'n fhaod iad feitheamh,
Deas no neo-dheas mar bhios am beatha
'S fheudar dhoibh comhail 'thoirt do 'n Bhreitheamh!
[Tha iad a' falbh.

AN CUIGEAMH ERRANN. A' CHEUD ROINN.

Aite fosgailteach, dluth air Altorf.

Aig an taobh cuil tha daingneach Ciosnach-air-Uri, leis na lobhtan-seasaimh mar anns an t-sealladh anns an treasamh Roin de 'n cheud Earrann. Air an laimh chli gheibhear sealladh a' fosgladh a mach air moran bheanntan, tha a' chrois-taraidh a' losgadh air gach aon diubh. Tha 'n fhaire direach a' briseadh; tha cluig a' bualadh am fad' agus am fagus.

Ruodi, Cuoni, Bhevni, Maighstir nan Clachairean, agus moran eile de Luchd-duthcha, mnathan agus clann mar an ceudna.

RUODI—Nach faic sibh a' chrois-taraidh air na beanntan?

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—Cluinnibh fuaim nan clag a nall thar na coilltean!

RUODI—Ruagadh na Naimhdean!

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—Ghlacadh na Daingnicheean!

RUODI—Agus tha sinne, Muinntir Uri, fathast
'N ar tamh, a' leigeadh leis an Daingneach seasamh?
An e gur sinne 'tha ri bhi air deireadh
Ann a bhi 'g ar gairm fein 'n ar popuil saor?

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—An e gu'n leig sinn leis a' chuing sin seasamh
A bha ri ar co-eigneachadh? A suas sibh 'Illean!
Gu lar leis!

UILE—A nuas e! 'Nuas e! 'Nuas e!

RUODI—C'aite 'bheil Stier, a Uri?

STIER—Tha mi so.
Ciod a tha mi ri 'dheanamh?

RUODI—Rach an aird
Gu mullach torr-na-faire, agus seid
A leithid de dhairirich as an dudach agad
Gu 'n duisg a h-uile gleann a's cleag 's an duthaich,
A' freagairt do mhac-talla aon a cheile
A ghairm nam fear 'n an drobhan as na glinn
'S na braigheachan d'ar n-ionnsuidh.
(Tha Stier a' falbh. Bhalter Furst a' tighinn).

BHALTER FURST—Stadaibh! Stadaibh!
A' chairde! Cha 'n 'eil fios na forthais againn
Ciod a tha Suits na Unterbhalden ris.
Feitheamaid gus an tig teachdair' uapa-san.

RUODI — Feitheamaid ciod? Tha Fear-na-foirneirt marbh,
Tha latha geal na saors' air eiridh oirnn.

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—Nach leoir leibh teachd-airean lasrach nan cruach,
A' togail smuid mu 'n cuairt oirnn air gach beinn?

RUODI—So, thugaibh lamh, a h-uile gin agaibh,
Fir agus mnathan! Bristibh a nuas na lobhtan!
Spealgaibh na boghachan! Leagaibh na ballachan!
Na fagar leinn aon chlach dhiubh air muin cloiche.

MAIGH. NAN CLACH.—So, 'Illean! 'S iad ar lamhan fein a thog iad

dhuinn 'is aithne an cur as a cheile.
ugainneamaid, leagamaid a sios an
gneach!
a iad 'g an tilgeadh fein air an togail
e na h-uile taobh).
FURST—Thoisich an obair. Cha
h casg cur orra.
Melchdal agus Baumgarten a' tighinn).
AL—Ciod? Tha an Daingneach so
st na sheasamh,
steal Sharnen cheana ann an luaithre,
ha 'n Rossberg thall na laraich cuid-
l?
FURST—An tusa 'th'ann a Mhelchdal,
aorsa
hu 'toirt d'ar n-ionnsuidh? Abair, gu

il an naimhead air a ruag gu buileach
ri Duthchanna?
AL (a' cur a ghairdeanan mu thimchioll)
a gnunnd gu leir
air a chartadh dhiubh. Deanaibh
eachas
athair choir, anns a cheart uair so
m bheil sin a' bhruidhinn, cha 'n 'eil
adh
irneirt ann an duthaich shaor nan
sach.
FURST—O, innis domh, ciamar a
h lan-uachdar
inn leibh air na daingnichean?
AL—B' e Rudents
a mach, le 'thapachd smiorail, Sarnen,
mis', an oidhche roimh sin, Dun Ross-

sidh mi a h-uile car mar thachair.
, aig teicheadh do na naimhdean as,
sinn teine ris an Dun gu sunndach,
sana 'ghris a' dhol 'na caoir gu neamh,
Dieteim, balach Ghessler, far an robh

adh e, fhad 's a bh' aige, gu 'n robh

bearna Bhrunec, anns na lasraichean.
FURST—Mo creach, an truaghan!
a bruansgail air a chluainntinn, agus
splaid nan sailthean a' tuiteam).
AL—Bha i 'n sin fein
irt ann gu'n fhios aig ordugh Ghessler.
tudents mar gu'n deach e as a chiall—
ala sinn na puist, 's na staidhrichean
'toirt geill, agus troi'n deatach thainig
cruaidh na h-eiginn oirnn o'n Mhald-
nochd.
FHURST—Ach tha i sabhailte!
AL—'S a mhionaid ud
e maol-sneimh a dhsanadh feum, no
nh
lar-chomhairle, ach clisteachd lugh-

fhoghnadh! Mur biodh ann ach an
uasal,
maid caonntach air ar beatha, dh
ite!
e ar companach e, 'an comh-bhoinn

a gaol aig Berta air ar pobull—
chur sinn ar beatha ann ar laimh

Agus, 'n ar leam, a stigh do 'n teine ghabh sinn.

BHALTER FURST—Ach tha i sabhailte?

MELCHDAL—'S ise tha sin,
Rudents a's mise, thug sinn i le cheile
A mach roi 'n lasair, agus air ar culaobh,
Le dairirich thuit an obair-fhiodh a stigh.
An sin, an uair a dh' fhairich i gu'n robh
I sabhailte, 's a thog i a suil gu Neamh.
An sin, thilg am Morair og e fein air m'uchd,
'S gun fhacal air a labhairt thall na bhos.
Dhruideadh coimhcheangal eadar sinn 'n ar dithis
A rinneadh cruaidh a's diongmhalta tre theine;
'S a chaoidh nach brisear, troimh gach uile dheuchainn
A bhios 'an dan duinn.

BHALTER FURST—C'aite 'bheil Landenberg?

MELCHDAL—Taobh thall Bealach Bhrunneig.
Cha robh e 'm bheachd
Gu'm faigheadh esan a rinn m' athair dall,
Dol as an duthaich so le 'shealladh aige.
Chaidh mi le toir 'na dheigh, a's rinn mi greim air.
Thug mi e dhachaidh leam; aig casan m'athar
Thilg mi a sios e, bha mo claidheamh ruisgte
Deas os a cheann; ach ghuidh an sean duine
Cho durachdach, gu'n deanainn trocair air,
Gu'n d'thug mi 'bheath' air ais dha, air a sgath-san.
Chaidh e fo bhoid nach tilleadh e do'n tir
Thug e a bhoid as ur, gun diogh'itas iarraidh,
Ghleidhidh e iad—dh' fhairich e neart ar gairdean.

BHALTER FURST—'S maith dhuit-sa e, nach d' thug thu sal na fola
Air uair na buaidh', ach gu'n do ghleidh thu glan i!

CLANN (a' ruith mu'n cuairt le mirean fiodh, agus cabair as na lobhtan)—
Saorsa! Saorsa! Fhuair an duthaich saorsa!
(Tha dudach Uri air a seideadh le neart).

BHALTER FURST—B' i sin an Fheill! Cha dì chuimhnich a chlann i
'S an iatha 'm fas am fait cho gheal ris a bhainne.
(Tha na caileagan a' tighinn 'n an croithlean, a' giulan na h-Aid air barr an stuib. Tha 'n t-ait' air a lionadh le sluagh).

RUODI—Tha so an Ad ris an robh sinn ri beiceadh.

BAUMGARTEN—Thugaibh 'ur comhairle, ciod a ni sinn leatha?

BHALTER FURST—Och, ochain fhein! Sheas m' ogha-sa fo 'n Aid so!

MORAN GHUTHANNA—Na ribeagan leatha, cuimhneachan an Fhoirneirt!
Cairibh 's an teine i!

BHALTER FURST—Cha chairich, leigibh leatha,
Ma bha i roimh so 'n a h-inneal-foirneirt,
Seasadh i tuilleadh 'm feasd mar fhianuis saorsa!
(Tha 'n luchd-dutheha, fir, mnathan, agus clann, a' suidhe 'nan leth-chuairt, air na cabair agus na sparran briste).

MELCHDAL—So sinn air ar baile-mor, co 'chuireas as sinn!

Le fuigheall cumhachd Aimneart fo ar casan !
Is giormhor mar a chaidh a thoirt gu crich,
A's mar a choimhlionadh gach ni fa leth,
Mar 'bhoidich sinn, mo chompanaich, 's an Rutli !

BHALTER FURST—Cha 'n i so crioch na h-obair, ach a toiseach.
Tha feum a nis air misneach, 's aonachd dhaingean.
Cha chuir an Righ dheth uine, creidibh mise,
Ann an tigh'nn oirnn, gu dioghaltas a dheanamh
Air bais a Mhaoir; a's iadsan a chuibhticheadh,
Iomain air ais, 's an gleidheadh thairis oirnn
Le neart a' chlaidheimh.

MELCHDAL—Thigeadh e mata
Le airm a chumhachd, dh' fhuadaich sinn o'r meadhon
Ar naimhdean, gleidhidh sinn iad an taobh mach dhinn.

RUODI—Cha'n 'eil ach beagan bhealaichean 's an tir
Le 'r cuirp fein duinidh sinn gach bearn 's na creagan.

BAUMGARTEN — Aointe tha sin, ri 'cheil', le cumhnant sior
Roimh armailtean an Righ cha ghabh sinn eagal !

(Raosselmann agus Stauffacher a' tighinn).

RAOSSELMANN (a' coiseachd a stigh)—'S iad so breitheanais uamhasach an Tighearn.

AN LUCHD-DUTHCHA—Ciod a th' air tachairt ?

RAOSSELMANM—Is eagallach an linn
'S an d' fhuair sinn uil' ar crannachur !

BHALTER FURST—Nach innis sibh
Ciod a ghabh aite ? O, tha sibh' an so,
A Mhaighstir Bherner ! Ciod 'ur naigheachd dhuinn ?

AN LUCHD-DUTHCHA—Ciod a th' air tachairt ?

RAOSSELMANN — Cluinnibh, a's gabhaibh iongnadh !

STAUFFACHER—Bho aobhar-eagal mor chaidh ar cur saor ——

RAOSSELMANN—Chaidh mort a dheanamh air an Iompaire.

BHALTER FURST—Ochoin ! Ochoin !
(Tha an sluagh a, cruinneachadh mu 'n cuairt air Stauffacher).

UIRE—Ciod ? Air a mhort ! An t-Iompaire !

MELCHDAL—Neo-choma-ach ! Co uaith a thain' an naigheachd ?

STAUFFACHER—'Sha an naigheachd fior. Thuit Iompair' Ailibeart
Aig Bruaig, le laimh a mhortair 's e Iain Muilear,
Duine cho creideasach 's a th'anns an duthaich
A thug an sgeul d'ar n-ionnsuidh a Schaffhausen.

BHALTER FURST—Co 'ghabh os laimh a leithid de ghniomh agreimheil ;

STAUFFACHER—'S e dh' fhag cho agreimheil i, an duin' a rinn i.
B' e Iain, mac a bhrathar, Diuc na Suabia
ghabh os laimh 's a thug gu crich an gniomh.

MELCHDAL—'Bheil fh os'de ghluais e gu brath'r —athar a mhort ?

STAUFFACHER—Bha 'n t-Iompaire a'g oighreachd 'athar
Air ais uaith, 's e 'g a sireadh air gu
Chaill e a h-uile foighdina, a's chu
Gu'n robh e 'm beachd an Iompair eadh
Air a shon fein, a's eusan a chur dh
Ma dh' fhaoidte, le Ad tasbaig.—
bith
Mar a bha 'chuis sin, dh' fhoagail
A chluas ri comhairle a chompanai
'S an Arm ; le triathan urramach
Eschenbach, Tegerfelden, Hart, a's
Chomh-dhuin' e nach robh cear fhaotinn,
A's ghabh se air fein dioghaltas a

BHALTER FURST—Ach inn's dhuinn gu crioch a' gnothuich.

STAUFFACHER—Mharcaich an Righ Stein gu Baden.
Gu dol thun Rheinfeld, far am bh airt ;
Bha comh-ris Iain agus Leopold,
An da phrionnsa, agus cuideachd f
De thriathan urramach, mar dhio tuinn.
Air dhoibh tigh'nn thun an aisig a
A stigh do'n bata dhrobh na morts
Air dhoigh nach d' fhuair aon eile leanmhuinn
Air bord comh-ris an Righ, a's dh thairis.
An sin, an uair a tha an t-Iompair
A' marcachd troimh na dailtean-fodhpa
Tha seann bhaile mor, a bh' ann 's
An iodhal-aoraidh—Agus sean Du
Mu'n coinneamh, as an do chinn shli chd,
Chuir an Diuc Iain a bhiodag an each.
Shàth Rudolf, Tighearna Phailm, troimh a chorp
'S rinn Tighearn' Eschenbach a spealtadh,
Mar sin, thuit e 'n a fhuil air 'oigh
A's air a mhortadh le a chuideach
Chunnacas leo-san air taobh thall
Mar a chaidh dha, ach bha an abh
Eatorra 's eean ; ni cha robh 'n an
Ach eigheach faoin a chaoidh 's thogail.
Bha sean bhean bhochd aig taobh mh ir,
'N a h-uchd-sa thug an Righ a su

MELCHDAL—Esan leis am bu mhias gu leir,
'S gle thrath a chladhaich e an uai

STAUFFACHER—Tha 'n tir mu 'n cu air gabhail uamhais.
Gach Bealach anns na gliun tha d
Tha h-uile Comuon fa leth a' dion
Sean Zurich fein, dhuin i a geata
Ged 'sheas iad foag ilt' re dei fichead.
Tha, air an darna taobh, oillt roi mortaidh
A'r an taobh eile, geilt roim diogh'itais.

Ban-righinn Hungary a' tighinn,
ɔinn-fugr idh 's ascaoin-eaglais,
ıne dh' ise seirc, no grinneas

'n d'thainig i ; theid i 'gu 'dulan
ɔas a h-athıır air sli chd nam

fein no 'n clann, no clann an

. traillean—tearuinte o 'n Ban-

ıraneach aig an luchairtean,
ɔuisean a charna asda
athar, agus i fein thaileadh
riuchd a' cheitein anns an fhuil

ı bheil forfhais aca air na mort-

Cho luath 's a choimhlion iad an
ich iad
g slighean eadar-dhealaichte,
chairt air a cheile tuilleadh—
, Iai ɔ. air faondra air an t-sliabh.
T—Toradh cha d' fhuair iad ann
ionta.
dhegh'ltas toradh, 's ann air fein
tha mort na sholas da
r a bhlas le grainealachd.
-Buanchd cha 'n fhaigh na mort-
niomh,
sinne toradh beannaichte
nhan glan, a bhuain o 'n droch-

h geilt ro-mhor a thogal dhinn ;
i mor na sa rsa 'nis air tuiteam.
ıt rioghail, air a glanadh, thairis
Hapsburg gu sliochd eiginn eile,
sin, an Rioghachd a suas a coir
h a dheanamh, mar a b' abhaist

ST agus moran eile—An cuala

-Tha Morair Lucsenburg
ɔmeachadh le moran ghuthan.
ST—'S math dhuinne gu 'n do
irinneach
ı Rioghachd. Tha duil a nis ri

-Bidh feum aig an Triath ur air
paidh—
nn o dhiogb'ltas Austria.
ıchd-duth h a' crathadh lamhan
ile le toiliinntinn).
reach le Righ-theachdaire.
CH—Tha 'n so agaibh ceannardan
hcha.
gus moran eile—A Chleirich, ciod
chd ?
CH—Tha 'n so sgriobhadh
achdaire d'ar n-ionnsuidh uile.
ter Furst)—Biisibh an seula 's
ɔ !
ıT (a' leughadh)—" Do dhaoine
Uri, Suits a's Unterbhalden,—
-ghean, agus gach guidhe mai'h,
-righ Ealasaid "——
ANNA—Ach ciod is ciall
ıan-righ, tha a rioghachd thairis ?

BHALTER FURST—" 'An am a deuchainn ghoirt,
's a bron m r bhanntraich,
A's ann an troimh-cheile iuntinn, thairis air
An t-siubhal fuilteach aig a Tighearna,
Tha cuimhne aice air an dilseachd dhluth
A nochdadh riamh o shean le aliochd nan
Suisseach."

MELCHDAL—Cha robh aon chuimhn' aic' oirnn
an àm a solais !

RAOSSELMANN - Tosd ! Leiglbh leinn a chluinn-
tinn !

BHALTER FURST (a' leughaidh)—" Tha i 'cur
earl sa anns a' phobull dhileas
Nach amhairc iad ach leis a' ghrain as modha
Orra-san a bha ciontach de 'n ghniomh agreat-
aidh ;
Agus tha duil a's fiughair aig a' Bhan-righ
Nach faigh na mortairean co-olbreachadh,
No cuideachadh anns na tri duthchanna ;
An aite sin a dheanamh, gu 'm a fearr leo
An toirt a suas gun dail do laimh an Diogh'lt-
air,
A' cuimhneachadh a' chaoimhneis a's an
deadh-ghean
A fhuair iad, riamh o shean, bho Theaghlach
Hapsburg."

MORAN GUTHANNA—Caoimhneas, agus dheadh-
ghean !

STAUFFACHER—Fhuair sinn, gu dearbh, o 'n
athair moran deadh-ghean ;
Ach ciod an cliu a bheirear air a mhac ?
An do chomh-dhaingnich e ar litir-saorsa,
Mar, gus a nis, a rinn gach Iompair' eile ?
An d' thug e ceart-bhreith, a reir coir a's
dlighe,
Gu dion a thoirt do 'n neo-chiontach 'n a aire ?
An d' rinn e uibhir 's eisdeachd ris na Teachd-
airean
A chuir sinn ann an am ar teinn d'a ionnsuidh ?
H-aon de na nithe sin cha d'rinn an Righ,
Uibhir 's a h-aon cha d'rinn e air ar son,
Mur bhi'dh gu'n d'thug sin fein ar coir a mach
Le ar laimh laidir fein, bha esan coma
C'iu bhitheamaid 'an cruaidh-chas no nach
bitheadh.
Buidheachas dha-san ? Cha b' e buidheachas
An siol a chuir e anns na glinn sinn againn.
Sheas e air ionad ard, bha e'n a ch mas
A bhi 'n a athair do gach pupull fuidhe ;
Cha b' fhiu leis sin, bu docha leis saothrach-
adh
Air son a chuideachd fein, a's faodaidh iadsan
Air son an d' oibrich e, a bhi 'g a chaoineadh !

BHALTER FURST—Cha tog sinn iolach thairis
air a thuiteam,
Ni mo a gleidheas sinn an t-olc 'n ar cuimhne
A fhuair sinn aig a laimh ; biodh sin fad'
uainn !
Ach gu n robh sinn e 'dol a ghabhail os laimh
Diogh'ltas a dheanamh air son bas an Righ,
Nach d' rinn, air aon doigh na doigh eile,
maith dhuinn,
No iadsan nach d' rinn cron oirnn a ghour-
leanmhuinn,
Cha 'n 'eil mar fhiachadh oirnn, cha fhre gair
dhuinn.
'S e tabhartas saor-thoil a bheir an gradh,
Fuasglaidh am bas sin beo o dhlighean seanbh
Dhasan cha'n ioc sinn tuilleadh—tha e marbh !

MELCHDAL—Agus ma tha a Ban-righ, apa a seomar
A gul ach gus an ruig a caoidh na Neamhan
Tha 'n sluagh 'n ar lathair, o amghar air an saoradh,
A' togail gaoir an taingealachd an aird—
Iadsan a bhuaineadh deoir, cuireadh iad gradh.
[Tha an Righ-theachdaire a' falbh).

STAUFFACHER (ris an t-sluagh)—C'ait' am bheil Tell? Cha 'n 'eil sinn ceart as 'eugmhais
Fear-oibreachaidh ar saorsa! 'S i a lamh san
A b' fhearr 'n ar measg; 's e a bu ghoirte 'dh' fhuiling.
Thigibh, a chairde, leam gun dail g'a shireadh,
'S gu'n cuir sinn uile failte air gu cridheil.
[Tha iad uile a' falbh.

AN CUIGEAMH EBRANN. AN DARA ROINN.

Taobh a stigh bothan Tell.

Tha grioseach air an teallaich. Tha an dorus 'na sheasamh fosgailte, a toirt sealladh a mach air an duthaich.

Hedbhig, Bhaiter, agus Uilleam.

HEDBHIG—An diugh fhein tha 'ur n-athair a tigh'nn dachaidh.
A chlann, a chlann! tha e beo slan, a's saor,
Agus tha sinne saor, 's a h-uile duine!
A's 's e 'ur n-athair-sa a shaor an duthaich.

BHALTER—Bha mise cuideachd ann, nach robh, a mhathair?
Chaidh saighead m' athar gle dhluth air mo mharbhadh
A's cha do chrith mi roimpe.

HEDBHIG (a' cur a lamhan timchiell air)—Seadh, a laochain,
Chaidh d' aiseag dhomh air ais. An dara uair
Rugadh tu dhomh as ur. Da uair thairis
Chaidh mi ro 'shaothair mathar air do sgath!
Ach tha sin seach—tha sibh 'n 'ur dithis agam.
A's tha 'ur n-athair cuideachd a tighinn an diugh!
(Tha manach a tighinn thun dorus an tighe)

UILLEAM — A mhathair, faicibh—sin agaibh manach bochd!
Cinnteach bidh e ag iarruidh deirce uaibh.

HEDBHIG—Thoir thusa 'stigh e, 's bheir sinn dha deoch-slainte;
Biodh fhios aige gur e so tigh an aoibhneis.
(Tha i a' dol a stigh, agus a tilleadh gu grad le biceir).

UILLEAM (ris a mhanach)—Thigibh a stigh a dhuine mhaith, a's bheir
Mo mhathair deoch dhuibh.

BHALTER—Thigibh, leigibh 'ur sgios
A's theid sibh air 'ur n-adhart neartaichte.

AM MANACH (ag amharc mu 'n cuairt air le sealladh neo-shocair)—
C'ait' am bheil mi? Co 'n duthaich a tha so?

BHALTER — An deachaidh sibh air seachran 'nuair nach fios duibh?
Tha sibh 'am Burglen, ann an duthaich Uri,
Far an teid duine 'stigh do gleann na Schach.

AM MANACH (ri Hedbhig, a tha a' tarruing air ais uaith)—
'Bheil sibh leibh fein! Am bheil 'ur fear a stigh?

HEDBHIG—Tha suil agam a h-uile mion
Ach ciod a th' oirbh a dhuine? Tha
Nach e rud math 'sam bith a thug a
Ach, co air bith sibh, tha sibh
siuthaidibh!

MANACH—Ge mor mo chiocras, agus
air lon,
Cha 'n ith 'a cha 'n ol mi gus an
dhomh——

HEDBHIG—Na bean domh! Cum a
Seas astar bh' uam
Ma tha thu toileach mi 'thoirt
dhuit.

MANACH—Tha mi 'toirt boidean, air do
fhialaidh,
'S air cinn do leanabain chaoimh.
(Tha e a' cur a laimh air ceann
de na balachain).

HEDBHIG—Cum bho na leanaba!
Ciod a tha d' bheachd, a dhuine? C
ach thu!
Cha Manach idir a th, annad? Cha
Fo 'n chomhdach agad-sa a' gabh
nuidh!
No coslas sith cha'n fhaic mi ann a

MANACH—'S mi duin' is truaigh' a th'a
an domhain.

HEDBHIG—Truas laidir duisgidh mi-f
chridhe!
Ach romhad-sa tha mo thaobh-stig
dadh.

BHALTER (a' toirt leum as)—A mha
m' athair!
[Tha e falbh a mach

HEDBHIG—A Tighearna mhaith!
(Air ti dol a mach, ach air ch
gun chomas carachadh).

UILLEAM (a' ruith an deigh Bhalter)—
O, m' athair gaolach!

TELL—So mi air ais, a chlann—
Ach c'aite 'bheil 'ur mathair?

BHALTER—Aig an dorus,
'N a seasamh, cha 'n urrainn i tig
na'a fhaide
Tha i air chrith le eagal agus solas.

TELL—O, Hedbhig, Hedbhig, matha
mo chloinne,
Thug Dia dhomh comhnadh, cha'
eadh comas
Aig Fear-an-fhoirneirt sgaradh a c
(Tha am Manach a' toirt aire dh

HEDBHIG (a lamhan m' a muineal)—
mis' a dh' fhuiling air do shon-sa

TELL—Leig as do chuimhne ain, bi
subhach,
Tha mi air ais 'an so. 'S e so mo b
Tha mi a ris am measg mo chuidea

UILLEAM—Ach, athair, c'ait' am bhei
agaibh?
Cha 'n fhaic mi e.

TELL—Cha 'n fhaic thu tuilleadh e,
Le nithe naomha thu e taisgte sua
Cha tionndaidh mi air damh-s
tuilleadh.

HEDBHIG—O, Tell, Tell!
(Tha Tell a' tarruing air ais, ag
le a lamhan tuiteam).

TELL—'D e 'tha 'cur eagal ort, a Bhe

HEDBHIG—Ciamar—ciamar a thill thu? Am bheil do lamh—
Am *faod* mi beanntuinn rithe?
TELL (gu cridheil, misneachail)—An lamh sin
Rinn i thu fein a dhion, a's shaor i 'n Duthaich!
Gun gheilt gun fhiamh, gu Neamh faodaidh mi 'togail.
(Tha am Manach a' toirt carachadh ealamh, tha e a 'toirt an aire dha).
TELL—Co e am manach so?
HEDBHIG—Chaidh e a m' aire!
Ach bruidhinn thusa ris, tha e 'cur oillt orm.
AM MANACH (a tighinn na 's dluithe)—
An tusa Tell sin tre 'n do thuit am Maor?
TELL—Is mi cha 'n 'eil mi 'dol g' a chleith air duine.
MANACH—Is tusa Tell? Gu fior is i Lamh Dhe
A rinn mo threorachadh fo dhruim do thighe.
TELL (le a shuil g'a thomhas bho mhullach gu bonn)—Cha mhanach thu! Co thu?
AM MANACH—Marbh thus' am Maor
Oir rinn e eucoir ort—Mharbh mise cuideachd
Eean a dhiult dhomh ceartas—Bha e uibhir
'N a namhaid dhuits' agus a bha e dhomhsa,
Cuir mis' an Duthaich saor uaith ——
TELL (a seasamh air ais)—Is tusa—
Uamhasach!—A chlann! a chlann, a stigh sibh!
Bach thus' a stigh cuideachd, a bhean mo ghaoil!
Falbh, falbh! A dhuine thruaigh bu tusa——
HEDH G—Co e? [A' falach aghaidh.
TELL—Na faraid dhiom! Bi falbh! Bi falbh a mach—
Cha 'n fhaod a chlann aon fhacal dheth a chluinntinn.
Tog as an tigh—Na biodh a chridh' agad
'Bhi fuireach fuidh an aon druim-tighe riu-san.
HEDBHIG — Mo chreach! Ciod a tha so! Tuigainneamaid!
[A' falbh leis a' chloinn.
TELL (ris a' Mhanach)—Is tusa Diuc na h-Austria—Is tu! Mharbh thu an t-Iompaire, do thriath, 's Brath'r-t'athar.
DIUC IAIN—Rob e de m' eighreachd mi.
TELL—Brathair de d'athair,
D' Iompaire mharbh thu! Agus tha an talamh
Fathast 'gad ghiulan, tha 'ghrian 'toirt dhuit a solus!
DIUC IAIN—Tell, eisd, m'an dean thu——
TELL—Tha do lamhan a' ruith
Le fuil bhrath'r-d'athar, agus d' Iompaire,
'S tha 'chridh' agad cas a chur ann am thigh glan-sa?
Tha 'chridh' agad d' aodann a leigidh fhaicinn
Do dhuine onorach, a's aoidheachd iarruidh?
DIUC IAIN—Bha flughair agam trocair fhaotainn uait-sa;
Rinn thusa, cuideachd, diogh'ltas air do Namhaid.
TELL—A dhuine thruaigh! Am bheil e comasach
Gu 'n deanadh tu gniomh fuilteach a ghloirmhiann
Le dleasnas athar a cho-mheasgachadh?
An do sheas thusa suas gu fior-ghloine
D'fhardach a dhion? Gu ceann gaolach do leinibh
A theasraiginn? No iadsan 'is dluithe dhuit
Agus 'is ionmhuinn leat, a choimhid teann
Bho'n olc a b' uamhasalche 'b' urrainn tachairt?
Ri Neamh uo lamhan glan tha mi a' togail,
Mo mhallachd bioch ort fein a's air do gniomh—
Dhiol mise fiachan fiorghlan naomh na Daonnachd,
Thug thusa masladh oirre—Cha'n 'eil cuid
Ne pairt agam leat—Mhort thusa d' Fheardaimh,
Rinn mise Luchd-mo-ghaoil a threasraiginn.
DIUC IAIN—Tha thu 'g am fhuadach uait, gun chomh-fhurteachd
Agus as eughmais dochas?
TELL—'S ann a tha agreamh air m' fheoil
Am feadh a tha mi' gleidheadh cainnte riut.
Bi falbh? A's gabh do rathad oilliteil romhad!
Fag m' fhardach, comhnuidh ghlan na Neochiontachd!
DIUC IAIN (a' tionndadh gu falbh)—Mar sin cha 'n urrainn domh 'bhi beo na's fhaide,
Cha mhaith leam fantuinn beo!
TELL—Tha thu 'cur truas orm
Air a shon siu—A Tighearna Neimh? Cho og,
Agus bho shliochd cho uasal, Ogha Rudolf,
Mo Thriath is m' Iompaire, 'na Mhortair truagh
Air theicheadh, 'n a sheasamh air mo stairsneach
Mar dhiol-deirc a 'guidhe—ormsa, duine bochd!
[A' falach aghaidh.
DIUC IAIN — Guilibh ma 's urrainn duibh, cuireadh mo chor
Truas air 'ur n-anam—tha e uamhasach—
Is Prionnsa mi—co-dhiu 's e Prionnsa bh' ann am—
Cha b' urrainn domh mo mhiann mi-fhoighidneach
A cheannsachadh. Bha eud a' cnamh mo chridhe—
Chunnaic mi oige Leopold, mac-brath'r-m'athar,
Cruinte le urram, le fearann air a dhioladh,
Am feadh a ghleidheadh mise, a chomh-aoise,
Mar gu'm bu chileag mi, fo' oideachd thraillseil ——
TELL—A dhuine thruaigh, thuig d' oncle ciod a bh' annad
An uair a dhiult e fearann 's daoine dhuit!
Gliocas a bharail ort dh' fhirinnich thu 'nis
Gu h-oilliteil, tre do ghniomh mi nadurra.
C'ait' an do thrich do chompanaich 'sa chiont?
DIUC IAIN—Tha iad 's gach cearn a dh'ionnsuidh 'n deach am fogradh
Le spiorad diogh'ltais; sealladh dhiubh cha d' fhuair mi,
Bho 'n latha 'thachair gniomh a mhi-fhortain.
TELL—An aithne dhuit gu bheil an lagh an toir ort,
Gu bheil thu air do luibhairt 'suas do d' namhaid,
A's air do thoirmeasg do na cairdean agad?
DIUC IAIN—'S ann air an aobhar sin a tha mi 'seachnadh
A h-uile rathad fosgailte, 's tha geilt orm
Bualadh aig dorus, agus a tha mi 'fu'reach

'S na h-aitean fasail: Tha mi m' thuath dhomh fein,
Air allaban air feadh nam beann. Ma chi mi
Mo choltas fein 's an ailt bheir e orm clisgeadh,
O, ma tha innidh throcair ann bhur oom,
Na daonachd ——
(Tha e a' tuiteam a sios fa 'chomhair).

TELL (a' tionndadh air falbh)—Seas! Seas a suas air do chasan!

DIUC IAIN—Cha seas ach gus an sin sibh lamh bhur comhnadh.

TELL—An urrainn domh do chuideachadh? An urrainn
Peacach air bith combnadh a dheanamh riut?
Ach seas a suas—Ciamar air bith cho sgreamhail
'S a bha do dheanadas—Is duine thu—
Is duine mise mar an ceudna—Eirich,
Cha tionndaidh, Tell, gun chomhfhurtachd air falbh thu—
Ni mi na dh' fhaodas mi, 's na bhios 'am chomas.
(A' leum gu a chasan agus a' deanamh greim air lamh Tell).

DIUC IAIN—O, Tell, bho shlochd eu-dochais shaor thu m' anam!

TELL—Leig as mo lamh—Feumaidh tu teicheadh—An so
Cha ghabh thu folach—Na cuir ri d'chunntas e
Gu'n gabh thu cleith gun fhios, gheibheadh iad brath ort—
C'aite am bheil e 'd inntinn dol? Co'n duthaich
'S am faigh thu fasgadh?

DIUC IAIN—Och, cha'n fhios domh sin!

TELL—Eisd ris an ni 'tha Dha 'cur ann am chridhe—
A stigh do thir na h-Edailt gabh do thurus,
Gu Baile Pheadair; tilg thu fein aig casan
A Phapa, aidich dha do chiont',
Guidh air son trocair 's maitheanas do d' anam.

DIUC IAIN—Nach liubhradh esan mi a suas do'n Diogh'ltair?

TELL—Gabh ciod air bith a ni e mar o 'n Tighearn'.

DIUC IAIN—Ciamar a gheibh mi'n rathad do'n Tir aineoil,
Cha'n aithne dhomh an t-alighe, bhiodh eagal orm
Mi lein aonadh ri cuideachd choigrich air bith.

TELL—Innsidh mi 'n rathad dhuit—thoir aire mhath!
Diridh tu'suas a dh' ionnsuidh abhainn Reuss,
A tha' a taomadh bras a nuas o'n Bheinn.

DIUC IAIN (a' toirt clisgeadh air ais)—
Am feum mi amharc oirre? B iae 'n abhainn
A shruth ri taobh mo ghniomh!

TELL—Air beul slochd creagach
Tha 'n rathad a' ruith, agus tha moran chroisean
Mar chomharan air; chaidh iad sin a thogail
A chumail cuimhne suas air an luchd-turuis
A bh'air an tiodhlacadh fo bheuman-sneachd.

DIUC IAIN—Uamhasan Naduir cha chuir eagal orm
Ma gheibh mi ceannsal thairis air an doruinn
A tha gun tamh a' dusgadh ann am chridhe.

TELL—Aig cois gach crois a tha ri taobh do shlighe
Ai r tuiteam dhuit, le deoir an ionracais.
Aidich do lochd; an sin, ma theid gu math dhuit
Gu ceann slighe an uamhais; mur sput a' bheinn
A h-anail reodht' a nuas thar oir an DROM' ort
Thig thu gu drochaid a tha 'dol 'n a smur.
Mur tuit i sios fo uallach trom do chiont,
Aon uair's gu bheil i tearuint air do chuisobh,
Fosglaidh fa'd comhair dorus mor dubh creige,
R'amh cha do shoillsich solus latha 'stigh air,
Do gleannan soilleir, boidheach, ach na fuirich,
'An dachaidh sin an t-sonais—rach air d' adhart
Le ceuman cabhagach—coir cha'n 'eil agad
Air uine a chur seachad far a bheil sith
A' gabhail comhnuidh.

DIUC IAIN—O, m'fhear-cinnidh uasal,
Rudolf o Hapsburg! Agus 's ann mar so
'Tha d' ogha truagh ri d' Rioghachd-sa a choiseachd!

TELL—Mar sin, gun stad a' direadh, ruigidh tu
Braigheachan ard Bheinn Ghotard far a bheil
Na lochsin sin a tha gu siorruidh lan,
Tha sruithean Neimh 'g an lionadh thun am beul,
Fagaidh tu'n sin beannachd aig tir na Gearmailt,
Sruth aoibhinn eile treoraichidh do cheum
A sios gu tir na h-Fadailt, far am faigh thu
De bhoid a chomh-lionadh gu treibhdireach—

(Tha fonn Sreuda-nam-bo air a chluinntinn air a chluich air aireamh mhor de dhud alchean nan aireach).

Tha mi a' chluinntinn ghuthanna. Bi falbh!

HEDBHIG (a' ruith a stigh)—Tell, c'ait a bheil thu? Tha sin m'athair a' tighinn
Le cuideachd aoibhinn nan comh-bhoinnte uile.

DIUC IAIN (ga fholach fein)—Mo thruaigh mi! Cha 'n fhaod mi 'bhi air m' fhaicinn
A measg na cuideachd aighear.

TELL—A bhean mo ghaoil,
Cuir biadh a's deoch a sios do 'n duine so.
Thoir dha gu saor an rud is fearr a h-agad,
Na caoimhain tiodhlacan a dhoirteadh air
Tha turus fada roimh, 's cha 'n fhaigh e aoidheachd.
Greas ort! Tha iad aig laimh!

HEDBHIG—Ach co a th' ann?

TELL—Na farraid dhiom, 's an uair a dh' fhalbhas e,
Tionndaidh air falbh, nach faic thu c'ion a theid e!

Tha Diuc Iain a dol gu h-ealamh a null far a bheil Tell, ach tha Tell a sneideadh, le a laimh, e dh' fhalbh.

An uair a tha iad nan dithis a dol gu rathaidean eadar-dhealaichte tha an sealladh a caochladh, agus anns

AN T-SEATHAMH ROINN.

Chithear iochdar a' ghlinne mu 'n cuairt air tigh Tell air a lionadh le sluagh, a null a dh' tounsuidh nan cnoc a tha 'g a dhunadh a stigh. Tha tuilleadh luchd-duthcha a' tighinn thairis air drochaid shuas air a bheinn, o 'm bheil an abhainn Schach a' taomadh 'na tuil. Tha Bhalter Furst a' tighinn leis an da bhalachan air laimh aige. Tha Melchdal agus Stauffacher a' tighinn air adhart, tha moran eile a' teannadh diuth air an culaobh. An uair a tha Tell a' tighinn am follais tha gaoir an iol-ich ag eiridh o 'n t-sluagh anns gach cearn.

UILE—Tell! Mile failite! Ar dion thu, 's ar Fear-saoradh!

Am feadh a tha moran diubh a cruinneachadh mu 'n cuairt air Tell, cuid diubh a' cur an lamhan timchioll air, agus cuid eile a' breith air laimh air, tha Rudents agus Berta a' tighinn air adhart. Tha Rudents a' dol gu cairdeil am measg an luchd-duthcha. Tha Berta a' teannachadh Hedbhig r'a cridhe. Am feadh a tha so uile a' dol air adhart tha mac-talla nan creag 's nan gleann a' freagairt a' chiuil a tha na Buachaillean a' cluich air na dudaichean aca. Air dha so uile stad, tha Berta a' seasamh a mach am meadhon an t-sluaigh.

BERTA—A mhuinntir Suits! A Luchd-duthcha 'an co-bhoinn!
An gabh sibh mise anns a' chumhnant leibh?
Mise, a' cheud neach a fhuair faagadh uaibh
'An Tir na Saorsa. Ann bhur lamhan treun
Tha mi a' cur mo choirean. An gabh sibh rium
Mar bhur bean-duthcha, gu mo dhion 's mo chomhnadh?

LUCHD-DUTHA—Sinn a ni sin leir cuid 's le'r beatha!

BERTA—Na seadh!
Mo choir do 'n Fhleasgach og so tha mi 'luibhairt,
Le 'm laimh; Ban Suiseach shaor do dhuine saor?

RUDENTS — Agus tha mise a' cur saor mo thraillean.

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VOLUME XVIII.

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CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic Poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

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Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn ; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile ; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta ; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuidheachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheannamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o 'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma 's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic-speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS, the 18th Volume of the Society's Transactions contains the work of one year and a half—from Midsummer 1891 till the mid-session of 1893 (1st March, 1893). The departure from the rule of publishing an annual volume is temporary: the Society's yearly volumes were getting so far in arrear of the sessions they represented that the Publishing Committee decided to compress the work of three years into two volumes; more especially as a favourable opportunity presented itself in the unusual number of papers of a general character with which they had to deal, and which could be either omitted or condensed. As a consequence, our Volume XIX. will represent the period from 1st March, 1893, to end of session 1893-1894; and it is expected that it will be in the hands of the members by the New-Year time. Our volumes will be then abreast of our sessions. It is right to add that we owe the two maps, which form the only extra feature of the volume, to the courtesy and skill of Mr James Fraser, C.E., Inverness.

Since the preface of our last volume was penned, the Society has lost through death two or three of its most prominent members and contributors. Sheriff Nicolson, most genial and kindliest of men, died on the 13th January, 1893, at the age of 66. His "Gaelic Proverbs and Phrases" forms one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the "Proverbial" philosophy of the world; but, in spite of this and his patriotic Highland poetry, it is felt that he has left nothing commensurate either with his undoubted genius or with the personal impression he left on his contemporaries. Two months later saw the death of Mr Hector Maclean, folklorist and anthropologist. Mr Maclean was J. F. Campbell's right hand man in the collection and publication of the "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," a work of

European fame. He was a constant contributor to our own Transactions—there is a paper of his in this volume—as well as to other learned societies, notably the "Journal of the Anthropological Institute." No better monument could be raised to his memory by the Islay or any other Association than a collected edition of his various and important papers, scattered through periodicals, newspapers, and transactions of learned societies. Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, late of Kilmorack, died this year; he was a Gaelic scholar of the first order, even venturing into the dangerous quagmires of Gaelic philology.

Great activity has been shown in Highland and Gaelic literary work during the last eighteen months, and four or five important publications have appeared. Of Gaelic books published, we have first to mention Rev. Mr Macrury's *Eachdraidh Beatha Chriosd*, a racily written account of the life of Christ. New and much fuller editions of earlier works have been given us in our Bard's (Neil M'Leod's) *Clarsach an Doire* and in *Dain Iain Ghobha* ("Morrison's Poems"); the former has several additional poems, and some well told tales are appended. The latter work, of which this is the first volume, has a laudatory biography by the editor, Mr George Henderson, M.A. The *Comunn Gaidhealach* have issued a first book of "Scottish Gaelic as a Specific Subject," intended for the Scotch Code. All the fore-mentioned works came from Mr Archibald Sinclair's "Celtic Press" in Glasgow, and reflect the highest credit on his patriotism and printing. The second and last volume of Dr Cameron's *Reliquiæ Celticæ* has just been published, and is a much more valuable and varied work than the first. It contains the famous Fernaig MS. (see our Vol. XI., pp. 311-339), the Red Book of Clanranald, and the Edinburgh Turner MS. XIV., a collection of Gaelic poetry—all for the first time printed. The Book of Clanranald is important both as history and as Gaelic, for it represents the learned dialect of the Scottish Gael in the 17th century. The rest of the work contains lectures, translations, and philology: altogether an indispensable work for the Gaelic scholar. Mr Macpherson's "Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the North"—mainly

confined to the history and traditions of Badenoch—has received deservedly high praise from the press of the United Kingdom. Mr Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston" has been justly styled a model parish history; the vast mass of facts, general and local, bearing on the Parish have been well digested into a very readable volume. It remains to add that Mr Mackenzie has published a second edition of his "History of the Mackenzies," re-written, revised, and much enlarged by genealogical and historical facts. The gentlemen who are editors or authors of the last four important volumes referred to are active and valued members of our Society. We regret to record the demise of the *Highland Monthly*, which attempted to do for the Highlands and for Gaelic what the other monthlies do for the general country. The *Celtic Monthly* is flourishing greatly, and has increased its size and literary weight.

The most important event in general Celtic literature is the appearance of Dr Whitley Stokes's Celtic Etymology, unfortunately written in the German language, and styled *Urkeltischer Sprachschaltz.* It is an extremely able work, and its new etymologies are always striking, and often daring. Standish H. O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica* is a collection of mediæval Gaelic (Irish) stories, mostly about the Feinn; no Gaelic student must overlook it. Father Hogan's edition of the "Battle of Ros-na-Ree" contains text, translation, and vocabulary, with other important etymological facts, of an Early Irish tale about Conchobar Mac Nessa. Dr Hyde's "Connaught Songs," with translations, is a work that has been received with deserved favour, and the same may be said of Larminie's "West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances." Dr Joyce has published the first volume of an excellent "History of Ireland," coming down to the 17th century; and we are glad to see that a new edition, with additions, has appeared of his "Celtic Romances" (D. Nutt). In Germany and France much Celtic philological work and textual criticism have appeared, the leading writer being Professor Zimmer. He has also published a work to clear up the difficulties of early British history, entitled *Neunius Vindicatus*, where Neunius is more or less rehabilitated into the position of an

honest historian and a real personage. The *Revue Celtique* still flourishes, and we are glad to say the same of the *Gaelic Journal*, edited by Professor O'Growney, Maynooth.

In regard to general Highland matters, there is little fresh to record. The Clan Societies still flourish vigorously, Glasgow being the head centre. Some of them do good work; they help clansmen newly arrived in town, and some of them offer bursaries for educational purposes. The Clan Macdonald Society has, we understand, even undertaken a Clan History, which has been entrusted to the literary care of Rev. Messrs Macdonald of Kiltarlity and Killearnan. We should like to see more literary work like this undertaken—editions of clan bards, collected works of a member of a clan (as those of Mrs Mackellar and Mr H. Maclean), &c. The Government Grants to the County Councils have been in most cases generously applied to Technical and Secondary Education, and the prospects of Higher Instruction in the Highlands are much brighter than ever.

INVERNESS, June, 1894.

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TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Nineteenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall on 9th July, 1891. As in former years, the platform was decorated in a most artistic way, tartans, shields, claymores, dirks, deers' heads, and other emblems of Highland sport and chivalry being effectively employed. A background of greenery set off the display with excellent effect. On this occasion the platform was occupied by Mr W. S. Roddie's special choir, who sustained with much credit a prominent place in the evening's programme. Provost Ross, who wore the Highland costume, occupied the chair, taking the place of the absent Chief, Mr Fletcher of Rosehaugh. He was supported by Bailie Alex. Mackenzie; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness; Rev. Father Bisset, Strathcrrick; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr Steele, Bank of Scotland; Mr James Barron, editor, *Inverness Courier*; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Ballifeary; Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., Inverness; ex-Bailie Stuart; Brigade-Surgeon Grant, Inverness; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Captain Grant, Northern Bengal Mounted Infantry; and Mr Dun. Mackintosh, secretary of the Society. A telegram was read from Mr Douglas Fletcher of Rosehaugh, Chieftain of the Society, in the following terms:—"Your Chief sends his hearty greetings to the members and friends of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and regrets extremely his unavoidable absence, and hopes that you will have a very pleasant gathering."

While the company was assembling, the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, played a selection of Highland airs in the entrance lobby. Shortly after eight o'clock the proceedings commenced by the Secretary intimating apologies for absence from the following gentlemen among many others:—Mr Douglas Fletcher of Rosehaugh, Chief of the Society; The Mackintosh; Sir Kenneth

Mackenzie of Gairloch ; Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden ; Mr Baillie of Dochfour; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr L. Macdonald of Skaebost; Professor Mackinnon; Professor Blackie; Mr Mackenzie of Farr; Colonel Murray, Inverness; Major Jackson of Swordale; Dr Norman Macleod; Dr Stewart, Nether-Lochaber; Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole; Mr Peter Burgess; Mr A. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie; &c., &c.

The Chairman, in his opening remarks, said he regretted the absence of Mr Fletcher of Rosehaugh, Chief of the Society, who would, in due course, have filled the chair. Mr Fletcher, he said, had written expressing his warm interest in the Society, and proving his sincerity by enclosing a cheque for £25. Mr Fletcher, at the same time, suggested that something might be done by the Society in the way of putting upon permanent record the lives and works of the Gaelic writers of the present century. It appeared to him (the Provost) that there was ample scope for their enthusiastic literary friends to give an account of these, and their works would be a practical history of the Gaelic literature of their times. Unfortunately Gaelic publications and literature did not always pay publisher or author. For example, an excellent series of Gaelic folk-lore and folk-tales was being published in London, by Mr David Nutt, the authors being two well-known Gaelic scholars, Revs. Mr Macinnes and Mr Macdougall, and they were certainly equal in importance and interest to Campbell's West Highland Tales, yet the publishers had only sold 120 copies of the second volume, although it had been out for a year. That was not as it should be. Such donations as Mr Fletcher's would come in very conveniently, and might help to stimulate both author and buyer. The Provost then congratulated the Society on its twentieth anniversary, and said that next year it would attain its majority. He was sure they wished the kindred Society that was being got up in Oban all success, and they hoped that it may be able to show as good a record at the end of twenty years as the Gaelic Society of Inverness had done. The volumes issued by their Society were most valuable and interesting, and excited the surprise and admiration of their south-country neighbours; in fact, so far as he knew, as the outcome of a provincial Society, they were second to none. If time permitted, he could mention many instances in which he had occasion to refer for information their leading men, both in Church and in State, to the volumes of the Gaelic Society and to the Field Club Transactions, and they had expressed their delight and surprise at the work done. Possibly they might have their musical and poetical department on a more

practical footing, and have regular competitions on the occasion of the annual gathering, but it was quite an open question, whether by multiplying their aims and objects—federating with other Societies, taking up home-made cloths and other native industries, and such like arrangements—they should not injure the standing which the Society had gained as a fountain of literary and scholastic matter. He was not one who would like to see their local Society merged into a larger or even into a national one. He believed their chief interest and claim to help was that they were local and were doing local work, in respect that they dealt exclusively with Highland lore. It would be well if that were so recognised in their museums and like institutions. They could best deal with local matter, and deal with it more exhaustively than strangers could. In that way there would be a double interest for visitors, who could see what was in their native Highlands.

A most interesting and thoroughly Highland musical programme was gone through, and great credit is due to Mr Roddie's select choir for their excellent rendering of the different songs. One of the musical gems of the evening, "Mackintosh's Lament," was sung by Miss Kate Fraser, with humming accompaniment by the choir. This was the first time Cumha Mhic-an-Toisich has been sung in Inverness to this artful arrangement of the music.

At the end of the first part of the programme, the Rev. Mr Macgregor, Farr (now of Kilmore, Argyleshire), delivered a Gaelic address as follows:—

A Phrobhaist Inbhirnis, agus uaislean gu leir,—Tha mi gle chinnteach nach ruig mi a leas maitheanas iarraidh air son seasamh a mach a labhairt ribhse ann an cainnt mo mhathar. Theagamh gum bheil dream 'nur measg aig am bheil a Bheurla ni's deise, no feudaidh e bhi gum bheil iad an so aig nach eil facal idir 'nan ceann ach cainnt nan Sasunnach. Gheibh sinn a Bheurla daonnan, ach an uair is aill leinn labhairt a mach o'n chridhe, is eiginn do m' leithid-se dol air ar n-ais gus na briathran a bha air an labhairt air feadh Albainn gu leir, anns na laithean 's an tug 'ur n-aithrichean dubhlan do gach namhaid, co dhiubh thigeadh iad a Sasunn 'san airde Deas, no a Lochlunn 's an airde 'n Ear. Uime sin thugaibh eisdeachd dhomh car uine bhig, gus an innis mi mo sgeul. Anns a cheud dol a mach tha agam ri mor bhuidheachas a thoirt do'n Chomunn Gaidhealach, air son a chuireadh a thug iad dhomh, air son tighinn 'nur measg aig an am so. Cha b'e so a cheud uair a chuir iad fios orm, ged nach do cheadaich gnothuichean eile leam a bhi a lathair gus a nis. Ged is e so mo cheud

shealladh do'n Chomunn, tha dochas agam air barrachd eolais a chur orra. Bha e riamh 'na thoil inntinn dhomh sgriob a thoirt do phriomh bhaile na h-airde Tuaith, far am bheil daoine co fialaidh, 's co cairdeil, 's co cneasda 's nach iarainn cuideachd a b'fhearr re mo laithean, ged a bu bheo mi gu aois na h-iolaire no aois a chrainn daraich. B'e sin a bha a m'bheachd, 's mi a togail orm a crioch mu thuath Chataoibh, aig teis meadhoin an t-Samhraidh aluinn, le run a bhi 'nur measg air an fheasgar so. Air dhomh a bhi air mo tharruinn air cul an eich iaruinn, le luathas na gaoithe, bha mi a' toirt oidhirp air briathran a chur an ordugh air son labhairt ribh an nochd, 's cha robh mi ach goirid gus am fhaic a mi nach b' urrainn dhomh cearb a dheanadh nuair a sheasainn air beulthaobh muinntir mo dhuthcha. 'Nuair a bhiodh ur n'aithrichean o shean a' dol air cheilidh air feadh tighean nan coimhearsnach, cha bhiodh dith cainnte orra. Eadar naigheachdan na duthcha, agus orain nam Bard, agus toimhseachain 's ceisdean cruaidhe bhiodh gu leoir aca ri radh, 's tha mi gun teagamh nach teirgeadh aobhar cridhealais dhuinne ged a shuidheamaid an so gu da uair dheug do'n oidhche, no gu moch am maireach. Cha 'n eil fhios c'uin a sguireamaid do labhairt na'n rachamaid gu sgeul a dheanamh air boidhchead na duthcha 'san d'fhuair sinn ar breth 's ar arach. Shiubhail mise neart do'n chuan, 's chan fhaca mi fathast aon tir a chuirinn an coimeas ri mo thir fein. Chi sinn anns a Ghaidhealtachd na h-uile ni a chuireas sgiamh air an talamh, agus na h-uile, ni air am bu mhiann leis na Baird a bhi a' deanamh rainn. Seallaibh air na beanntan, air Nibheis 's air Cruachan, 's air Laoimein, 's air moran eile. Tha iad sin nan seasamh mar fhianuisean air gach gniomh mor a thachair mu'n cuairt orra o na chaidh an saoghal a chruthachadh. Nach ciatach an sealladh a ta iad a' cur air an tir? Is mor 's is laidir 's is daingean iad, a seasamh mar a sheas na Gaidhil iad fein a shean, gu dian agus gu misneachail an aghaidh gach nàmhaid. Rachamaid a sios gu ruig an Srath, agas ciod a chithear leinn? Tha againn an sin na h-aimhnichean mora, 's na sruthanna beaga, nan dian ruith o mheasg an fhraoich, gu ruig an comhnard, agus o'n chomhnard gu ruig an cuan. Is boidheach na tuiltean uisge, 's iad nan ruith 's nan leum 's nan cabhaig, mar gum biodh iad a ruith reise a dh' ionnsuidh na tragha. Seadh agus is boidheach na coilltean gorm' a ta a fas air na bruaichean. Chi mi an giubhas agus an darach, 's an calltuinn, 's an seileach ag ciridh a suas gu boidheach 's gu lurach. Cuiridh iad sin maise air ar beul gach uair a thogas sinn a suas ar suilean a chum nam beann. Cha bheag an dreach a chuireas am fraoch fein

air na sleibhtean an uair a thig e fo bhlath mu Lunastal, 'sa bhios am monadh mur gum biodh e a lasadh le teine. Thuganaid suil a dh'ionnsuidh na h airde an Iar. Chi sinn an sin na h-eilcinean. Chi sinn Muile nam Mor bheann, agus I Chaluim Chille, far an deachaidh an Soisgeul a theagasg air a cheud tarruinn ann an Albainn. Chi sinn Eilein a Cheo, no Eilein nan Sgiath, an t Eilein Sgiathanach, agus a ris an t-Eilein Fada, agus Eilein an fhraoich an Leothas, a sineadh fad air falbh a dh'ionnsuidh an airde Tuaith. Tha'n cuan a' briseadh mun cuairt orra, mur chuan do ghloinn air a mheasgadh le teine, ni's dealraich na uile sheudan na talmhainn so air an caradh mu thimchioll crun na Ban-righinn Mur eil gu leoir agaibh fathast thugaibh suil air na criochan a ta ri fhaicinn fa chomhair nan eilein. Sin far am bheil na lochanna a ruith a stigh aig bun nam beann, far am bheil na machraichean faoilidh anns am bi na treudan ag ionaltradh fa ur dhealt a cheitein mu'n eirich a ghrian. Agus am fear nach faic co fuealta 's a ta na nithean sin gu leir, 'se their mi nach eil-suil 'na cheann no tuigse na chridhe. Sin agaibh ma ta, an duthaich anns an. bheil againn ur tamh. Co as a thainig sinn fein, agus co d'am buin sinn? Tha eachdraidh nan Gaidheal a' dol gu ruig linntean fad' o shean, agus tha cunntas againn air ar sinnsirean mun deachaidh bunaitean na Roimh a leagail, agus mun robh duine beo a' gabhail tamh 's an fhearann Bhreatunnach. 'S coltach gum b' ann o mheadhon na h-Asia chaidh an saoghal gu leir a lionadh le sluagh. Feudar a bhi cinnteach gun robh na Gaidhil ann measg a cheud fheadhainn a chaidh a mach, 'nuair a bha an sluagh a fas lionmhor, agus an tir a fas ro chumhann. Ghabh iad an turus a dh'ionnsuidh na h-airde 'n Iar sior dol air an aghaidh gus am faighead iad aite taimh a bhiodh freagrach, agus mu dheireadh thug iad a mach criochan na h-airde 'n Iar do'n Roinn Eorpa. As a sin, thainig iad 'nan curaichean thairis air a Chaolas Shasunnaich, agus dh'aitich iad Breatunn gu leir. Air dhaibh an sin a bhi air an roinn nan tri earannan, chaidh cuid do Uels, agus cuid do Eirinn, thainig cuid eile do cheann Tuaith Albainn, agus b'iad sin na fior shinnsirean o'n tainig sinne. Seadh, agus is iomadh cogadh mor a bha aca riamh ri chur, air son greim a chumail air tir nam beann. Is e facal suaicheantais nan Leodach, "Cum an greim a gheibh thu," agus tha mi an duil gum bu mhath a fhreagaireadh e do na Gaidhil uile. Thainig naimhdean nan aghaidh an toiseach as an Roimh. Bha iompaireachd na Roimh a' tagradh coir air an t saoghal gu leir, ach feuch an tug na Romanaich buaidh air luchd aiteachaidh nan gleann. Cha tug, s cha mho thug na Sasunnaich no na Lochlunnaich, ged a bu tric a thug iad an oidhirp. Tha iomadh carn ri fhaicinn air feadh na

Gaidhealtachd, a ta a' comharrachadh nan aitean far an do thuit colainnean nan namhaid cein sin, do bhrigh 's nach leigeadh ur n-aithrichtean leo sealbh a ghabhail. Cha deachaidh na Gaidhill riamh fathast a chur fo smachd coigrich, 's tha mi an dochas nach teid gu brath. Ach coma co dhiubh. Chan eil an sin ach seann naigheachdan a bhuineas do na laithean a dh'fhalbh. Cha'n ionann cor na Gaidhealtachd an diugh 's mar a bha i 'nuair a bhiodh na fineachan a' dol a mach gu cath fo bhratach nan Ceanna-cinnidh. Tha na Gaidhil air sgoileadh gu uile chriochan na talmhainn, 's tha iad air tighinn gu ard inbhe anns gach aite far an deachaidh iad. Faicibh an Domhnullach a bha na phriomh uachdaran air an fhearann Bhreatunnach ann an America. Sin far an robh oganach Catach, a chuir moran urraim air an aite as an d'thainig e. Cha'n 'eil ach goirid o na thainig a chrioch air, 's b' fhearr gun robh tuille ann coltach ris. 'S mor am beud gum bheil co beag suim air a ghabhail do nithean Gaidhealach 'n ar measg. Tha moran 'n ar measg a' deanamh di-chuimhne air gnathaichean air n-aithrichean, 's chan eil mi cinnteach idir gur ann ni's fearr a ta iad a' deanamh. A reir coltais tha daoine ann a ta co proiseil 's gum bheil iad a deanamh tair air a Ghaidhlig mar chainnt shuaraich neo-fhasanda. Seadh, tha gu leoir ann air feadh na Gaidhealtachd aig am bheil gu leoir do Ghaidhlig, agus a ta a'cumail a mach nach eil facal dhi nan ceann. Tha iad g'am brath fein gun taing. 'S iomadh uair a rinn mi gaire a' cluinntinn fear no te ag radh, 's Bheurla, "Chan eil Gaidhlig agam." Nam biodh iad ag innseadh na firinn 's e theireadh iad, "Cha'n aithne dhomh a Ghaidhlig," do bhrigh 's gur e sin an car a bhios na Sasunnaich a' cur air a chainnt aca fein. A nis, am feadh 's a tha daoine cho aineolach ri so, tha e feumail gun rachadh ni eiginn a dheanamh a chum 's nach rachadh di chuimhne gu leir a dheanadh air cainnt na h-airde Tuath. 'S e so is crioch araidh do'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach aig Inbhirnis. Is freagarrach gum biodh priomh bhaile na Gaidhealtachd air thoiseach 'sa ghniomh. Rinn muinntir Inbhirnis aon rud a bha glic, 'nuair a thug iad gairm do'n Ollamh Macleoid gu tighinn an aite an Domhnullaich. Cha'n e na h-uile fear a lionas boineid an Domhnullaich, ach mu tha fear idir ann, 's e sin Tormoid, Gaidheal mor, laidir, foghainteach; saoghal 's slainte gum robh aige re morain laithean. Gu ma fada beo e, 's ceo as a thigh. 'S am dhomh sgur. Moran taing dhuibh air son co foighidneach 's a dh'isd sibh rium. Gabhaibh air 'ur n-aghaidh a mhuinntir a Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich. Cumaibh cuimhne air na Baird, 's air a phiob mhoir, 's air na ceilidhean, 's air a chamanachd, agus seasaibh guallainn ri guallainn a dh-aindeoin co theireadh e.

At the close the Chairman moved a vote of thanks to Mr Roddie and his choir, whom he complimented highly upon their performance, also the Rev. Mr Macgregor for his excellent Gaelic address.

Mr Mackay, solicitor, proposed a vote of thanks to Provost Ross for presiding, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" terminated one of the most enjoyable and successful assemblies that the Society have ever had.

The pianoforte accompaniments were tastefully supplied by Miss C. Fraser, Church Street, and the proceedings were appropriately diversified by an excellent selection of pipe music from the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, assisted by Pipe-Major Ferguson, of the Highland Rifle Volunteers.

The following poem was written by Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh, bard to the Society, for the occasion :—

COINNEAMH BLIADHNAIL COMUNN GAELIG INBHIRNIS.

Failt' air clann nan Gaidheal cliutach,
'Tha cruinn an nochd 'n an comunn muirneach,
A sheasamh cànan aosd' ar duthcha,
A sheinn ar baird ;
'S a h-eachdraidh bhuan nach teid a mhuchadh
'An gloir nan dan.

Cho fad 's a shiubhleas uillt troimh ghleanntan,
'S a sheideas gaothan ris na beanntan,
Bidh cainnt 'us ceol nan gaisgeach greannmhor
A dion ar tir ;
A' taisbeanadh an cliu gun ghanntar
Bho linn gu linn.

A' chainnt a labhradh le ar sinnsir,
'S dh' fhag iad againne mar dhileab,
Tha sibhs' an nochd gu duineil dileas,
Mar 'bu choir dhuibh ;
'G a nearteachadh 'n 'ur Baile rioghail
Le deadh eolas.

'S i 'labhair Oisean, Fionn, 'us Diarmad,
'S a dhuisgeadh spiorad treun 'n an iarmad,
A sheasadh daingean mar an t-iarunn,
Ri uchd an namh ;
'S an talla chiuil gu baintidh siochail,
Le iochd is baigh.

Altrumaibh le beus gun truailleadh,
Gach ni 'tha maiseach agus uasal,
Le spiorad rioghail mar 'bu dual dhuibh,
Bho bhur sinnsir;
'S cainnt bhur mathar cumaibh suas i,
Gun a diobradh.

Cuimhnichibh an stoc bho 'n d' fhas sibh,
'S air an eachdraidh bhuan a dh' fhag iad,
Air an gniomharan neo-bhasmhor,
'S air an euchdan;
A cheannaich saorsa tir nan ardbheann
Le 'n cuid chreuchdan.

18th NOVEMBER, 1891.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date, being the first meeting for Session 1891-92. After the nomination of a number of gentlemen for membership, and the arranging of some business in connection with the annual dinner, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Mr Matheson, teacher, Easdale, entitled—"The apparitions and ghosts of the Isle of Skye." Mr Matheson's paper was as follows:—

THE GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS OF THE ISLE OF SKYE.

Considering the number of able writers and accomplished critics among the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, it is with feelings very nearly akin to timidity that I approach my subject, that of the Ghosts of Skye—feelings arising not from any fear of the ghosts themselves, though it is a subject well calculated to excite fear, but from an inward consciousness of many shortcomings hindering the paper from being more worthy of the occasion, and making it worthy of a place among the records of the Society, and ensuring for it that patient hearing and unsparing criticism so beneficial to both writers and readers. I will, however, do my best for the sake of old Skye, and

Air son na tim a bh'ann bho shean
Air son na tim bho chian O'.

But even then I fear it will fall far short of a real Skye Old Ceilidh, where many a time and oft patriarchal crofters of the old school considered it their chief delight

> Around their fire an evening group to draw,
> And tell of all they heard and all they saw.

I shall not attempt anything in the shape of a learned or scholarly treatment of the subject, but will confine myself to giving specimens of such ghost stories as I remember in the homely style in which they are related in Skye by people often without a particle of education, but whose memories are regular treasure-houses of old world stories and legends, and which they can, as a rule, deliver with good effect, and with the utmost confidence in the correctness of their version. I feel sure that the members of your Society remember many similar stories, and I would suggest that they supplement this paper by relating, Ceilidh-wise, each man a story after the reading of this paper.

I at first thought of making it embrace all phases of superstition in Skye, but I find the subject so inexhaustible that I must confine myself to one phase of it, namely, the ghosts and apparitions, and even that phase I find capable of sub-division into various branches, for, on examining the subject, I find there are gentle, ethereal, inoffensive ghosts, goody-goody ghosts, always bent on some mission of love, charity, or justice There are ghosts under some inexorable spell of distress that visit the scenes of their former state of mortality in search of some Christian mortal with a courage that can stand the test of interviewing and being interviewed by a ghost.

> "Speak till and hear what it confest,
> And send a wandering soul to rest."

There are malevolent ghosts, retributive and violent, with a will and power to inflict the most convincing cudgelling if the occasion demands it; and there are various and innumerable apparitions of the devil in bodily form, cloven-footed, saucer-eyed, and nostrils breathing fire; a pugnacious pair of horns, and what a length of tail behind, and then its hue! Whoever saw so fine a blue, or green, or black, white, for not more varying are the ever changing hues of the chameleon, than are the different versions of the appearance of Old Nick in old Skye. Now he appears driving a carriage and six black horses through the air; now as a black parson preaching mock sermons to an assembly of witches, or he assumes the *role* of dominie and gives his witch pupils uncanny lessons on some dread-

ful mystifications of the Black Art, or he appears as a well-dressed gentleman in black, a decrepit old man, a labourer, or fisherman, but an accident always betrays his cloven hoof, which always distinguishes him in whatever guise he appears, and then he vanishes in flames of fire. Sometimes, when he wants to frighten the lieges, he is accompanied by infernal and hideous howling and with the noise of clanking of irons, as if all the ship cables in existence were dangling at his heels. As a finely dressed gentleman he is said to have joined a party playing at cards in Uig Inn late one Saturday night. The party continued playing well on into Sunday morning, when one of the cards happening to drop on to the floor, the party who lifted it was horrified to find he was playing with the cloven-footed gentleman; and on raising the alarm his satanic majesty disappeared through the roof amidst flames of fire. How is it the devil always *ascends* out of sight, seeing his satanic majesty is supposed to live "down, down, below?" A Skye clergyman of these long ago olden times, the famous Rev. Mr Espol of Snizort and Scorribreck, the latter place then under crofters—this rev. gentleman, who was as famous for his feats of strength as he was for his preaching, once had a servant girl who entered into compact with the devil for certain girlish considerations, by which all her desires were to be realised. The bargain was that the gentleman in black, for as such he always appeared to her, was to claim her as his own at the end of a year and a day. True to his word on the appointed day he presented himself at the minister's manse to claim the girl. The girl, in her perplexity, sought counsel of the minister, and told him the whole story, while the gentleman in black was kept waiting in another room in which was a lighted candle, but he urged that his time was precious and that the girl must accompany him without further delay. At the minister's request, she begged to be allowed to stay till the candle had burnt out. This being agreed to, the minister immediately blew out the candle, informing the gentleman that he would take care that that particular candle would never burn out. The devil, thereupon, made his usual exit. As is only natural to suppose, his sable majesty now viewed his reverence with greater hatred and animosity than ever, and longed for some favoured opportunity of punishing him for cheating him of his victim. He had not long to wait. His reverence had to preach both at Snizort and Scorribreck; and, on one occasion, the night being fine, with moonlight, he started to cross the wild range of hills separating the two places, about the middle of the night. When he had reached one of the wildest and

gloomiest parts of these mountain passes, he was startled by all the noises most hideous to conceive, accompanied by shouting and clanking of chains sufficent to rend the very rocks, and as if all the demons together were let loose in a crowd, and were jostling each other in their eagerness to catch him. Being strong and swift of foot he betook himself to flight, with his best foot forward.

He stayed not for brake,
He stopped not for stone.

Never before, since the famous chase of Daorghlass after the fairy Smith of Dundiarg, also in the same locality, was seen such champion running. Knowing that a running stream they "daurna" pass, and this being on before him, he felt confident of victory.

He ran a race and won it, too,
For he got first to town.

That is to say to his house, which was far too sacred a spot for any imp of darkness to intrude into it; besides, he had placed the waters of Rigg between himself and the enemy, and knew he was safe. This and the surrounding districts are known by the common name of "Brae-an-tu-Shaer" (upper Eastside), Skye, and it certainly seems to be a favourite haunt of Old Nick, for we have yet another story of his daring there. In these grand old times the people used to catch great numbers of salmon on the lochs and rivers, no man forbidding them. They repaired to the scene of operations as early as possible, and as the first arrivals had the best chances, each one tried to be the first on the ground. On one occasion, before the Sabbath had quite expired, one of the fishers had already arrived at the loch and was surprised to see some one there before him. In the darkness he took him for one of his neighbours, especially on hearing himself addressed by name, thus, "Alasdair Mhor a mhic Eain Laidir, cc 's fhearr leat a bhi gaddagh na taoghladh." On nearer approach he smelt something uncanny about the stranger, but, without betraying any apprehension, he at once answered, "'S fhearr leam a bhi gaddagh." The stranger then began landing heaps upon heaps of fish all of the most magnificent proportion and continued without interruption to do so until startled by the crowing of a neighbouring cock. He took his departure amidst much noise and confusion, and addressing his brother in trade at parting, said, "Alasdair Mhor a Mhic Eain Laidir, mar a biodh mar a tharladh b'fhada do chuimhne's air an taoghladh."

A story is told about one of the good old Lairds of Tota Roam who, during his life, had been over-indulgent towards his son and

heir, to the effect that after his death his ghost used to pay stern visits of correction to the said son and pay him a hundred fold the stripes neglected to be imparted in this world. Instances of unfriendly or malicious actions by Skye ghosts could be multiplied without number. Every Skyeman is acquainted with the belief in phantom funeral processions. These ghost funerals precede the actual funeral, and follow the same route afterwards taken by a real funeral. I have myself heard people express their belief in these ghost processions—saying it was not advisable to walk in the centre of the road at night in case a "funeral" might happen to be passing, as in that case they might be thrown down and trampled upon.

Of ghosts condemned to walk the shades seeking rest, but finding none because their bodies had not received Christian burial, to inform upon their murderers and reveal where they had hid away their bodies, no end of stories could be told. We give the following because it can be most easily verified by legions of living witnesses between Staffin and Portree, and the locality, in the immediate neighbourhood of Quirang, is known to almost everybody, and especially because the story is *believed* in as a *true* ghost story and on account of the truthful and sensible people who have seen and heard things there at uncanny hours of the night. The exact scene of these ghost appearances is a wild solitary mountain torrent at the back of Quirang, where it forms an ugly black-looking sort of waterfall, at a spot where the Uig and Quirang coach road passes and where the burn is crossed by a small wooden bridge. It is believed that a foul murder was here committed at one time, and the body was hid in the midst of the dark and uninviting moor so largely prevailing here. A respectable pedlar, who had been selling goods in various parts of Skye from a large pack which he carried on his back, is said to have been followed while crossing from Staffin to Uig; and was murdered on this spot, for the sake of his money and his pack; and that the place was ever after haunted by his ghost. That something has been seen and heard at this spot by a number of people does not admit of any doubt, and, though most of them entertained a dread of at all referring to the subject, an honest Staffin crofter gave a detailed account of his adventures. He described the ghost as a well built man, wanting one arm, wearing a "pilot cloth" jacket, and with a face like "a basin full of blood" (an expression used to describe a *very* red-coloured face). He started up beside him, and whether he walked, or ran, or stood still, there the ghost was—always directly opposite him, and wearing a painfully

anxious look, as of a man dying to impart some important communication, but which, by the inexorable decrees of fate, he as a ghost was unable to do, until first spoken to by a mortal man. Unfortunately, at the moment our friend lacked the necessary courage, and, indeed, the fact is little to be wondered at. He was alone in the midst of the wilderness, and quite at the mercy of an unearthly ghost. Between him and his home lay the long range of the Quirang hills and at least a distance of a matter of six miles of a lone and solitary road. To return to Uig was out of the question, for in that case he would have to cross the abode of the ghost a second time, and that was not to be for a moment thought of. How he got home he never exactly knew, but that he did get home more dead than alive is matter of history. The universality of the belief in the ghost of "Airigh an Essain" (the name of the burn) often led to laughable mistakes. For example, an intelligent and worthy Staffin merchant (still living), having been to meet the steamer at Uig, returned rather late, with a cart load of goods. On approaching Airigh an Essain, wow, but he saw an unco sight, a sight more than sufficient to make the strongest-nerved hair stand on end, for there in front of him, marching with military precision backward and forward on the bridge of Airigh an Essain, was a man of collosal stature in the very spot where the ghost was wont to appear. He was unwilling to turn back to Uig with his tired horse and loaded cart, but to proceed and face the powers of darkness seemed even more undesirable. In his perplexity he ventured a timid shout of "Who's there?" (co th'an sin). "Tl a mise," came the hollow, really ghost-like reply of poor "Tearlach Mhaligir," a poor wandering half-witted neighbour of his own. Tearlach was often afterwards questioned as to what Mr So and-So said to him in reply, and his answer always was "nam bu thig an latha bhitheas thu rithist ann." The poor ghost of Airigh an Essain seems to have met a charitable Christian of courage at last, for he is said to have described his murderer as wearing a red coloured vest and as living in a house whose door was towards the north, an arrangement so uncommon in this part of Skye, owing to the extreme coldness of the north wind, that it might easily in our day furnish damaging circumstantial evidence if it did not happen to be uncanny information supplied by a ghost of uncertain temperament, and who might utterly collapse, if not altogether disappear under the fire of cross-examination.

Lochan nan Ceann, near the road leading to Cuidrach House, not far from Uig, is another favourite ghost-haunted spot, accounted for by the fact that here also some foul tragedy was once enacted.

Duntulm Castle, the then residence of the Lords of the Isles, was the scene of many festivities and gatherings of the clans. A clansman famous for his fabulous feats of strength and gigantic appearance, of the name of Taog Mor MacCuinn, on leaving Duntulm for his home in the neighbourhood of the Cuchullin Hills, was accompanied by a piper from Duntulm. While passing Tobar-nan-Ceann, Taog knelt down to drink out of the well and while doing so the other, moved either by jealousy or revenge, quickly drawing his sword, struck off Taog Mor's head at one blow, and as the head after being severed from the body rolled down the brae, it continued audibly repeating the words "Ab, ab, ab." It is satisfactory to be told that Lord Macdonald had the murderer instantly apprehended and hanged, but the ghost of one or other of them has continued to haunt the spot ever after.

Of ghosts proper there is no end to the number or variety to be found in some odd old-fashioned spots in the Isle of Skye. The most dreaded, because most given to merciless assaults upon inoffensive and defenceless victims, is the ghost that pommels his victim.

The following as a good instance of this malicious or punishment-inflicting ghost may be mentioned :—

There lived in a lonely cottage at Kilmaluag, near Duntulm, Skye, an aged woman and her daughter, at a time when the credulous superstitions obtained readier credence than now. The infirmities of old age at last confined the old dame to her bed ; and it was apparent to all that her end was not far off. Her daughter was in great distress, and being much attached to her mother, thought it would even give her pleasure to receive communications from her mother from the other world, and, on mentioning this, her mother promised, that if in the power of the departed, she would comply with her request. Shortly after the woman died, and the daughter continued to live alone in the house. One evening, according to her wont, as she sat in the twilight musing on the changes and vicissitudes of human life, she was startled to perceive the apparition of her departed mother in the apartment, and presently to find herself seized hold of and beaten all over her body within an inch of her last gasp. This was repeated every night ; and the elders and pious men of the place had to come and watch with her, occupying the time in reading and praying. And when the apparition appeared at the usual time, one of the "men," addressing it in the name of God, found out that the cause of this unearthly visitation was the daughter's unnatural request to her before she died, and being thus spoken to by mortal

man she was unable to trouble the world further by ghostly visits. Sometimes the maliciously inclined ghost remains invisible while visiting these expressions of his displeasure upon unoffending mortals. This often happens in the case of haunted houses. The inmates are pelted and plagued by every manner of missile, without knowing how or by whom, and instances are on record in which clever rogues attempted, sometimes sucessfully, to play the ghost after this fashion, an instance being cleverly detected in Glendale, in Skye, a few years ago. It happened that in a certain township one of these worthy crofter tenants had the misfortune to lose his wife, but he soon consoled himself by marrying again. Two grown up daughters, to whom this new arrangement was distasteful, thought it would be a good idea to play the *role* of the ghost of their mother. Accordingly, each night after the family had retired to bed, the newly-married pair found themselves pelted and molested, while strange noises were heard all over the house. In utter despair, and almost dying with fright, the elders were sent for, but the ghosts did not show any inclination of yielding to the holy influence of praise and prayer. On the contrary, while engaged in these good offices, the "men" were vigorously pelted with clods, &c., and so material did the blows feel that they arrived at the conclusion that the ghosts in the present instance were not the genuine article, and, accordingly, they discontinued their visits. A party of Glendale lads volunteered to exorcise the ghosts in this instance, and on entering upon their vigil they resolved to watch as well as pray, with the result that the girls were caught red-handed in the very act. The individuals were Ann Bruce, Nighean Iain Mhic Challum Chuinn, Somherle Macavurich Bhain, Catrionna Bheag na Ceapannaich, all natives, and some at least, I hope, still living, as the ghost incident could not be much further back than about 1840. Surely after that no one will ever have the audacity to deny the existence of ghosts. The ghosts belong to a very ancient family, and were seen and believed in from time immemorial. The ghost of Samuel appeared at the bidding of the Witch of Endor. Modern ghosts are more given to command than obey. The great Addison believed in them, for he makes some say in answer to an enquiry as to how ghosts can get into houses with closed doors :—" Why, look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into an augur hole ; he'll whisk ye through a key-hole without so much as jostling against one of the wards." Shakespere gives us ghost pictures in words, and makes each in their

time play many parts. The celebrated Gay believed in them, for he tells us that—

> The rooms ihaunted been by many a sprite,
> Some say they hear the gingling of the chains,
> And some hath heard the psautries strains,
> At midnight some the heedless (headless) horse imeet,
> And oather things Fayr Elfin and Elfe.

2nd DECEMBER, 1891.

The following gentlemen were elected members at this meeting, viz. :—Honorary members—Mr Alister Macdonell, 59 Nevern Square, London, S.W.; and Mr George Macpherson, 8 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A. Ordinary nrembers—The Rev. Father Chisholm, Nairn; the Rev. Father Macqueen, Inverness; Mr William Lawrence, Swordale, Evanton; and Mr Hugh Macdonald, Audit Office, Highland Railway Company, Inverness. Thereafter the meeting formed itself into a "ceilidh," when a very pleasant evening with song and music was passed.

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., moved "that the Society record their deep regret at the death of Mr J. G. Campbell, minister of Tyree, a Gaelic scholar of eminence, an unrivalled collector of Gaelic tales and ballads, and a valuable contributor of papers to the Society's meetings and Transactions."

Thereafter the "Flowers of the Forest" was played by the Society's piper as an apporopriate requiem.

17th DECEMBER, 1891.

At the meeting held on this date, Mr Geo. Sinclair, Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, was elected an honorary member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond on the "Frasers of Foyers, styled Sliochd Huistean Fhrangaich." The following is Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's paper :—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES, No. 5.

THE FRASERS OF FOYERS, STYLED "SLIOCHD HUISTEAN FHRANGAICH."

The three baronies of Abertarff, Stratherrick, and Durris comprehended nearly all those portions of the great Glen of Albyn which touched the eastern shores of Loch Oich, Loch Ness, and the River Ness, and in all the race of Fraser predominated. Of the once numerous Stratherrick families, that of Foyers long held a conspicuous position.

It is stated, on the authority of the Wardlaw MS., that Hugh, counted third Lord Lovat, who died prior to 1502, had a natural son,

I. HUISTEAN, who, from long residence in France, was called "Huistean Fhrangaich," and his posterity styled "Sliochd Huistean Frangach." It is not known to whom Huistean was married, nor the period of his death, but it is understood that he was portioned by his father in the lands of Easter and Wester Aberchalder, belonging to Glengarry, lying within the barony of Abertarff. Huistean was succeeded by his son,

II. WILLIAM FRASER, who was proprietor of the two Aberchalders, as well as Little Ballichernock and Tirchurachan, in the barony of Durris, his title being "Over Callader," or Aberchalder. In 1537, occurs the first connection of the family with Foyers, for in that year an apostolical warrant is granted by Pope Paul III. for giving in feu to William Fraser, described as "Laici Moravien," the Church lands of Boleskine and Foyers, dated at St Peter's, 4th day of the Ides of March, and 10th year of his Pontificate.

At Elgin, 12th December, 1541, Patrick, Bishop of Moray, with consent of the Chapter, gives a charter to William Fraser, designed as of "Over Callader," and the heirs male of his body, whom failing his brother german, Hugh Fraser, and the heirs male of his body, whom failing Hugh Lord Fraser of Lovat and the heirs male of his body, whom all failing, to the nearest heirs male whomsoever of the said William Fraser, of the lands of Boleskine and Foyers, described as lying within the barony of Kinmylies, Lordship of Spynie and shire of Inverness, at a feu of £8 14s 8d Scots. This document is in fine preservation, has two splendid seals entire with about twelve signatures of Church dignitaries of Moray. Other early deeds of the Foyers Estate, in

possession of Mr Walker of Ness Castle, are in remarkable preservation, clean and fresh as though of yesterday.

The half davoch lands of Boleskine, under the spelling of "Buleske," are found referred to as early as 1226, in connection with some legal questions betwixt Andrew Bishop of Moray, and Gilbert, Hostiarius; the lands of Foyers, on the other hand, not being observed until more than 200 years later, when they, in conjunction with Boleskine, occur in James II.'s Charter of the erection of Spynie, dated Stirling, 9th November, 1451.

Mr Anderson, in his history of the Frasers, says that William Fraser of Foyers was the only gentleman who survived the battle of Blair-na-leine, fought on 15th July, 1544; and, having owed his recovery to the humanity of his foster brother, that person and his descendants got a free grant of the croft they laboured. This would rather infer that Foyers had permanently recovered; but this pleasing anecdote, no doubt founded on tradition, has no foundation, for the retour of his son Hugh service to his father, expede at Inverness on 5th October, 1563, expressly bears that William of Foyers died in the month of July, 1544, so, if he really survived, it could have been but 15 days at the utmost.

William Fraser was also proprietor of Mussady and Mellagie, lands worth three pounds and upwards of old extent, also of Dunterchat and Garrogie, equal to a forty shilling land of old extent, all held of Lovat. William was succeeded by his eldest son,

III. Hugh, who, upon 25th April, 1545, obtains a precept of clare constat from the Bishop of Moray for infefting him as heir to his father William, in Foyers and Boleskine, upon which he was infeft by Gilbert Hay, notar of Moray, on 10th June, 1548. Upon 10th March, 1555, Lord Lovat grants a precept for infefting Hugh Fraser as heir of his father William in Mussady and Mellagie. In 1563, Hugh is served heir to his father William in Aberchalder, and being an early service occurring at Inverness, it is in part given, on account of the names of the inquest and other particulars:—

"The heid Scheref Curt of Innernes haldin within the Tolbuyth of the samyn be Jasper Waus of Lochslyne and John Ros prowest of Innernes Scheref Deputtis of the said Scherefdom to ane nobill and potent lord James erle of Murray Scheref principal of Inuernes coniunctlie and seueralie specialie constitute, the fyft day of october the zeir of God jm vc and saxtie thre zeiris the Suittis callit the Curt lauchfullie fensit and effermit as wse is, etc. That day Maister Alexander Dowglas Procuratour for Hucheon

Frayeser of Aberchallodour, exhibeit and producit ane Breiff of our souerane Ladies Chappell, impetrat be Hucheon Frayeser as ayr to his omquhil fadyr, William Frayeser of Aberchallodour and quhar na persoun nor pairte comperit to obiect nor oppone contrar the pointtis of the said Breive, the said Maister Alexander requyrit Act of Curt, etc.

"*Nomina Inquisitionis.*

"Robert Munro of Fowlis, John Stewart of Kyncarnie, John Narne of Cromdell, John Innes of Innerbraky, George Munro of Dauchatrye (Docharty), Hucheon Frayeser of Gwshauch (Guisachan), Walt Innes of Terbett, Dowell McFersoun in Essye (Essich), Donald McFarquhar in Dawoct garreocht (Maclean of Dochgarroch), Beane Clerk in Dowllcraig (Dalcrag), Schim McJames Ire (our, or saor) in Ballecharnocht, Thomas Frayeser portioner of Moneak, Alister McVuyll (vic Dugall) in Bontate, Duncan McFersoun in Moy.

"The Inqueist foirsaid hes seruit Hucheon Frayeser conform to his petitioun and the same pronuncit be the mouth of Robert Munro of Fowlis, Chancellor of the Assise, and quhar na persoun nor pairtie oppouit contrar the personis of Inqueist, nor petitioun; Upon the quhilkis the said Maistir Alexander Dowglas requysit Act of Curt, etc."

The Inquest found that William Fraser died last vest and seised in all and singular the lands of Little Balecharnoch and Tirchurachan, with the pertinents lying within the Barony of Durris. That Hugh Fraser was his son and nearest and lawful heir, and of full age, that the lands were worth yearly £8 Scots old extent, and in time of peace worth 20s yearly. That the lands were held of Robert Dunbar of Durris for the payment of a white rose yearly on the feast day of St John the Baptist, and that the lands had lain unentered for the space of nineteein years since the death of William Fraser in the month of July, 1544.

Hugh Fraser married Margaret Urquhart, and died leaving issue, one daughter Jane, who, in 1573, was served to the property not limited to heirs male, as heiress of line. Jane—sometimes called Joanna—received a precept of clare constat in Mussady and Mellagie, as only daughter and heir of her father Hugh Fraser, from the Countess of Moray and Argyll, with the consent of the Earl of Argyll, dated 1st June, 1575. These lands afterwards reverted to, or were reacquired by the male head of the family. In the lands destined to heirs male Hugh was succeeded by his brother,

IV. WILLIAM, who in 1570 is retoured as heir of his brother in Aberchalder, and on 1st August 1584 is infeft in Foyers and Boleskine on precept of George, Bishop of Moray, dated 14th July 1584, having all his charters confirmed by the Crown, 16th December, 1592. William was succeeded by his son,

V. HUGH, who was infeft in Foyers and Boleskine, 31st May, 1607, on precept by Alex., Bishop of Moray, dated 28th April, 1606. James Fraser, brother-german to Hugh, is one of the witnesses to the infeftment. This was the Laird of Foyers who by tradition rescued Allan of Lundie from being drowned in Loch Ness when swimming across, fleeing from hot pursuit connected with the invasion of Kilchrist. Hugh was succeeded by his son,

VI. WILLIAM, who made up titles to Aberchalder, but not to Foyers. He was in turn succeeded by his son,

VII. HUGH, who at Inverness on 20th April, 1648, is served heir to his father William before Thomas Schives of Muirtown, sheriff depute of Inverness, and the following men of Inquest:—Thomas Fraser of Struy, William Fraser of Culbokie, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, John Cuthbert of Castlehill, James Cuthbert of Drakies, William Baillie of Torbreck, John Cuthbert of Wester Drakies, David Baillie of Dochfour, John Polson of Bught, Thomas Schives, younger of Muirtown, Alex. Fraser of Abersky, Robert Baillie, burgess of Inverness, David and William Cuthberts, burgesses of Inverness, and John Robertson, also Burgess of Inverness, in the two davochs of Easter and Wester Aberchalder of old extent, with the salmon fishing pertaining thereto in Loch Oich. He received a charter of Foyers and Boleskine dated Edinburgh, 15th August, 1648, and the charter and infeftment was confirmed by the Bishop of Moray, 1663. In 1661 it was arranged that Hugh should have a charter of Mussady and Mellagie as heir of his grandfather from Lord Lovat, but the deed was not executed. Hugh's first wife was Jean Gray, who left issue, and he married secondly Katharine Chisholm, daughter of Alexander Chisholm of Comer, contract dated Erchless, last May, 1658. In security of her provision, Katharine was infeft in the half davoch of Boleskine, excluding Glenlia, as also in the western third of Mellagy. In 1651 Hugh is pursued for a debt by James Macpherson of Ballachroan, and he incurred considerable debts to others.

Hugh left at least three children—the eldest and successor being

VIII. WILLIAM, with whom Margaret Mackintosh, daughter of Alexander Mackintosh of Connage, is referred to in 1674 as "his

future spouse." His sister Elizabeth, with his consent and that of her other brother Hugh, was married to John Fraser of Little Garth, contract dated at Mussadie, 7th April, 1688. William naturally was mixed up with Simon Lord Lovat and his affairs from the time of the death of Hugh Lord Lovat, 1696. By Lord Lovat's memoirs, it will be seen that he, then Master of Lovat, when in Stratherrick in 1698 repelling the attack of the Athole family, says, in reference to the bloodless victory of Altnagour, that four days previous he had assumed the title of Lord Lovat, having heard the melancholy news that his father was dead in Skye. The Baronage gives his death as May, 1699, which is certainly erroneous. I am able to give one of the earliest documents granted by him in his new position :—

"I, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, do bind myself for service done and to be done me and for mine by William Fraser of Foyers, to give to the said William Fraser of Foyers and his, the tenth part of the country of Stratherrick, after I have fully conquested it, and am in full possession of it, without debate ; and this providing he continue true and faithful to me as my kinsman and vassal all his life ; and for the more security I consent these presents be registrate in the books of Council and Session or any other books competent, and to that effect I constitute — - - my procurators that all sort of diligence pass hereon as accords. In witness whereof I have written and subscribed these presents at Poran, ye ninth day of August, 1698 years.

(Signed) "LOVATT."

It is clear that Lord Lovat was of the mind to divide Strath errick into ten portions, and bestow one on each of his important clansmen in return for their services in helping him to recover his estates. The name "Poran" was a puzzle, but as the corresponding obligation by Foyers, vis. :—a bond of manrent—was granted at Dochcairn (the residence of Dochfour), it was inferred that it must be somewhere not far from either bank of Lochness. Upon enquiring of Mr Alexander Fraser, an old and respected resident at Loinchlerich of Errogie, he was good enough to write on 23rd January, 1890, that there was a place in Gaelic "Phoran," otherwise Forbeg, two or three miles to the west of Foyers Mains, now a part of Knockie Estate, but of old belonging to Lovat, and one time a populous place. The famous yew of Stratherrick is situated on Forbeg. Prior to 1715, William Fraser had given up the management of affairs to his eldest son Hugh, who is placed as head, although he predeceased his father,

IX. HUGH FRASER, whose exertions for Government are narrated in the following petition, declaration, and memorial, to the First Lord of the Treasury in 1716. Hugh Fraser, described as younger of Foyers, who had a charter of Mussady from Roderick Mackenzie of Prestonhall in 1711, died prior to 1720 without having received any compensation from Government. The matter was moved in again 43 years later by his nephew Hugh, also without effect, and two interesting papers bearing on the matter are given at this point although of date 1759. Affidavits much of a similar nature were made, all in 1759, by the Rev. Thomas Fraser of Boleskine, Mr Alexander Fraser, catechist at Durris, and Major James Fraser of Castleleathers. The affidavit of the last is selected as being more full, and is probably one of his latest acts :—

(1. 1716). "To the Honble. Mr David Polson of Kinmylies, Geo. Cuthbert of Castlehill, and Mr Alex. Clark, Provost of Inverness : the petition of Hugh Fraser, younger of Foyers, one of the Deputy Lieutenants of the Northern Counties—Humbly sheweth,—From the beginning of September to the 1st of March, both last past [Sept., 1715 ; March 1716—C. F. M.], I being moved by my affection to the Government. and in obedience to Brigadier Alex. Grant, and other friends of the Government, their letters to me, as well as my own early engagement to the Lieutenancy and friends of ye Government, I did devote myself and my men to the public service by going to the hills and mountains of the country until such time as the said Lieutenancy did gather some of their friends together, among which I and my men were among the first, by which they were pleased to honour me with a commission of being one of the Deputy Lieutenants of the north, whereby I and my men were pointed forth to the resentment of the Rebels, and I and my tenants suffered considerable losses and damages by depredations and robberies, besides the damages of loss of time and the management of our affairs at home, with what I paid for my own and my men, our charges to the month of November, when my chief came to the north, all occasioned by our attendance on the Government service. And I humbly conceive that the said Brigadier and the other Lieutenants are in justice obliged, as well as by their promises, to make up our losses, by representing the same to the Managers of the Government, so I believe that they would not make any difficulty therein, if our damages and losses were ascertained by our oathes.

"May it therefore please your Worships to allow us to appear before you, and to make affidavit upon the extent of the loss and damages sustained, to the effect we may ascertain our claims as accords.

(Signed) "HUGH FRASER."

"Inverness, the twenty-sixth day of May, one thousand seven hundred and sixteen years,—We grant the desire of the petition, and allow the petitioner and his tenants to appear before us and make oath upon the extent of their damages which they have sustained. (Signed) "ALEX. CLARK, J.P.,"

(„) "GEORGE CUTHBERT, J.P."

Eodem Die.

"Compeared Hugh Fraser, younger of Foyers, one of the Deputy Lieutenants of the north, who being solemnly sworn and interrogate in the terms of the within petition, maketh oath: That from the beginning of September last to the close of November thereafter also last bypast, being the time at which his chief came to the north: That he and about one hundred and sixty men were obliged to stay in the hills and braes of the country and elsewhere as the lieutenancy did direct us upon our own proper charges, and he had not any of the friends of the Government within twenty miles distant from him to any airt; by which, and his own personall charges, he did truly expend of his own proper moneys and effects to the extent of the sum of three thousand and forty pounds Scots money, and the rebells did violently carry and rob away from his towns and lands the number of seventy-seven cows and oxen which he values at one thousand five hundred and forty pounds money foresaid; nine horses at two hundred and seventy pounds foresaid; fifteen wedders and sheep at thirty pounds foresaid; and plaids to the value of twenty four pounds money foresaid. In all, extending to the sum of four thousand nine hundred and four pounds Scots money: And that he and his men, by their attendance on his Majesty's service from the said first of September to the first of March last, when the regular forces came to Inverness, have sustained considerable losses and damages in their affairs and labouring. But they cannot declare the true extent thereof upon oath, and they submit the same to discretion, which is truth as he shall answer to God.

(Signed) "HUGH FRASER."

"*Jurat Coram.*

(Signed) "ALEX. CLARK, J.P.,

(„) "GEO. CUTHBERT, J.P."

"To the Right Honble. Robert Walpool, Esquire, First Lord of his Majesty's Treasury, The Memorial of Hugh Fraser of Foyers, one of the Deputy-Lieutenants of the county of Inverness—Humbly Sheweth, That the time of the late Ministry, when the pensions were given to the Highland Clans, Alexander Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who pretended to represent the name of Fraser, was one of these Pensioners, and offered the Memorialist a share of that Pension to go in to his measures, which he absolutely refused, because he understood the design was to support the Pretender's interest, whereupon the Memorialist conveened several gentlemen of the name of Fraser, and acquainted them with the same, and he and they signed a letter to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, giving full assurance of their resolution to join with his Grace in defense of the Protestant succession as by law established, and likewise sent two of their number to Sir Peter Fraser of Doors, to acquaint him of their resolution, who advised them to send for my Lord Lovat to France, to strengthen them in that design. And accordingly one of their number was sent to France, to bring him home. All which happened in the last two years of Her late Majestie's reign. That when Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry, and Colin Campbell of Glendaruel were going about in the Highlands to procure subcriptions to an address to the Pretender, and had imposed upon some of the name of Fraser to sign the same, the Memorialist convened the well affected gentlemen of that name, and signed an address to H is Majesty King George, with an offer of their lives and fortunes. to support His Majesty's just title to the Crown, which address was presented by His Grace the Duke of Argyle. Agreeable to which address, when the rebellion began in Scotland, the beginning of September last, the Memorialist convened 160 men, though he was sixteen miles distant from any of the King's friends, and the Highland clans conveening all round him, and kept them in a body, though he was once attacked by seven hundred men of the Earl of Seaforths, whom he repulsed, and continued these men upon his own proper charges till the middle of November, that my Lord Lovat came to the country, who then conveened all the rest of his name for His Majesty's service; in which the memorialist continued till they were relieved by the regular forces in March last. The memorialist was obliged to maintain these men on his own proper charges, which, with the damage sustained by him and his lands by the Rebells, amount to six hundred pounds sterling, besides the loss of his time conform to ane affidavit made before the justices of Peace of Inverness county. Besides all what's above, the memorialist was sent, when

none other would undertake it, by my Lord Lovat to Stirling, by way of Fort-William, to get intelligence from the Duke of Argyle, which was a very expensive and dangerous journey, several of the clans being in wait for seizing the memorialist, which is known by Sir Robert Pollock, governor of Fort-William."

(2. 1759). "At Inshoch, the nineteenth day of February, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine years, in presence of Alexander Inglis, Esquire, Sheriff-Substitute of the Shyre of Nairn, compeared Major James Fraser of Castleleathers, aged eighty-eight, and going on eighty-nine, who being solemnly sworn, maketh oath, and says That he was well acquainted with the deceased Hugh Fraser of Foyers, and that he knows when, in the end of the late Queen Anne's reign, pensions were distributed among the Highland clans, and that Alexander Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who then possessed the estate of Lovat, and was married to the eldest daughter of Hugh Lord Lovat, had one of those pensions, and made ane offer of part of it to the said Hugh Fraser for coming in to his measures. The said Hugh Fraser refused to accept the same, as he understood it was to support the Pretender's interest; and that some time after, the said Hugh Fraser, and the deceased Hugh Fraser of Struy, and Alexander Fraser of Culduthel, and he, the said James Fraser, met together and wrote a letter to the late Duke of Argyle acquainting him of what had passed, and that they were ready to raise the greatest part of the Clan Fraser, and join with his Grace in support of the Protestant succession. That the said Hugh Fraser went afterwards to Edinburgh by advice of the well-affected gentlemen of the name of Fraser, and was by the deceased Mr James Cuthbert, who was minister of Culross, and a relation of the Family of Lovat, introduced to such as were in concert at Edinburgh to support the Protestant succession. That he likeways knows when the late Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry and Colin Campbell of Glendaruel were, after the death of the late Queen Ann, soliciting ane address among the Highland Clans to the Pretender. The said Hugh Fraser of Foyers refused to sign the same, and that he and the other gentlemen of the name of Fraser who were above mentioned drew up ane address to his late Majesty, which they sent to the late Duke of Argyle; That he likeways knows when, after the accession of his late Majesty, the Rebellion broke out in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, the said Hugh Fraser of Foyers (who had then been appointed by his Majesty one of the Deputy Lieutenants in the north) did, at his own expense, raise a body of men for the King's Service when the other Highland Clans were gathering around to

go to Perth, and that the body of men which he raised joined the Earl of Sutherland and the late Lord Lovat when they got to the country, and raised their men for the King's Service, and that, at the request of the late Lord President Forbes and his brother, the late John Forbes of Culloden, the said Hugh Fraser put a garrison of his men in the house of Culloden, and defended it against the Rebels who were then in possession of the town of Inverness, within two miles of the said House, and when the Earl of Sutherland and the late Lord Lovat, after they came to the country and had raised so many men for the servcie of his late Majesty, and wanted to send some intelligence to the late Duke of Argyle, then at Stirling with his Majesty's Troops, the said Hugh Fraser was the person singled out to go with their Dispatches, and that he remembers he went and returned in the winter tyme from Stirling to Perth, where the greatest part of the Clan Fraser were with Fraserdale then in Rebellion, and by the said Hugh Fraser of Foyers' connection with and influence on that part of the Clan made about three hundred of them desert in one night, who, upon their home-coming, joined the late Lord Lovat and the Earl of Sutherland, who were then in arms for his Majesty King George: That he knows the said Hugh Fraser was, during the said Rebellion, at a considerable expense in the service of the Government beyond what his small estate could afford, and that he run in debt on that account. That he lykeways knows he and his tenants did suffer damage in that tyme of the Rebels, tho' he does not at this distance of tyme remember the particulars. That he lykeways knows the said Hugh Fraser after the Rebellion (was suppressed) made out a state of his case and ane affidavit of his losses, in order to be laid before Sir Robert Walpole; and Furder, that the said Hugh Fraser told him, the deponent, then at London, that he was desired by the late General Cadogan, with whom he was acquainted when that General was in the North of Scotland, to come up to London, and that he should have his interest with the Ministry to have his losses made up and a place or pension given him for his loyalty and attachment. But upon his telling Lord Lovat that he was to apply to General Cadogan for that end, he, Lord Lovat, absolutely discharged him, as it then happened Lord Lovat and General Cadogan were of different parties; and Lord Lovat, in the Deponent's hearing, at sundry times when they were at London, desired Hugh Fraser of Foyers to goe home, and that he would take care of his interest both at London and home, and that he would advance him money to pay all the losses he had sustained and debt he had contracted

in support of the Government; and moreover depones that Lord Lovat brought the said Hugh Fraser of Foyers to wait of the late Duke of Argyle, who gave him his hand and assured him as soon as it was in his power he should be provided for: and Furder depones that it consists with the deponent's knowledge that the said Hugh Fraser of Foyers by his dexterity and management in many particulars was at that period very instrumental in quelling the then rebellion in the north; and siklyke Depones that the present James Fraser of Foyers was the first man of four who had entered into a resolution to stand by the Government when the Rebellion of jm viic and forty-five broke out, who signed a letter to the present Duke of Argyle for that purpose, which Deed being made known to the late Lord Lovat, nothing but destruction was denounced against him by Lord Lovat for entering into such without his knowledge, which the deponent believes and had reason to know as well as many others, was the sole cause of the said James Fraser of Foyers his being induced by Lord Lovat to go into the last Rebellion, as Lovat kept a sum of money that was due him by Foyers as a fferule over his head, and being a weak man, though honest, was by him intimidate from putting his former resolution in execution, which is truth as he shall answer to God, and Depones he cannot write by reason of a tremor in his hand. (Signed). "ALEX. INGLIS.
(„) "GEO. DONALDSONE."

(3. 1759). "George Drummond, Esquire, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, maketh oath and says, That he was acquainted with the deceased Hugh Fraser of Foyers, and that it consists with his knowledge The said Hugh Fraser did come to Edinburgh in the end of the late Queen Anne's reign, and was introduced to him and some other gentlemen who were then in concert to support the Protestant Succession in his late Majesty's Family in the event of the Queen's death, as a gentleman of Family who had a considerable interest among the Clan Fraser, and that the said Hugh Fraser did treat and settle with him and the other Gentlemen in the concert, that he would undertake for the greatest part of the Clan Fraser, to join with them in support of the Protestant Succession in his said late Majesty's person and Family, and that if they took the field, He would raise a body of men and endeavour to join them. That the Gentlemen in this concert were, Colonel John Erskine of Carnock, Colonel William Maxwell of Cardonesse, Colonel John Blackatter, Captain John Campbell of Wellwood, Major James Aikman, Henry Cunninghame of Balquhan, John Campbell, late Provost of Edinburgh, Archibald Macauley also

late Provost of Edinburgh, and Mr James Cuthbert, minister at Culross, who are all of them now dead, except the said Archibald Macauley, and the Declarant. That there were some others whose names he does not now particularly remember, and that a part of their plan was to make what interest they could among the Highland Clans, by means of such Gentlemen as they understood to be well affected, and have influence among them. He further says that after the Accession of his late Majesty, when in the winter of the year jm viic and fifteen, he was at Stirling with the late Duke of Argyle, who then commanded his Majesty's Troops in Scotland, he remembers to have seen the said Hugh Fraser of Foyers come there to the said Duke, and that he brought him some important intelligence from the King's Friends, then assembled in the north, and that he particularly remembers the paper he brought was concealed in the heart of a stick he walked with in his hand; and that there was at the time a great fall of snow upon the ground, and that he returned with an answer from the Duke to the King's friends in the north.

(Signed) "GEO. DRUMMOND.

Sworn before me at Edinburgh, the twenty-fourth day of February, 1759. (Signed) "AND. SIMPSON, J.P."

Hugh was succeeded by his brother

X. JAMES, described in 1719 as only brother to the deceased Hugh Fraser, younger of Foyers. He received much kindness in arranging the embarrassed affairs of the family from Lord Lovat, who on 30th September, 1725, granted him letters of Bailiary over the lands of Stratherrick. Mr Anderson, in his history before alluded to, gives currency to the story of Lord Lovat's having been accessory to the serious outrage in the slaughter of one hundred milch cows belonging to Castlehill, and the destruction of his enclosures. A perusal of the following letter must acquit his lordship of this odious charge:—

"Bath, the 23rd of September, 1724.

"Dear Foyers,—How soon you receive this letter I desire you to come immediately into Inverness, and find out the authors of the base calumony (wrote of you, to me and Col. Munro), that by your direction the murdering villain Donald Dubh, 'Clessick,' killed and destroyed Castlehills cows. I know and believe in my soul you are very innocent, but you deserve this misfortune for keeping that rogue in your hands after my threatening letter to you that I would never speak to you if you did not seize him and deliver him bound to Culloden. This story, though false, will

ruin for ever your reputation if you do not find out the authors, and get due and honourable satisfaction. It may likewise do me hurt, so I desire for your own sake and mine, to trace out the story and behave like a gentleman; and if that villain can be had, seize him and deliver him to Culloden as I desired you before. If you do not this I shall renounce you as my friend, relation, or acquaintance, and I shall never see your face when I can shun it.

"If you can find no author, bring two or three honest gentlemen with you to the Cross, and to Cuthbert's Coffee House, and tell aloud that any who were the authors or promoters of that calumny are rogues and rascals. Call on my friend and doer at Inverness, Commissary Munro, and he will advise you. I long to know how you will behave, and of all friends, dear Foyers, your own, (Signed) "LOVAT."

Foyers, who was counted by his contemporaries as rather a weak man, married Katherine Fraser, and left two sons—Hugh, who succeeded, and Simon, also one daughter, Anne. He went out in 1745, and, perhaps, the most important document he received in connection with the rising, was the following, which has most fortunately been preserved, and having the seal in good order. It would seem that Prince Charles' advisers thought no duty could be more agreeable to Lord Lovat than to apprehend the President. He hesitated, however, to commit himself so openly, and the business was entrusted to, but not executed by, Foyers, whose elder brother, Hugh, had taken great credit for defending of Culloden in 1715.

(L.S.)—"Charles, Prince of Wales, and Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, To James Fraser of Foyers—Whereas we gave a warrant some time ago to the Lord Lovat to apprehend and secure the person of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, which warrant, for sufficient reason, he could not put into execution: We now judge it necessary hereby to impower you to seize upon the person of the above-named Duncan Forbes, and when you have so seized and apprehended him, to carry him prisoner to us at Edinburgh, or where we shall happen to be for the time, for the doing of which this shall be your warrand. Given at His Majesty's Palace of Holyroodhouse, the Twenty-third day of September, 1745.

"By his Highness' Command.

(Signed) "JO. MURRAY."

XI. HUGH, the eldest son of James, no doubt, in connection with the latter having taken up arms, had the estates made over

to him by disposition, dated at Foyers, 5th November, 1745 He married Christian Cameron, youngest daughter of Archibald Cameron of Dungallon, contract dated Strontian, 29th June, 1742. There was a large gathering at the function, and amongst the bride's friends were John Cameron, then of Dungallon, her brother, John Cameron of Fassifern, Alexander Cameron of Glenevis, Doctor Archibald Cameron, brother to Lochiel, and Allan Cameron, brother to Glendessary; and besides old Foyers, who accompanied his son, the latter was supported by Thomas Fraser of Garthmore, and his sons John and William.

Of this marriage there were issue, John, Simon, Isabel, married in 1770 to George Cameron of Letterfinlay, Jean and Katherine, described in her post-nuptial contract of marriage with the Rev. Alexander Fraser of Kilmallie, dated 1st and 6th February, 1787, as third lawful daughter of Hugh Fraser of Foyers.

The affairs of the family were so embarrassed that Hugh had to make up titles by a friendly adjudication, and was indebted to the substantial assistance of General Simon Fraser of Lovat. The letter, after given to James of Foyers, dated the very day the first Fraser Fencibles were ordered to be raised, must be interesting to all of the name in especial :—

"Dear Sir,—I am sure it will give you pleasure to know that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify his intention of appointing me to the command of a regiment of Highlanders to be forthwith raised for American service. And as the quickness that is expected in raising them is a great inducement for the measure, I flatter myself my friends will leave no stone unturned to have this done with credit to me, whose honour and interest through life depend on my success in this, and I am satisfied I may on every occasion as well as on this depend on you in what so nearly concerns me. As I have not time to-night to write to every one whose assistance I expect, I must beg you will communicate this to such gentlemen as you think proper. I shall endeavour to procure commissions for some young gentlemen of the name, but these particulars must be subject of another letter. I thought it necessary to give you and the other friends this early notice, that you may take measures in the meantime for exerting yourselves with vigour in my behalf. I offer my compliments to your lady, and all friends, and always am very sincerely, my dear Foyers, yours, (Signed) S. FRASER.

"London, 4th January, 1757."

James Fraser of Foyers and his wife Katharine are both alive in 1759. Hugh Fraser's eldest son John, who had on 12th March, 1774, received a commission in Lord Adam Gordon's Co., 1st Battalion 1st Royals, died without issue, and the succession opened up on Hugh's death in 1790, to his second son,

XII. Simon Fraser, last Laird of Foyers of Sliochd Huistean Frangach. Simon Fraser, born in 1760, married Elizabeth Grant, daughter of Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston, post-nuptial contract is dated 26th and 30th March, 1789. In 1778 Simon Fraser received commission as lieutenant of the Northern Fencibles, and was made a Burgess of Kircudbright. In the following year he is admitted Burgess of St Andrew's, and in 1794 he is Captain in the Strathspey Fencibles.

In the severe struggle for the representation of Inverness-shire, at the beginning of the century, twixt the Lovats and Grants, Foyers, no doubt through his connection with Glenmoriston, supported Mr Charles Grant. This gave mortal affront to the Hon. Archibald Fraser, who, an adept at nicknames, dubbed him for ever after to be no longer known as Simon Fraser, but "Simon Grant." Lovat carried his resentment still further by obtaining possession of excambion of the Glebe of Boleskine, in the heart of Foyers Estate, whereon he built Boleskine House, and resided there pretty constantly, troubling him with marches and fencing, and proving a thorny reminder to "Simon Grant" of the latter's misdoings.

Foyers' only child Jean, a young lady, judging by her letters, of an unusually amiable and pious disposition, married Captain Thomas Fraser of Balnain in 1817, dying, much lamented, same year, in the flower of her age. Foyers himself was most hospitable. No one ever passed his door who had the remotest claims upon him, and his house was a veritable hotel. Unfortunately he was of an easy temper, readily cajoled. His own debts at the beginning of the century did not exceed £2000, but he became involved with Rothiemurchus, Letterfinlay, Anderson of Gortuleg, and numerous others, so that in 1825 it had run up to £10,000, and by 1836 to £14,000. After his death, on 27th April, 1842, the estates fell under sequestration, but all creditors were ultimately paid, as the estate fetched a handsome price.

In no part has there been greater changes than in Stratherrick. Many years ago I wrote an article, "The Stratherrick Frasers: where are they?" The question may be repeated now. In the male line there are three—Landowners—Lovat, Ardochie, and Balnain, and in the female line one—Aldourie, four in all. But

where are the important families of Farraline, Gortuleg, Abersky, and Ardochy, Bochruber and Bunchegavie, Dalcrag, Dunchea, Dell and Drummond, Errogie and Erchite, Garthmore, Garthbeg and Glendo, Knockie, Kinbrylie, Knockcoilum and Kinmonavie, Leadclune, Migavie, and others? The ancients who, each in their day, well fulfilled their parts,

"After life's fitful fever, sleep well"

in that picturesque sacred ground overlooking the queen of Highland lakes, undisturbed, even although Loch Ness may be lashed into fury by the winter storm; the Fechlin may roar in angry flood; or the "Feadanun Straharrigag," tuning up and encouraging each other "Seid Suas"—"Seid Suas"—may whistle sufficiently shrilly and piercingly to satisfy even Boreas in his breeziest mood. But few of their descendants are to be found in Strathcrick, and the great bulk lie low elsewhere, or must be searched for in the Lowlands, in England, in India, in Australasia, in the United States, and chiefly in the great Dominion of Canada.

Cha till iad gu brath
Gu la mor a chruinne.

I have thus narrated the history of the main line of Huistean Frangach, which, now landless, save the little burial ground on the Black Rock of Foyers, held its own under many vicissitudes for over 300 years with credit and respect.

13th JANUARY, 1892.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Twentieth Annual Dinner of the Society was held in the Victoria Hotel this evening. The chair was to have been taken by Mr J. Douglas Fletcher of Rosehaugh, Chief of the Society, but the roads in the Black Isle being blocked with snow, a telegram was received stating that he found it impossible to be present. A number of other prominent gentlemen were similarly detained. Provost Ross presided, and Bailie Mackenzie and Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., acted as croupiers.

After dinner, the Chairman proposed the loyal toasts, followed by that of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces.

The Secretary thereafter read letters of apology for absence from a large number of members of the Society, and submitted the annual report of the Executive, which was as follows:—

"The Council are in a position to state that the prosperity and usefulness which marked the history of the Society in past years still continue. Valuable papers were read at the Society's meetings during session 1890-91, and these will appear in the seventeenth volume of the Society's Transactions, which is at present in the press, and will soon be delivered to the members. The syllabus for session 1891-92 is in the hands of the members present, and contains papers on subjects of great interest to Highlanders. For The Mackintosh's prize of ten guineas for the best essay on "The Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800," three competitors appeared, and the prize was awarded to Mr A. Polson, Dunbeath, Caithness. During the year, 27 new members joined the Society, viz., 1 life member, 3 honorary members, and 23 ordinary members. Donations of several volumes were made to the library. The accounts of the Society for the past year show the following results, viz.:—Total income during year (including £23 brought forward from previous year, and a donation of £25 from Mr Fletcher of Rosehaugh, Chief of the Society), £163 18s 5d; expenditure, £129 4s 5d; leaving a balance at the credit of the Society's bank account, with the Bank of Scotland, of £34 13s. The large outlay from year to year incurred by the Society in connection with the publication of the Transactions is a heavy drain upon the revenue, and the Council hope that other gentlemen interested in the Highlands will follow the excellent example of Mr Fletcher this year, and of The Mackintosh, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, and Mr Macdonald of Skaebost, in previous years. The Council find that the ordinary subscriptions paid by the members are not sufficient without some such special gifts to meet the Society's expenditure, and they are unwilling to diminish the Society's usefulness by curtailing the annual volume.

The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." He explained that although the Chief was detained at home, he had sent his speech, which he would read to the meeting. It was as follows:—

Before submitting to you the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness," allow me to tender you my heart-felt thanks for the great honour you have conferred upon me by electing me Chief of this important and influential Society.

I do not indulge in the language of flattery when I say that I appreciate your kindness more than I can express, and I shall always look back with pride upon the period during which I have enjoyed this special mark of your favour. With regard to my own fitness for the office, and your wisdom in selecting me, I shall say nothing, except that you must accept all responsibilities for my shortcomings. I also consider it right that I should repeat now, what I have already expressed in writing, my deep regret for not being able to be present at the annual re-union of the members of the Society in the month of July. Up to the eleventh hour I had fully intended being present, but I was forced to keep another engagement, which would not by any possibility admit of being put off, and, consequently, had to fall back upon a substitute. I was particularly gratified to understand that the meeting was a great success. I am, I need hardly say, more than delighted to be here this evening, and to see present, notwithstanding the influenza, which is making such ravages all over the country, such a large number of well known gentlemen. And among these I am glad to recognise not a few who have taken an active part in the upbuilding of the Society, and extending its sphere of usefulness far and wide. Gentlemen, I need hardly tell you that I heartily sympathise with the aims and objects of this Society. It is now on the point of attaining its majority, and I therefore consider it a very fitting time to take a cursory retrospective view of its past work, and then I should like to indulge for a few minutes in a prospective view of what the Society is still likely to do. Well, then, gentlemen, what has the Society done during these twenty years of its existence? Much every way. But, gentlemen, much still remains to be done. For a record of the work accomplished during these years, I have only to refer you to the sixteen volumes of the Transactions of the Society, which contain a rich store of choice and valuable literature, bearing upon the language and customs of the Gael. As you are well aware, this Society has not been the first in the field, to represent the Highland race, but without intending any disparagement, when we compare the work accomplished by those kindred Societies with that done by our own, it has to be admitted that the Inverness Gaelic Society has accomplished far more than any other similar society in existence, and I do not wonder if the members of the Inverness Society feel a silent pride in being connected with it. But, gentlemen, we cannot afford to rest satisfied with our past achievements; on the contrary, much still remains to be overtaken, and unless this task is performed within a com-

paratively short period, it shall become an impossibility at any future time. How so? I fancy I hear some person ask. 'Well, unless collected without delay, much of the traditional lore and poetry will perish, because the Code Education of the youth of our straths, glens, and fertile valleys is completely revolutionising the current of thought among the rising generation. Then, too, the introduction and continuous extension of the railway system has done much to alter the old state of matters. What I may term a levelling process is going on, and I firmly believe that to those two agencies alone is due the great decrease which the last census shewed to have taken place in the rural population of the North of Scotland. Our young men and women, being educated, and possessing easy facilities of moving about, naturally migrate to those centres which place the greatest value upon their services. In the opinion of many, Gaelic is destined to be extinguished by the agencies at work within a measurable period of time. But it is my own opinion that it may long survive the battering of present destructive agencies, just as it survived deliberate attempts to kill it out in the past. At anyrate, it will live as long as Highlanders choose to keep it alive, and value as they should the gift of speaking more than one language. Be it remembered that the Crofters' Act has anchored a large number of the Highland people in the Highlands and Islands, by giving them security of tenure on payment of fair rents, with compensation for improvements on leaving their holdings. Surely Gaelic is in no danger of perishing soon in the crofting townships. Then it may be held almost as a certainty that large farms are destined soon to go out of fashion, and that the breaking up of such farms will lead largely to the formation of a class of desirable moderate holdings, of which we may hope industrious Highlanders and crofters, pushing their way up in the world, will become thriving tenants. But although Gaelic may live, and Highlanders may hold the Highlands more strongly than they do at present, there is no time to lose in gathering up the old lore, which is dying out with the older generation. We, therefore, ought to collect and preserve all that is good and noble in the legacy of the past. This leads me to say that those who have an aptitude for undertaking such work are year by year becoming fewer and fewer. While I speak, I am sure that several names will suggest themselves to you of those who have during the past year passed over to the great majority, but thanks to the existence of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, though they are dead their works live, and shall be greatly valued by Celtic students all over the

world. It would be nothing short of presumption on my part to refer in detail to the respective merits of individuals. I prefer leaving that to abler and more competent hands, but I would venture to say this much, that their loss should act as a stimulus to urge our members to do some work for the Society. As an example of industry I would refer, in passing, to the action of Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole. That gentleman, when his day's work was over, made a raid upon some cottage or bothy where a good thing could be got, and there wrote down many excellent songs from the lips of those most qualified to give them; and so he rescued from oblivion a valuable collection of poetry, which otherwise would have been lost for ever. Many of these songs are to be reproduced in our next volume of the Transactions. I hope some of our other members will emulate Mr Cameron in this respect. I am glad to see near me such earnest workers as Mr Campbell, the editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, who has rendered good service to the cause of Celtic literature. I am told, on excellent authority, that we have with us to-night one of the best living Celtic scholars. I refer to Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., the popular and genial rector of Rainings' Institution, Inverness. His published works and contributions to the press on the subjects of Celtic literature, are read and highly valued by philologists all over the world; and his able editorship of the *Highland Monthly*, in conjunction with Mr Campbell, is so well known that it requires no commendation from me. Then, there's my friend, Mr Mackenzie, better known to Celtic scholars as the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, now, unfortunately, defunct; but I believe he shall be known in the years that are to come, as the author of many Highland clan histories. I think I saw it somewhere stated that Mr Mackenzie was the most voluminous writer of any man north of the Grampians, and from what I can hear, he has not nearly exhausted himself yet; and all that I can say, and I am sure I re-echo your wishes, when I say more power to him, and may his shadow never grow less. Gentlemen, I could go on multiplying examples. For instance, there are my friends Mr William Mackay, Sir Henry Macandrew, and others, but I shall not trespass any further upon your patience by naming more. Then, as to the future, I don't know that we can do anything different, or better than has been done in the past, but the moral that I wish to be drawn from what I have said to-night is this, that if we are to do any real sterling work, it must be done without delay, because at present the labourers are becoming fewer and the field of labour more contracted. I do trust, gentlemen, that as a result of this

meeting, we shall become more determined than ever to stand up and defend to the utmost everything that is distinctively national. I hope never to see the day when we shall forget to think of the martial spirit of our Highland ancestors, or to stand up in defence of the characteristic dress, the language, the music, and the customs of our ancestors, in short, to preserve our national spirit. England is slowly but surely encroaching upon some of our national rights, and I was exceedingly glad to see that the effort made in high military quarters to change the Inverness county regiment into a battalion of the Scots Guards, was successfully resisted. To deal in such a way with the Cameron Highlanders would be offering one of the greatest possible insults, not only to Higlanders, but to Scotchmen, for have not our Highland regiments distinguished themselves on behalf of Great Britain in all parts of the world? I am tempted to quote to you the high character bestowed upon Highland soldiers by that distinguished statesmen, the Earl of Chatham. He said—"I sought for merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the north? I called forth, and drew into your service an hardy and intrepid race of men! Men who, when left by your jealousy, become a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to overturn the State in the war before the last. These men, in the last war, were brought to combat on your side; they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every part of the world." This great compliment is as true to-day as it was in 1766. Gentlemen, I call upon you to drink with all the honours the toast of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Long may it flourish; long may it continue to do useful work; and long may it act as a means for bringing together such a happy, genial, and jolly company as we have here this evening.

The next toast was Celtic Literature and Highland Education, which stood opposite the name of Sir Henry Macandrew, but this gentleman being confined to the house, his place was taken by Dr F. M. Mackenzie, who referred in brief, but eloquent, terms to the literature and education of the Highlands.

Mr J. L. Robertson, H.M. Inspector of Schools, who responded, said, with regard to Celtic literature, great attention was being paid to it at the present time, as it was found that it contained a store of valuable material. He quite concurred with what Dr Mackenzie had said about the old schools in the Highlands. They turned out wonderfully good scholars, considering the disadvantages they had to contend with. Of late there had been a

great development of popular education, which was a matter of great importance to the community. At one time the few went to the University, while the great mass of the people remained practically illiterate Lord Napier's Commission, in their report, stated that 40 per cent. of the adult population of the Long Island signed their marriage certificates by mark. Now, however, he was glad to say that a wonderful improvement had taken place among the inhabitants of the Western Isles, and there was now hardly any illiteracy worth speaking of. All the recruits for the Militia and Royal Naval Reserve were able to sign their names. For one thing, a larger number of newspapers were now circulating among the Western population than ever had been the case before. Then, with regard to higher education, he thought it would be available in the Highlands within a measurably short time. Of late they had the matter brought prominently before them, and he might say he had just returned from the West Coast, from a very remote part of it, and great interest was manifested in the subject there. He was interested in the development of technical education, as it affected the industrial interests of the community. The two subjects which they had specially set their hearts upon were those of agriculture and navigation, and he was glad that the local managers on the West Coast had taken a lively interest in the matter. Attention also was given to the subjects of hygiene, public health, practical cookery, and other allied subjects, and he was specially pleased that the County Council had promised substantial encouragement. On the question of the education code, an official such as he was would be expected to be reticent. He might say, however, that the difficulties of education in the West Highlands had received the closest sympathy of the Education Department. Of late, as they knew, it had been found that the financial burden of education was sometimes more than the locality was able to bear. There was a threatened collapse of the educational machinery of the West Coast, and the Department came to the rescue with no unsparing hand, and the result was gratifying and encouraging. He had also to say that, in a Society like this, where prominence was given to the Gaelic language, they would like to know how Gaelic fared in the new regulations. Well, he was glad to tell them that it had a distinct place, as it was found valuable as an agent in acquiring the English language. For himself he did all he could to keep it in a prominent place in the educational system. They had

all, however, to admit that however much they might feel it a matter of keen interest to themselves to preserve the Gaelic language, the acquisition of a facility in the use of English should not be underestimated at present in the social development of the Highland people. Now that the Crofters' Act had made crofters on the West Coast real proprietors, and that really no evictions on a large scale could take place, he thought they need not grudge to education the effect it would ultimately have of producing a natural migration, at least among those who became restless with their surroundings, and such a movement must in some parts of the Highlands inevitably take place. It was of the highest importance that education should receive cordial encouragement from any Government which may be in office, for the sake of the wellbeing of the people of the west, and he thought he could give the assurance that was done at present, so far as the regulations of the Education Department was concerned.

The Provost next proposed The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands, a toast which was received with applause. When one looked back for the last two centuries, he could not but be struck with the extraordinary phases which the agriculture of the country had passed through. They found that 1693 to 1700 were years of great dearth, as were 1740-1788, and, yet, so conservative were the times, in 1695 two vessels bringing grain from Ireland were, by order of the Council, "staned," and the ships given over to Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchenbreck, who had seized them. Later on, people knew better, and now they could always ward off actnal starvation by the facility with which foreign grain could be poured in. This was, so far, satisfactory; and it was also satisfactory to know that if prices did not run so high as of old, starvation and starvation prices were things of the past. No doubt, they did not get all they would like, but he confessed he should like to give inducements to agriculturists to invest capital in land increased, and a greater desire amongst our agricultural labourers to remain in the country. The tendency of the population to town life was not, in his opinion, a healthy sign, either morally or physically. No doubt, the life of an agriculturist was one of long and hard labour, and, to a young energetic man, did not offer the chance of rising to opulence; yet there were many compensations as against town life—especially when the country man failed in the great struggle. If many of the rural population knew the risks of such a failure, and the consequences of sinking to the bottom of the ladder, he would hesitate ere he left his native glen and fields. He hoped legislation might so

increase the comforts and attractions of country life, that there would be an exodus from the towns, and that, with the improvement of agricultural prospects, commercial interests would improve With regard to commercial matters, it must be acknowledged that such prospects were fairly bright.

Mr Jas. Gossip responded for the first part of the toast, taking the place of Major Jackson, who was storm-stayed, and ex-Bailie Macbean replied for the commercial aspect of the toast in a few sentences.

Mr Wm. Mackay, in proposing the next toast, "Kindred Societies," said it might not be out of place for him to look back on the period of almost twenty-one years which had passed since this society was established. Twenty-one years was, for a literary society, a very good old age, and of the kindred societies which were in existence in 1871, very few now survived. In Inverness there were then two healthy societies—the Noetic and the Literary Institute—not to speak of smaller associations. Of them all, not one now existed. The Field Club was the junior of this society by several years. It had given two excellent volumes to the public, and long might it flourish. Long also might the youthful Inverness Parliamentary and Literary Society live to enlighten the public on political questions which were beyond the scope of the Gaelic Society. If they looked beyond the bounds of their own good town, perhaps the only survivor of the societies which in 1871 took an interest in Highland lore and literature was the Gaelic Society of London, which was as vigorous now as it was in the early years of this century. One result of the impetus given to the study of Gaelic literature, and the gathering of Highland legends and folk-lore principally, he might say, by their own Society, was that similar societies sprang up in the large towns of the south, and in America and the Colonies. Some of these had but a short career, but others were still in life and doing good work. They had not been able, as the Gaelic Society had, to publish sixteen or seventeen volumes of transactions; but one of them—the Gaelic Society of Glasgow—last year published one very interesting book, and all had done well in spreading the knowledge of Celtic literature and Highland lore. As one of the most vigorous of these he might be allowed to mention the Highland Association of Illinois, which held its meetings in Chicago, and which was founded about eighteen years ago by a brother of his own, who was now no more.

Mr Geo. J. Campbell, solicitor, with whose name the toast was

coupled as a representative of the Field Club, referred to the published transactions of that Society, remarking that the first volume was now worth £2, while the second volume was valued at not less than 15s.

Ex-Bailie Mackenzie proposed, in appropriate terms, the toast of non-resident members, which was duly honoured.

Mr Alex. Mackenzie, *Scottish Highlander*, gave the toast of the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness. The toast was pledged with Highland honours.

Provost Ross responded, remarking on Mr Mackenzie's services as a good Town Councillor.

Mr Duncan Campbell, editor of the *Chronicle*, proposed the toast of the clergy of all denominations, and expressed regret that there was not a member of the cloth present to respond. Mr Alex. Macbain gave the press; and the Provost proposed the health of the Secretary, Mr D. Mackintosh, to whose labours, he said, the great success of the evening was entirely due. He hoped Mr Mackintosh would long continue to act in the capacity of Secretary to the Society. Mr Mackintosh returned thanks for the enthusiastic manner in which they received the toast of his health, and said that no doubt the working of the Society required a good deal of close attention, but that without the assistance of an active and willing Council he would not be able to overtake the work. Mr Steele, banker, proposed the health of the Chairman, and Mr H. V. Maccallum the Croupiers, each of whom responded. Mr Alex. Mackenzie proposed the health of Mr and Mrs Campbell, their host and hostess. During the evening songs were contributed by Mr Leslie Fraser; Mr D. Miller; Mr Hugh Fraser; Mr Whitehead; and others. After "Auld Lang Syne" had been sung by the company, a number of the more enthusiastic of the party indulged in a Highland Reel to the stirring strains of the Society's piper, Pipe Major Ronald Mackenzie.

18th JANUARY, 1892.

This evening was devoted to the nomination of office-bearers for 1892.

26th JANUARY, 1892.

At this meeting the office-bearers for the year were duly elected. The following gentleman were elected members of the Society, viz:—Honorary member—Mr J. M. Smith of Woodlands, Inverness. Ordinary members—Mr Hector Sutherland, town-clerk, Wick; Mr Alex. Macpherson, of Macpherson Bros., Inglis Street, Inverness; and Mr A. Macbean, of Messrs Ferguson & Macbean, jewellers, Union Street, Inverness.

The Secretary intimated the following donations towards the funds of the Society, viz.:—J. D. Fletcher of Rosehaugh, £25; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, £5; and was instructed to convey to these gentlemen the sincere thanks of the Society for their handsome contributions.

3rd FEBRUARY, 1892.

The following gentlemen were elected members at this meeting, viz.:—Mr Robert Urquhart, jun., solicitor, Forres; Mr John Sutherland, rector, Andersonian Institution, Forres; Mr Hector Mackinnon, accountant, British Linen Co. Bank, Inverness; and Mr David Clarke, reporter, Charles Street, Inverness.

Thereafter, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Mr A. Polson, Dunbeath, entitled "Some Highland Fishermen's Fancies." Mr Polson's paper was as follows:—

SOME HIGHLAND FISHERMEN'S FANCIES.

Fishermen of all ages and of all places are said to have been superstitious, and, when the nature of their calling is considered, it is no wonder that they should be so.

In most people there is a superstitious vein, and the means by which people seek to pry into the unknown and unknowable future, to ward off danger and misfortune, and to ensure safety and success, are very varied and intensely interesting to those who themselves neither use these methods nor entertain these beliefs. It is no wonder that Highland fishermen should have strong and peculiar notions as to how luck is ensured, when they sometimes find that boats within a stone's throw of them on either side have in the morning large hauls of fish, while they themselves are blank; and that this happens day after day, when to all human appearances there is no difference in the circumstances.

origin of most of these superstitions is lost, a few ed. One of their most peculiar fancies is, that it meet a minister on their way to sea; and if they see some trouble to get out of his way. They also ngest aversion to take ministers aboard or to give ge from one port to the other. On inquiry, it has hat some Caithness sailors of long ago, took a number to Leith to attend a General Assembly, and that the exceedingly stormy But when Leith was reached, as the ministers were landed, the wind ceased. from this circumstance, formed the belief that the e power of the air thought that while they were on he might, by exercising his power, get these men, who nemies of his kingdom, out of the way. Similarly, a who gets a minister's blessing on going to sea will have of the power of the air as his enemy, and it is therefore le if ever he may come ashore again.

st not, however, be concluded from this that northern are irreligious, for they certainly are not, and a great of them "trust in God and do the right;" and after not their nets at night, many crews have worship, and the Gaelic singing borne over the waves is peculiarly

ommon with nearly all seafaring men, Highland fishermen that whistling will be followed by wind. This, it is , must have arisen from the knowledge that like gives rise just as when one imitates the cry of a bird the mate will . There is, however, no accounting for the notion that a knife in the mast is quite as effective as whistling, be resorted to by the sailors without the knowledge of pper when they want to have a few extra days ashore. another strange way of raising the wind, believed in by the inhabitants of the Western Islands, and which s fishermen do not like, as it affects their catch of herring. that when the men leave the Lewis for the Caithness July, some of the women left at home put a number of a woollen thread. Towards the end of the fishing or they are not successful, they undo these knots one by the result that the wind begins to rise, and the boats able to get to sea, the "hired hands" are sent home. great care not to undo the knots at too great a rate, nd should arise too suddenly, for the loss of the loved in this way be brought about if they happened to be

at sea when the last knot was being undone. A shorter way for these women to make the weather stormy is to draw the cat through the fire; and, though how it came to be supposed that pussy's sufferings have an influence on the weather would be interesting, it is not ascertainable. At home, the fishermen's wives must be careful not to blow any meal off oatcake they may be baking, if they wish to avoid a hurricane which would similarly blow their husbands' boats off the sea; and if they happen to let these cakes burn even with the meal on them their husbands can expect little luck. These two strange beliefs ought to make the wives attentive to their cooking and careful of waste; as ought also the belief that to throw any part of a fish—even a bone—into the fire, will cause fish to be scarce. To count the boats as they go to sea, is also, in some Sutherlandshire folks' estimation, a wicked thing, as the consequence is likely to be the loss of one of them.

It is, however, for the purpose of ensuring luck that the grosser superstitions are practised. Luck has always been regarded by most people as an exceedingly fickle thing; but in fishing, because of the inequality of results, and the apparently blind hand by which the harvest of the sea is given, most fishermen do rather strange things to ensure that abundance shall fall to their share. To this day they, more than any other class, believe in witchcraft. The ways by which a woman can get such a character is quite simple. She needs to be somewhat old, of a masculine type, with hair enough on her face to make the bigger schoolboys envious, and it is preferable that she live alone. Let a fisherman give such a woman a "fry" or a present of herring from his boat—say forty fish—and let her, in thanking him, wish that he may come ashore with a shot of as many crans in the morning; and then let it happen that he comes ashore with a shot of about that number, the woman's character as a witch is firmly established. Such a character is found to pay, and is, of course, kept up.

A few years ago, on the Caithness coast, a fisherman gave an old woman a piece of rope for a tether. She measured it, and said "You will have a cran for every fathom of this, this very night." The prophecy was fulfilled, and further tribute was sent to Jean. She regularly, thereafter, came to the quay, and every fisherman she exhorted to give to her "royally;" and this they did, believing that their future success depended on their liberality. As a consequence, "Jean Royal," as she came to be known, flourished as one who was believed to be able to give or

withhold a good fishing, ought to. She was pompous and authoritative, and kept up her character by dressing in as "mannish" a style as possible, wearing generally a man's jacket and a plaid of shepherd's tartan. When herring were plentiful she received large quantities, which she passed on to the curer, and so turned into money. This, together with the money she received for "consultations," kept her in comparative comfort, until she was no longer able to walk to the quay, and nobody is now known who can openly take her place; and, let it be added that there are few fishermen of the present time who would accredit any who pretended to such powers. What superstition there still remains is not openly professed, and if there be any rites practised they are done in secret for fear of the youthful scoffers, who have been educated at some of our schools. It is because they are afraid of being held up to ridicule by the modern scoffers, and, perhaps, because the efficacy of their methods may be impaired by the telling of them, that it is almost useless to seek any information regarding them from fishermen themselves. The only person who would give the writer any information was an old fisherman who had abandoned his former occupation, and was, therefore, independent of their powers. He candidly stated his own belief in witchcraft, giving, as his reasons, certain dealings which he had with a reputed witch. He had been unsuccessful for a long time, and, therefore, went to consult a lady who practised the diabolical art. She frankly told him that she had sold his luck to an acquaintance, and that this was done beyond recall for that season. She, however, expressed her willingness to arrange with him for next season if he promised secrecy, as without that nothing could be done. This he promised, and she then gave him a sixpence which resembled all other sixpences except that it had the letters "G. L." printed on it. When asked if these letters stood for "Good Luck," she said it was not his business to ask any questions. He was told that he was, at the opening of next season, to get this coin spliced in the rope which ties the fleet of nets to the boat. This he did, and began to make a splendid fishing. Although he knew that the first Monday of the quarter was a critical time, he neglected to watch his boat, and when he looked he found that the sixpence was gone. He scarcely expected to fish much after that; "and," added he, "as sure as death a fortnight passed before another scale was seen in the boat."

Fishermen tell a story of a youth who called on a witch more for the fun of the thing than because he believed in her powers. After receiving some silver she asked him how much herring he

would like. He replied, "More than you can give me." She asked again, and he replied, "as much as you can give." This answer he repeated. Next night the young man went to sea. Before the following morning his nets were so filled with herring that they sank, and he was unable to recover a single loop of them.

But without resorting to witches, there are several other means by which fishermen and their relatives try to induce fickle luck to step their way. A small silver coin fixed somewhere among the nets, or a small piece of silver hidden in the boat on the first day of the year is very useful. It seems strange that fishermen should regard it as lucky that mice should nibble at their nets when they are stored away during the winter. Some, indeed, so strongly believe this that they put oats among them to induce the mice, although the result of their nibbling entails their working several weeks to repair the damage. It is also considered lucky to throw a broom or an old shoe after a fisherman on his way to sea; and in strange contradiction of a widely accepted superstition it is very lucky to have salt thrown after him.

As in other businesses, the first person met by him on his way to sea is a lucky or an unlucky person. If lucky, he deserves, and gets, something handsome out of the catch. If unlucky, the fishermen evidently entertains him a grudge thereafter. It is matter for regret that among a few it is believed to be particularly lucky to go to sea very drunk on a certain day during the fishing —the drunken crew believing that the bigger the spree the bigger the catch.

But just as there are a great number of things which fishermen do to secure them luck, there are nearly as many things which he must be careful not to do if he would retain that luck.

He must not start for the first time with a new boat on a Friday. When at sea he must be careful, if he belongs to the Banffshire coast, not to speak of salmon. If he does, he can retain his luck only by shouting "cold iron" at once. Caithness fishermen, who attribute no superstitious importance to this fish, delight to tease Banffshire men, by shouting to them some such expression, "There's a salmon in your pump."

It is commonly believed to be all that a boat's luck is worth to give anything away out of a boat at sea. Suppose a crew runs short of water they will get a drink from another crew quite readily, but not a drop to carry away, let water be ever so plentiful with the givers. If a fisherman suspects that his fishing goes to some one else, and when none of his devices bring him back his

luck, and when casting his nets from either side of his boat is of no avail, he is quite sure of this; he then takes a mouthful of water from a running stream under a bridge, "where the living and dead pass" (the latter on their way to burial) and sprinkles it over his nets. If this should happen to bring back his luck he must be particularly careful not to give it away by lending anything out of the boats or even by giving a "fry" out of his earlier catches. He must also be particular not to speak of any four-footed animal, particularly a hare, while at sea. If he does, he must touch some cold iron, which is by preference the horse shoe, which is sometimes nailed inside the stern of the boat, and which would nearly always be there if it were not for youthful scoffers, and but for the fact that a small piece of mountain ash nailed in the same place is equally efficacious in keeping off the adverse witches. And who can doubt this?

10th FEBRUARY, 1892.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Mr Hector M'Lean, Islay, entitled, "The Iberians." Mr Murdo Macleod, 37 Chambers Street, Edinburgh, and Mr Æneas Mackay, bookseller, Stirling, were elected Members of the Society. Mr M'Lean's paper was as follows:—

THE IBERIANS.

It would appear that in the early neolithic age the Auvergnat race was pressed back in Southern Belgium by a more powerful northern people, who, we may conjecture, were the ancestors of the Belgic Gauls. But while the Auvergnat race were in retreat on their northern frontier, they were themselves encroaching on the territory of the feeble Iberian people of the south. The artificial sepulchral grottoes of the Marne, excavated in the soft chalk of this region, form the transition between the natural caves used for sepulture on the Lesse, and the later dolmens of central France. In these grottoes we find evidence that the brachycephalic people of Lesse lived in peaceable association with the dolichocephalic Iberian race. They contain skulls with cephalic indices from 71·65, which agrees with that of the Iberians, up to 85·71, which is that of the Furfooz people. Three hundred miles further south is the department of the Lozère, now

inhabited by the brachycephalic Auvergnat race. The Caverne de l'Homme Mort and other early sepulchral caves of this district, contain only dolichocephalic skulls of the Iberian type. But in the dolmens, which are of later date, M. Prunière has found numerous skulls of a pronounced brachycephalic type, mingled with a few decidedly dolichocephalic, and others of a mixed type. Hence, we conclude, that the cavemen were invaded by the dolmen builders. That the invaders met with resistance is proved by the fact that in some of the cave interments arrowheads of types, believed to have been used only by the dolmen builders, are found embedded in the bones. Hence, De Quatrefages concludes that early in the neolithic age the dolichocephalic autochthones of this region were attacked by an intrusive brachycephalic race in a higher state of civilisation; that the two races ultimately amalgamated, and that, finally, the dolichocephalic race was either absorbed, or retired to the south-west, where, in the district between the Lozère and the Aveyron, there are dolmens containing only dolichocephalic skulls. It is believed that the Spanish Basques represent the earlier race, the Auvergnats the invaders, and the French Basques the mixed race. The chief importance of these researches consists, as we shall hereafter see, in their bearing on the moot question of the linguistic affinities of the Basque speech. The Auvergnats are separated from the Savoyards, who belong to the same type, by the valley of the Rhone, which is inhabited by a later intrusive race of much higher stature. We are informed by Zosimus that there were Celts in Rhaetia. Here, consequently, if Broca's theory as to the Celts is correct, we ought to find traces of the Auvergnat type. In the pre-historic graves of Eastern Switzerland, the ancient Rhaetia, we find brachycephalic skulls, which constitute what is called the Disentis type by the authors of the *Crania Helvetica* (His and Rutimeyer). The mean cephalic index is 86·5, higher than that of any existing race. The nearest approach to it is 86, which Broca gives as the mean index of the modern Ligurians, and 85, which is that of the Lapps. A skull of the Disentis type was found in the neolithic stratum of the cone of the Tinière, to which an antiquity of from 6000 to 7000 years has been assigned by M. Morlot. The Helvetic and Rhaetian skulls, though brachycephalic, are very different. The first of these agree with those of the round barrow people of Britain, the second with those of the Ligurians, and to some extent with those of the Lapps. The mean index of 95 skulls from British round barrows is 81, that from the lake dwellings of seven skulls is 80·3. The index

of the Disentis type varies from 81·8 to 97·5, the mean being 86·5. The index of the modern Lapp is 84 or 85, and it seems formerly to have been even higher, skulls from an ancient Lapp cemetery giving an index of 90·28. The mean cranial capacity of the round barrow people was 98 cubic inches, of the Helvettii 97, of the Rhaetians 83. The Rhaetians are like the Lapps orthognathous, while the round barrow people were prognathous. But as stature, prognathism, and the colour of the hair and eyes are more variable characteristics than the shape of the skull and of the orbits of the eyes, it is possible that the two brachycephalic types, the Celts of ethnology and the Celts of philology, may be remote branches of the same race which, with Dr Thurnam, we may call "Turanian." The short dark Ligurian race appear in Europe at a much earlier period than the tall, fair, Celto-Slavic people. The Hellenes, when they invaded Greece, were undoubtedly more civilised than the non-Aryan aborigines, when they invaded Greece; and the Umbrians were more civilised than the savage Ligurians and the cannibal Iberians whom they found in Italy. The round barrow Aryans of Britain were superior in culture to the feebler longbarrow race which they subjugated and supplanted.

The Iberians, a short, dolichocephalic race, represented in the barrows of Britain and the sepulchral caves of France and Spain. The stature averaged 5 feet 4 inches, and the cephalic index 81 to 74. They were orthognathous and swarthy. They are now represented by some of the Welsh and Irish, by the Corsicans, and by the Spanish Basques. Their affinities are African. The Ligurians, a short Alpine brachycephalic race, represented in some Belgian caves, and in the dolmens of Central France. They were black-haired, mostly orthognathous, with an index of 84, and with a stature of 5 feet 3 inches. They are now represented by the Auvergnats, the Savoyards, and the Swiss. Their affinities are Lapp or Finnic.

Broca showed that the Spanish Basques, who are the true representatives of the Basque race, are dolichocephalic, and are not as Retzius had supposed, from an examination skulls of some French Basques, brachycephalic. De Quatrefages and Hamy then proved that the supposed Aryan invaders were in fact the earliest inhabitants of Europe, and actually possessed a lower culture than the "savage descendants of Tur." The order in which the skulls are superimposed at Grenelle proves that both the dolichocephalic races preceded the two brachycephalic races. The most ancient skulls are those of dolichocephalic savages of

the Canstadt and kitchen-midden type, who subsisted mainly on shell-fish, and may be regarded as the ancestors of the Scandinavian, North German, and Anglo-Saxon race Next in order of time we find the Iberian race of savages, who subsisted on the chase, and practised cannibalism and human sacrifice, and whose descendants are found in Corsica, Spain, and Northern Africa. These Iberians were pressed back by the brachycephalic Ligurian race, who arrived in the reindeer period, and are possibly of Lapp affinities. The brachycephalic Ligurian race drove the dolichocephalic Iberians to the south and west, and the brachycephalic "Celtic" race drove the dolichocephalic Scandinavions to the north. The result is that Central Europe is brachycephalic, while the north and the south are dolichocephalic. The singular Basque or Euskarian language, spoken on both slopes of the Pyrenees, forms a sort of linguistic island in the great Ayrian ocean. It must represent the speech of one of the neolithic races, either that of the dolichocephalic Iberians, or that of the brachycephalic people whom we call Auvergnats or Ligurians. Anthropology throws some light on this question; it is now known that the Basques are not all of one type, as was supposed by Retzius and the early anthropologists, who were only acquainted with the skulls of the French Basques. Broca has now shewn that the Spanish Basques are largely dolichocephalic. The mean index of the people of Zarous in Guipuzcoa is 77·62; of the French Basques a considerable proportion (37 per cent.) are brachycephalic, with indices from 80 to 83. The mean index obtained from the measurement of 57 skulls of French Basques from an old graveyard at St Jean de l'Luz is 80·25. The skull shape of the French is therefore intermediate between that of the Auvergnats on the north and that of the Spanish Basques on the south. It is plain that the Basques can no longer be considered as an unmixed race, and we conclude that the blood of the dolichocephalic or Spanish Basques is mainly that of the dolichocephalic Iberians or Spanish Basques, with some admixture of Lingurian blood, while the brachycephalic or French Basques are to a great extent the descendants of the brachycephalic Auvergnats.

We have seen that the south of France was in the early neolithic age occupied exclusively by the dolichocephalic race. It has been shown that the sepulchral caves and dolmens of the Lozère supply evidence that early in the neolithic period their territory was invaded by the brachycephalic race, which drove them towards the Pyrenees, where the two races intermingled.

One race must clearly have acquired the language of the other. The probability is that the invaders, who were the more powerful and more civilised people, imposed their language on the conquered race, in which case the Basque would represent the language of the Ligurians rather than that of the Iberians. All the available evidence is in favour of this solution. The highest authority, Van Eys, considers it is impossible to explain the ancient Iberian by means of Basque. Vinson comes to the same conclusion. He holds that the legends on the Iberian coins are inexplicable from the Basque language, and he considers that they point to the existence in Spain of a race which spoke a wholly different tongue. This tongue probably belonged to the Hamitic family. We possess some 200 ancient Numidian inscriptions which exhibit very old forms of the Berber tongue, now spoken by the Towarag and Tamaskek tribes and the Kabyles. These inscriptions suffice to prove that the Numidian belonged to the Hamitic family of speech, and that it is distantly allied to the Nubian and old Egyptian. With this Berber or Hamitic family of speech the Basque has no recognisable affinity. Many philologists of repute have come to the conclusion that Basque must ultimately be classed with the Finnic group of languages. Professor Sayce, for instance, considers that "Basque is probably to be added" to the Ural-Altaic family. He says—"With this family I believe that Basque must also be grouped. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Charency, and others have shown that this interesting language closely agrees with Ugric in grammar, structure, numerals, and pronouns. Indeed, the more I examine the question the nearer does the relationship appear to be, more especially when the newly-revealed Accadian language of ancient Babylonia, by far the oldest specimen of the Turanian family that we possess, is brought into use for the purposes of comparison. In spite of the wide interval in time, space, and social relations, we may still detect several words which are common to Accadian and Basque."

These philological conclusions are in accord with the anthropological evidence, the skulls of the pure Iberian race, such as are those which are found in the long barrows of Britain or the Caverne de l' Homme Mort are of the same type as those of the Berbers, and the Guanches, and bear a considerable resemblance to the skulls of the ancient Egyptians; and the Spanish Basques come next to them. The men of the Caverne de l' Homme Mort clearly belong to the same racial group. They are decidedly more orthognathous than the Guanches. All these races agree in cranial capacity. The mean for male skulls is for the Corsicans

1552 cubic centimetres; for the Gaunches, 1557; and for the Spanish Basques, 1574. In the Caverne de l' Homme Mort it rises to 1606.

To discuss in detail the skulls in the neighbouring sepulchral caves of this region would be rather tedious. The most distinguished of the French anthropologists—Broca, Mortillet, and De Quatrefages—think that the people of the Caverne de l' Homme Mort were the survivors of an earlier race which dwelt in the same district during the reindeer period. The remains of this people have been found in caves at La Madeleine, Laugerie Haute, Aurignac, Laugerie Basse, and Cro-Magnon. This earlier people were tall, strongly built, and prognathous. Notwithstanding these variations, the usual osteological characters are identical, the cephalic index is the same, the mean index at Cro-Magnon is 73·34, and in the Caverne de l' Homme Mort, 73·22. Broca, besides, maintains "that of all the skulls with which he is acquainted, the nearest approach to the unique and exceptional skull of the old man interred in the Cro-Magnon cavern is to be found in two Gaunche skulls in the Museum at Paris." The forms of the bones of the leg and the arm display certain characteristic peculiarities in the Cro-Magnon skeletons, which are to be observed, in an attenuated form, in several of the skeletons in the Caverne de l' Homme Mort, as in some of the Welsh caves, particularly in the Cefn Cave, near St Asaph, and the Perthi-Chwareu Cave in Denbighshire, where interments occur which may be ascribed to remote ancestors of the people of the long barrows.

It would appear that the Iberian race had extended over the entire Spanish Peninsula as well as the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. Two skeletons were discovered in the Genista Cave at Gibraltar orthognathous and with dolichocephalic skulls, and, according to Busk, they bear resemblance to those found in the Perthi-Chwareu Cave in Denbighshire, and those of the Spanish Basques. One of the Genista skulls had a cephalic index of 74·8, an altitudinal index of 71·4, and one of the Denbighshire skulls had a cephalic index of 75, and an altitudinal index of 71. Such an agreement could scarcely be more exact. An interesting survival of the customs of those French and Spanish troglodytes is found in the Canaries. The Gaunches of Teneriffe may be considered as a remote branch of the Berber race, who have preserved in great purity the primitive type and mode of life. The Canaries were uninhabited in the time of Pliny. The natives were still in the stone age, and used caves both for habitation and sepulture

when occupied by the Spaniards at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Mummied bodies from the Teneriffe caves are in most of the museums of Europe. The mean cephalic index of these mummies is 75·5; in the Genista Cave at Gibraltar it is 75·5; it is 76·5 in the Denbighshire caves, and 73·22 in the Caverne de l' Homme Mort. 74·63 is the mean index of the Berbers; 75·35 that of the Corsicans, 76 that of the Spanish Basques, and 75·58 that of the ancient Egyptians.

Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, and Southern Italy were inhabited by the same race. Dolichocephalous skulls of the long barrow type have been found in pre-historic caves of Italy and Sicily. We are informed by Seneca that Corsica was peopled by Ligurians and Iberians. Pausanius tells us that the Sardinians were Libyans. We are informed by Thucydides that the oldest inhabitants of Sicily were Iberians. A passage of Ephorus, preserved by Strabo, tells us the same. Modern craniological measurements confirm these statements. It is ascertained that the dolichocephalous type prevails in Southern Italy, while Northern Italy is exceedingly brachycephalous. Dark complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes likely characterised the Iberian race. Their supposed descendants, the Welshmen of Denbighshire, the Irish of Donegal and Kerry; the Corsicans, the Spanish Basques, and the Berbers are swarthy. Dr Beddoe tells us that the "index of nigrescence increases from the east of Ireland to the west." The Kabyles, on the other hand, are of lighter tint, and blue eyes are not rare among them, and some of the Guanche mummies would seem to have been fair-haired. The Tuarik of the Sahara are fair-haired and blue eyed. But, as an anthropological characteristic, the colour of the hair and eyes is of less value than the shape of the skull and of the orbits of the eyes.

The Cro-Magnon people were entirely hunters and fishers; they were without any domestic animals or cereals. They had acquaintance with fire; and were clothed in skins, which they stitched together with bone needles. Collars and bracelets of shells, strung together, were worn by them. They painted or tattooed themselves with metallic oxides. They were not without religious notions, for they believed in a future life; the care bestowed by them on the interments, and the objects which they deposited with the deceased, prove that they thought the spirits of the dead had wants beyond the tomb, and that they were able to make use of ornaments and weapons. From parts of Europe distantly situated, where the remains of the Iberian race are

found, there is evidence that they were, at times, addicted to cannibalism. Human bones, which have been broken in order to extract the marrow, supply such evidence. From a cave in the Island of Palmaria, in the Gulf of Spezzia, from Keiss, in Caithness, and from the Cèsareda Caves, in the valley of the Tagus, the best authenticated cases come. The eminent French anthropologists, Broca and De Quatrefages, contend that the Cro-Magnon people exhibit a remote ancestral type of the Iberian race. Were this the case, the question of the ultimate origin of the Iberians would be greatly simplified. Broca supposes that their likeness to the Berbers shows that they have emigrated into Europe from Africa, at the same time, that the resemblance of the Guanche and Berber skulls to those of the ancient Egyptians allies them to the great Hamitic stock, and the Cro-Magnon skeletons constitute a link between the Berbers and the Negroes.

The Ligurians, a short brachycephalic Alpine people, represented in some Belgian caves and in the dolmens of Central France. They were black haired, mostly orthognathous, with a cephalic index of 84, and a stature of five feet three inches. They are now represented by the Auvergnats, the Savoyards, and the Swiss. Their affinities are Lapp or Finnic.

In the neolithic age, the Iberian race of savages subsisted on the chase, practised cannibalism and human sacrifice. Their descendants are found in Corsica, Spain, and Northern Africa. These Iberians were pressed back by the brachycephalous Ligurian race, who arrived in the period of the reindeer and are possibly of Lapp affinities. The brachycephalous Ligurian race drove the dolichocephalous Iberians to the south and west, and the brachycephalous "Celtic" race drove the dolichocephalous Scandinavians to the north. The consequence is that Central Europe is brachycephalous, while the north and the south are dolichocephalous. A sort of linguistic island is formed in the great Aryan ocean by the singular Basque or Euskarian language on both slopes of the Pyrences. Necessarily, it represents the speech of one of the neolithic races, either that of the dolichocephalous Iberians or that of the brachycephalous people, whom we designate Auvergnats or Ligurians.

There is some light thrown on this question by anthropology. It is well known now that the Basques are not all of one type, as was supposed by the early anthropologists, whose acquaintance was confined to the skulls of French Basques. Broca has shown that the Spanish Basques are very dolichocephalous. The mean index of the people of Zarous, in Guipuzcoa, is 77·62. A consider-

able proportion of the French Basques (37 per cent.) are brachycephalous, with cephalic indices from 80 to 83. From the measurements of fifty-seven skulls of French Basques, from an old graveyard at St Jean de l'Leuz, the mean cephalic index is 80.25. Therefore the skull shape of the French Basques is intermediate between that of the Auvergnats on the north, and that of the Spanish Basques on the south.

It is sufficently clear, then, that the Basques can no longer be looked upon as an unmixed race, and it may be inferred that the blood of the dolichocephalous or Spanish Basques is chiefly that of the dolichocephalous Iberians, with some admixture of Ligurian blood; at the same time, that French Basques are to a large extent the descendants of the brachycephalous Auvergnats.

It has been observed that the South of France was occupied exclusively in the early neolithic age by the Iberian or dolichocephalous race. The sepulchral caves and dolmens of the Lozère have supplied evidence that early in the neolithic period their territory was invaded by the brachycephalous race, which drove them towards the Pyrenees, where the two races intermixed. It is clear that one race must have acquired the language of the other. It is probable that the invaders, who were the more powerful and more civilised people, imposed their language on the conquered race. In this case, the Basque would represent the language of the Ligurians rather than that of the Iberians. This solution has all the available evidence in its favour. The highest authority on this subject, Van Eys, thinks it impossible to explain the ancient Iberian by means of Basque. Vinson comes to the same conclusion. He infers that the legends on the Iberian coins are inexplicable from the Basque language; and he is of opinion that they point to the existence in Spain of a people who spoke an entirely different tongue. It is likely that this language belonged to the Hamitic family. Many eminent philologists have concluded that Basque must be classed with the Finnic group of languages. Professor Sayce thinks that "Basque is probably to be added" to the Ural-Altaic family. Professor Sayce again remarks—"In spite of the wide interval of time, space, and social relations, we may still detect several words which are common to Accadian and Basque."

The Lapps are the shortest race in Europe; their average stature is 5 feet 2 inches. The Auvergnats are not only the shortest race in France, but the shortest race who now speak any Aryan language. French conscripts who measure less than 5 feet 1½ inches are exempted from serving. In the Department of the

Puy de Dôme and the two adjacent Departments, the Haute Vienne and the Corrère, which are the home of the Auvergnat race, the exemptions are from 15 to 19 per cent. In the Auvergnat Departments, the number of conscripts above 5 feet 8 inches is only 3 per cent.

It has been essayed to connect the Ligurians with the Finns rather than with the Lapps. The difficulty arises from the fact that the Finns are not of homogeneous race. The cephalic indices, the stature, the colour of the hair and eyes differ. Some of them are like the Slavs, others approach the Swedes, and some of them partake of the characteristics of the Lapps, whose tongue is an archaic form of Finnic speech. The Lapps are, nevertheless, orthognathous, and the Finns principally slightly prognathous. Broca gives 80·39 as the mean cephalic index of the Esthonian Finns, and 83·69 as that of the Finns of Finland. The Finns of Finland have a mean stature of 5 feet 3 inches.

There is not so much difficulty in ascertaining the neolithic ancestors of the Lugurians. The dolmens and caves of Western Europe are to be searched for a combining short stature with a high cephalic index.

At Grenelle, near Paris, have been discovered the earliest remains of any people which correspond to this description. In the alluvium and the underlying gravels here, deposited in a bend of the ancient bed of the Seine, skulls of three successive races have been found. The lowest, and therefore the oldest, beds of gravel contain dolichocephalous and platycephous skulls of the Canstadt or Scandinavian type, bearing a likeness to the Staengenaes skull. At a depth of from 3 to 12 feet from the surface, in the alluvium which overlies the gravel, are dolichocephalous skulls of the Cro-Magnon or Iberian type. At a depth of from 4 to 7 feet above these are the remains of a short brachycephalous race, entirely different from the other two; these are of mean stature of 5 feet 3½ inches, and have a mean cephalic index of 83·6, measurements which agree very nearly with those of the Auvergnats.

Further to the north certain limestone caves near Furfooz, in the valley of the Lesse, a little stream which joins the Meux near Dinant in Belgium, have yielded remains of one or possibly of two short brachycephalous races. A cave named the Trou-Rosette was inhabited by a race with the high cephalic index of 86·1. In a cave in the vicinity, designated the Trou de Frontal, skulls were found with indices varying between 70·8 to 81·4. The mean index is 80·35. The mean index of five Esthonian skulls at Paris

was 80·35. Both the Furfooz races had short stature. 5 feet 4 inches was the height of the tallest skeleton, and 4 feet 11 inches of the shortest. 5 feet 2 inches was the mean stature of one race, that of the other was slightly over 5 feet. There is a likeness between the Trou-Rosette skulls and those of the Lapps; the Trou de Frontal type is more prognathous and nearer to the Finns, and may still be recognised among the inhabitants of the valley of the Lesse, and among the peasants who frequent the markets of Antwerp.

The Furfooz races have left many traces of their industries in the caves which they inhabited, and wherein they also buried their dead. They appear to have been a peaceful people, and possessed no bows or arrows or weapons for combat, but only javelins tipped with flint or reindeer horn, wherewith they killed wild horses, reindeer, wild oxen, boars, goats, chamois, and ibex, as well as squirrels, lemmings, and birds, particularly the ptarmigan. Some of these animals prove that the climate was sub-arctic. They were clad in skins sewn together with bone needles. They tattooed or painted themselves with red oxide of iron, and as ornaments wore shells, plaques of ivory and jet, and blts of fluor spar. But that which is most remarkable, is that the weapons were brought from distant regions far to the south and south-west, which are now inhabited by a short brachycephalous race like themselves, while they appear to have been unable to avail themselves of the natural resources of the neighbouring districts to the north and to the north-east, where the ethnic type is different. The flints for their implements were not got from the chalk formation of Hainault, a few miles to the north, but from Touraine, more than 250 miles distant in a direct line. The jet was brought from Lorraine, and the shells from Grignon. Clearly, these people of the valley of the Lesse, about fifteen miles from Namur, could range upwards of 300 miles to the south-west, but not more than twenty-five miles to the north, or they would have obtained their shells from Liège in place of from the Loire, and their flints from Hainault instead of from Champagne. An ancient ethnic frontier is recognised, therefore, here. The people of the Lesse could not pass the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, as a hostile and more powerful race held the hills of Hainault.

It is also shewn by the fact that, not far from Mons, forty miles north-west of the Lesse, flint instruments have been discovered deposited, differing in type, as in material, from those found in the valley of the Lesse. There is an agreement of the latter with those of the Dordogne, in Central France, while the implements

from Mons resemble those found in the valley of the Somme and other parts of Belgic Gaul. These distinctions disappear at a later time; the weapons are wrought from Hainault flint, and the types are the same as in the district of Hainault. This Iberian or Silurian race, the Basques in France and Spain, would appear to have come originally from Africa into Europe, and to have primarily peopled Spain, France, and the British Isles till they were conquered by other races, and in the British Isles by the Celts, who conquered and enslaved them, but intermixed with them in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. In anthropology the extent of the intermixture has not been so thoroughly investigated yet, but we may infer that swarthy dark-haired and black-eyed Irishmen and Highlanders of diminutive stature have in their composition a large element of the Iberian or Silurian race. Many of these are very bright-minded. In Joannes Scotus Erigena we have an instance of such a man. It is said that John was a great favourite of Charles the Bald, King of France. Being a little man, he was sitting at dinner between two big portly bishops. The king asked him to divide the fish between the bishops and himself, there being two big fishes and a small one. He cut the small fish into two halves, and gave one half to each bishop. He then put the two big fishes on his own plate. "Have you divided fairly?" said the king. "Yes," he said; "here are two big ones and a little one," pointing to the bishops, and then pointing to his own plate, he remarked, "here are two big ones and a little one." At p. 218 of Professor Stokes' "Ireland and the Celtic Church," he observes—"Every student of history knows that Joannes Scotus Erigena was summoned to France by Charles the Bald, where he alone was found capable of translating the Greek works of the Pseudo-Dionysius. John the Irishman was a truly erratic genius. He was brilliant, learned, heretical. He embodied in himself most of the virtues and vices of the Irish character, and to this alumnus of the monastery of Bangor can be directly traced the genesis of that antheistic philosophy which many moderns ascribe wholly to Spinoza. Through Joannes Scotus the Irish schools exercise, indeed, a direct influence over the philosophic thought of modern Europe." In a note at the bottom of the same page, Dr Stokes informs us—"He wrote several brilliant works, one touching the question of predestination, where he opposed what we should call in modern language high Calvinism, and verges towards Pelagianism, which always seems to have had an attraction for the Celtic genius; another on the Eucharist, where he taught views opposed to transubstantiation."

Here is a description of a man whom I consider to have been of the Gaelic-Iberian race. I have given a long description of the physical characteristics of a race extending from Northern Africa through Spain, France, and the British Isles to Caithness in the North of Scotland, and here end with a biographical sketch of one whom I consider to have been of the Celto-Iberian race.

17th FEBRUARY, 1892.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. John MacRury, Snizort. Mr MacRury's paper was as follows:—

STRAY NOTES ON GAELIC.

A WORD OF WARNING.

In writing this paper I have no desire whatever to lead any one astray. But it is quite possible, even probable, that many of those into whose hands these notes may come will think that I am very far astray myself. It is well known that a man may be very far astray without knowing it himself. I may be astray in many of the views which I take of the various points on which I touch in these notes, but I am not in the least conscious of being so. Some of these notes may be *wise*, and some may be *otherwise*, like many of the other subjects which are taken up to interest and amuse our countrymen at this time of the year.

Nor do I in the least desire to stir up the spirit of controversy and strife in any of our "irascible Celts" by what I write. Too much time and energy have been uselessly spent already by many a well-meaning and true-hearted Highlander in discussing many minor points, while the great and important duty of fostering the Gaelic has been sadly neglected. The ridiculous work of straining out gnats and swallowing camels has been going on among well-meaning and earnest students of Gaelic grammar for many a day. Let no one conclude from this remark that I look upon earnest and thorough grammatical study of the Gaelic as a matter of minor importance. Far from it. Such a profitable and interesting study should be prosecuted with greater diligence and perseverance than is usually the case. These notes are the result of a little study which I made on stray passages during spare half-hours. Crude as the notes may be, they may help to stir up

others—not to take part in any useless controversy, I hope, but—to look further into the depth of knowledge which is treasured up in our ancient, but hitherto much neglected, language. Such of the notes as may be *wise*, if they happen to contain anything new, will give some direct help to as many as are anxious to learn ; and such of the notes as may be *otherwise* will also help every wise and thoughtful student —indirectly, of course—by pointing out to him the numerous rocks and shallows on which he may easily wreck his reputation as a sound, sensible, and learned Celtic scholar. Now, to the "Notes."

I.—ON EMPHASIS, AND THE USE OF HYPHEN.

In many ancient languages the emphatic words are known by the position which they take up in the sentence. In Gaelic the case is different. Emphasis is generally, though not always, produced either by lengthening the words, or by pronouncing them so articulately as to show them at their full length. This enables one easily to know which are the emphatic words and which are not, and is consequently a great advantage to those who are learning the Gaelic. The Personal, Possessive, Compound, and Prepositional Pronouns, and also some parts of the Verb, are invariably lengthened by the addition of an emphatic particle, which generally used to be joined to its word by a *hyphen.*

In the emphatic Personal Pronouns, the hyphen has not been much used for the last 80 years or more. It is to be met with, so far as I know, only in "e-san," and the reason why it is used in this instance is to be found in the undue regard paid to the Irish rule, "Caol ri caol agus leathann ri leathann." Now, this rule, though in many respects excellent as a guide to the spelling of words in which the consonants are modified in sound by broad or small vowels, should not be universally applied. In most of the editions of the Gaelic Scriptures published since the beginning of this century, "esan" only is to be found. It has therefore become the established usage never to use the *hyphen* in connecting the emphatic particles to the Personal Pronouns.

The very opposite must be the case in connecting the emphatic particle to the Possessive Pronouns, because the emphatic particle can't come in immediately after the Pronoun. It can only come in at the end of the last word, *e.g.*, "Mho mhac-sa," "mo chòta mór, ur-sa," "mo chú mòr, luath, láidir, breagha, breacgeal-sa." Evidently it is not possible, consistent with clearness, to omit the *hyphen* in the above or in similar instances.

In the Compound Pronouns there is no occasion to use the *hyphen*, as these Pronouns are made up of the Personal and the Demonstrative Pronouns. I would, however, use the *hyphen* in the following phrase, "dh' fholaich i i-fhein rè chòig mìosan." It might also be used in the phrases "mharbh e e-fhein," "ghearr e e-fhein," "nigh iad iad-fhein," &c., in preference to "si i fein," "se e féin," &c.

In the case of the Prepositional Pronouns, and by Prepositional Pronouns I mean those words that are made up of the Proper Prepositions and the Personal Pronouns, I would not use the *hyphen* at all in connecting the emphatic particle. The too frequent use of the *hyphen* is rather puzzling to learners, and troublesome to writers and printers, and therefore it should never be used except when clearness requires its presence. But when the emphatic particles, *sa*, *se*, *san*, *ne*, are joined to the Prepositional Pronouns without a *hyphen*, it is necessary to omit some letters, either from the pronouns, or from the particles, *e.g.*, it would not do to write, "leissan," "rissan," as it is not admissible in Gaelic to double any letter except the letters "l," "n," "r." This was the great difficulty which met the learned translators of the Scriptures when they wrote "leis-san" and "ris san." They felt bound to use the *hyphen* in these cases in order to avoid such a great change in the language as doubling the letter "s." But though it is the rule to double the "n" in Gaelic when occasion requires it, it is not admissible to treble the letter "n," or any other letter. How did they get over this difficulty? Not by using the *hyphen* in connecting the emphatic particle "ne" to the Prepositional Pronoun, but by leaving out one of the three "n's." as "againne," "annainne," "oirnne," "uainne," &c. These are much simpler and better forms of the words than what could be given by using the *hyphen*, as "againn-ne," "annainn-ne," &c. Why not then leave out one of two "s's" in "leis-san," "ris-san," and simply write "leisan," "risan?" In "roimhesan," "dhaibhsan," "aigesan," "airsan," "uigesan," &c., the Irish rule is transgressed, and the words look somewhat strange at first sight; but it must be admitted that the omission of the *hyphen* is a great advantage to the learner, and to the writer and printer.

In some instances the verb is made emphatic by being lengthened, *e.g.*, the 1st and 2nd sing. and 1st and 2nd plur. of the Imperative, as "Buaileamsa," "Buailsa," "Buaileamaidne," "Builibhse," "Rachaibhse," "Abraibhse," &c. The *hyphen* need not be used in these instances.

Emphasis is also added by repeating the same word, as "Fosgail an dorus sin a sin" (open that door there). "Thoir

dhomh am maide sin a sin" (give me that stick there). "Dh' inns an duine sin a sin dhomh e" (that man there told it to me). "Am fear leis am bu leis thu" (the man to whom you belonged). "Am fear leis an leis an taigh so" (the man to whom this house belongs).

The preposition "an" (in) is often lengthened into "ann an," for the sake of emphasis. It is astonishing to me to find that not one of our grammarians, while trying to account for this form of the preposition, seemed to see that "ann an" is the emphatic form, and that "an,'" or, "am" before a labial, is the ordinary form. Dr Stewart, in his grammar, which is the best Gaelic grammar we have, speaks of "ann an" as a lengthening, or a reduplication of "an," and seems never to have noticed that "ann an" is the emphatic form, and can only, with propriety, be used as such. Even the late Dr Cameron of Brodick, who had no equal as a Gaelic Grammarian, seems to have overlooked this important point. In his admirable article in the *Scottish Celtic Review* on "Common Mistakes" (p.p. 273-296)), he makes it quite clear that "an," in, "ann an comhairle nan aingidh" (in the counsel of the wicked) is not the article, as many Gaelic scholars maintained, but the regular modern form of the ancient preposition "*in*." He even goes the length of saying that "an" is the more accurate form, as it may always be substituted for "ann an," whereas "ann an" can only be occasionally substituted for "an." He is quite correct in all that he says; for he was not writing on the proper way of emphasising the language, but on the proper way of writing it. Still, it seems strange, that he should be inclined to favour the idea of doing away with "ann an" and using only "an," for this is what can be easily inferred from his concluding remarks on the preposition "an." In recent editions of the Gaelic Scriptures, the first word in Genesis, and the first word in the Gospel of St John, is "An," instead of "Anns an," as in former editions. This has not been considered an improvement by any one, except, perhaps, the translators of said editions, and a few of their friends. People who knew nothing of the laws of Orthography and Etymology condemned the change. They naturally missed the emphatic form of the preposition; because the want of due emphasis makes the sense of a word or a passage rather vague. "Ann an" is very often to be found in Scripture, but not so often as it might be, if due regard had been paid to the matter. Whenever the Greek preposition "*en*" is translated into English by "in," it should be translated into Gaelic by "ann an," in every case in which the

phrase in which it occurs is emphatic; *e.g.*, "ann an nèamh," in heaven; "ann an ifrim," in hell; "ann an Eirinn," in Ireland; "ann an Alba," in Scotland; "ann an dorchadas," in darkness; &c., &c. Let "ann an" be changed into "an" in the above, and in the hundreds of similar instances which I might easily mention, and the result would be that, in the majority of them, "an" might be taken by many learners of the Gaelic to be the article. This would lead both to confusion as regards two very different parts of speech, and also to weakness and vagueness of expression—two things that should be very carefully avoided both by writers and speakers.

"Agus" and "is" are two forms of the couplative conjunction, and should never be used indiscriminately either in speaking or in writing. Of late years it has become rather common to leave out "is," and to use "'us" instead. This is one of the common mistakes into which well-meaning writers have fallen through thinking that "'us" is the right word to use. They were under the impression that there is only one couplative conjunction, and that in some instances "'us"—a contraction of "agus"—should be used in preference to the uncontracted form. Now, there can be no doubt as to the existence of the two words "agus" and "is." "Agus" is the emphatic word, and "is" is used only when a pair of words must be brought into a close connection to one another. Let me try to make this point plainer. "Agus" may often begin a sentence, but "is" can never be the first word of a sentence. We may say "mise is tusa," but it would not be correct to say "mise agus tusa," because though not violating any grammatical rule that I know of, we would be violating the rules of good style by putting three emphatic words side by side. A comma should not be put before "is," but as a general rule it may be put before "agus," *e.g.*, Fhreagair e, agus thuirt e mar so, "Ma bheir thu dhomhsa iad gu léir, bheir mi leam iad eadar mhath is olc." Very many instances could be brought forward in addition to the above to prove that "agus" and "is" should be used, "agus" to do the double duty of connecting and emphasising, and "is" to connect words only.

"Biodh," "bhios," are not contractions of "bitheadh," and "bhitheas," as many are apt to think. They are original forms of the verb "Bi." When the emphasis falls on the verb, the long forms "Bitheadh" and "Bhitheas" are used, *e.g.*, "Am biodh e tric a' leughadh? Bhitheadh. In the above question the emphasis is on "leughadh," and as the answer is emphatic the long form of the word can only be used. In the following sentences the long and the

short forms of the words are given to show how and when they are used by the best speakers :—*Ma bhitheas gus nach bi thus' ann, bidh mise ann, ma bhios mi beó air air chionn an latha.* BITHEADH *no na* BITHEADH *an latha math, biodh iad a' falbh cho luath 's a bhios iad deiseil. Am fear a bhios air dheireadh beiridh a bhiast air. Am bi thu fhein ann? Is mi a* BHITHEAS. *An* DUBHAIRT *e gu feumadh e falbh am maireach?* THUBHAIRT. *Cò a thuirt riut gu'n* DUBHAIRT *e briathran cho mi-iomchuidh sin?* THUBHAIRT *Domhull.* It is not necessary to multiply instances of this kind.

II.—ON PLACE-NAMES.

To explain the names of places is one of the most difficult subjects one can take up. A great deal of nonsense has been written and printed in connection with this subject. It seems to be a subject of unusual attraction and of more than ordinary interest to many, because it is generally supposed to be an easy one. I have no intention to go deep into the subject, because I find I cannot do so without much more knowledge than I yet possess. I cannot forget that, "Philology based upon sound is not sound philology." If I mistake not, however, I have got hold of *one* point which helps one to arrive at a safe conclusion as to the meaning of place-names. The point is this, that however much the letters of a word may be changed in obedience to the laws of language, the accent generally remains unchanged. Let me illustrate this point. There is a place in Morayshire, near the Spey, called Knockando. Though the accent is on the second syllable, all those that tried to explain its meaning to me, with one solitary exception, said it means "Cnocan-dubh," "the black hillock." This is "philology based upon sound" with a vengeance, and consequently "is not sound philology." If it meant "Cnocan-dubh," the principal accent would necessarily be on the third and last syllable. As a rule, the people of the place, or of the neighbourhood, help one to arrive at the proper meaning of a place-name, either by the way in which they pronounce it, or by being able to tell what the old name of the place was. In the case before us we are helped both by the pronounciation and by what the people of the neighbourhood tell us as regards the old name of the place. It was never called "Cnocan-dubh;" but was from time immemorial called, "Cnoc-ceannachd," which means, "market-hill." In olden times the market for the district used to be held on this hillock, hence the name.

Now, let us look a little at the old name, and at the new name, in order to trace out the transition. "K" is the only letter

which takes the place of "c" in Gaelic when an English dress is to be put on a Gaelic word. The two words are naturally joined; and as neither two "c's" nor two "k's" are admissible side by side in either language, one of them must be dropped, and the word, after undergoing such other changes as the laws of language invariably produce, assumes its present form. The changes referred to are the following:—The last "n" in "ceannachd," the second part of the word, becomes "d," "ea" before "nn" becomes "a," and retains the accent, and "a" in "achd," which is a suffix showing "ceannachd" to be a noun derived from "ceannaich," becomes "o," and is naturally placed after "d." It may be asked how is the disappearance of "ch" to be accounted for? One explanation of it is, that there is no sound in English equivalent to "ch" in Gaelic, and in consequence "ch" had to be left out.

After all the change "Cnoc-ceannachd" has undergone before it became Knockando, the dipthong "ea," which in "ceannachd" is long by position, as it is followed by a double consonant, remains long, and consequently the emphasis is on the second syllable of Knockando. This is only one of the many instances which might be brought forward to prove the point under discussion.

There is also a tendency on the part of many, when explaining the names of places, to think that the number of syllables in a modern, or English, name of a place is a safe guide to lead them to the old name. This is far from being the case. It often happens, of course, that the number of syllables in one word corresponds with the number in another, as, for example, "Knockando" and "Cnoc-ceannachd;" but it is not safe to build an etymological law upon any such foundation. Let us, in illustration of this point, look at the word "Ardroil"—the name of a small farm in the parish of Uig, in Lewis. This word has only two syllables. But what is the meaning of it? The farm is never called "Ardroil" by the natives when they speak Gaelic, which they, as a rule, do. They call it "Eadar dha fhaoghail," or, in rapid conversation, "Eadar-a-fhaoghail." Now, while the name of the farm in English has only two syllables, the name in Gaelic has five. Still, the point to which I was drawing attention in the case of Knockando holds true here, namely, that the accented or emphatic syllable in the Gaelic name, "Eadar-a-fhaoghail," is retained in the English name, "Ardroil." In the Gaelic name, "ao" corresponds with "oi" in the English name. One can imagine how easily some people could see the adjective "ard," "high," or the noun "aird," "height,"

in the "Ardroil." Let us try to follow the probable steps by which the change took place. "Eadar-da-fhaoghail" means "between two fords"—a very good description of the farm, which is between two large rivers, over which there was no bridge in olden times. By leaving out the silent letters "fh" and "gh," we have "Eadar-da-ao-ail." As "aa" and "oa" are not admissible combinations of letters in the Gaelic, two of the three "a's" must be struck out. This leaves the word "Eadar-daoil." By law "d" and "r" often change places, and these changes are often followed by the transposition of vowels and other consonants, so that we have "Ardroil," as the English equivalent of "Eadar da-fhaoghail."

But the rarest piece of etymological nonsense that ever I came across is to be found in a schoolbook published by a firm of well-known publishers in Glasgow. The name of the book is "Combined Reader for Standard III." It treats of history and geography, and its special feature is the prominent place given in its pages to fanciful explanations of the names of places. The name "Benbecula" is said, in this precious little book, to mean "The island of little women!!!" One can imagine the writer, who, if one can believe anything of what is written in the book, got the greater part of his information when cruising about the Highlands and Islands in a yacht, asking gravely of some one "What is the meaning of 'Ben?'" "O, 'ben' is the Gaelic name for 'a woman.'" "And what is the meaning of 'bec?'" "Beg" is the word we have for "little," the party would probably have replied. Then our learned friend, whose philology seems to have been based wholly upon sound, and not upon sense, would have concluded that he knew enough to enable him at once to say that "Benbecula" means "The island of little women." He evidently felt no scruples about throwing away half the word, namely, "ula." Fanciful theories seem to enable many to surmount difficulties which to many others are quite insurmountable. On the authority of the same writer, "Benledi" means "Beinn le Dia, "A mountain of or belonging to God." Strange that "Ben" in the one word should mean "a woman," and in the other "a hill," or "a mountain." The explanation of "Benledi" is pure nonsense.

"Benbecula" is the English form of "Beinn na faoghlach," the name always given to the island by the people of the Long Island. There are only two hills in Benbecula, and to distinguish between them, one was called "Beinn-na-faoghlach" and the other "Beinn-fhuidheidh." "Beinn-na-faoghlach' is near the ford

(faoghail) between Benbecula and North Uist, hence the name. The name, when rapidly pronounced, is "Beinn-a-bhaoghla" or "Beinn-a-faoghla." "Ch" in both cases is left out, as is now too often the case. The genius of the Gaelic language requires that every vowel should be closed by a consonant. This is easily understood when one remembers that, as a general rule, every syllable should begin with a vowel or diphthong. The exceptions to this rule are mainly to be found at the beginning of such words as begin with a consonant, and in such words as "òglach," which is a compound word. In fact this last word, being in reality two words, is not an exception at all. But to return from this digression, I must make some further remarks on "Benbecula," especially as regards the point to which I made reference in my remarks on the place names already considered, namely, the position of the main accent of both the Gaelic and the English name. Three "n's" cannot be used side by side. The disappearance of "ch" from the end of a word has been already referred to, and the only other changes which took place are, that, according to rule, "f" becomes "b," and "g" became "c." By these changes "Beinn 'a faoghla" becomes "Ben(n)abaocla." "Benabaocla" could not be easily pronounced in English, because "ao," as a dipthong, is not used in English at all. In order to suit the English ear the word had to be written in its present form. But "ao" is a dipthong which is invariably long, and in consequence of this, the main accent of the word remains in its original position, even though the diphthong "ao" had to give place to a single vowel. The people of Benbecula were called, "Baoghlaich," which is the same as "Faoghlaich," and were without doubt called so, because they had to cross the north and south fords when they had occasion to leave their native island on any business.

As regards "Benledi," to which I made some reference already, the position of the accent seems to me to be a strong proof that its meaning is not, "Beinn le Dia." The vowel "e," in the preposition "le," is never long, and consequently can't be accented. As the accent is on "e," the middle syllable of "Benledi," it can't mean "Beinn le Dia," whatever it may mean.

'II.—ON WORDS WHICH SEEM TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON CERTAIN POINTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE PAST HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

Of late years we have been told, on the highest authority, that there is no Gaelic word corresponding to the English word "rent," and this has been made use of by many who were, and possibly

still are, against paying "rent." They maintained that the paying of "rent" is one of those evils which sprung into existence at a comparatively recent date, and that, consequently, it should be abolished at the earliest possible opportunity. They tell us that "màl," the word commonly used for "rent," is a loan-word from the English, and that it is the same as "blackmail." Well, this may be quite true. But "blackmail" is a word that suggests to any one, I should think, that there was some other "mail" besides "blackmail." When the word "black" is used to qualify anything, the natural inference is that there must have been white things as well as black things. Black suggests white, the same as cold suggests heat, and evil suggests good, &c., &c. I hope no one will think for a moment that I am writing either against those who have to pay rent or in favour of those who receive rent. I am only stating my opinion, and as long as other people claim the liberty of stating *their* opinion freely, surely they will not grudge me a similar liberty.

If "màl" is a loan word from the English, "pàigh" is also a loan word. "Pàigh" is simply the English word "pay." It is the word which is now invariably used, both in written and spoken Gaelic. I am not referring to Gaelic written or printed eighty or one hundred years ago, and which may have been repeatedly printed or transcribed since. I am only saying that, for many years, "pàigh," a loan-word from the English, has been invariably used all over the Highlands. But *there is* a Gaelic word for "rent," namely, "ioc." In Macleod and Dewar's Dictionary "ioc" is the word given for "rent" or "payment." As a verb, "ioc" means "pay," "render," &c. The only place in which I find "ioc" used is in the Scriptures. In one of the Gospels we have "Ioc dhomh na bheil agam ort" ("Pay me what thou owest"). In another Gospel we have "Nach 'eil bhur maighstir-sa ag iocadh na cìse? ("Doth not your master pay tribute?") "Ioc," the Imperative Mood, is the root word. From this root we have got several words which throw light upon the point under consideration. "Iochdaran" and "Uachdaran" are co-relative terms. "Iochdaran" is the one who pays, and "Uachdaran" is the one who receives payment. "Uachdaran is iochdaran" are the words which, to this day, are used when speaking of people *in their relations to each other as landlords and tenants.* If, however, the landlord happened to have the title of Lord, or Earl, &c., he would have been called by courtsey, "Morofhear," and not "Uachdaran." The House of Lords was called "Taigh nam Morofhearan," and the Lords of the Court of Session were called "Na Morofhearan Dearga." "Morofhear"= "Morfhear," "the big man." The title given to a nobleman very

often was "Urra-mhòr." "Iochdar" and "Uachdar," "upper" and "lower," were, and still are, used in a general way. But, as may be inferred from the proverb, "Clachan beaga 'dol an iochdar 's clachan mòra 'tighinn an uachdar," "Little stones going below, and big stones coming above, "Iochdar" and "uachdar" show that the idea of paying and receiving payment is not left out of sight. It shows also that in obedience to a natural law one class of people rises in the world, while another class must of necessity go down. There must be upper and lower among men in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

There are other terms which mark the distinction as regards the social position of the people, namely, "uasal" and "Iosal," "high" and "low." "Duine uasal," "gentleman," does not necessarily mean a man of a gentle and amiable nature, but a man who is in a high position through having property. This seems quite plain when the correlative term "Iosal" is taken into consideration. It seems that the possession of property was considered a necessary qualification of a "duine uasal." The proverb, "Uaisle gun chuid, agus maragan gun gheir" "Gentility without property, and puddings without tallow" plainly point out this. The meaning of the proverb is, that, as puddings could not be made without tallow, a man could not be a gentleman without possessing property. The idea that a gentleman should be rich, and very liberal about his riches, is strongly entertained by many all over the Highlands to this very day.

It is remarkable that there are no names in the Gaelic for the various meals we take. "Braiceist," "dinneir," and "suipeir" are loan-words from the English. This proves that the Highlanders of old had no stated times for taking their meals. The Gaelic word commonly used is "biadh," food. "Thig dhachaidh gu d' bhiadh," "come home to your food;" "tha 'm biadh deiseil," "the food is ready;" "tha 'n t-am am biadh a dheasachadh," "it is time to prepare the food," &c., &c., were the usual expressions. "Diota," a word common in many places, is a loan-word, namely, "diet." The words "Dia," "God," "diabhul," "devil," "ifrinn," "hell," "nèamh." "heaven," are also loan-words, namely, "Deus," "diabolus," "infernum," "nebula." "Flaitheanas" is Gaelic. From this it is clear that the Highlanders of old, though they believed in a state of future blessedness, had no idea of God, or of the devil, or of a place of future torment.

Much more of this sort of thing might be written, but if these "Notes" are *wise* they are long enough, and if they are *otherwise* (which is more than likely), they are by far too long.

24th FEBRUARY, 1892.

At this meeting Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, read a paper on "General Monck's Campaign in the Highlands in 1654." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows:—

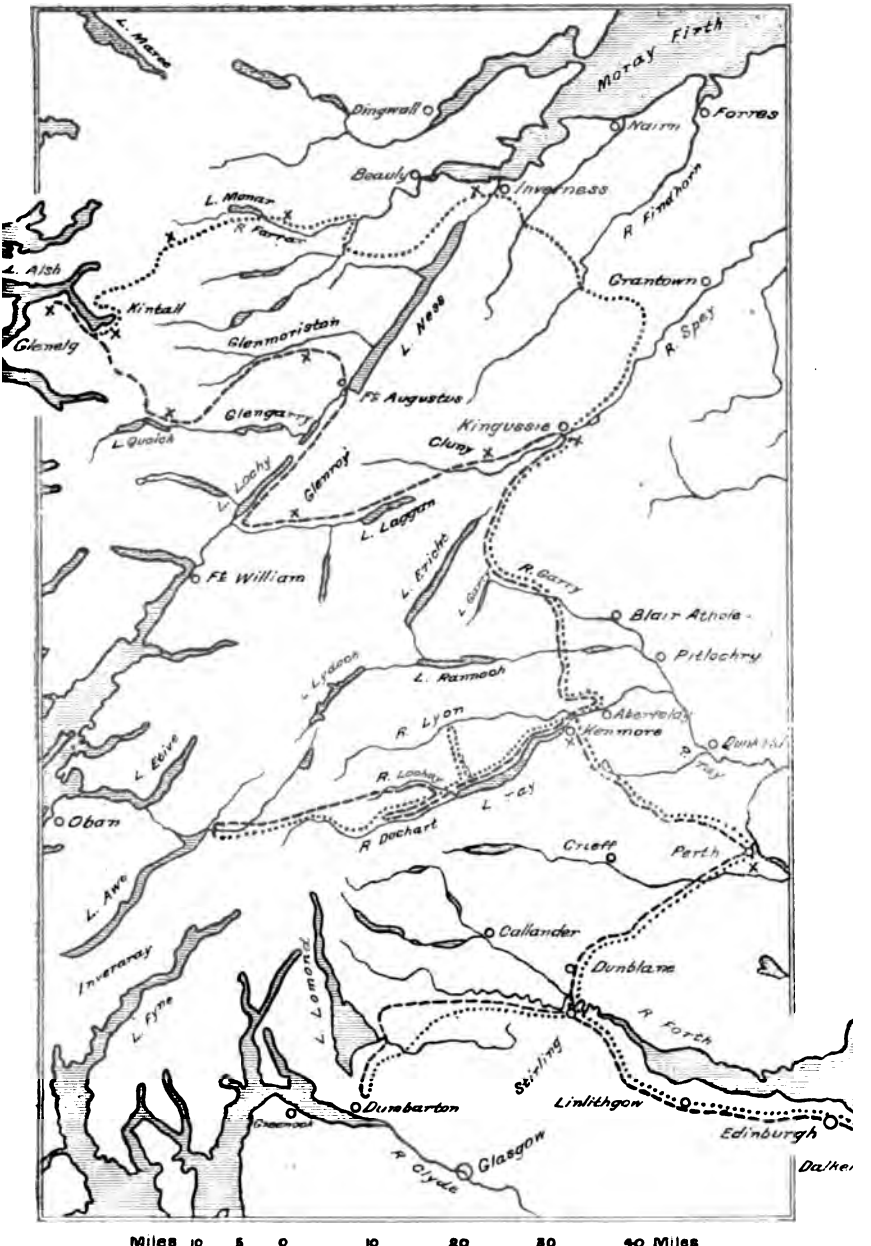
THREE UNPUBLISHED DESPATCHES FROM GENERAL MONCK,

Describing his Military Operations in the Highlands in 1654.

General Monck's campaign in the Highlands in 1654 has strangely escaped the notice of Scottish historians. Except by Hill Burton, who only refers to his operations in the Southern Highlands, and evidently did not know of his expedition into the counties of Inverness and Ross, it was not even alluded to until Mr Julian Corbett published his interesting life of Monck in 1889 ("English Men of Action Series"). The following despatches, which have never been published, throw a flood of light on the event, and show what a brilliant affair it was. The transcripts are taken from Monck's own copies, which are preserved in the Library of Worcester College, Oxford—and for them I am indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. the Warden of the College and the Librarian.

A few words by way of introduction to the despatches. Although the Scots surrendered Charles the First to the English Parliamentary Party, they disapproved of his execution, and brought his son,. Charles the Second, home to reign in his stead. The new King's supporters were, however, defeated by the English at Dunbar, in June, 1650, and again at Worcester, in September, 1651. After Worcester, Cromwell's soldiers over-ran the greater part of Scotland, and ruled the country—establishing, among other garrisons, one at Inverness—at the Citadel, or Sconce—and another at Brahan. Certain Highland chiefs, however, including Lochiel and Glengarry, still held out for the Stewarts, and when the Earl of Glencairn raised the Royal Standard, in 1653, they hastened to join him. Glencairn wasted time in aimless marches, and before long he had to yield the chief command to the more energetic General Middleton. Lilburne, who commanded Cromwell's forces in Scotland, proved, notwithstanding the famous Colonel Morgan's assistance, unable to suppress the Royalist rising. Cromwell, therefore, resolved to put a stronger man in his

SKETCH OF GENERAL MONCK'S CAMPAIGN IN 1654



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place, and in April, 1654, Monck arrived at Dalkeith, in the capacity of Governor of Scotland, and armed with the fullest powers.

He at once prepared to follow the Royalists into the Highlands. In May he moved to Stirling, from whence he advanced into the district of Aberfoyle, where, after repeated repulses, he dispersed the forces of Glencairn. He then marched northward to meet Middleton—having arranged that he should be joined by Morgan, who was stationed at Brahan, and by Colonel Brayne, who was despatched to bring 2000 men from Ireland to Inverlochy. His movements were extraordinarily rapid. He started from St Johnstone's (Perth), on Friday, 9th June, with a force of horse and foot, which included his own regiment, now the famous Coldstream Guards. I shall allow himself to tell the rest of the story; and the accompanying map, which has kindly been prepared by Mr James Fraser, C.E., will help us to follow his footsteps. The first despatch is addressed to General Lambert, from Glenmoriston, on 25th June; the second, to Cromwell, from Ruthven in Badenoch, on 7th July; and the third, to Cromwell, from Stirling, on 29th July.

I.—MONCK TO LAMBERT.

My Lord,—We are now come thus farre for the finding-out of the Enemy, and have received information that Middleton is with the greatest parte of his force, reported to bee betweene three and foure thousand, at Kintale, which is about 18 miles hence, where I intende to bee this day, and, if possible, either engage or scatter them. However, I shall with these Forces attend his motions to prevent his further leavies. Col. Brayne was with mee (with ye Marquesse of Argile) on Thursday last at the foot of Lough Loughee, 6 miles from Inner Loughee, where hee hath entrencht those forces hee brought from Ireland.

I remain yr. Lordshippe's most humble servt.,

GEORGE MONCK.

Campe at Glenmorriston, 25th June, 1654.

II.—MONCK TO CROMWELL.

May itt please your Highnesse,

Wee are now returned back thus farre after the Enemy under Middleton, who by a teadious march have harras't out their horse very much; both Highlanders and Lowlanders begin to quitt them. They are now about Dunkell, butt wee

heare they intend to march towards the Head of Lough-Lomond, wee shall doe our best to overtake them in the Reare, or putt them to a very teadious march, the which wee hope will utterlie breake them. I desire your Highnesse will be pleased to give order That care may bee taken that the Irish forces that are att Loughaber may continue there, for a yeare: I finde they are very unwilling, being they were promist (as they say) to returne within 3 or 4 Monthes, but being that providence hath ordered That that partie should come into those parts itt will bee a great deale of trouble to shippe them away, & to shippe other men to Releive them in that place; and truly the place is of that Consequence for the keeping of a garrison there for the destroying of the stubbornest enemy wee have in the Hills, that of the Clan Cameron's and Glengaries, and the Earle of Seafort's people, that wee shall not bee able to doe our worke unlesse wee continue a Garrison there for one yeare; For in case we should withdraw that Garrison towards the winter from thence these 3 clans doe soe over awe the rest of the clans of the Country that they would bee able to inforce them to rise, in case wee should withdraw our garrisons, and nott find them imployment att home the next Summer before there will bee any grasse for us to subsist in the Hills: In case we should putt in some of our owne forces there and return the others into Ireland wee shall not have shipping to doe both, besides the unsetling of one and setling the other will be a great inconvenience to us: This I thought fitt humbly to offer to your Highnesse, concerning which I shall humbly desire to have your Highnesse speedy Answer what you intend to doe with the Irish forces, and in case you doe intend the Irish forces shall stay there, I desire you will please to write to L. Col. Finch who commands the Irish Forces under Col. Brayne that they may stay there, for I finde they are something unwilling unless they putt your Highnesse to that trouble & therefore now the letter may be speeded to him as soone as may be if your Highnesse thinke fitt. Col. Morgan is att present about ye Bray of Marre, & Col. Twistleton neere Glasgowe with Col. Pride's Regiment.

I remain, &c.,

GEORGE MONCK.

Campe at Ruthven in Badgenoth,
7 July 1654.

III.—MONCK TO CROMWELL.

May itt please your Highnesse,

Being returned hither I thought itt my duty to resent your Highnesse with the enclosed acct. of these forces'

six weeks march in the Hills, which I humbly tender to your consideration, and remayne,

Your Highnesses most humble Servent,

GEORGE MONCK.

Sterling, 29th July, 1654.

Narrative of Proceedings in the Hills from June 9 to 29 July, 1654. [*Endorsement.*]

Uppon Friday the 9th of June I marched with Col. Okey's, and the Regiment of Horse late Major Generall Harrison's, and 50 of Capt. Green's troope of Dragoones, my owne, Col. Overton's, 4 companies of Sir Wm. Constable's, one of Col. Fairfax's, and one of Col. Alured's Regiment of Foote, from S. Johnston's for the Hills, and coming uppon the 12th to Lough Tay. Understanding that an Island therein was garrison'd by the Enemy I sent a summons to the Governour, Capt. Donald Robertson, who att first returned answer, That hee would keepe itt for his Majistie's service to the expence of his laste droppe of bloud, but uppon the preparation of floates for the storming of itt, he rendred the Garrison uppon articles the 14th of June, whereuppon considering that Balloch the Laird of Glenury's [Glenorchy] House, Weem's Castle, and the Isle were considerable to secure the Country, I placed a Company of Foote in Ballock, and another in Weems and the Isle. The Enemy having quitt Garth Castle, a small Castle and nott considerable, leaving 30 arms (most charged) behinde them order was given for the burning of itt. From thence I marched to Ruthven in Badgenoth, where I had notice of Middleton's being with his whole force about Glengaries Bounds, which hasten'd my March the 20th to Cluny, and from thence the next day to Glenroy, which being the first Bounds of the Clan Camerons I quarter'd att, and they being uppe in arms against us, wee began to fire all their houses. I had there notice Middleton was in Kintale.

The 23th the Marquesse of Argyll and Col. Brayne mett mee att the Head of Lough Loughe and had an account of the killing of threescore and odde of the Souldiers from Ireland that went from Innerloghee, most of them in cold bloud by the Clan Cameron's. The 24th the armi came to Glenmoriston, and in the way mett with Col. Morgan's Brigade neere Glengaries new House which was burn't by that Brigade the day before, and the remayning structure I order'd to bee defaced by the pyoneers. Col. Thomlinson's owne troope with Capt. Glynn's and Capt. Farmer's troope of Dragoones taken in to march with my partie. Col.

Morgan appointed to the Head of Loughnesse to attend the Enemies motion in case wee should drive them that way. The 25th the army came to Glenquough, and the next day to Glen-Sinnick[1] in Kintale (where the Enemy had bin the day before). The violent storms in the Hills drove about 500 cowes sheepe and goates for shelter into the Glen, which was brought in by the soulders. Wee had notice that Middleton's Horses were gone to Glenelg that night. The 27th the Army came to Lough-Els,[2] where the Enemy had also bin, and left 3 barrells of powder with some store of provisions behinde them for haste. In all our march from Glenroy wee burn't the houses and cottages of the Mac-Martin's and others in armes and in all parts of Seaforth's Country.

The 29th I came to Glen-teugh[3] in the Shields of Kintale; the night was very tempestuous and blew down most of the tents. In all this march wee saw only 2 women of the inhabitants, and one man. The 30th the army march't from Glenteugh to Browling,[4] the way for neere 5 miles soe boggie that about 100 baggage horses were left behinde, and many other horses begg'd or tir'd. Never any Horse men (much lesse an armie) were observ'd to march that way. The soulders mett with 500 cattell, sheepe, and goates, which made some part of ameends for the hard march.

July 1. Col. Morgan came to mee to Browling where he had orders to march into Caithnesse, and to make itt unserviceable for the Enemies Quarters this Winter. The 3d instant att Dunneene[5] neere Invernesse I received letters from the Governour of Blaire Castle in Atholl, that Middleton with his forces reputed about 4000 Horse and Foote came within the view of the Garrison indeavouring to make uppe their leavies, and were marching towards Dunkell. That Seafort, Glengary, Sir Arthur Forbes, Sir Mungoe Murray, Mac-Cloude, and others were left behinde to per-

[1] Glen-Sinnick or Glen-Finnick: not now known. The Rev. Mr Morison of Kintail thinks it must have been Glengynate, which was probably the old name of the Glen through which the Inate runs.

[2] Loch-Alsh—that is, the southern shore of the arm of the sea called Lochalsh.

[3] Glenteugh: probably Lon Fhiodha, on the way from Kintail to Glen-strathfarar.

[4] Brouline, in Glenstrathfarar.

[5] The fact that Monck was at Dunain seems to show that from Glen-strathfarar he marched up Strathglass, and down through Glen-Urquhart, to Inverness.

fect their leavies in Sir James Mac-Donalds bounds in Skye Island, and Loughaber. The 6th Col. Morgan came to mee att Fallaw,[1] neere Inverness, and had orders to march back towards the Bray of Maur to attend the Enemies motion, myselfe intending to follow them through Atholl. The 7th, 8th, and 9th, the army continued marching, and came the 10th neere Weems Castle. Col. Okey was sent out with a party of 200 Horse and 250 Foote to discover the Enemy, who wee heard were marching from Garuntilly towards Fosse: Some of his partie alarum'd the Earle of Atholl's forces, kill'd 3 and brought away 4 prisoners. Having staid att Weems the 11th for the taking in provisions wee march't the 12th to Lawers: Middleton was the day before att Finlarick at the Head of Lough Tay, and burn't that House belonging to the Laird of Glenurqy. The 14th, marched from Glendowert to Glenloughee about 16 miles. In the evening the Enemy under Middleton were discovered by our Scouts, marching in Glenstrea and firing the Country as they went (having risen from before the House of Glenurqy in Loughoe[2] before which they had layne 2 dayes, and had made some preparations to storm itt, The Marquesse of Argyll and Glenurqy being in it). But uppon the view of some few of our forces they dispersed severall wayes, our men being to passe over an high hill towards them, and night approaching could not engage them, they left behinde them divers of their baggage horses with portmantuats and provisions, some of them march't that night to Rannogh above 16 miles, by which time they were reduc't from 4000, which they were once reported to bee, to lesse than 2000. The next day I marched to Strasfellon, where the Marquesse of Argyll mett mee and declar'd his resolution to use his indeavours to oppose the Enemy: They took 4 of his horses that morning. The 19th Major Keme of Major Generall Harrison's late Regiment with a partie of Horse being sent out to discover the Enemy, whose scouts alarum'd them, and hasten'd their march from Rannogh towards Badgenoth, soe that the next day July 20 uppon my march towards Glen-lion wee had newes by one who brought away Middleton's paddle-nagge, That Col. Morgan had the day before mett with Middleton's Horse and routed them neere Lough-Gary, which was confirmed by about 25 prisoners taken this night and brought in, and among the rest Lt. Col. Peter Hay (who lately escaped out of Edinburgh Castle), Capt. Graham, and

[1] Faillie, in Strathnairn. [2] Loch Awe.

others. Major Bridge was sent out with 130 Horse and Dragoons towards Lough Rannogh to fall upon the straglers, and returned the next day to the Campe neere Weems having falne upon a partie of Horse and Foote under Atholl, tooke some prisoners, much baggage, and amongst the rest Atholl's portmantua, clothes, linnen, his Com'isn from Ch. Stuart [Charles the Second], divers letters from him and Middleton and other papers of Concernment, Atholl himself narrowlie escaping.

The 23d at the Campe neere S. Johnston's I had letters from Col. Morgan of the defeate of Middleton's partie above 300. Horse taken with his commission and instructions from Charles Stuart and other considerable papers. Alsoe Kenmore's [Lord Kenmure] sumpter horse. The number of the enemy was 800 horse, uppon whose route 1200 foote which they had within 4 miles alsoe fled towards Loquaber. The number taken and kill'd is nott yett sent, but divers of those which escaped are much wounded ; and amongst the rest some of the prisoners report that Middleton had the States Marke. Wee are now come hither where wee shall stay some few days for refreshment. Some small parties of the Enemy are abroad in the country, and on Munday and Tuesday nights last, burn't Castle Campbell, an House belonging to the Marquesse of Argyll, and Dunblain a Garrison kept by us last Winter, and say they have orders from Middleton to burne all the stronge Houses neere the Hills. On Tuesday I intend to march hence towards Lough Lomond neere which place Glencairne hath layne all this while with about 200 Horse, and I heare that Forrester Mac-naughton and others are joyned with him about Abrifoyle and make him uppe 500 Horse and Foote, whome I shall also indeavour to disperse.

I shall only add that Monck's expedition into the Loch Lomond district was attended with complete success, and that he was able to return to his headquarters at Dalkeith by the end of August. As Governor of Scotland he did much good ; and he became so popular with the Highlanders that when, after the death of Cromwell, he marched into England to bring about the Restoration of Charles the Second, Lochiel, for whom he had an intense admiration, was able to attach himself to his staff, and ride with him to London.

9th MARCH, 1892.

At this meeting Mr Thomas Edward Hall Maxwell of Dargavel, Dunolly, Inverness, was elected a member of the Society. M Alexander Macbain, M.A., thereafter read a paper on "The Gaeli Dialect of Badenoch." Mr Macbain's paper was as follows :—

THE GAELIC DIALECT OF BADENOCH.

Badenoch, from its central position in the Scottish Highlands, perched as it is among the Grampian Hills, might be expected to have one of the purest dialects of Gaelic in Scotland. We might at least expect the purity of its tongue to equal that of Lochaber, the neighbouring district to the west ; but such is by no means the case. The valley of the Spey has for long been exposed to the pacific invasion of the Lowland Scotch or the "Gall ;" the lowest reaches of the river have for centuries been Scotch in language, and Strathspey is now practically in a like condition. A considerable amount of Gaelic is still spoken in the Upper Strathspey district—that is, in the parishes of Abernethy and Duthil ; but Grantown, as against Kingussie, is a Lowland village. The number of Scotch and English words in the dialect of Badenoch is now very large ; the people, especially the young people, appropriate English words, and impress them into a Gaelic sentence, with the utmost indifference. Such a sentence as follows I have good reason to believe was actually spoken by one Englified Gael from a far-away glen in the district :—"Tha mi 'g *admirig mòst* anabarrach am *beauty* aig an *scenery* tha'nn so." "I am admiring most excessively the beauty of this scenery here." The use of English words and even English forms of grammar—as in the case of "*most* anabarrach" above—is very prevalent, and increases gradually as we descend the river Spey. As a consequence of this influx of new words and new syntactical ideas, the old case inflections of the language are being disregarded. Such an expression as "ceann na cearc" for "ceann na circe" will not strike a present day Badenoch man as anything but the most right and natural thing in the world. But it was not always thus. I still remember that my old paternal grandmother—she used to tell me that at the age of four or so the hearse of the famous James Macpherson, of Ossianic fame, nearly ran her over—I remember that she used regularly to say *na litinn*, "of the porridge," a genitive inflection so striking as to attract my youthful fancy, and make me extend, out of sheer curiosity and fun,

its application to other words. This genitive may be looked for in vain in any of our Gaelic dictionaries, but yet we know from early Irish sources that the genitive was in *n* in the case of this word. Poets like Calum Dubh nam Protaigean, Duncan Gow, and Bean Torra-dhamh, who flourished in the opening years of this century, composed in the best of Gaelic. Fear Strathmhaisidh, Macpherson's friend and contemporary, finds an honourable place among the minor Highland bards, and his Gaelic is as classic as any of his time. And what are we to say of "translator" Macpherson himself? If his Gaelic was not good, as some of his contemporaries asserted, then we must not think that it was the fault of his native dialect of Badenoch, but rather that it was owing to his classical and general university training. But is the charge true? It is allowed that the poems of Ossian, being ancient, must be good Gaelic. Macpherson's Ossianic poetry is said by critics to be good Gaelic; its faults are owing to its antiquity, as Dr Clark practically said, that is, its inversions, curtness, use of nouns for adjectives, and disregard of inflections. Now, the belief among Celtic scholars is that Macpherson himself wrote these poems, both Gaelic and English, and I claim that all that is good in the Gaelic belongs to Macpherson's native store of Badenoch Gaelic found in tale and ballad, while its faults are all due to the influence of English and classical literature, in which Macpherson was well versed, and in the atmosphere of which he wrote his Gaelic for the poems.

Badenoch Gaelic cannot claim a higher antiquity than these two Macphersons of last century. We may, however, at once say that there is no specimen of any literature in the modern dialect of Badenoch. When a Badenoch man within the last generation or two got on his high poetic Pegasus, he used what he understood to be the general literary dialect of the Highlands as he found it in books or heard it in songs. It is this divorce between the literary dialect and the local dialect that keeps the language from being more written than it is. And there is also the added difficulty of the orthography. In many parts, however, the local dialect is as good as, if not better than, the literary dialect, which largely imbibed Irish methods and idioms. Besides, the Northern dialect of Gaelic has had little or no say in the establishment of this literary standard, and as a consequence "Argyleshire" idioms, syntax, and inflections, with their Hibernianisms, form the model to which the North must conform. There is certainly a hardship in the case, but it is now impossible to remedy matters.

Badenoch belongs to the Northern dialect of Gaelic. This Northern, in contradistinction to the Southern dialect, which is

the dialect south of the Grampians and of the Lochaber district along by the Firth of Lorne, is distinguished chiefly by changing *eu* in certain cases to *ia*. The Southern dialect has, say, *beul*; the Northern dialect has *bial*. The distinction is confined to a few nouns, whose *e* vowel is made long by the compensation due to the loss of the following consonant, generally *n*, provided that the original stems of these nouns ended in *o* or *a*, that is, belonged to the *o* or *a* declension, corresponding to the Latin first and second declensions. Thus *breug*, *briag* (a lie), stands for the original *brenca*. One or two verbs follow this rule by analogy, and also the adjective *geur*, *giar*. Other nouns or adjectives in *eu* retain that sound in both dialects unchanged and exactly the same in *timbre*. A further difference in the two dialects exists in the case of the diphthong *ao*, which has a freer sound in the Southern dialect; the Argyleshire *saor* is pronounced like the French *soeur*, whereas in the Northern dialect the sound becomes that of a "modified" long *u*. It in fact becomes more Brittonic and Pictish. Here again, however, the Southern sound of *ao* may appear also in the Northern dialect. The word *aobhar* has the *ao* sound exactly the same as in the Northern dialect. The reason for these anomalies lies in the history of the words. Where the *ao* stands for an original diphthong, the two dialects differ, whereas in *aobhar*, *aoradh*, and others it stands for a vowel and a lost consonant (*aobhar* being for *adhbhar*), and has the Southern sound in the Northern dialects, the *ao* corresponding to *eu* being excepted.

Neither the Northern nor the Southern dialect is homogeneous. Sub-dialects exist in every considerable district—we might almost say in every parish. The dialect of Northern Sutherland is very different from the Badenoch dialect, and, of course, the nearer dialects are more like each other than any of them is to dialects more remote. The Badenoch and Strathdearn Gaelics are very like one another. Again, curiously enough, there is a considerable divergence between the Badenoch and Strathspey Gaelic. The *timbre*, or tone, of the vowels is especially different in the two districts: to put it in common language, the "twang" is different. The Strathspey people have a simple vocalic sound before the liquids where in Badenoch a secondary sound may be heard. Thus, in Strathspey the *à* of *càrn* is simply the Gaelic *a* long, but in Badenoch the passage from the *à* to the *r* is bridged by a *u* sound; as a consequence, the sound might be represented by an English *cawrn*, or a phonetic *ca^{u}rn*. On the other hand, the famous Strathspey sound of *màthair* (mother), which is like

the French equivalent word, has one or two parallels in Badenoch, as we shall see, though this particular word is not one of them. The Strathspey *glinn* (pretty) is not quite unique in the Highlands, being sometimes heard in Strathnairn and Easter Ross. It is a confused descendant of early Irish *glinn* (bright) and *grinn* (pretty), both from different roots.

The Badenoch dialect itself presents, to one well acquainted in the district, striking variations. The Laggan Gaelic is better than that of Lower Badenoch, but it is the different tone or "twang" that marks the various parishes or districts that constitutes the most of the difference in the local dialect as spoken in certain places. Newtonmore differs from the Kingussie and Insh villages, and Alvie parish has its peculiarity of intonation as compared with Insh. When one passes into Rothiemurchus, just over the confines of Badenoch, he finds himself at once and abruptly in the midst of a new dialect of Gaelic: the Strathspey "twang" and the Strathspey peculiarities are almost in full swing.

In discussing the various peculiarities of Badenoch Gaelic, I will follow the order of the grammar, beginning with phonetics, passing on to declension and conjugation, and, with a glance at the syntax and idioms that are characteristic of the district, ending with some remarks on its vocabulary.

I. Phonetics.

Modern philologists begin with the vowels, and we may, in so vocalic a language as Gaelic, properly imitate their example. There are the "broad" vowels *a*, *o*, *u*, and the "small" vowels *e* and *i*; and there are the long vowels corresponding to these (à, ì, ù, è, ò, with é, ó, which are different in quality). There are four unaccented diphthongs: *ao*, *eu*, *ia*, and *ua*; but the first two are really single long sounds. Other diphthongs exist, all modifications of the root vowel by the "broad" or "small" sound in the adjoining syllables. These "improper" diphthongs will be discussed along with the vowel from which they are developed.

(1) *a* short.

The vowel *a* in Gaelic stands either for an original *a* or for *o*; the latter is the case in feminine nouns, whose stems ended in *a*, and this *a* influenced the root vowel *o*. The word cas (foot), gen., coise, stands for an old Celtic coxa, the *a* of which has gone back into the previous syllable. The genitive having no *a* ending retains the original vowel. Now in certain cases in Badenoch, and indeed all over the country, the opposite has taken place: the

a has given way to *o*. Two elements seem needed to bring about this result: the word must contain *l* or *r*, and it should have *i* in the following syllable. Thus coileach (cock) is in Old Irish caileach, for an original cal-iacos. The *i* and the *l* or *r* influence the *a* of the preceding syllable. We find the principle somewhat extended in words like gobhar (goat) for gabhar and gobhal (fork) for gabhal, the *i* influence coming from the oblique cases, such as the genitive gabhail, that is, go*w*'il. Badenoch Gaelic extends this change considerably. The infinitive gabhail (taking) becomes go'il, and hence the verb stem altogether presents gobh or go' for gabh. Similar changes appear in mollachd for mallachd, Coillinn for Calluinn, and sobhal (sow-'l) for sabhal. The principle is carried beyond words with *l* or *r* in them in some cases: foich' for faiche, toigh for taigh, coibe for caibe, stoid for staid, and soidh' for saidhe (hay).

The Badenoch imperative reach (go) for rach is interesting, because the ancient root vowel was an *e* (the root being *reg*, to stretch, go). It would be too much to fancy that Badenoch all these centuries cherished the consciousness of this *e* root.

Simple *a* becomes *ai* from the influence of *i* in the next syllable. Scotch Gaelic sometimes presents before liquids (*l* especially) in such cases an *ei*. Thus eile (other) is for older aile, all from Celtic alios, which is cognate with Latin alius. Badenoch Gaelic extends this principle considerably: thus ainm (name) is pronounced einim; the negative prefix ain- is always ein-; and the *ai* is similarly changed in the following words:—bainis, cainb (ceinib), gainmheach (gein'each), rainech (freineach), sainis, and aithne (ei'ne).

(2) *a* long.

Sàmhach is sò'ach, with a slight nasalisation of the *o*. The most characteristic change, however, is with one or two words showing liquids and an *i*: thus bràigh (upper part) becomes brè', gràin is grèin, thàinig is thèinig, and ràith is rè'. To this add the Strathspey mè'r for màthair.

A remarkable shortening of the *a* takes place in the plural of certain nouns. Làmh is in the plural lăm̆han (la^{n}an) and cnàimh (pronounced cra'i) is cre'an; but then ràmh shows ràmhan (ràwan).

(3) *o* short.

As already noted, Scotch Gaelic shows *a* in feminine monosyllables from old *a* stems with a root vowel *o*. This analogy is extended to polysyllabic words that present broad or dull sounds

in the succeeding syllable. Gaelic facal is for focal, cadal for codal, and so with acrach, balg, cal'man, &c. Badenoch follows the rest of the country here, but makes up for it by reversing the process in a few cases presenting liquids and an *i*: thus loinid becomes lainid or lanaid, roimh is re', troimh is tré, roghainn is rao'inn (with *ao* short), and, also, soitheach is sao'ach (*ao* short).

In a few cases *o* becomes *u*, which curiously enough was in some cases the original Celtic root vowel: thus—mosach becomes musach, lomradh is lurmadh, lorc is lurc, tolg is tulg, and molach is mulach.

We may pass over long *o* with the remark that clòimh becomes clài', and mò is muth'.

The vowels *a* and *o* in syllables that have liquids, and especially a double liquid, or liquid and another consonant, after them, develop a parasitic *u* or *w* sound in passing to the liquid. Thus lom becomes lo^{u}m, trom is tro^{u}m, càm is cà^{u}m, àm is à^{u}m. Similarly, càrn is ca^{u}rn; and so with àrd, allt, poll, toll, call, &c. This is, however, not a peculiarity confined to Badenoch by any means.

(4) *e* short, that is *ea*, *ei*.

Gaelic rarely has simple *e* in a syllable, as in leth. It is so much coloured by the *a* or *i* of the next syllable, existent or once existent, that *ea* or *ei* is felt to express it best.

First, there is a strong tendency over the North to pronounce *ea* as *ya*, a tendency strongly marked in the districts round Inverness. Thus, each becomes yach, steach is styach, &c. In Badenoch this decadence is confined to certain closed syllables like dearg (dyarg), fearg (fyarg), cearc, seann, searrach, sealbh, searg, teann; also in ceann, geal, leanabh, seal, &c. Certain combinations defy even the Inverness dialect: seas, seasg, &c., are unchanged. We must particularly note the Badenoch pronunciation of the following shewing an *r*: rannag is for reannag, reamhar is ra^{n}-ar, greann is grann, and, especially, creag is craig. Compare reachd, breac, and creach—which are normal.

The *ea* may become *eo*, as in geall, which Badenoch pronounces geo^{u}ll; so greallag, seall, steall, to which add seo'ag for seabhag.

An *ea* or *e* often becomes *io* in Gaelic; but in Badenoch the following also unwarrantably shew the change: gean becomes gion, meas is mios, measan is miosan, meadhon is mi'an, sgeap is sgip, and beathach is bi'och. The word grois for greis shews *ei* as *oi*.

Long *e*, or rather *éi*, shews an opener sound in the following cases: réidh, réit appear as rè' an rè't. But glé becomes gley.

(5) *i.*

Badenoch sometimes broadens the *i* sound in words containing liquids: milis is meilis, righinn is rui'inn, rinn is roinn (I did), rinn is ruinn (point). Sometimes *io* of ordinary Gaelic is restored into (or kept in?) older root forms in *e (ea)*. Thus, smior appears as smear, and mionach as meanach. We must specially note toigh for tigh or taigh, and also nuis for nis (now), Old Irish, inossa (= in-fois).

(6) *ao.*

As already noted, the Northern dialect narrows this sound when it stands for the original diphthongs *ae*, *ai*, or *oi*, but when it stands for *a* with a lost aspirated *d* or *g*, the Southern sound is heard. This sound we have in aobhar (adbar), aoradh (adrad), faolum (foglum), faob (fodb), saoibhir (saidbir), saobhaidh (saob), &c. To these add tao'ail for tadhail, bao'ar for baothair, which are short *ao* forms.

The following are to be remarked upon: baobh is bao^{u}' (*ao* short). The word caoimhneas is unknown; it is coibhneas, pronounced coi'neas, which is derived from *fine*, clan, with the prefix *co*. The word aoibhneas also retains its older sound. Adharc (horn) is pronounced ao-rag (*ao* short), while laghach and lagha show a similar short *ao* sound. The *ao* of aon (one) becomes a short *u*; before consonants the word is degraded into ann. The word raoir (last night, from re-tr-i originally), is pronounced somewhat as roy'r.

(7) *ua.*

In Badenoch the latter sound of this diphthong is *o*, not *a*. Thus we hear tu°gh, not tuagh. So bhuom, not bhu*a*m. The word nuadh appears in its shorter root form nodha, pronounced in Badenoch no'.

(8) *eu* and *ia.*

In the interchange of these sounds, Badenoch follows the Northern dialect: beul is bial, breug is briag, deur is diar, and so on, to some three dozen cases. One or two local peculiarities must be noted. The word beurla, now meaning English, though originally meaning language, stands for the Old Irish bélre, a derivative of bél (mouth). In Badenoch its pronunciation is birrl'. For leugh or liagh (read), we have leògh, or rather, lyò: siad or seud (a hero, jewel) becomes seòd.

(9) Consonants.

The mutes and sibilants in the Badenoch dialect are treated exactly as in the rest of the country. It is in the case of the liquids, combining among themselves or with the other consonants, that peculiarities creep in. In most of the Gaelic dialects *r* and *l* before *b*, *g*, *bh*, and *m*, present an intermediate obscure vowel; thus, dearg is pronounced dear*ag*, dealbh as deal*a*v (in Badenoch it is dealu'). The combination *rn*, especially *rnn*, shows a slight trace of the same intermediate sound: oirnn is o^{u}r^{i}nn. The consonants *r* and *l* were supposed by the older generation of philologists to interchange indiscriminately, so that roots in *l* or *r* in similar positions were supposed to be the same. Though there is some truth in this, yet it has come to be seen that the interchange in modern times takes place only for the sake of dissimilation: thus, *popularis* is easier than *populatis*, the form which we should expect; *pilgrim* is the modern form of the Latin *peregrinus*. In Badenoch Gaelic we have bruadal for bruadar and cui'lig for cuibhrig (cover). As in the other dialects, *sr* initial becomes *str*; sruth becomes struth.

The letter *n* receives peculiar treatment. Of course *cn* and *gn*, as elsewhere, are now pronounced *cr* and *gr*. The combination *ng*, non-initial, is dealt with in three or four ways. In the words tarruing, ung, spuing (for spong), the *ng* has its proper sound. But in fulang and tarrang, the *n* entirely disappears, and we have fuilig and taireag; while again in cumhang (narrow) the *n* does not go, but the sound is *c*, cumhanc, or rather cu'anc. The vast majority of words containing *ng*, however, practically dispense with the combination, or substitute for it a *u* sound. Thus, long (ship) is pronounced lo'u, which is much the same sound as the *ou* in English found. Sometimes a nasalisation of the resultant vowel is all that takes place, as in seang, sreang, and, to a little extent, in muing (that is mui'). The word daingen is practically dai'en; while in langan, meanglan, and teangaidh the *ng* becomes distinctly a *y* sound with nasalisation of the previous vowel.

An interesting case of dissimilation of the *n* takes place in eanchaill (brain) for eanchainn. As in the other dialects simple *n* terminal often gets duplicated; this is particularly the case with prefix words, especially before *t*, *d*, and *s*. We have bann—for ban—(female) regularly; but so also we have seann, as in seann duine, whereas the adjective really is sean, and is properly pronounced only when it comes after the noun. The word aon (one) is in Badenoch pronounced ann when it precedes a word; but

when it is independent it is pronounced un. We must further note leathainn for leathan and ciadainn for ceudna.

The *n* or *nn* before *s* disappears, and the vowel of the syllable is nasalised. Thus we have òiseach for òinseach, bà'is for bainnse (from banais), pui'sean for puinnsean, Loch-ìs for Loch-innis (Loch Insh), ui'sinn for uinnsean. A somewhat similar result takes place with *n* before *r*. Thus we have cà'ran for cànran, mà'ran for manran, the *à* being nasalised. For anart (linen) we get a'ard.

(10) Aspiration.

As is well known, the mutes, with *m*, *f*, and *s*, are "aspirated" in Gaelic if they stand alone between vowels. Of the hard mutes *c* and *p* become *ch* and *ph* and remain; but *t* in becoming *th* becomes merely a breathing, sometimes, to use expressions applicable to the Greek, an open breathing, as in the middle of words, sometimes an aspirate, as at the beginning of words (bràthair being brà'ir, while tha is ha). All the dialects pronounce the *th* in gu bràth as gu bràch, a form which appears in 17th century Gaelic. In a word like saothar (labour), the *th* goes and the word contracts into saor, just as *gh* goes in saoghal and *bh* in faobhar, which are pronounced in Badenoch like simple saol and faor, with the close northern sound of *ao*. In fact the medial aspirates are apt to disappear: Slighe is sli' and tigh or taigh is toi'. But *bh* is more stubborn than *gh* or *dh*. Thus abhainn is a*w*ainn or rather a*u*-inn. Some dialects delight in pronouncing terminal *adh* as *ag*; bualadh as bualag. Badenoch does nothing of that; it simply drops the *dh* altogether. After *r* and *l*, *bh* becomes *u* and the previous vowel has a more deliberate sound; thus garbh becomes ga'ru, balbh is ba'lu, &c. The word craobh is very peculiar; its *aobh* is sounded as in laogh, which is one of the most difficult of Gaelic words to pronounce for outsiders.

The sound of *mh* is *v*, but in Badenoch it becomes, in the body or end of a word, either *w* or *u* or almost nothing. Thus làmh becomes lài', and làmhan becomes la*w*an. Samhradh, samhuinn are sauradh and sau'inn; reamhar is ra-w-ar or rau'ar; damh is da*u*; deanamh becomes simply deanu; in talmhainn the *mh* goes away almost entirely, and in sàmhach the medial sounds are crushed into a nasalised ò, that is, sò'ch; séimh becomes a nasalised séi, but naomh retains its *mh* or *v* sound, because it is a literary word.

(11) Eclipsis.

Eclipsis is caused by the influence of terminal *n*, which, when the language, several hundred years ago, was a highly inflected one,

ended, as in Greek, many grammatical forms. Irish has an elaborate system of initial changes caused by this *n*, but Scottish Gaelic never got further than the Old Irish stage in respect to this matter, and eventually it lost the influence of *n* with the loss of inflections and the consequent levelling up of forms and sounds. In some parts we hear a' so, a' fear, for an so, am fear; and doubtless these dialectic forms are the oldest. Badenoch does not know this dropping of the *n* before *s*, *l*, *r*, and *f*; but it has its own peculiar way of dealing with *n* before *f*. In the first place *n* before *f* must become *m*, according to Gaelic phonetic laws; but in Badenoch this *m* causes the *f* to be provected into a *p*. Hence am feur becomes am piar, am fraoch becomes am praoch, and so on. This is the greatest peculiarity of Badenoch Gaelic, which it shares with Strathdearn as well.

The article an, with its *n*, undoubtedly affects some initial consonants. The most definite case is that of *c*; an cu (the dog) is pronounced as an gu or an gcu, a sound which is sharper than the ordinary *g*, but softer than *c*.

(12) Prothesis.

Prothetic letters, such as the *s* of sleac (flag) for leac, arise from the influence of the previous word ending. Doubtless *s* is a reminiscence of the old nominative terminations. Prothetic *f* however, would appear to be due to analogy; words without initial *f*, in certain circumstances, take the *f* to look and sound like real *f*-beginning words. The system of aspiration makes this easy and natural. It is similar with *t*.

In Badenoch we have both sleac and leac, but, again, we never hear snéip (a turnip), only néip being used. Prothetic *f* is common: raineach becomes freineach, eagal is feagal, àithne is fàithn', imiridh is firmidh, faltan-fionn (tendon) is a derivative of alt (joint); and fos is used regularly for os (above). The word aithne after particles ending in *m* has an unstable *f* which appears as *b*: thus—feithni'idh mi (I will recognise) shews after *am* the form Am b'eithnich. The *d* of deanntag and deigh is found elsewhere than in Badenoch; and the bat is known as dealtaganmoch, for ialtag.

(13) Metathesis

This is the transposition of a letter, chiefly *l*, *r*, and *s*. Thus—imiridh becomes irimidh, imrich is irimich, lomradh is lurmadh, barail is balair, coinneal is coillinn; in Laggan they say ealabar for earball; imleag becomes ilimeag, imlich is ilimich, uaisle

becomes uailse, fartlaich is faltraich, farraid is fa'aird. The *n* of scangan (ant) is shifted, and the word becomes snioghan; the Manx, however, is snieggan or sniengan, and both dialects seem supported by the Greek *sknips*.

II. Declension.

Badenoch, as already noted, shews a sad falling off in the matter of declension, the nominative case doing duty for the genitive, or the dative for the nominative.

(1) The Article.

A curious case of the loss of *n* of the article occurs in athairnei', the Badenoch word for serpent. The first part is properly nathair; the latter, neimhe, poison. The *n* of nathair is lost because the article ends in *n*; the combination is An nathair. Curiously the same thing happens with the same word in English; *adder* is for *nadder*. Similarly ollaig stands for nollaig (Christmas). On the other hand nighean comes from An inghean (daughter).

(2) The Noun.

The tendency to use the nominative singular for the genitive is very strong. Young people at once say "Ceann na cearc," for circe. Again in feminine nouns the oblique genitive or dative is often used as the nominative; thus làmh is làimh (pronounced lài', nasally). The dative case, of course, is otherwise disregarded. In regard to irregular nouns a levelling up takes place. The word bean has its genitive as bean, not mnatha; but the plural is mnathan. The nouns of the *i* declusion, like fuil, sùil, &c., have no genitive either. The plurals are regularly enough done; the vocative plural of *o* stems is rightly pronounced in *u*, though written *a*: fheara is pronounced fhearu. It is an old nominative in *ōs*. So beulaobh, the dative plural of beul, with the adverbial force of "before," is properly pronounced bialu, for in older times there were two cases used, the dative for rest and the accusative for motion—bélaib, bélu. It is the latter case evidently that prevails in pronunciation.

In the following instances the obligue cases are used for the nominative. Masculine nouns: aitidh for aiteamh, claiginn for claigionn, so too gobhainn, salainn, siabuinn. This may go along with a change from masculine to feminine, as in—fearainn for fearann, deididh, aitribh, suird, spuing, tiodhlaic. Feminine nouns show this change largely: omhaich for amhach, so aodainn, beinis and bainuse, beinn, bois, broinn, bruaich cabhaig, cluais, craig,

cruaich, gàig, glaic, gualainn, làimh, loinn (a glade) from lann, searmaid, sliaisd (for sliasad), teangaidh, and uilinn. In adjectives, too. oblique forms are found in leathainn for leathan, in anfhainn. mairinn, ollaimh for ullamh, and leisg for leasg.

(3) Gender.

The loss of the neuter gender in modern Gaelic has caused neuter nouns to fall either under the head of masculine or feminine, and the different dialects deal with them variously, one making a noun masculine and another making it feminine. The word muir (sea) was originally neuter; the dictionaries mark it as both masculine and feminine. In most dialects, the word is feminine; it is so in Badenoch. In Lewis matters have gone so peculiarly that the nominative is feminine (a' mhuir), and the genitive is masculine (ceann a' mhara)! In Badenoch the following originally neuter nouns are feminine though the dictionaries make them masculine, or masculine and feminine at times—aitreabh, beum, guidhe, leum, teum, fearann, fasach, fios, teas, sgeul, glun, magh, muir, tir, the latter four being in the dictionaries marked as of either gender. The following nouns are feminine in Badenoch, though masculine in the dictionary: beuc, bìd, bruchd, buachar, cobhar, deudach, dorchadas, earr, luchd, faileas, greann, ladhar, lag, loingeas, mìos (masculine and feminine), naimhdeas, nasg, teud. The following words are masculine in Badenoch, though feminine in the authorities: bile, ciall, deo, fàinne, gobhal, leisg, neart, meur. Comhrag and ros, over which the dictionaries differ, were originally neuter and are masculine in Badenoch. Naturally enough borrowed words in different dialects appear of opposite genders. In Badenoch the following are feminine, while the dictionaries make them masculine, fang, làd, lagh, leabhar, siola, sparr, speur, spot; while the following are masculine—boineid, muidse, paisd, peann (pronounced as in English), pillean, ròcas for ròcais, spors.

(4) Adjectives.

Outside the aspirations for gender, case and number, the adjective has now little inflection in Badenoch. In fact, an expression like "Ceann na cearc bheag" (ceann na circe bige) is now the natural expression in the district. We may say case inflection is gone, and certainly there is no plural inflection. Even the comparative suffers. The irregular comparatives, of course, hold their ground, but we may hear any day such an expression as: "Tha so nas geal na sin" (Tha so na 's gile na sin). The Irish nios (thing that is) is replaced properly enongh in Scottish Gaelic by na's (what is), and Badenoch recognises no other.

There is little to remark about the numerals, save, as already noted, that aon becomes, independently, un; with a noun, it is ann, with *n* duplicated. In h-aon-diag (eleven) it has its proper form.

(5) Pronouns.

As in other places, the pronoun of the second person singular is restricted in its application to juniors or inferiors, while sibh applies to seniors and superiors. The Badenoch proverb has it: "Thusa, ach sibhse dar bhios sibh air na tigh fhein" (Thou, but you, when you have a house of your own). The third plural iad is pronounced aid. Whereas thu fhéin agrees with the grammar.

Curious addenda are made to the demonstratives so, sin, sid (for sud) in some parts of Badenoch, notably Drumguish. They take the form of *in*, *ich*, *eachd*; as, An so-in (here), or more emphatic—An so-in-ich. With the first form (so-in) we may compare the Old Irish són (illud). We have also An sid-naich (yonder) and An sin-eachdainn (there). The *ich* also appears in certain common adverbs: fhathast-ich (yet), rithist-ich (again).

The interrogative ciod (in Old Irish *cate*, literally, what is) is not heard, save in the bisected form of Gu dé (ciod é) or more often truncated to simply dé. The possessive pronouns, which in Gaelic are really genitives, are treated in the ordinary way except in the case of *our* and *your* (ar n-, bhur n-). The first—ar n—has practically disappeared, and the second is represented by na. Thus, "Am beil na h-athair stigh" (Is your father in?), where *na h-* should be at least *'ur n-*. The first person possessive plural is done by a circumlocution; thus, "Our work" becomes "An obair againn"—the work to us! And this is extended to the other persons, both singular and plural; so "My book" may be rendered "An leabhar agam," "The book with me."

The prepositional pronouns, which are crushed forms of the preposition and pronoun, get still more crushed in Badenoch. Thus, *ag* with the pronouns becomes simply *a'*, as a'am for agam, a'inn for againn, &c. The preposition ann changes to um; hence annam (in me) is umam, annad is umad, with their plurals; but ann (in him) and innte (in her) are right, and annta (in them) is only changed to unnta. Then *gu* (to) appears combined in the stereotyped hugad (to you, that is, get out of the way); for thugam the form is gu mi, gun 'u (thu), gun e. The preposition mu (about) does not combine; *o* or *bho* never lacks the *bh*, as bhuam, &c.; (note bhoith', from him). The prepositions romh and

tromh show ro'am and tro'am for the first person and analogous forms for the second, but in the third singular masculine the forms are tre' and re'. In the forms rompa and trompa, the *m* is elided, leaving a slight effect on the vowel—rop, trop.

III. Conjugation.

In Badenoch the 2nd and 3rd singular and 3rd plural future take the relative form of the verb before the pronouns: thus, buailidh mi, buaileas tu, buaileas e (or i), buaileas iad (aid); but buaildh sinn, buailidh sibh, and buailidh bean (cat, duine, each, &c.) The *s* of sì (she), which has extended to the masculine and the plural at times—se, siad, has evidently been the originating cause of this dialectic peculiarity; just as, in fact, the origin of the relative form itself is undoubtedly from the pronomenal root *so* affixed to the third singular of the verb. Similarly a new verb has been developed in the form *ars'* (said), the real verb being *ar* simply, by root the same as English *swear*. Curiously enough the 2nd plural imperative retains the old form, though in the literary language and in the other dialects it has given way to the force of analogy. Thus, in the grammars we have eisdibh (hear ye), the *bh* of which is taken from *sibh*; but Badenoch maintains the original eisdidh or eisdith, just as the Dean of Lismore has it in 1512—eistith. Irish Old and New agrees with Badenoch here; so does philology, for the form is the same as the Latin *-ite*, Greek *ete*, and English *-eth* (the "harkneth" of Chaucer).

The passive voice is conspicuously absent in Badenoch; the idea of it is always expressed by a periphrasis: "He was killed" becomes "His killing went"—chaidh a mharbhadh. "He will be struck" becomes "He will be after his striking"— Bitheas e air a bhualadh, or Theid a bhualadh—"His striking will go." In regard to the infinitive, of course, in Badenoch the form in *-adh* shows no genitive in *i*, nor should it do so philologically, though that is according to present grammar. They say "Air son a bhualadh," though the form "Muilinn bualaidh" (threshing mill) exists. If the future shows a small vowel at the end of the stem, that vowel is apt to be kept in the infinitive; thus we find aisig for aiseag, coimhid for coimhead, innis for innseadh, &c., the future stem being used as an infinitive. We may note the irregular forms fuilig (fulang, suffering) beside fulachdainn, and geumadaich for geumnaich. Borrowed infinitives may show their English

verbal *-ing* as *-ig*; thus, grudging passes into gruidsig, and so with several others.

In regard to the irregular verbs, the verb *to be* has the interrogative form "Am beil" always. No forms of it in final *ar* appear. The verb abair is greatly replaced by can in the imperative and future tense. Indeed, the infinitive cantainn is commoner than radh. The infinitive of beir is always beirsinn; "he was caught" becomes "chaidh beirsinn air." The past of dèan is r*h*oinn; the imperative of faic is coimhid—in fact, this latter form supplants faic considerably in other moods and tenses, only, however, in the sense of physically looking on, gazing at, seeing. The post-particle form of chaidh is deach; thoir and toirt are the Badenoch forms for "give" and "giving." "Is toigh leam"—I like—becomes "Is dail leam."

IV. Minor Parts of Speech.

Under this heading we may consider the Adverb, Preposition, and Conjunction. As in many places, the adverbs suas and sìos (up, down) mean "west" and "east." This is natural in Badenoch, because the River Spey flows "down" in an eastward direction. The proper words—iar and ear—are known only as literary Gaelic; "north" and "south" are correctly rendered by tuath and deas (literally, left hand, right hand, the bearings being taken facing the rising sun, iar meaning "behind" and ear "before"). The word for "up" is urad, or uthard (air and àrd, high); the word for "down" is uireas (air-ios, "on down"). "Forward" becomes air a'ad for air adhart, the Middle Irish araird (forward), which is another compound of àrd (high). The word bràth in gu bràth is, as elsewhere, pronounced bràch. The adverb for "now" is n^{n}is and not nis; it is really a compound of fois (rest), O.Ir. innossa ("the now," as in Scotch), just like *a bhos*, on this side.

In regard to the prepositions, some peculiarities occur. Do is always da; far (used with the relative only, meaning "upon," the old *for*, Latin, *s-uper*) is for; bho is never o; there is no os, only fos; troimh and roimh become tre' and re', &c. The syntax of the prepositions used after verbs of motion has to be noted. Thus, Chaidh e *na* bhaile means, "He went to (into) the town; the *na* is for *do'n*. But "Chaidh e *da'n* àit" is used, where a vowel commences the noun. The expression, "He came to the town," is done by—Thàinig e gu na bhaile; "to the place" is

"gun an àit," a construction which also holds before dentals and *l*, *r*, *n*, *s*. The preposition *gu* does not coalesce with the pronouns now; "to me" is "gu mi," not "hugam."

There is little to remark about the conjunctions. Of course agus is pronounced aghus, as it has been for the last two centuries, though written with the hard *g* The word ged (although) becomes gad.

V. Composition and Derivation.

Compound words get often "crushed" beyond recognition. Thus, meanachair stands for meanbh-chrodh, cais'ard for cais-bheart (foot-gear), cais'inn for cais-fhionn, &c. Coinnspeach becomes ca^{n}spech, comhnard is cò'rd, with a nasal ò, and so forth. Sometimes an additional suffix, inflexional or otherwise, is found. In Drumguish one may hear "Na fuineaghadh" for "Na fuineadh." The combination "B' àillidh ?" (literally, What is your pleasure) is used for "Eh ?" "What ?"

VI. Syntax.

The decadence of inflections in the case of nouns has been already remarked upon. As there is no dative case, the prepositions may be said to govern the nominative case. The genitive case is used for possession, and also as an object to the infinitives of verbs, as in the general dialect; but any apposition noun that would naturally be in the genitive is boldly regarded as a nominative.

VII. Vocabulary.

Finally, let us consider words and forms more or less peculiar to Badenoch. The word uisge, as in all the south-eastern Highlands, means "rain," while bùrn is the usual word for "water," itself a word borrowed from the Lowland Scotch. The word for "boy" is proitseach. Curiously, dialects differ much in the word for "boy:" we meet with ballach, brogach, ponach, giullan, and gille in diffetent places over the Highlands. The word bard means a meadow in Badenoch, though the real meaning of the word is an enclosure or dyke. It doubtless acquired its peculiar meaning in Badenoch because of the embankments which confine the Spey

as it flows through the broad valley of Mid-Badenoch. The word geilbhean means a fawner, and sgobhachan (pronounced sgo*w*achan) signifies "pieces." A very peculiar word is blè'ch, signifying "pretty," doubtless a bye-form of blàthach, "blooming." The word for "alphabet" is aibirsidh, or rather eabarsidh; this arises from the old system of letter learning which began by saying *A per se* (*a* by itself is *a*, &c.)

Some proper names of persons present oddities restricted to the locality. Donchadh is Dunnach; Domhnall becomes Dò'ul, with nasalised ò; Eòin is E'ainn; George is Seors'; James is Sèmus; Ranald is Raol, the *ao* having its southern sound. The name Mary is pronounced like English *Miry*; Margaret becomes Mearud and Meig; and Christina is Cirtean.

Animal names shewing peculiarities are these:—Mada-galluidh (wolf) for mada-allaidh; the bat is dealtag-anmoch; the spider is breabair-smògach; the toad is meal-mhàgain, for mial-mhàgain; the mole is ath-thal'ainn; the serpent, as already noted, is athair-nei'; the pee-weep is the doireagan. The calls to animals are interesting. To call a cow to one, the expression is pruidh-dhé; the Scotch word is *prush*. To call a horse the word is progaidh, which is, undoubtedly, the French approchez, borrowed through the Scotch. For the cat there are two calls—stididh and puisidh. For a pig they say "boitidh;" for hens, "diugaidh;" for sheep, "ciridh."

The following is a list of words either peculiarly used or unknown to the dictionaries:—

aitidh, thaw, not aiteamh.
baothailt, a fool.
broilean, snout.
boit, to acquire a taste for.
bodht, soft place.
bruais, crush.
ceafan, a frivolous person.
cadha, a pass; possibly this is the Irish *caoi*, road.
càir, moss *in situ*.
cuirteir, plaiding.
cluith, play, never clui*ch*.
diosd, jump.
deighreach, a dirling.
dorc, a piece.
dluigheil, handy. Compare Irish dluigh (service).

fealan, rush on face or body.
foichean, infant's clout.
great, soap-sud.
gasgag, a stride.
giobull, a chap, fellow.
onagaid, a row, disturbance.
robh'd (roud), a lump, bit.
sgarmaich, a flux of stones on a hill-side.
sgriothail, a lot of small items, such as small potatoes.
sgoch, to notch, hack.
smarach, a lad. Compare Welsh *merch*, girl.
speadach, kicking. M'Alpine gives the meaning "sheep-shanked."
stiùrag, gruel.
tosg, peat cutter. This is for *tòrsgian*.
teibeid, a taunt, cut. Compare the Old Irish *tepe*, cutting.
uirsgeal, scattering (dung): for *air-sgaoil*.
ulbhach or ul'ach, ashes: allied to Latin *pulvis*, dust.
uainneart, bustle.

The following borrowed words may be noted as presenting some peculiarities:—

feirm, farm; from the Scotch and English *farm*.
gòileag, a hay-cock; Scotch *cole*.
pen, a pen, not peann.
pàpar, paper, never pàipeir, &c.
piobar, pepper, not peabar.
pronnasdail, brimstone, not pronnasg.
protaig, trick; Scotch *prattick*.
tallaid, partition; Scotch *halland*.
tròg, business, busy-ness; Scotch *trock*.

Words like *sort* and *sport* are pronounced in Gaelic as sòrt and spòrt, never as seòrsa, spòrsa; the *-rt* has the ordinary Scottish Gaelic sound, that is, *rst*, not the sound heard in Arran and in Ireland, which is practically the English sound of *-rt*.

23rd MARCH, 1892.

At this meeting Mr John T. Grey, Rosehaugh House, Fortrose, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary, Crofters' Commission, read a paper on "Gaelic Incantations and Charms of the Hebrides." Mr Mackenzie's paper was as follows :—

GAELIC INCANTATIONS, CHARMS, AND BLESSINGS OF THE HEBRIDES.

At a meeting of this Society on 7th May, 1879, I read a paper entitled "Leaves from my Celtic Portfolio," concluding with a number of Gaelic Charms and Incantations I had gathered in various districts of the Highlands. The paper appears in Vol. VIII. of our Transactions. Various writers had previously published specimens of Gaelic Incantations, but so far as I am aware, our volume contains the first collection of them. Old writers on Highland superstitions make frequent reference to Charms; but while they give descriptions of Ceremonies, they unfortunately pass over the Incantations with contempt. There can be no doubt that many interesting relics of antiquity have thus been lost to the folk-lorist. The belief in these matters is rapidly becoming a thing of the past; and the Charms and Incantations are lost as each successive year death carries away the old people among whom alone they are to be found. While thus the field where Charms and Incantations may be got is becoming more and more limited, the collector has further to contend with these difficulties (first) that those who know them and believe in their efficacy will not communicate them to anyone on whom they may look as an unbeliever; and (second) that many who know them as matter of tradition are frequently ashamed to own the fact. It is satisfactory to know, however, that many of these relics of the past have been rescued, and it is to be hoped that members of this Society may do what they can to add to our store of this peculiar kind of folk-lore ere it be too late. Our friend, Mr Alexander Macbain, published a valuable collection of them in the *Highland Monthly* during last year (1891). To-night I propose to resume the subject commenced before this Society in 1879; and although it may be necessary to recall here and there portions of my former paper, and also to refer to, and sometimes to quote from, the writings of Mr Macbain and others, I will endeavour to place before you, in the main, Charms and Incantations which, so far as I am aware, have not hitherto been published.

From the earliest times we read of wizards and witches, sorcerers and magicians. The State punished them as persons dangerous to society, and the burning of witches forms an interesting if not a very edifying feature of our national history. In these proceedings the Churches have taken an active part. A popular proverb has it—"*Gheibh baobh a guidhe ged nach fhaigh a h-anam trocair*"—"A witch will get her wish though her soul may not get mercy." To banish from the minds of the people such a belief as this was a task which the Churches seemed to have placed before themselves. Our Gaelic-speaking Highlanders were taught to place no belief in witchcraft and divination, and our cousins in Ireland were taught the same lesson. In a Catholic Catechism I find the following among the things forbidden by the First Commandment :—

Q.—A bheil a Chiad Aithne 'bacail ni sam bith eile?

A.—Tha—buidseachd, eolasan, giseagan, innse-fortain, a' toirt brigh a bruadar, agus gach comunn de 'n t-seorsa sin ris an Aibheistear.

Again, in the Catechism by Andrew Donlevy, Director of the Irish Community at Paris, published in that city in 1742, and still in use in Ireland, I find the following among the things forbidden by that commandment :—

Ceisd.—An bhfuil sé an aghaidh na hAithene-si Comhairle d' iarraidh air lucht fàisdine, Draoidheachta, no Piseóg, noch do ní cunnradh ris an Diabhal?

Freagradh.—A tá gan amhrus ; do bhrígh gur ab o'n Diabhal gheibhid gach Eolus, da mbí aca.

C.—Creud is Piseóga ann?

F.—Briathra do rádh, no Comharrtha do dheunamh chum críche, do chum nach bhful brígh na buaidh aca ó Náduir, ó Dhia, na ó 'n Eagluis.

Notwithstanding the influence of the Churches, the belief in witchcraft is not quite dead, and Charms and Incantations have survived to the present time. As to the supposed effect of witchcraft, I will quote a sentence from a leaflet which I picked up in Inverness last winter. It is headed the "Crofters and Witchcraft." The writer says he himself was confined in an asylum—a circumstance throwing all the light necessary on his lucubrations. His description of his feelings under what he believed to be the influence of witchcraft is, however, exceedingly interesting. It is as follows :—

"As an example of how this man of sin punishes those who differ from him in religion, I may state that I am daily tortured by his most powerful agent, viz, witchcraft. It takes away the faculties of my brains; it makes my body feel as if some one was sticking hot irons in me, at other times I feel as cold as ice; it weakens me to such an extent that I am hardly able to move out of the position in which I stand; it gives me such a shock while I am walking on the public road that I am not able to stand and speak to any one; it has got such a hold upon my body and soul that I find that the most experienced members of the medical profession are unable to do any good to me."

The popular belief in witchcraft is also well expressed by Duncan Mackenzie, the Kinlochewe bard, in a song appearing at page 22 of his book. In this song the nuptials of a young couple are described. The mother of the bride, according to the bard, was a witch—her race being noted for "Buidseachd a's Draoidheachd a's Farmud." In the song the old lady is pictured as using herbs, assuming the form of a hare, and robbing her neighbours' cattle of their substance, endowing the musicians at the marriage with the power of playing fairy music, and by means of a Love Charm winning the affections of the bridegroom for her daughter. The following two verses will serve as specimens:—

'S i mathair Ceit Uilleim bha lamhach
  'N uair chaidh i 'n *riochd gearr* feadh na duthch';
Bha im aic' a thoradh a' Bhraighe
  'S bha 'n *caise bho mhnaibh* Leitir-iùgh,
Bha 'm bainne *cho tiugh* ris a' bharr aic'
  (A's muighe dubh lan ann an cuil)
Ga 'bhleoghan *a dubhan na slabhruidh,*
  'S i 'g *aithris nan rann* a bh'aig Fionn.

'N uair chuir iad a' charaid a chadal
  Bha 'chailleach ga faire gu treang;
Chuir i *uisg'-oir* air an casan
  A's *liath-lus* a's *aitionn* fo'n ceann.
Bha i ga'n *sianadh* 's ga'n teagasg
  An dochas gun gineadh iad cloinn
'S chuir i *fath-fith* air na balaich,
  Cha loisgeadh na dagaichean straoil.

In connection with Charms and Incantations, it has to be pointed out that while it appears to be impossible to get the malific Charms, or such as are identified with what is usually

termed witchcraft,[1] there are numerous specimens which are really of a Christian character, and are intended by the invocation of the Trinity to defy evil agencies, or effect cures. In these cases the Charms are forms of prayer—a sort of ritual unauthorised by the Churches. Although the Churches might have laughed at them, those who practised them sincerely believed in them. A discussion on the domain of prayer forms no part of my subject, but I think the ordinary mind may find it difficult to see wherein lies the difference between the simple-minded peasant who, with implicit faith in its efficacy, mutters a prayer with the view of stopping the toothache or curing a colic, and the modern ecclesiastic who, by a prayer, hopes to stamp out the influenza.

As illustrating the Christian character of many of our old Charms, reference may be made to St Patrick's Hymn

[1] Since the above was written, my friend, Mr Walter Traill Dennison, West Brough, Sanday, has favoured me with the formula of old used in Orkney to acquire witchcraft. Mr Dennison wrote it down nearly 50 years ago from the recital of an old Orkney woman—the grand-daughter of a noted witch. The formula to be gone through to obtain witchcraft (or, as Mr Dennison says, in plain English, a formula for giving one's self to the Devil) was as follows :—

The person wishing to acquire the witch's knowledge must go to the sea-shore at midnight, must, as he goes, turn three times against the course of the sun, must lie down flat on his back with his head to the south, and on ground between the lines of high and low water. He must grasp a stone in each hand have a stone at the side of each foot, a stone at his head, a flat stone on his chest, and another over his heart ; and must lie with arms and legs stretched out. He will then shut his eyes, and slowly repeat the following Incantation :—

O, Mester King o' a' that's ill,
Come fill me wi' the warlock skill,
An' I sall serve wi' all me will.
Trow [Satan] tak' me gin I sinno ! [shall not]
Trow tak' me gin I winno ! [will not]
Trow tak' me whin I cinno ! [cannot]
Come tak' me noo, an' tak' me a',
Tak' lights an' liver, pluck an' ga',
Tak' me, tak' me, noo, I say,
Fae de how o' de head tae de tip of de tae ;
Tak' a' dat's oot an' in o' me,
Tak' hide an' hair an' a' tae thee,
Tak' hert an' harns, flesh, bleud, an' büns, [bones]
Tak' a' atween de seeven stüns [stones]
I' de name o' de muckle black Wallawa !

The person must lie quiet for a little time after repeating the Incantation. Then opening his eyes, he should turn on his left side, arise and fling the stones used in the operation into the sea. Each stone must be flung singly ; and with the throwing of each a certain malediction was said. Mr Dennison's informant professed to have forgotten the terms of the malediction, but he rather suspected she considered the imprecations too shocking to repeat.

—one of the old Irish hymns preserved in the *Liber Hymnorum*, a collection made in the 10th or 11th century of hymns composed in former times. The hymn in question is attributed to St Patrick himself—"*Patraicc dorcne innimmunsa*"—and we are told that it was composed in the time of *Loegaire Meic Neill*, who persecuted the Saint and his followers. According to the Four Masters, Loegaire was killed by the Elements of God—*Dúile Dé*—in the year 458. In the hymn we have the Saint binding himself to God, and invoking heavenly powers for protection against *inter alia* "Incantations of false prophets" (*tri tinchetla saibfàthe*), and against "Spells of women and smiths and druids" (*fri brichta ban 7 gobann 7 druad*). [For hymn in full, *vide* "Scottish Celtic Review," p. 49].

Charms and Incantations are known by different names, and although many of them seem to be now regarded as synonymous, there was doubtless originally a difference of meaning. We have the *Rosad*, a malific charm, which rendered its victim powerless. Thus the hunter who was unlucky in his sport believed that a witch or other evil disposed person put a *Rosad* on himself or his gun. The opposite of *Rosad* is *Sian*—the latter being the spell that protected one from evil agencies and ordinary dangers.

Geas was a form of enchantment—*Daoine fo gheasaibh* are men spellbound and enchanted; and most Inverness men are acquainted with the popular belief that the *Feinne* are enchanted, reclining on their elbows in Craigachô. The word *gisreagan* or *geiseagan*, which is commonly employed to signify enchantments, and the belief in witchcraft, is doubtless from *geas*. This word occurs in Manx; and in Moore's "Folklore of the Isle of Man" we have, on page 89, an account of *Caillagh-ny-Ghueshag*, or the "Old woman of the spells."

Then we have *ubag*, *ubhaidh*, *obag*, or *obaidh*, meaning a "charm" or "incantation." In Old Irish the form is *upaidh*. The word occurs in Manx as *obbee*, and we may translate *fer-obbee* as "a man charmer," and *ben-obbee* as "a woman charmer."

The *Eolas*, which really means "knowledge," is probably the most popular of our charms. The origin of *Eolais* in the Western Islands, according to the local traditions, is as follows:—

St Columba had two tenants. One had a family and the other had not. The rent was the same in each case. The one who had no family complained to the Saint of the unfairness of his having to pay as much rent as the other considering his circumstances. The Saint told him to steal a shilling's worth from any person, and to restore it at the end of a year. The man took the advice, and

stole a small book belonging to St Columba himself, and thereafter he proceeded to the Outer Hebrides, where he permitted people to read the book for a certain sum of money. The book was read with great avidity, as it contained all the "Eolais" composed by the Saint for the curing of men and cattle. Thus it was that these "Eolais" came to be so well known in the Western Islands. The farmer went back to St Columba at the end of a year, having amassed a considerable fortune, and restored the book. The Saint immediately burned the book, so that he himself might not on its account earn a reputation which he thought he did not deserve.

Finally, we have the *orr* or *orra*, *ortha*, or, as the Irish have it, *oráid*. As the English word "charm" is derived from the Latin *carmen*, a song: and "incantation" from *cano*, I sing; so *orr* may be derived from *oro*, I pray. The Irish *oráid* and the Latin *oratio* are probably different forms of the same word. In the Western Islands of Ireland *ortha* means a hymn. Macalpine in his Dictionary defines *orra* as "amulet or enchantment to effect something wonderful;" and he gives the following list of examples:—

Orra-ghraidh—An amulet[1] to provoke unlawful love.
Orra-sheamlachais—An amulet to make a cow allow the calf of another cow to suck her.
Orra-chomais—An amulet to deprive a man of his virility, particularly on his marriage night, by way of vengeance.
Orra-na-h-aoine—An amulet to drown a foe.
Orra an-donuis—An amulet to send one's foe to the mischief.
Orra-ghrudaire—An amulet to make every drop of the wash to overflow the wash-tuns; and
An orra-bhalbh—An amulet to prevent one's agent to make a defence in a court of justice.

The Charms and Incantations which follow may be divided into five classes:—First—Those aiming at divination; Second—Those which, by means of volition, seek to attain certain ends; Third—Protective Charms and Amulets; Fourth—Those intended for the cure of men and the lower animals from certain diseases; and Fifth—Blessings and miscellaneous Charms.

I will commence with the subject of divination. Under the general title of *Divination*, I will take first the *Frith*.

[1] Although "amulet" is the word used, it is obvious that "charm" or "incantation" is meant.

FRITH.

So far as I am aware, the *Frith* is quite unknown on the mainland. Professor O'Growney, of St Patrick's College, Maynooth, informs me he never heard of it in Ireland. He, however, explains that the word *frith* is a verb in Irish, and signifies "to find." One can therefore easily conceive how it came to be used in the special sense given it in this charm—"*Frith Isú isin Tempull* (literally, Inventus est Jesus in Templo, and signifying the finding of Jesus in the Temple)—would easily lead the unlettered to take *frith* as a noun. Macalpine appears to be the only Gaelic Lexicographer who gives us a definition of it in the sense here used. He describes it as "an Incantation to find whether people at a great distance or at sea be in life." It is, in short, a species of horoscope, wherein the position of the objects which meet our eyes takes the place in the *Frith* which the position of the heavenly bodies took in the horoscope of the ancient astrologers.

The *Frith* is religious in its character, and is attributed to the Virgin Mary. It is called in Uist, *Frith a rinn Moire dha Mac*—"the *Frith* that Mary made for her Son." According to Holy Writ, Joseph and the Virgin Mary went with the child Jesus, when he was twelve years old, to the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem. When they fulfilled the days of the feast, they returned, but the child Jesus tarried behind them in Jerusalem, and they knew it not. The account of their three days' anxious search for him is narrated in the Bible, and our Highland poetess, *Sileas na Ceapaich*, beautifully describes the whole situation in *Laoidh na Maighdinn* :—

. . . . . .

Thug iad cliu do Dhia 's an Teampull
  'S gu Nasaret air dhaibh bhi tilleadh,
Suil ga'n tug iad air an gualainn
  Dh' ionndrainn iad bhuap am Messiah.
'S iadsan a bha duilich, deurach,
  'Nuair nach b' urrainn doibh ga sheanchas,
'S tuirseach a bha iad mu dheighinn,
  Na trì là bha iad ga 'shireadh ;
'N àm 'bhi dol seachad an Teampuill
  Dh'aithnich iad a chainnt gu beathail,
Eadar na doctoirean a' teagasg,
  Bu deas a thigeadh dha labhairt.

This subject, too, forms one of the Fifteen Mysteries of Mary recognised by the Catholic Church. During the search the Virgin

Mary, we are told, made a *Frith* which enabled her to discover the Saviour among the doctors in the Temple, and left it for the benefit of future generations.

The *Frith* is not yet an institution of the past in some of the Outer Islands; and when the fate of absent ones is causing friends anxiety, or when it is uncertain whether the illness of men or of the lower animals may speedily pass away or terminate fatally, a *Frith* is made. A *Frith* may be made at any time; but the first Monday of the quarter—*a' chiad Di-luain de'n Raithe*—is considered the most auspicious.

The mode of making the *Frith* is as follows :—

In the morning the *Ave Maria*, or *Beannachadh Moire*, is said thus—

Beannaichear dhut, a Mhoire,[1]
Tha thu lan dhe na grasan;
Tha 'n Tighearna maille riut;
'S beannuichte thu measg nam ban;
'S beannaichte toradh do bhronn—Iosa.
A Naomh Mhoire—'Mhathair Dhe—
Guidh air ar son-ne, na peacaich,
A nis agus aig uair ar bais—Amen.

After repeating the *Ave*, the person proceeds with closed eyes to the door. On reaching the *maide-buinn*, or door-step, he opens his eyes, and if he sees the Cross *(Crois Chriosda)*, although it were only made with two straws lying across each other, it is a sign that all will be well. On getting outside, he proceeds round the house sunwise *(deiseal)*, repeating the following Incantation :—

Dia romham;
Moire am dheaghaidh
'S am Mac a thug Righ nan Dul
'S a chàirich Brighde na glaic.
Mis' air do shlios, a Dhia,
Is Dia na'm luirg.
Mac Moire, a's Righ nan Dul,
A shoillseachadh gach ni dheth so,
Le a ghras, mu'm choinneamh.

[1] This version of the *Ave Maria* I noted from an old Uist lady. Other versions commence "Failte dhut, a Mhoire." In Donlevy's Irish Catechism, previously referred to, it begins "Dia do bheatha a Mhuire." In Munster the form is—"Go mbeannuighthear duit, a Mhuire."

Translated—

God before me;
The Virgin Mary after me;
And the Son sent by the King of the Elements;
And whom St Bridget took in her arms.
I am on thy land [side ?], O God!
And God on my footsteps;
May the Son of Mary, King of the Elements,
Reveal the meaning of each of these things
Before me, through His grace.

Another version of the Incantation is as follows:—

Tha mise falbh air srath Chriosd:
Dia romham, Dia am dheighidh,
A's Dia a m' luirg.[1]
A Fhrith a rinn Moire dha 'Mac,
A sheid Brighde troimh a glaic,
Mar a fhuair ise fios firinneach,
Gun fhios breige,
Mise dh' fhaicinn samhla 's coltas —— ——[2]

Translated—

I go forth on the track of Christ—
God before me, God behind me,
And God on my footsteps.
The *Frith* that Mary made for her Son,
Which Bridget blew through her palm;
And as she got a true response,
Without a false one,
May I behold the likeness and similitude of
A—— B——.

The Incantation finished, the person looks forth over the country, and by the auguries or omens which meet the eye he divines what will be the fate of the man or animal for whom the *Frith* is being made—whether the absent one, about whom nothing is known, is in life, and well; or whether the sick man or beast at home will recover from his ailment. Subjoined is a list of objects, with their significance. This list is compiled from various sources, but largely from notes placed at my disposal by Father

[1] We have similar expressions in St Patrick's Hymn, already referred to—
"Crist lim Crist rium Crist imdegaid"
(Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ after me).

[2] Here the name of the missing person was said.

Allan Macdonald, Dalibrog, South Uist, a gentleman to whom I am indebted for much information in connection with this paper :—

A man coming towards you..	An excellent sign.
A cock looking towards you.	Also an excellent sign.
A man standing.....	Sign of a sick man recovering and casting off illness.
A man lying down.....	Sickness ; continued illness.
A beast lying down.....	Ominous—sickness ; continued illness ; death.
A beast rising up.....	Sign of a man recovering and throwing off illness.
A bird on the wing.....	A good sign.
A bird on the wing coming to you.....	Sign of a letter coming.
A woman seen standing.....	A bad sign—such as death, or some untoward event—*(Am bas, no ni rosadach air chor-eigin).*[1]
A woman seen passing or returning	Not so bad.
A woman with red hair	Not lucky.[2]
A woman with fair hair *(falt ban)*.....	Not lucky.
A woman with black hair *(falt dubh)*.....	Lucky.
A woman with brown hair *(falt donn)*.....	Luckiest.
Fowls without a cock in their midst.....	Not a good sign.
Stonechat *(Clachran)*.....	Untoward *(rosadach)*—

Chunnaic mi 'n t-seilcheag an talamh toll,
Chunnaic mi 'n clachran air lic luim,
Chunnaic mi 'n searrach 's a chul rium,

[1] Bu choir do dhuine e-fein a choisrigeadh nam faiceadh e boirionnach an àm a bhi 'deanamh na Frithe—(A man should cross himself should he see a woman when making the Frith).

[2] Red hair does not appear to have been favoured by the Celts. An old song says—

Cha ghabh mi 'n te fhrionasaich, chonasach, *ruadh*,
A chumas an Donus na mhollachdainn suas.

Again, Lady Wilde, writing of Irish superstitions, says—" It is unlucky to meet a red-haired man or woman the first thing in the morning ; but a freckled red-haired woman is particularly dangerous. Should she be in your path on first going out, turn back at once, for danger is in the way. Some say that Judas Iscariot had red hair, hence the tradition of its evil augury."

Dh' fhaithnich mi nach reachadh a' bhliadhna leam—
Chaill mi bean-an tighe 's a' chlann.[1]

A lark[2]	A good sign.
A dove	A good sign.
A crow or raven[3]	A bad sign; death.
A sparrow *(glaiseun)*	Not lucky—but blessed. (It foretells the death of a child).
A wild duck *(Lach)*	A good sign.
Ducks *(Tunnagan)*[4]	Good. (For sailors especially—meaning safety from drowning).
A dog	Good luck.
A cat	Good for Mackintoshes only. To others it is considered *rosadach*, or untoward. The cat is regarded as evil, as shown by the fact that witches are believed to assume this form.
A pig	Good for Campbells. For others indifferent when facing you; bad with its back towards you.
A calf, or lamb	Lucky with its face to you; good with side.
A horse	Lucky.
A brown horse	Is the best.
A chestnut or red horse	A bad sign; death.

[1] Another version runs—

Chunnaic mi seilcheag air lic luim
Chunnaic mi searrach 's a chulthaobh rium,
Chuala mi 'chuthag 's gun bhiadh am bhroinn,
Dh' aithnich mi nach cinneadh a' bhliadhna leam.

[2] The lark was considered sacred, and to it the endearing term of *Uiseag Mhoire* (the lark of the Virgin Mary) was frequently applied. In Orkney the term "Wir Lady's hen" was applied of old to the lark. In Ireland the redbreast is associated with the Virgin, its Irish name being *Spideog-Mhuire.*

[3] The raven is always regarded as ominous. In the Saga of "Howard the Halt," for instance, it is referred to as "hawk of slaughter" and "blood fowl." In Ireland, as Lady Wilde tells us, "when a raven is seen hovering round a cottage, evil is near, and a death may follow, or some great disaster; therefore, to turn away ill-luck, say at once: 'May fire and water be on you, O bird of evil, and may the curse of God be on your head for ever and ever.'"

[4] Ducks are considered blessed. Tradition informs us that on a certain occasion Jesus had to take refuge, and that he was concealed under straw. Hens scraped the straw away, thus exposing him, but the ducks pushed it back again. The duck has since been considered blessed.

As to the colours of horses generally, we have the following:—

Each donn	Fearann.	Brown horse.....	Land.
Each glas.....	Fairge.	Grey horse... ...	The ocean.
Each ruadh.....	Reilig.	Chestnut horse..	The churchyard.
Each dubh.....	Mulad.	Black horse.....	Sorrow.

I now proceed to deal with the class intended to accomplish certain ends by the exercise of the will, and commence with

LOVE CHARMS.

In the list of amulets given from Macalpine, we have the *Orra-ghraidh*, or Love Charm. The Highlanders of old, like the ancient Greeks, seem to have believed in the efficacy of charms and philtres, in order, as Erastus has it, to force men and women to love and hate whom they will. "Sagæ omnes sibi arrogant notitiam, et facultatem in amorem alliciendi quos velint; odia inter conjuges serendi." We have the idea of the Love Charm in Duncan Ban Macintyre's *Rainn a ghabhas maighdean d'a leannan* (Verses which a maiden will say to her sweetheart), but as the ceremony prescribed may, on the whole, be regarded as impossible, it is clear that the poet himself did not believe in the efficacy of such Incantations. That the idea has, however, survived to recent times is undoubted, and a good instance of it is given by the Kenlochewe bard in the poem already referred to. Describing how the bridegroom was "charmed" by the young woman's mother, he says:—

'S beag a bha dhuil aige 'posadh
An la chaidh Seonaid 'na chainnt—
Rug i da uair air a chròdhan
A's chuir i na *h-òrrachann* annt;
Thionndaidh a chridhe le sòlas:
Chaidh dalladh a's sgleò air 's an àm,
'S cha 'n fhaiceadh e aon te cho bòidheach
Ri Ceit ged a sheòladh e 'n Fhraing.

In the Highlands, a herb called *gradh a's fuath* (love and hate) was believed, when properly applied, to provoke love or hate, according to the wish of the person using the Charm. For the following Incantation to excite love, I am indebted to Mr Macbain:—

Suil bhlath Chriosd air Peadar,
Suil chaomh na h-Oighe air Eoin;
Gu'n leanadh, gu'n leonadh, gu'n lotadh,
Gu'n iadhadh gu teann seachd altanach,

Le seachd snaim cruaidh-shnaim
Mu chridhe na h-Eala
'Rinn mise 'lot 's a leon
Gus an coinnich lot ri lot,
Leon ri leon, 's a cridhe 'breabadh le aoibhneas
Ri faicinn gnuis a ruin :
An ainm an Athar, &c.

Translated—

The soft eye of Christ upon Peter,
The mild eye of the Virgin on John ;
To follow, to wound, and to pierce ;
May seven moss grasses with seven hard knots
Wind round the heart of the Swan
That caused my wound and piercing,
Until wound meets wound and gash to gash,
And her heart jumps with joy
At seeing the face of her love :
In the name of the Father, &c.

A herb—evidently the *altanach*, a kind of mountain or moss grass —was manipulated during the saying of the above.

Our Irish cousins also have their Love Charms, or, as they call them, *Ortha na Seirce*. To Professor O'Growney, of Maynooth, I am indebted for the following, received by him from Mr O'Faherty, of the west of Connaught :—

Ortha a chuir Muire in ím,
Ortha seirce 's síor-ghràdh ;
Nar stadaidh do cholann, acht d' aire bheith orm
Go leanfaidh do ghràdh mo ghnaoi
Mar leanas an bhò an laogh
O'n là so amach go h-uair mo bháis.

Translated—

A charm Mary (B. Virgin) put in *butter*,
A charm of affection and lasting love ;
May thy body not rest, but may'st thou be
uneasy about me
Until thy love follows my countenance
As the cow follows the calf,
From to-day till death's hour.

As a companion-picture, the following Love Charm from England may be appropriately given. The love-sick maiden was one Susan Lebway ; and the precious document containing the charm

was found some 30 years ago. The paper on which the formula was written also contains figures of the sun and moon and other heavenly bodies, and the magic square. Along with it were parings of the finger and toe nails and a tiny piece of linen, believed to be a portion of Susan's undergarment. The whole was neatly folded up, and was wrapped in three folds of linen and stitched under a covering of silk. This curious collection was worn in the left armpit. The formula was as follows:—

"Susan Lebway to draw the affections of Theobald Young to herself, so that he shall never have any rest or peace until he do return unto her, *and make* her his lawful wife. Let the spirits of the planets continually torment him until he do fulfil this, my request; Cossiel Lachiel Samuel Michail Araiel Rhaphail Gabriel, I continually stir up his mind thereto. Fiat fiat fiat cito cito cito. Amen."—*Reliquary, vol. x.*

That the Philtre or Love Potion was in use among the ancient Celts there can be no doubt. In support of this statement, I quote the following paragraph from the Irish Life of St Bridget in the "Book of Lismore," edited by Mr Whitley Stokes:—

"There was a certain man biding in Lassair's Church, and his wife was leaving him, and would not take bit nor sleep along with him. So he came to Bridget to ask for a Spell to make his wife love him. Bridget blessed water for him and said, 'Put that water over the house, and over the food, and over the drink of yourselves, and over the bed in the wife's absence.' When he had done thus the wife gave exceeding great love to him, so that she could not keep apart from him, even on one side of the house, but she was always at one of his hands. He went one day on a journey, and left the wife asleep. When the woman awoke she rose up lightly, and went after the husband, and saw him afar from her, with an arm of the sea between them. She cried out to her husband, and said that she would go into the sea unless he came to her."

In connection with the Love Charm and Philtre, a few sentences may be devoted to *Eolas a' Chomuis* already mentioned. I have been unable to obtain this *Eolas*; but it may be stated that it is referred to in Pennant's Tour in Scotland in 1772 (Vol. II., p. 265), where the unsuccessful lover is represented as revenging himself on his rival by charms potent as those of the shepherd Alphesibœus mentioned by Virgil. "Donald," we are told, "takes three threads of different hues, and ties three knots on each, three times imprecating the most cruel disappointments on the nuptial bed;

but the bridegroom, to avert the harm, stands at the altar with an untied shoe, and puts a sixpence beneath his foot."

Stories illustrative of *Eolas a' Chomuis* are numerous throughout the Highlands. Our Irish cousins have stories on this point akin to our own. The belief in this malific Charm still exists. Those who profess to know something about it say that in anticipation of a marriage where it is intended to have recourse to it, three running knots are prepared. The party carrying out the Charm attends the marriage service, and listens intently until the priest says the passage in the ritual commencing "Ego te conjungo," &c. Instantly these words are uttered by the priest, the "charmer" pulls both ends of the cord and makes the knot fast. The unlucky bridegroom never regains his virility until the treble knot is unloosed!

A somewhat curious parallel to our Highland and Irish stories is told in the part of the Apocryphal New Testament called the "First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus." I cannot do better than quote the opening verses of Chapter VII. :—

"They" (*i.e.*, the Virgin Mary and Jesus) "came afterwards to another city, and had a mind to lodge there.

"Accordingly they went to a man's house, who was newly married, but by the influence of sorcerers could not enjoy his wife.

"But they lodging at his house that night, the man was freed of his disorder."

I will now give you

EOLAS A' CHEARTUIS—OR CHARM TO OBTAIN JUSTICE.

This Charm or Incantation was said when a Highlander went to a Court of Justice. A Gaelic proverb says, "*Is cam 's is direach an lagh*"—crooked and straight is the law—implying great uncertainty. In going to law, the litigant presumably believed in the equity of his cause, but being uncertain as to the result, he appealed to the Higher Powers. In the Incantation here given, we have the picture of a man starting from his house to measure swords before a judge with a neighbour—the occupant of the *Baile ud thall*, or "Yonder Town." On leaving his house the litigant says—

Falbhaidh mise 'n ainm Dhia [Dhé]
An riochd iaruinn 's an riochd each [eich],
An riochd nathrach 's an riochd féidh ;
'S treise mi-fhein na gach neach.
'S dubh dha 'n bhail' ud thall,
'S dubh dha 'n bheil na bhroinn :—

An teanga fo m' bhonn
Gus an till mi 'nall
Mise 'n eala bhàn
'Nam bhan-righinn os an cionn.
Ionnlaididh mi m' aodann,
Mar naoi gathannan greine,
Mar dh'ionnlaideas Moire a Mac
Le bainne bruich.[1]
Meirc air mo bhial—
Seirc na m' aodann ;
Bàs Mhoire mu m' amhuich,
Bàs Chriosda mu m' aodainn,
Teanga Mathair Ios' a' m' cheann ;
Sùil a Chuimirich[2] eatorra,
'S blas meala air gach aon ni
Their mi gu'n tig mi.

Translated—

I go forth in the name of God ;
In the likeness of iron ; in the likeness of the horse ;
In the likeness of the serpent ; in the likeness of the deer ;
Stronger am I than each one [or "than any one else"].
Black to yonder town ;
And black to those who reside therein ;
[May] Their tongues be under my soles [or feet]
Till I again return.
May I be the white swan,
As a queen above them.
I will wash my face
That it may shine like the nine rays of the sun,
As the Virgin Mary washes her Son with boiled milk.
May restraint be on my tongue,
Love on my countenance ;
The palm [or arm] of Mary round my neck,
The palm [or hand] of Christ on my face,
The tongue of the Mother of Jesus in my mouth,
The eye of the Protector between them ;
And may the taste of honey be of every word
I utter till I return.

[1] According to the Lives of the Saints in the Book of Lismore, St. Bridget as an infant was bathed in milk.

[2] Cuimreach, S.M. = Assistant (O'Reilly). Cuimriche (often used) = Comairce, protection.

Here we have a wonderful combination of agencies with the view of attaining a successful end—iron, symbolic of hardness and endurance; the horse, of strength; the serpent, of cunning; and the deer, of swiftness. Then we have the incantator presented to us pure and queenly as the white swan, with loving countenance, with tongue under restraint but uttering honeyed words. He is under the guardianship of the Virgin and her Son.

On reaching the Court, our litigant, with his right foot on the threshold, repeats the following words:—

Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia an tigh
Bho 'bhun gu 'bhragh [fhraigh];
M' fhacal-sa os cionn na bhios a stigh,
'S am facail-se fo m' throidh.

Translated—

May God bless this house
From its floor to its ceiling;
May my word be above all those within,
And their words under my foot.

In a paper on "Druidism," by Mr Macbain in the *Celtic Magazine* [*Vide* Vol. VIII., p. 570], we have a reference to the serpent's egg, and to Pliny's account of it. "A Roman knight was making use of it in Court to gain an unfair verdict, and for this was put to death by Claudius the Emperor." Our old Highlander in *Eolas a' Cheartuis* or Incantation to obtain justice stood somewhat differently from the Roman knight who used the serpent's egg. The parallel is, however, an interesting one.

I will now give you *Eolas na Daire*, a Charm supposed to be efficacious in the case of farrow cows. It does not need much introduction, as it speaks for itself. It is as follows:—

EOLAS NA DAIRE.

Eolas na daire 'rinn Moire 's a Mac.
'S thubhairt Criosda fhein gu'm bu ro-cheart,
Air a' Chiad Luan
'Chur a chruidh gu luath a dhair,
Gun fharlaogh [1] 'n a dheigh
Ach laoigh bhreaca bhoirionn uile gu leir.

[1] The word "Far-laogh" is not generally known on the mainland. It signifies extra-uterine conception—a freak of nature which is fortunately uncommon.

Translated—

The Charm for the rutting made by Mary and her Son.
Jesus himself said it was right
On the first Monday [at the beginning of the moon ?]
To send the cattle quickly to the bull;
And that no extra-uterine conception should follow,
But spotted female calves.

In some districts, instead of the above, the people say ***Duan an Domhnuich***, or the Ode of the *Dies Dominica*. That Ode is as follows :—

DUAN AN DOMHNUICH.

Duan an Domhnuich, a Dhia ghil,[1]
Firinn a's neart Criosda g'ar 'comhnadh.
Di-domhnuich rugadh Moire
Mathair Dhe an or-fhuilt bhuidhe,
Di-domhnuich rugadh Criosda
Mar onoir dhuinne,
Di-domhnuich an seachdamh latha
A dh' orduich Criosda dha-fhein,
Gu cumail na beatha-'mhairionnaich,
'S gu'n leigeadh iad uile 'n anail.
Gun fheum a thoirt bho dhamh no dhuine
No neach a dh' orduich Moire,
Gun sniomh snàth sioda no sròl,
Gun fhuaigheal na's mò ;
Gun chartadh tighe, gun bhuain,
Gun àthadh, gun mhuilionn,
Gun iomradh airm, gun iasgaireachd,
Gun a dhol a mach dha 'n t-seilg
No shnaigheadh dheilgnean Di-domhnuich.

Ge b' e chumadh an Domhnach
Bu chomhnard dha-san, 's bu bhuan,
Bho dhol fodha na greine Di-sathuirn
Gus an eireadh i Di-luain. [2]
Gheibheadh e fiach dha chionn

[1] The expression "a Dhia ghil" is unusual in the Highlands. I find it in the Irish song "The Star of Kilkenny," by Egan O' Rahilly :—

Ar Pheárla óg mná uaisle (a Dhia ghil tabhair buadh dhi)
An chraobh chubhra is uaisle a g-Cill-Chainnich.

[2] In Shetland the period from sunset on Saturday till sunrise on Monday is known as the Hęllie or Helzie, *i.e.*, the holy time.

'S bhiodh toradh an deigh nan crann,
Iasg air amhuinn fior-ghlan saile,
Uisg' an Domhnuich blath mar mhil ;
Ge b' e dh' oladh e mar dhibh
Gheibheadh e slainte gun chron
As gach galar a bhiodh air.
Gal an Domhnuich gun robh luath,
Bean ga pianadh ri an-uair,
Guileamaid moch Di-luain,
'S na guileamaid idir Di-domhnuich.
Fiadh an Domhnuich gun robh luath,
Anns an linge mar a's truagh
Ged thuiteadh an ruadh cheann deth
Biodh e gu Di-luain 'na chadal.
Aig trath-nona Di-luain
Eiridh am fiadh gu ro-luath.
'S airson an dile muigh
Greis a thoirt a sgeula mu chumraidh [1]
Gun eisdeachd ri gleadhraich nan Gall
No ri sgeilearachd coitchionnach.

Ach gart a ghleidheadh air cnoc ard,
'S lighich 'thoirt gu galar garg,
Is bo a thoirt gu tarbh treun
Fada no fagus gu'n robh cheum,
'S eathar a leigeadh fo breid-siuil
Gu tir a duthcha bho h-aineol.
'S ge b' e mheomhraicheadh mo dhuan,
'S a ghabhadh i gach oidhch' dha shluagh,
Bhiodh rath Mhicheil air a cheann
'S a chaoidh cha 'n fhaiceadh e Ifrinn.

In this ode we have a rule of conduct as regards the Sabbath—general directions as to what we are not to do, and a list of what may be called "works of necessity and mercy"—and among these there is the permission to bring a cow to a bull *(tarbh treun)*, no matter how far the distance.[2]

[1] Redemption (or perhaps *comairce*=protection).

[2] The "Yellow Book of Lecan" contains Rules regarding Sunday Observances *(Cain Domnaig)*, which bear a strong resemblance to the above. "The *Cain Domnaig* enjoins, under severe penalties, that every class shall abstain from all kinds of work on Sunday, and that none shall travel on that day ; but wherever one happens to be on Saturday evening, there he should remain till Monday morning. To this there were some exceptions, such as bringing a physician to a sick person, relieving a woman in labour, saving a house from fire, &c." (See Irish MS. Series Vol. I., Part I., page 196).

An old man in the parish of Ardnamurchan, who professes to know much about cattle, informs me that he learned a different method from a north country *Aireach*, who was known as "Murchadh nan Gobhar." He does not believe in *orrachan*, or Incantations. I describe his alleged method in his own words, and without any comment of mine :—"Na'm bitheadh beathach òg agam," he said, "nach bitheadh a' gabhail an tairbh, so mar a chuirinn a dhàir i, ach cha bu toigh leam neach eile 'bhi coimhead orm :—A' chiad bhò a chithinn a' dol a dhair, sheasainn ri 'taobh agus cho luath 's a sguireadh an tarbh dhi bhleoghnainn i, a's bheirinn am bainne—blàth ás a h-ùgh—do 'n bheathach òg. Chuirinn an sin an cù ris a' bheathach òg, 's an ceann la no dha bhiodh i dhair agam. Is iomadh uair a rinn mi e!"

The foregoing may appropriately be followed by an Incantation which was said when a cow calved—

RANN AN UAIR A BHEIREAS MART LAOGH.

The ceremony was after this fashion :—The dairymaid sat beside the cow, and blowing her breath through her hands towards the cow repeated this Incantation three times :—

"Mart a sid air breith," arsa Peadar.
"Tha mi 'faicinn gu'm beil," arsa Pàl.
"Mar a thuiteas an duilleach o'n chraoibh
Gu'n tuiteadh a sile gu lar."

Translated—

"A cow newly calved," said St Peter.
"I observe that," said St Paul.
Both—"As the leaves fall from the tree
May her milk freely flow."

I will now pass from Incantations taken by themselves to the class of Charms where the aid of Amulets was called in, and commence with the

AIRNE MOIRE, OR VIRGIN MARY NUT.

This nut has been for centuries prized in the Hebrides as an amulet of great value. Martin, in his "Western Islands," mentions several of the virtues it was believed to possess. He calls it a "Molluka Bean." Pennant also refers to it as a native of Jamaica, carried by the rivers to the ocean, and thereafter by winds and the Gulf Stream to the Outer Hebrides. According to Patrick Neill, this nut, which is washed ashore in Orkney, is the seed from the pod of the *Dolichos Urens* of Linnæus. (See Tour in Orkney in 1806, p. 60).

The name "Airne Moire" I translate as "The Virgin Mary Nut." In modern Gaelic we have *airneag*, "the sloe." The word also occurs in old and modern Irish, and Mr Whitley Stokes translates *arni cumrae*, in the life of St Bridget, in the Book of Lismore, as "sweet sloes."[1]

These nuts are of various colours, but the one most prized has the cross indented on its sides. In Wallace's "Orkney" (1693) we have drawings of four varieties of "Molocco Beans"—one of them having the indented cross. I have in my possession one of these nuts from the Hebrides mounted with a silver cross. It was duly blessed by a cleric—*Pears' Eaglais*—and was believed to be possessed of great virtues. It used to be worn about the neck, just as the scapular is worn at the present time; and every one who thus carried it was believed to be under the special protection of the Virgin Mary. She guarded him from evil courses, led him on the right path, and saved him from various calamities, such, for instance, as a sudden death—*Bas obann.*[2]

While it was believed to afford general protection as above described, it was specially useful in the case of women in travail; and the belief in its efficacy is not yet a matter of the past. There is a tradition in Uist that on one occasion the Virgin Mary and Jesus were travelling on a stormy night. They came to a strange house for shelter. The goodwife of the house was kind and gentle, but the husband was churlish. The wife gave them quarters, much against the husband's wishes. During the night the wife was seized with the pains of labour. Her case seemed to be a critical one, and the assistance of the guests was asked for. Jesus, observing that the woman was in great danger, said—

Seall, a Mhoire, a' bhean
'S i air fòd a' bhais.

Translated—

Mary, behold the woman
In the throes of death.

[1] Batir imda ubla 7 arni cumrae isin cill hisin. (Abundant apples and sweet sloes were in that church).

[2] The above is an account of the virtues of the *Airne Moire* as told me by an Uist crofter. In St Patrick's Hymn, already referred to, we have a similar idea. The hymn, we are told in the prefatory note, is a "Corslet of faith for the protection of body and soul against demons, and men, and vices. Every one who shall sing it every day, with pious meditation on God, demons shall not stand before his face: it will be a defence to him against every poison and envy: it will be a safeguard to him against sudden death: it will be a corslet to his soul after his death."

The Virgin replied—Seall fhein oirre, a Mhic,
'S ann orra [air do] chomus a tha.

Translated—Son, succour her Thyself,
For Thou hast the power.

Whereupon Jesus told the woman in travail to make the sign of the cross three times, and

A' choinneal a lasadh,
An leanabh a bhaisteadh,
'S a' bhean a bhi slan.

Translated—To light the candle,
To baptise the child,
And that she [the wife] might recover.

The foregoing is the story as told in Uist; and the birth ceremony as now practised is as follows:—The woman in travail takes the *Airne Moire* in her right hand, and repeats the *Ave Maria* three times. Thereafter the midwife, or other woman in attendance, takes the amulet, and with it makes the sign of the cross on the sick woman (air taobh cearr broinn a' bhoirionnaich fo 'n imleig),[1] at the same time repeating the dialogue above given, or the following version of it:—

"Faic a' bhean, a Mhoire,
'Si aig fòd a bhàis."
"Seall fhein i a Mhic,
'S ann agad a tha" ['n cumhachd].
"Cuiribh an gin air an làr,
'S fàgaibh slan a' bhean."[2]

[1] In connection with this ceremony, reference may be made to one of the miracles attributed to S. Ciaran of Saighir. Dioma, Chief of Hy Fiachrach, abducted the beauteous and holy maiden, Bruinneach, from a cell near the monastery, and made her his wife. The Saint applied to Dioma for the restoration of Bruinneach, and his request was in the end complied with. She was pregnant—a circumstance that greatly displeased Ciaran. Thereupon he made the sign of the holy cross on her body, and her burden vanished! The words in the original are:—"Ba thorrach an tan sin í agus nír mhaith le Ciarán é. Do chuir fioghair na croiche césta ar medhon na hingine agus do chuaid an toirrches ar nemhní." (*Vide Silva Gadelica*, Vol. I., p. 5).

[2] Since the above was in type, Prof. O'Growney has sent me, from South-West Cork, a *Rann* to be said for a woman in child-bed. Some of the phrases are the same as those in my Uist version. It is as follows:—

Crios Mhuire an crios,	The girdle of Mary is the girdle,
Crios na d-trí gcros,	The girdle of the three crosses,
Crios gur geineadh Criost ann	The girdle in which Christ was conceived,
A's go rugadh Criost as.	And out of which Christ was born.
Tar, a Mhuire, a's foir an bhean;	Come, Mary, and relieve the woman;
Fóir féin í, 'Mhic, ó's agat a tha,	Do Thou relieve her, O Son, since with Thee it is [*i.e.*, the power],
Go mbeireadh an baisde air an ngein	So that baptism may overtake the child,
A's go d-tigidh an bhean slán.	And the woman may recover.

Translated—

Jesus—"Mary, behold the woman
In the throes of death."
Mary—"Succour Thou her, O Son,
For Thou hast the power."
Jesus—"May the child be born,
And the woman again be well."

Lady Wilde, in her "Ancient Cures of Ireland," tells us that if an Irish woman is in great danger of death during her confinement, and is not wearing the scapular, she must be invested at once; and the midwife always carries one with her, ready for the purpose (page 71). It would thus appear that the scapular serves much the same purpose in Ireland that the *Airne Moire* does in Uist.

An Incantation somewhat similar to the one above given is used in the West of Ireland. It is entitled "Ortha Mhuire," or a prayer to the Virgin Mary, "a deirtear do mhnaibh in a luighe seoil." I am indebted to Professor O'Growney, who received it from Mr O'Faherty, for the following version of it:—

Dís a casadh orm, Cabhair agus Críost,
Mar rug Anna Muire, a's mar rug Muire Críost,
Mar rug Eilís Eoin Baisde gan dith coise nó láimh',
Fóir air an bhean, a Mhic! Fóir fein í, a Mháthair.
O is tú rug an Mac, tabhair an ghein o'n g-cnaimh;
Agus go m-budh slán a bheidheas an bhean.

Translated—

Two persons I met—Help and Christ:
As Anna was delivered of Mary, and Mary of Christ;
As Elizabeth was delivered of John the Baptist, wanting neither foot nor hand;
Relieve the woman, O Son! Relieve her, O Mother!
As it was you who brought forth the Son, take the offspring from the bone [womb];
And may the woman be well.

In connection with the matter of appeals in childbirth to the Virgin Mary, it is interesting to refer to the case of Roderick Macleod, the St Kilda impostor, described by Martin, Buchan, and others. This man, we are told, taught the women of St Kilda a devout hymn, which he called the Virgin Mary's. It was never delivered in public, but always in a private house or some remote

place, where no eye could see but that of Heaven; and he persuaded the innocent women that it was of such merit and efficacy that any one able to repeat it by heart would not die in child-bearing. By means of this hymn the impostor debauched many of the women! He was paid a sheep by every wife who learned it. A copy of this hymn would be interesting. Will any member furnish it?

Appeals to the Virgin Mary by women in child-bed appear to have been universal in Christian countries; and we have an interesting instance of it in "The Lives of the Saints from the Book of Lismore." In "Sgél an da leanabh," given in the introduction, we have the story of two children—one a Jew and the other a Christian—who lived in France. The Christian child induced the Jewish child to go to the temple, and there partake of consecrated bread. The Jewish child afterwards informed his parents what had happened. They were wroth at him, and flung him into the flames [teined ar derglasad] to burn and die. He was left there till burned to ashes. On the morrow his parents found him as if in sleep. In response to their enquiries, the child replied that he was saved by the Virgin Mary ["mathair an aird-rig"—the mother of the high king], and that he was to be a fosterling of hers thenceforward. The parents of the child became Christian. "Ocus is mor in mhirbuil do Mhuire, co nach fetann bean iudaidi tuismhedh a leinimh intan bis co n-idhnuibh no gu n-aitcheann Muire"—(And [so] great is this miracle of Mary's, that no Jewish woman, when she is in birth pangs, can bring forth her child until she entreats Mary).[1]

In Skye the midwives of former times used a certain herb for the same purpose as the Uist women use the *Airne Moire*. An old Sgiathanach recently informed me that his mother, who was a midwife, invariably used the herb when professionally employed. When in attendance on a woman in childbed she went sun-wise round the patient, carrying the herb, and repeating certain words. She was most successful as a sick-nurse. "No woman ever died

[1] In connection with this subject, reference may be made to a strange belief that prevailed in the Highlands till recent times. Pennant mentions it in his Tour in Scotland in 1772, and I cannot do better than quote his words. After referring to the burning of witches near Langholm, he proceeds:—"This reminds me of a very singular belief that prevailed not many years ago in these parts: nothing less than that the midwives had power of transferring part of the primæval curse bestowed on our great first mother from the good-wife to her husband. I saw the reputed offspring of such a labour, who kindly came into the world without giving her mother the least uneasiness, while the poor husband was roaring with agony in his uncouth and unnatural pains.—*Vide* Vol. II., p. 91.

in her hands," said my informant. "I have heard of cases where the child was dead for four or five weeks, but my mother," said he, "always delivered the woman in safety." She was equally successful in the case of animals. He could not tell me the name of the herb. Perhaps some member of the Society can throw further light on the subject.

In connection with the *Airne Moire* as an amulet, I will read a few lines with regard to St Bridget, from which we see that the "Mary of the Gael" was also regarded as a great protectress. The title is "Sloinneadh Brighde, muime Chriosd"—"The Genealogy of St Bridget, foster-mother of Christ." The lines, which I received from Father Allan Macdonald, are as follows:—

Brighdhe nighean Dughaill Duinn,
'Ic Aoidh, 'ic Arta, 'ic Cuinn.
Gach la is gach oidhche
Ni mi cuimhneachadh air sloinneadh Brighde.
Cha mharbhar mi,
Cha ghuinear mi,
Cha ghonar mi,
Cha mho dh' fhagas Criosd an dearmad mi;
Cha loisg teine gniomh Shatain mi;
'S cha bhath uisge no saile mi;
'S mi fo chomraig Naoimh Moire
'S mo chaomh mhuime, Brighde,

Translated—

St Bridget, the daughter of Dughall Donn,
Son of Hugh, son of Art, son of Conn.
Each day and each night
I will meditate on the genealogy of St Bridget.
[Whereby] I will not be killed,
I will not be wounded,
I will not be bewitched;
Neither will Christ forsake me;
Satan's fire will not burn me;
Neither water nor sea shall drown me;
For I am under the protection of the Virgin Mary,
And my meek and gentle foster-mother, St Bridget.

Some of the phrases in the foregoing have a singular resemblance to certain lines of St Patrick's Hymn, previously mentioned. In the Irish hymn we have the following:—

Crist dommimdegail indíu arneim
Arloscud arbadud arguin.

Translated—

Christ to protect me to-day against poison,
Against burning, against drowning, against wound.

The *Airne Moire* in Martin's time (circa 1695) was worn round children's necks as an amulet against witchcraft, &c. The white one, he tells us, was particularly prized. I show you a specimen of the white nut. It is not so common as the brown one. Martin says that if evil was intended the nut turned black. That these nuts did change colour, he says, he found true by his own observation, but he could not be positive as to the cause. He then goes on :—

"Malcolm Campbell, steward of Harris, told me that some weeks before my arrival there, all his cows gave blood instead of milk, for several days together. One of the neighbours told his wife that this must be witchcraft, and it would be easy to remove it, if she would but take the white nut, called the Virgin Mary's Nut, and lay it in the pail into which she was to milk the cows. This advice she presently followed ; and, having milked one cow into the pail with the nut in it, the milk was all blood, and the nut changed its colour into dark brown. She used the nut again, and all the cows gave pure good milk, which they ascribe to the virtue of the nut. This very nut Mr Campbell presented me with, and I still keep it by me." (*Vide* page 39).

While referring to the *Airne Moire*, I may mention another foreign nut, gathered on the shores of the outer islands. Martin says that the kernel of this nut, beat to powder and drunk in milk or *aqua vitæ*, was reckoned a good cure for diarrhœa and dysentery ; and the Rev. J. Lane Buchanan states that during his sojourn in the Hebrides (1782-1790), after the kernel was removed, the shell was used as a snuff-mull. It is so used still, and I exhibit a specimen. In former times Hebridean ladies got these nuts mounted with silver, and used them as vinaigrettes. This nut, according to Patrick Neill (Tour in Orkney and Shetland in 1806), is the seed from the great pod of the *Mimosa Scandens* of Linnæus.

Having described the use of the *Airne Moire* at child birth, a Bathing Charm or Blessing may now be given. It is called

EOLAS AN FHAILCIDH,

or, as mainlanders would say, *Eolas an Fhairigidh.* The water having been duly blessed, the woman bathing the infant began by sprinkling a palmful *(boiseag)* of water on its head. As the performance went on, and as each palmful was sprinkled on the child, the following Incantation was repeated :—

Boiseag orr th'aois [air t'aois],
'S boiseag orr th'fhàs [air t'fhas],
'S air do chuid a ghabhail ort,
'S a chuid nach fhàsadh anns an oidhche dhiot
Gu'm fàsadh anns an latha dhiot
Tri baslaichean na Trianaid Naoimh,
Ga d' dhion 's ga d' shabhaladh
Bho bheum sùl,
'S bho chraos-fharmad nam peacach.

Translated—

A palmful of water on your age [years],
A palmful of water on your growth,
And on your taking of your food ;
And may the part of you which grows not during the night
Grow during the day.
Three palmfuls of water of the Holy Trinity,
To protect and guard you
From the effects of the evil eye,
And from the jealous lust of sinners.

While dealing with amulets, I will briefly refer to

ACHLASAN-CHALUM-CHILLE,

or, as it is sometimes called, *Seud-Chalum-Chille.* This plant is described by Lightfoot in his "Flora Scotica" (p 416), where it is given as St John's Wort, *Hypericum Perforatum.* On the Highland mainland the plant is called "Lus-Eoin-Bhaiste." It is also called "Ealabhuidh." This latter word is mentioned in "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda," a poem first published by Ranald Macdonald of Eigg, in 1776. The name "Ealabhuidh," however, is not generally known in the Highlands, as is illustrated by the fact that John Mackenzie, in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," considered it necessary to explain it by means of a footnote.[1] It is also mentioned by Donnchadh Ban in "Beinn-Dobhrainn":—

'S ann do'n teachd-an-tìr
A bha sòghar lea'
Sobhrach 's *eala-bhi*
'S barra neoineagan.

The word is given in O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, from which the inference may be drawn that it is Irish. The plant, according to the

[1] *Vide* "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," page 14.

same authority, is also called "Allas-Mhuire." It is noteworthy that while it is generally named after St John, we have it in the Highlands named after St Columba, and in Ireland after the Virgin Mary.

We have numerous descriptions, in folk-lore books, of the ceremonies on St John's Eve, the plucking of St John's Wort, and the foretelling of one's destiny, much in the same way as our Hallowe'en observances. Bassardus Viscontinus, an old writer, commends that plant, gathered on a Friday, about the full moon in July, and worn round the neck, as a cure for melancholy, and calculated to drive away all fantastical spirits. (*Vide* Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"). A German poet beautifully describes the ceremony in connection with this plant, in lines of which the following are a translation :—

The young maid stole through the cottage door,
And blushed as she sought the *plant of power* :—
"Thou silver glow-worm, oh lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St John's Wort to-night—
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride."
And the glow-worm came,
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St John ;
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.
With noiseless tread,
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :—
"Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!"
But it drooped its head that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower ;
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than a bridal day.
And when a year was passed away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay ;
And the glow-worm came,
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Through the night of St John ;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

—(*Vide* Hone's "Every Day Book," Vol. I., p. 427).

An Uist lady described *Achlasan-Chalum-Chille* to me as growing in out-of-the-way corners in little branches, with pretty yellow flowers—"Bithidh e 'fas 'na ghasan agus dìthein bhoidheach bhuidhe air." To get it growing on the hillside at a time when it was not looked for was considered very lucky, for prosperity and success followed in its train—"Bha buaidh ga ruith." When it was found unsought for, the following Incantation was said:—

Achlasan-Chalum-Chille
Gun sireadh, gun iarraidh,
Mo niarrachd [1] a gheibheadh e.
Buainidh mise duilleach an aigh,
Mar a dh' òrduich an t-Ard-Righ.
Cha 'n 'eil aite 'n teid e suas
Nach buinnigteadh leis buaidh a's clìs.

Translated—

The herb of St Columba [St John's Wort]
Unsought-for, unasked—
Fortunate is he who would get it.
I will cut [or pluck] the Foliage of Prosperity
As commanded by the High King.
Wherever it is put up
It will win victory and command homage.

Another version of the Incantation was thus:—

Achlasan-Chalum-Chille
Gun sireadh, gun iarraidh,
Air sliabh chaorach tha mi ga d' splonadh.

Translated—

St Columba's herb,
Unsought-for and unasked—
On the sheep hills I pluck thee.

Another version was—

Luibh Chalum-Chille gun sireadh, gun iarraidh;
'S a dheoin Dia cha bhàsaich mi nochd.

[1] Foinne mu 'n iadh bròg
Mo *niarrachd* bean òg air am bi;
Foinne mu 'n iadh glaic,
Mo *niarrachd* am mac air am bi.

The phrase "Mo niarrachd" is probably equivalent to the Old Irish "Mo n-genar det-siu"="it is happy for you"—now "is meunar duit-se."

Translated—

St Columba's herb (or wort) unsought-for and unasked ;
And please God, I will not die to-night.

The plant, carried about the person, was believed to act as a charm or protection against all manner of evil agencies. Old persons preserved it in the hope that their cattle and sheep would increase, and that prosperity in general would attend them ; while school children carried it in the hope of protecting themselves from the teacher's tawse. The Eigg schoolboy who loitered on the road from school in the evening was satisfied he would escape parental reproof if, in course of his wanderings, he came across this precious herb, unsought-for. On thus finding it he said—

Aohlasan-Chalum-Chille, gun sireadh, gun iarraidh ;
'S a dheoin Dia cha 'n fhaigh mi achmhasan an nochd.

Translated—

St Columba's herb, unsought-for and unasked ;
And please God, I will not be reproved to-night!

Martin mentions the *Fuga Dœmonum*, a term which I may translate "Sgiùrsadh nan Deamhan." I think there can be no doubt that the plant he refers to is St John's Wort. He says :—

"John Morrison, who lives in Bernera of Harris, wears the plant called *Fuga Dœmonum* sewed in the neck of his coat, to prevent his seeing of visions, and says he never saw any since he first carried that plant about him. He suffered me to feel the plant in the neck of his coat, but would by no means let me open the seam, though I offered him a reward to let me do it."—(*Vide* page 334).

Like St John's Wort, the four-leaved Shamrock was believed to be possessed of many virtues, not only in Ireland, but also in the Isle of Man and the Scottish Highlands. When found without seeking, it was considered fortunate, and concerning it the following lines were said :—

Seamrag nan duillean 's nam buadh,
Bu chaomh leam thu bhi fo m' chluasaig
'N àm dhomh cadal na'm shuain.

Translated—

Shamrock of leaves and virtues,
I would wish you to be under my pillow
On my falling asleep.

TOIR A MACH AN TORAIDH.

Every Highlander is acquainted with the belief that a witch can take the substance out of her neighbour's milk. The same belief is common throughout Ireland. The idea is not peculiar to the Celts, however; and as illustrating the power attributed to witches, I quote two counts from the indictment charging Marion Pardown, Hillswick, Shetland, 1644, with witchcraft. (*Vide* "Hibbert's Shetland's," p. 282). They are as follows :—

"Item,—Ye the sd. Marion Pardown ar indyttit and accusit for that zeers syne, James Halcro, in Hilldiswick, having a cow that ye alledged had pushed a cow of yours, ye in revenge thereof, by yr. said devilish art of witchcraft, made the sd. James his cow, milk nothing but blood, whereas your awin cow had no harm in her milk; whereupon they suspecting you, shewit the sd. bloody milk to Marion Kilti your servant, quha desyrit of you the same bloody milk for Goddis caus to shew you, and said she houpit the cow sould be weil; quhilk having gotten, and coming therewith to your hous, and shawing it to you, thereafter the cow grew weil, thairby shewing and proving your sd. devilish practyce of the art of witchcraft.

"Item,—Ye, the said Marion, are indyttit and accusit for that you having, a'no 1642 zeirs, hyrit ane cow from Androw Smith, younger in Hildiswick, which ye keepit frae the bull, when she wald have taken bull, and the sd. Andro getting knowledge thereof, causit the same to be brought to the bull and bullit against your will. The next year when she calved, ye by your sd. devilish art of witchcraft, took away her proffeit and milk, sa that she milked nothing but water, quhilk stinked and tasted of sharn a long tyme, till that you comming by the sd. Andro his hous, he suspecting you, caused you to milk her and look to her, after which doing, immediately the sd. cow's milk cam to its own nature,—thairby indicating and sewing your sd. devilish, and wicked, and abbominable airt and practyce of witchcraft,—and quhilk ye cannot deny."

Poor Marion was found guilty, and sentenced to be burned to death.

In the Highlands, similar beliefs as to the powers of witches prevailed; and our Transactions contain an interesting paper by our friend Mr William Mackay, describing the burning of witches in Strathglass. The Rev. Robert Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle in the seventeenth century, gives us in his "Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies," the following account of it :—

"What food they [the Fairies] extract from us is conveyed to their homes by secret paths, as sume skilfull Women do the Pith and Milk from their Neighbours Cows into their own Chiese-hold thorow a Hair-tedder, at a great Distance, by Airt Magic, or by drawing a spickot fastened to a Post, which will bring milk as farr of as a bull will be heard to roar. The Chiese made of the remaineing Milk of a Cow thus strain'd will swim in Water like a cork. The method they take to recover their milk is a bitter chyding of the suspected Inchanters, charging them by a Counter Charme to give them back their own, in God, or their Master's name. But a little of the Mother's Dung stroakit on the Calves mouth before it suck any, does prevent this theft." The formula described by Isabella Gowdie, a witch, was as follows:—"We plait the rope the wrong way, in the Devil's name, and we draw the tether between the cow's hind feet, and out betwixt her forward feet, in the Devil's name, and thereby take with us the cow's milk."

I am not aware that this mode of treatment existed in the Western Islands. There the people, by means of herbs and appeals to the Trinity and the Church, hoped to ward off the powers of witchcraft. For this purpose a favourite plant was

MOTHAN, OR MOAN.

I do not find the name of this herb in any of our Gaelic dictionaries; but in Lightfoot's "Flora Scotica," page 1131, under the heading "Addition of Erse and Scotch names and plants," we have the following:—"*Pinguicula vulgaris*, Moän, *Gaulis*. Steep-grass, Earning-grass, *Scotis-austral*."

In Uist this plant was believed to be a sure protection against the powers of witches. It should be pulled on a Sunday in this manner:—On finding a place where it grew in abundance, the person going to use it would mark out three small tufts, and calling one by the name of the Father, another by the name of the Son, and the third by the name of the Holy Ghost, would commence pulling the tufts, at the same time saying:—

Buainidh mise am Mòthan,
An luibh a bheannaich an Domhnach;
Fhad 'sa ghleidheas mise am Mòthan
Cha 'n 'eil e beo air thalamh
Gin a bheir bainne mo bhò bhuam.

Translated—

I will pull the Mòän,
The herb blessed by the Domhnach;[1]
So long as I preserve the Mòän
There lives not on earth
One who will take my cow's milk from me.

The three tufts having thus been pulled, they were carefully taken home, rolled up in a small piece of cloth, and concealed in some corner of the dairy or milk-kist—"ciste-a'-bhainne." I have here a specimen of the Mòän which was in actual use as an amulet.

As an illustration of the virtues of the Mòän as a *Fuga Dœmonum*, my informant narrated a story, which may be briefly given here:—A certain woman in the Western Islands was delivered of a son. As usual on such occasions, there was a group of admiring females round the fire attending to the wants of the new arrival. While thus employed, they saw a shaggy little creature—"creutar beag, loireach"—traddling in at the door. He stood bewildered; and in an instant they heard a voice without, "Nach toir thu mach e?"—(Will you not bring it out?) The "creutar loireach" responded, "Cha toir; cha 'n urrainn mi, 's bainne na bà a dh'ith am Mòthan 'na bhroinn"—(No, I cannot, for the milk of the cow that ate the Mòän is in his stomach). The stranger, who was believed to be a Fairy anxious to "lift" the child before it was baptised, then vanished.[2]

A plant called "Caoibhreachan" was also used as an amulet to protect milk from witches. It was believed that the substance, or "Toradh," could not be taken out of milk in any house where the "Caoibhreachan" was kept under an upturned dish. I do not find this plant mentioned in our Gaelic dictionaries, and I have not been able to get a specimen of it.

In this connection, I may give *Eolas nan Torranan*. I quote it from Dr Stewart's "'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe." Dr Stewart got it from Mr A. A. Carmichael:—

Buaineams' thu, a thorrannain,
Le t' uile bheannachd 's le t' uile bhuaidh;
Thainig na naoi earrannan
Le buaidh an torrannain,
Lamh Bhrighde leam!
Tha mi nis 'gad bhuain.

[1] *i.e.*, the Church.

[2] It was the custom at one time in the Island of Colonsay to put an old shoe to burn at the fireside when a woman was in travail, in order to keep away the fairies that were always ready to "lift" an infant.

Buaineams' thu, a thorrannain,
Le d' thoradh mara 's tire,
Ri lionadh gun traghadh
Le d' laimh-sa, Bhrighde mhìn,
Calum naomh 'gam sheoladh,
Odhran caomh 'gam dhion,
Is Micheil nan steud uaibhreach
'Cur buaidh anns an ni.
Tha mo lus lurach a nis air a bhuain.

Translated—

Let me pluck thee, Torannan !
With all thy blessedness and all thy virtue,
The nine blessings came with the nine parts,
By the virtue of the Torannan ;
The hand of St Bride with me,
I am now to pluck thee.
Let me pluck thee, Torannan !
With thine increase as to sea and land ;
With the flowing tide that shall know no ebbing,
By the assistance of the chaste St Bride,
The holy St Columba directing me,
Gentle Oran protecting me,
And St Michael of high-crested steeds
Imparting virtue to my cattle,
My darling plant is now plucked.

The Kirk-Session of Kenmore, in Perthshire, had several cases of alleged witchcraft in last century. From the Kirk-Session records it appears that Janet Macintaggart was charged, on 19th July, 1747, with "Charms and Inchantments," by milking three drops from her neighbour's sheep as a charm to recover the substance of the milk. Her sister Margaret was charged with going into every house in the township with an egg shell having a little milk in it concealed in her breast ; and being asked for what end she did it, she answered that "she heard some of the wives of the town say that to go into their neighbour's houses with an egg shell after this manner was an effectual charm to recover the substance of their milk which was taken away."

THE EVIL EYE.

The belief in the Evil Eye is of great antiquity. Virgil says—

"*Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.*"

"It must be that some evil eye bewitches my tender lambs."

For centuries this belief has prevailed in the Highlands. We are often told that the Highlanders are superstitious, and in that respect far behind their Lowland neighbours. It may not be amiss to point out here that the belief in the Evil Eye has prevailed in all countries, and prevails even in civilised Greece to the present time. Mr Rennall Rodd, in his interesting volume on the "Customs and Lore of Modern Greece," mentions that all grades of Grecian society believe in it. So much is this the case, that it is acknowledged by the Greek Church, which has prayers against its potency.

The Evil Eye was believed to be the outcome of envy. Admiration implied envy and covetousness, and hence when one praised or admired another, whether man or beast, the object praised was believed to be liable to the effects of the Evil Eye.[1] Thus when a woman admires a child, she frequently says—"Gu'm beannaich an Sealbh thu; cha *ghabh mo shuil* ort;" which may be translated—"God bless you, my eye shall not punish you"—that is to say that the child should not become a victim to the Evil Eye.

This idea also prevails in Orkney and Shetland, where praise of the description above indicated receives the name "Forespoken." If one says to a child "He is a bonnie bairn;" or "Thoo are looking well the day," it is regarded as coming from an "ill tongue," unless the expression "God save the bairn," or some such blessing is also used. When one was "Forespoken" the cure in Orkney was "Forespoken Water"—that is water into which something has been dropped, supposed to possess magical powers, and over which an Incantation has been pronounced—probably a reminiscence of Holy Water. The articles dropped in the water were, as a rule, three pebbles of different colours gathered from the sea shore. The charm was considered most potent when one stone was jet black, another white, and the remaining red, blue, or greenish. An Incantation was then muttered over the water, the reciter commencing by saying the word "Sain," and at the same time making the sign of the cross on the surface of the water. The Incantation was as follows:—

In the name of Him that can cure or kill,
This water shall cure all earthly ill,
Shall cure the blood and flesh and bone,
For ilka ane there is a stone;

[1] In the song of the Kenlochewe Bard already referred to, we have the line—
Buidseachd, a's draoidheachd a's *farmad.*
(Witchcraft, sorcery, and *envy.*)

May she fleg all trouble, sickness, pain,
Cure without and cure within
Cure the heart, and horn, and skin.

The patient for whom the "Forespoken Water" was prepared had to drink a part of it; the remainder was sprinkled on his person.

A variant of the Incantation is as follows:—

Father, Son, Holy Ghost,
Bitten sall they be
Wha have bitten thee!
Care to their near vein,
Until thou get'st thy health again,
Mend thou in God's name!

The Evil Eye might be described as of a two-fold character. It was (first) believed to be the outcome of an evil disposition on the part of the one who possessed it; and (secondly) many were believed to be possessed of this unhappy faculty, though at the same time they were innocent of any ill design. I have recently met on the West Coast a man who believed that he himself had the Evil Eye, and that he could not look even on his own cattle and admire them without the animals suffering from the baneful influence! In Greece the most popular amulet against fascination, and the consequent Evil Eye, is garlic. A mother or nurse walking out with her children, who may be admired, will at once exclaim "Skordon" (garlic). The ancients seem to have held that a power which grew out of envy was best thwarted by anything which provoked laughter. Accordingly amulets of an indelicate character were worn as charms, and spitting was an universal remedy. In West Connaught recourse is had to spitting at the present day. The person suspected of possessing the Evil Eye is got to expectorate on the person "over-looked." Should the suspected person decline, an effort is made to get a part of his underclothing for the purpose of rubbing the "overlooked" person with it. In the event of these "remedies" proving ineffectual recourse is had to a process called *Conlaoideacha.* According to this method a relative of the "victim" takes a mug and proceeds with it to a certain number of houses. He gets every member of each house visited to spit into the mug. The contents are taken home and the "overlooked" person is rubbed therewith. This is believed to be an effectual cure!

In the Highlands there were amulets worn, such as coins and beads, about children's necks; and the possessor of the Evil Eye was given something as an antidote to his envy. If a neighbour

entered when a woman was churning, the envious eye of the visitor might affect the performance, and prevent the butter from coming! To avert such a calamity, the visitor got a drink out of the churn. In order to avoid such interruptions, the churning was usually made after bed-time, when the dangers of interruption from without were few.

A certain preparation of water was one of the prevailing remedies when either man or beast was supposed to be suffering from the Evil Eye. At page 126 of Vol. VIII. of the Gaelic Society's Transactions, I gave a short account of the ceremony. According to the description then given, coins of gold, silver, and copper were put into a basin of water. The person performing the *Eolas* repeated the undernoted words over the dish, at the same time blowing the water with his or her breath. The water was then sprinkled on the person supposed to be suffering from the malady. The words given on that occasion were—

'S i 'n t-suil a chi,
'S e 'n cridhe a smuainicheas,
'S i 'n teanga 'labhras;
'S mise 'n Triuir gu tilleadh so ortsa, A.B.
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

Translated—

'Tis the eye that sees,
'Tis the heart that thinks,
'Tis the tongue that speaks;
I am the Three to turn this off you,[1]
In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

So much by way of introduction. I will now proceed with the mode of curing the sufferer from the supposed effects of the Evil Eye, as the same is practised in Uist. In the first place, the performer goes for water, and, if possible, it is taken from a burn across which the living pass, and over which the bodies of the dead are from time to time carried. Having brought the water into the house, he repeats the *Paidir* (*Pater*), and the *Creud* (*Credo*). He then takes a coin, or coins. My informant was not very precise as to the use of the three metals, as stated in the former description, but she significantly added, "Mar is treise 'n t-airgiod 's ann is fhearr e," meaning that the more valuable the coin, the more powerful it is! The coin, or coins, are then, in the name of

[1] Here the name of the afflicted person is to be said.

the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, put into the water. Thereafter three palmfuls (*tri boiseagan*) are sprinkled, in the name of the Trinity, on the person or animal suffering. The performer then goes with the dish of water to the fireside, and sprinkles three palmfuls on the fire, repeating these words :—

"An till teine farmad ?
Tillidh teine farmad."

("Will fire turn envy ?
Fire will turn envy").

The remainder of the water is then taken outside, and spilled on a flag, or rock—on what my informant called "air lic dhìlinn," that is, a flag or rock *in situ*.

At the present day, in Perthshire, a similar performance is gone through when a tenant finds that a ram of his flock is sick. The practice, doubtless, has its origin in the belief that such sickness was due to the Evil Eye. The ceremony is somewhat similar to that described in the first charm ; and it was considered a good sign if the coin adhered to the bottom of the vessel containing the water.

A version I received from Skye a few years ago seems simple. Three coins—half a sovereign, half a crown, and half a penny—were put into the water ; the performer knelt on his right knee, and sprinkled the water on the sufferer, at the same time repeating the following Incantation :—

Chi suil thu :
Labhraidh bial thu ;
Smuainichidh cridhe thu—
An Triuir ga do dhion—
An t-Athair, am Mac, 'san Spiorad Naomh.
(name here)
A thoil-san gu'n robh deanta. Amen.

Translated—

Eye will see you,
Tongue will speak of you ;
Heart will think of you—
The Three are protecting you—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
A. B.
His will be done. Amen.

There was a general dread of the Evil Eye among old Skyemen in former times. As an antidote against it, the following verse was repeated when washing in the morning :—

Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia mo shuil,
'S beannaichidh mo shuil na chi :
Beannaichidh mise mo nabuidh,
'S beannaichidh mo nabuidh mi.

Translated—

Let God bless my eye,
And my eye will bless all I see ;
I will bless my neighbour,
And my neighbour will bless me.

Another Skye remedy was the sign of the cross. When a person believed to have the Evil Eye, or to be unlucky to meet *(droch comhdhàlaiche)*, was met anywhere, the person dreading any evil result from the meeting made the sign of the cross on the ground, between himself and the untoward person. This practice prevailed till recent times, and may still be observed by old persons—a very significant survival of Catholic times in a purely Protestant district.

Another supposed cure for the Evil Eye was "Eolas a' chronachaidh." An account of it is given in Mackenzie's "Beauties," page 268, where it is stated that as the Incantation was sung a bottle of water was being filled, and the performer so modulated his voice as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid as it poured into the vessel. The Incantation, as given in the "Beauties," is as follows :—

Deanamsa dhutsa eolas air suil,
A uchd 'Ilìe Phadruig Naoimh,
Air at amhaich is stad earbuill,
Air naoi conair 's air naoi connachair,
'S air naoi bean seang sithe,
Air suil seana-ghille, 's air sealladh seana-mhna ;
Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhigh,
Mas a suil mnath' i, i bhi dh' easbhuidh a cich,
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da 'fuil,
Air a ni, 's air a daoine,
Air a crodh 's air a caoraich fein.

Translated—

Let me perform for you a charm for the evil eye,
From the breast of the holy Gil-Patrick [St Patrick],
Against swelling of neck and stoppage of bowels [tail],
Against nine "Conair" and nine "Connachair,"
And nine slender fairies,
Against an old bachelor's eye and an old wife's eye.
If a man's eye may it flame like resin,
If a woman's eye may she want her breast,
A cold plunge and coldness to her blood,
And to her stock, to her men,
To her cattle and her sheep.

I have already referred to the spitting cure as practised in Ireland. I am indebted to Mr D. O'Faherty, the collector and compiler of that entertaining volume, "Siamsa an Gheimhridh," for the following Irish incantation against the Evil Eye:—

An Triur a chonnaic mé agus nár bheannuigh mé—
An t-suil, an croidhe, agus an beul;
An Triur a chuir mise do mo chosaint—
An t-Athair, an Mac, agus an Spiorad Naomh.
Air a bha beannach, no air a chaoraibh lachtnach,
Agus mar bh-fuil rud air bith eile aige,
Faoi na chroidhe agus faoi 'na easnachaibh fein,
Uaimse agus ó gach duine bhaineas liom fein.

Translated—

Three who saw me and did not bless me—
The eye, the heart, and the mouth;
The Three whom I placed to protect me—
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
(May the effects of the Evil Eye fall)
On his horned cattle, on his dun sheep;
And if he has nothing else (may he feel its effects)
Under his own heart and under his own ribs
From me and from each person who belongs to me.

Mr Leland, in his "Gypsy Sorcery," makes several references to the Evil Eye. At page 51 he describes the Gypsy ceremony against the influence of the Evil Eye, and as it is somewhat akin to our Highland method, I may briefly repeat it here. A jar is filled with water from a stream, and it must be taken *with*, not *against* the current. In it are placed seven coals, seven handfuls

of meal, and seven cloves of garlic, all of which are put on the fire. When the water begins to boil, it is stirred with a three-forked twig, while the gypsy repeats a rhyme of which the following is a translation :—

Evil eyes look on thee,
May they here extinguished be,
And then seven ravens
Pluck out the evil eyes.
Evil eyes (now) look on thee,
May they soon extinguished be.
Much dust in the eyes,
Thence may they become blind.
Evil eyes now look on thee,
May they soon extinguished be;
May they burn, may they burn
In the fire of God!

It is pointed out that the seven ravens in the rhyme are probably represented by the seven coals; while the three-pointed twig, the meal, and the garlic, symbolise lightning.

From the Evil Eye one naturally turns to what is called in the Outer Hebrides,

EOLAS AN T-SNAITHNEAN, OR THE TRIPLE THREADS.

I have previously pointed out that Pennant, in his Tour, refers to Virgil's description of the charms used by the shepherd Alphesibœus, and the use of triple threads in connection with these :—

"*Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores;*
Necte, Amarylli, modo et 'Veneris' dic 'vincula necto.'"

("Twine in three knots, Amaryllis, the three colours;
Twine them, Amaryllis, and say, 'I am twining the bonds of love'").

Eolas an t-Snaithnean is simply the Charm or Incantation of the threads, that is, the triple threads; and it is worthy of note that the triple threads of Virgil were white, rose colour, and black. In Virgil's Ecologue VIII., line 73, we have a clear reference to the *Eolas* of the triple threads :—

"*Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore*
Licia circumdo."

("These three threads distinct with three colours
I wind round thee first"),

thus proving the great antiquity of this charm. It is still very popular in the Western Islands, and is used as a Charm against

the effects of the Evil Eye, and also against Witchcraft. The rite observed is as follows :—

First, the *Paidir* or *Pater* is said. Then the following Incantation :—

Chi suil thu,
Labhraidh bial thu ;
Smuainichidh cridhe thu.
Tha Fear an righthighe[1]
Gad' choisreagadh,
An t-Athair, am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.

Ceathrar a rinn do chron—
Fear agus bean,
Gille agus nighean.
Co tha gu sin a thilleadh ?
Tri Pearsannan na Trianaid ro-naomh,
An t-Athair, am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.

Tha mi 'cur fianuis gu Moire, agus gu Brighde,
Ma 's e duine rinn do chron,
Le droch run,
No le droch shuil,
No le droch chridhe,
Gu'm bi thusa, ([2]) gu math
Ri linn so a chur mu 'n cuairt ort.
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

Translated—

An eye will see you,
Tongue will speak of you,
Heart will think of you,
The Man of Heaven
Blesses you
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Four caused your hurt—
Man and wife,
Young man and maiden.
Who is to frustrate that ?
The three Persons of the most Holy Trinity,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[1] Righ-theach is an ordinary word for Heaven in the old Irish manuscripts.
[2] Here say the name of person or beast to be cured.

I call the Virgin Mary and St Bridget to witness
That if your hurt was caused by man,
Through ill-will,
Or the evil eye,
Or a wicked heart,
That you [A.B.] may be whole,
While I entwine this about you.
In nomine Patris, &c.

The whole of the foregoing Incantation is recited three times, and, during the recital, the *Snaithnean*, or tri-coloured triple thread, is entwined about the beast's tail (*am bun an earbuill*) with triple knots. If the beast is to recover, the person applying the *Snaithnean* feels himself or herself becoming ill! If the first recital does not prove efficacious, the rite may be performed two or three times.

Another *Eolas*, which appears to be an abbreviation of the *Snaithnean*, is

EOLAS FOIREIGNIDH.

It may be used for man or beast, with or without the *Snaithnean*, in all sorts of illnesses of a sudden nature, and is much in request. It is as follows :—

Ceathrar a laidheas an suil,
Fear a's bean,
Gille agus nighean,
Triuir ga shodhadh sin,
An t-Athair, am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh.

From the Evil Eye and the *Snaithnean* one naturally turns to

THE SIAN, OR SEUN.

Macalpine defines *Seun* as "an amulet to render a warrior invulnerable." The word is also used in an ecclesiastical sense as meaning blessed, or sacred. We have the expression "Am biadh gun *sianadh* air do shiubhal," signifying that a person had partaken of food without blessing it or saying grace. In the song of the Kenlochewe Bard, previously referred to, we have the mother-in-law presented to us at the bed of the young couple as "Ga'n *sianadh* 's ga'n teagasg;" that is, blessing them and teaching them. The *Sian*, as explained by Macalpine, and also in a more elaborate form by the learned authors of the Highland Society's Dictionary, is simply a protective charm; and it is of interest to note that the belief in it is by no means confined to

the Highlands. In the work by Mr Rennall Rodd, previously referred to, we have an account of a certain Cretan warrior who, in our own time, pretended to be invulnerable in virtue of a medal of St Constantine, which he wore suspended round his neck. Twice this warrior was hit without being wounded, but a third time he received a serious wound in the neck. This, however, did not shake his confidence, and he attributed his mischance to the fact that in pursuance of a vendetta he had determined in his own mind to take the life of a fellow-Christian, whereupon the saint had withdrawn his protection. This reminds one of the legend that the Highland warriors who were under a *sian* at Culloden had only to remove their plaids and shake off the bullets! The Clanranald chief who was killed at Sheriffmuir was believed to be "charmed" or under a protective spell; and an Uist tradition has it that he was treacherously killed by a man from his own estates who had encountered his ire for some misconduct, and who joined his opponents. This man knew that his chief was protected by a *sian*, and, putting a silver coin into his gun, shot him.

The *sian* of the Clanranalds was, according to tradition, a piece of the club moss *(Garbhag an t-sleibhe)*, and a piece of the caul or *currachd-rath* (Fortunatus's cap). These were put into the pocket of the warrior when departing for battle, either by a virgin or an unmarried man. At the same time an Incantation of some kind was gone through. With regard to the club moss, the following lines were said:—

Fhir a shiubhlas gu h-eutrom,
Cha 'n eagal dhuit beud no pudhar,
'S garbhag-an-t-sleibhe bhi air do shiubhal.

I was not able to find the Incantation of the *Sian* in Uist, but I give here a set which Mr Macbain obtained from one of his mainland friends. The "charmer" and his *protege* go to a retired spot. The recipient of the charm there goes on his knees; the "charmer" lays his hand on the other's head; and, with eyes shut, utters the Incantation. Going round him sunwise, or *Deiseal*, he repeats these words twice:—

Sian a chuir Moire air a Mac ort,
Sian roimh mharbhadh, sian roimh lot ort,
Sian eadar a' chioch 's a' ghlun,
Sian eadar a' ghlun 's a' bhroit [bhraghaid] ort,
Sian nan Tri ann an Aon ort,
'O mhullach do chinn gu bonn do chois ort.

Sian seachd paidir a h-aon ort,
Sian seachd paidir a dha ort,
Sian seachd paidir a tri ort,
Sian seachd paidir a ceithir ort,
Sian seachd paidir a coig ort,
Sian seachd paidir a sia ort,
Sian seachd paidir nan seachd paidir dol deiseal ri deagh uarach ort, ga do ghleidheadh bho bheud 's bho mhi-thapadh.

Translated—

The charm that Mary placed on her Son be on you,
Charm from slaying, charm from wounding,
Charm between pap and knee,
Charm between knee and breast on you,
Charm of the Three in One on you,
From top of head to sole of foot,
Charm of seven paters once on you,
Charm of seven paters twice on you,
Charm of seven paters thrice on you,
Charm of seven paters four times on you,
Charm of seven paters five times on you,
Charm of seven paters six times on you,
Charm of the seven paters of the seven paters going sunwise in lucky hour on you, a-keeping you from harm and accident.

Going anti-sunwise, or *tuaitheal*, he repeats the following one :—

Clogaid na slainte mu d' cheann,
Cearcall a' Chumhnaint mu d' amhaich,
Uchd-eididh an t-sagairt mu b' bhroilleach;
Ma 's ruaig bho 'n taobh-chuil,
Brogan na h-Oighe ga d' ghiulan gu luath.
Sian nan Tri ann an Aon ort,
Bho mhullach do chinn gu bonn do shail,
Agus sian paidir nan seachd paidir
Dol tuaitheal is deiseal, deiseal is tuaitheal,
Gu d' ghleidheadh bho d' chul
Bho luaidhe 's bho chlaidheamh,
Bho lot 's bho mharbhadh,
Gu uair a's am do bhais.

Translated—

The helmet of salvation about your head,
The ring of the Covenant about your neck,
The priest's breastplate about your breast;
If it be rout on the rear,
The shoes of the Virgin to take you swiftly away.
Charm of the Three in One on you
From crown of head to sole of foot,
And the charm of the pater of the seven paters
A-going anti-sunwise and sunwise, sunwise and anti-sunwise,
To protect you from behind,
From lead and from sword,
From wound and from slaying,
Till the hour and time of your death.

The *Caul—Currachd-rath*, or, as it is frequently called, *Cochull*—is a membraneous cap in which the head of a child is sometimes enveloped when born. Such children are believed to be the special favourites of fortune. In addition to the caul being regarded as a protective charm in battle, it is also believed to afford protection from drowning, and is looked upon as an article of considerable marketable value among sailors. The belief in its efficacy is by no means confined to the Highlands or even to Scotland. The French in Mauritius attach special virtue to it, and offer it for sale at fancy prices. In 1835, an advertisement in the following terms appeared in the *Times* newspaper:—"A child's caul to be disposed of, a well-known preservative against drowning, &c. Price 10 guineas." Mr Moore refers to this superstition in the Isle of Man, and states that a caul has been advertised for sale in a Liverpool newspaper in 1891. Professor O'Growney informs me that advertisements to the same effect appeared frequently in Irish newspapers till about ten years ago.

In connection with this matter, it may be mentioned that the cowl of the monk—Gaelic, *cochull*; Latin, *cucullus*—was also used as an amulet in battle. In the life of St Columba, in the Book of Lismore, we are told that Columcille sained, or consecrated, a cowl for the warrior Aed Slaine, and said that he (the warrior) would not be slain so long as that cowl should be on him. Aed Slaine went upon a raid. He forgot his cowl. He was slain on that day. Again, in Adamnan's Life of Columba (Book II., ch. 25), mention is made of Findlugan donning the Saint's cowl to protect him from the spear-thrusts of Manus Dextera! St Columba is said to have written the MS. known as the *Cathach*. His kindred, the O'Donnells, always brought it with them to battle, and it was their

custom to have it carried three times round their army before fighting, in the belief that this would ensure victory. Hence the name *Cathach*, or Battle-book.

In Ireland an Incantation known as *Marthainn Phadraic* serves the purpose of the Highland *Sian*. According to tradition, St Patrick recited the words over the corpse of one Aine, and stated that any one hearing it would escape many dangers. The language of the *Marthainn* is very old : and several passages have crept into it which are very obscure. The Irish peasantry attribute great virtues to it, and are very anxious to have it. Irish soldiers in foreign lands have been known to send for it in the belief that it would preserve them from being shot. For the following version of it I am indebted to Mr D. O'Faherty, editor of *Siamsa an Gheimhridh*. He took it down from the recitation of an old man named Michael Joyce :—

Claoidhtear seang ; feart fial ; Aine 'sa g-cill go buan
Go buadh na g-craobh nglaise ; sùgh na géige–géire, gile.
Go m-budh subhach suan mise agus ingean Aonghuis Sailm Ghlais,
Gidh nar budh ionann duinn rún creidimh
Gan d' ár ngrádh againn air an talamh acht Aine.
Beannachd leis an anam a bhi i g-corp Aine ní h-áille
Agus gach neach a m-beidh an Mharthainn seo aige
Beannachd d' ár ngrádh-ne.
Is aoibhinn a folt, go bláth fionn-bhuidhe, 'O a h-aghaidh séimhe corcardha.
Agus a corp a bhi seimh cumhra.
Beul ó fáth focal níor facas a riamh ó náire.
Aine óg ní h-áille go feart a claoidh !
Níor chualaidh si a riamh an aithrighe i g-cruth, ó ghuth ná ó cháilidheachd.
Fagamuid na buadha-so mar ar n-aithne ; buadh conganta, buadh treise ;
Buadh feise le fionn mnaibh ; buadh dubhán na tri rígh riaghalta faoi
Aine, ní bheidh morán cin air d'aithrighe ma éistir le comhradh—

An té a dearfadh mo laoidh go méar-bhinn glan uasal
Bachfaidh an t-Aingeal ar neimh leis 's níor bh' eagal do Rígh an Uabhair.

An té a dearfadh na Marthainn-so tri theinntibh na h-Eireann
Már 's iata fosglochar iad eidir chruadh ghlais agus geibhinn.

An té a déarfadh na Marthainn-so a' dul i m-broid ná i bh-fiach
Geobhfadh se riar a ghasdail 's beidheadh cach a fosgailt 'sa riar air.

An té dearfadh na Marthainn-so a' dul i g-cath no i g-cliathra
Tiocfaidh as fó 'n arm gaisge agus a fheoil dearg iata.

An te a dearfaidh na Marthainn-so a dhul i l-teach an ól
Tiodhlaidh an gan [illegible] na [illegible] ól.

An te a dearfaidh na Marthainn-so a dhul i g-cinn mna mhille
Is maith an [illegible] do [illegible] Dé i g-cinn [illegible] agus [illegible].

An te a dearfaidh na Marthainn-so a dhul i g-cinn mna maidhin
Tiodhlaidh an [illegible] gan [illegible] o na [illegible].

An te a dearfaidh na Marthainn-so a dhul i [illegible] no i bh-fairge
Tiodhlaidh an gan [illegible] [illegible] na [illegible].

An te a dearfaidh na Marthainn-so i dul i teach nuaidh
An-mart[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fo dhion air.

Sgriobhta leis na [illegible] go feart a dhir [illegible], ar feadh an domhain uile
Agus go feart i g-Cille Claoidhte. Naimh ag gach neach dá meabhróchaidh i
Agus air aon neach na ceiltear i.

Mise Padraic na bfeart a tháinic 'mo Ard-Easpog go h-Eirinn
Mo chúmadh ioltain uasail, chaill mi [illegible] de mo leargas.

Mise Pádraic pribhleideach léighim gach uile aithne; sin buaidh aig mo Mharthainn go bráth, mar tá sí sgriobhta ó láimh na scolaireadh ó thuis an domhain, o feart i g-Cill Claoin,
Gur bud e Marthainne Phadraic is ainm di i nGaedhilige, is é mo chreach bhrónach gan i ag gach aon neach; agus dá m-beidhedh sí sgriobhta i dtri fearsanna deug aige bheurfá d'anam o ifrionn saor leat. Amen.

From the concluding line it is obvious the Incantation was originally in thirteen verses. My informant, however, could not supply it in flowing verse, and it is above recorded as narrated by Joyce. The Gaelic reader will be able to read and understand the most of it without difficulty. It may be added that there are several versions of this *Marthainn*, and that in all of them there are phrases not understood by the reciters themselves. Some of the constructions, *e.g.*, *Go* = With, in line 2, have been obsolete for upwards of a century.

I will next briefly refer to the charm called

FATH FITHE.

In Vol. VIII., p. 127, there is a brief description of the *Fath Fithe*. As the text will show, this charm is somewhat comprehensive in its character:—

Fa' fithe cuiream ort
Bho chu, bho chat,
Bho bhò, bho each,
Bho dhuine, bho bhean,
Bho ghille, bho nighean,
'S bho leanabh beag,
Gus an tig mise rithisd.
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

Translated—

A magic cloud I put on thee,
From dog, from cat,
From cow, from horse,
From man, from woman,
From young man, from maiden,
And from little child,
Till I again return.
In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The *Fath Fithe*, according to tradition, was a favourite charm with hunters, for it enabled them to make physical objects invisible to the ordinary eye. They could come from the forest laden with the spoils of the chase, but their enemies would see them not. In more recent times it was believed that smugglers protected themselves in this way from the most vigilant of Excise officers. It is to be feared, however, that the art has been lost! The expression *Fath Fithe* is now seldom heard; but there can be no doubt that in former times it was considered a protective charm of some kind. In the verses from the Kenlochewe Bard, already referred to, the word is used, but there obviously in the sense of *rosad* as previously described. The power to bring about darkness is an old belief among the Celts, and an interesting instance of a charm used in this connection is given in the Book of Lismore.

In the life of Senan (Book of Lismore) we are told of a wizard (Druidh) who went to the King (Mac Tail) saying he would make a charm (sén) to Senan the Saint, and that thereby he would either die or leave the land. The King was glad with this; and the wizard went to Senan and "sang incantations against him and said 'leave the land with this spell.'" The saint replied, "I will resist thy spell;" and he prevailed. Then the wizard "brought darkness over the sun, *so that no one in the island could see his comrade's face.*" Senan, however, charmed the darkness.

In that case we have the wizard using his charm or *Sen*, and the superior powers of the Church getting the better of the powers of darkness. Similarly in the same work we are told of a cloud of darkness enveloping the mother of St Findchua from her pursuers, and thus saving herself and the saint, who was not then born, from the rapacity of an enemy.

Again, the Tuath de Dannan were credited with the power of raising storms and causing darkness. When the invading Milesians reached Ireland, the Tuath de Dannan, by means of sorcery, enveloped the Island in mist, and hid it from their view. A sorcerer among the Milesians directed them how to act, and they eventually landed.

The *Fath Fithe* is believed to be equivalent to the modern Irish *Feth Fia* or the *Faeth Fiada* of Old Irish. The Hymn of St Patrick, previously referred to, is called "Faeth Fiada," or, to use the language of the original text, "7 Faeth Fiada ahainm" (and Faeth Fiada is its name). In modern Irish it is called "Luireach Phadruig," or, St Patrick's Corslet; but anciently it was called by this name and the name *Fiada* or *Feth-fiada*, as we gather from the following passage in the Tripartite Life of the Saint :—

"Tunc vir sunctus composuit illum Hymnum patrio idiomate conscriptum, qui vulgo *Feth-Fiadha*, et ab aliis *Lorica* Patricii appellatur; et in summo abinde inter Hibernos habetur prætio; quia creditur, et multa experientiâ probatur, piè recitantes ab imminentibus animæ et corporis præservare periculis."

Translated—

"Then the Holy Man composed that Hymn in his native speech, which is commonly called *Feth-fiadha*, and by others the Breast-plate or *Lorica* of Patrick; and it is held from thenceforward among the Irish in the highest regard; because it is believed—and proved by much experience—to preserve those that piously recite it from dangers that threaten them in soul and body."

We have already seen, when dealing with the *Airne Moire*, how the hymn was regarded as a protective charm; and we are told that Patrick, when ambuscades were set against him by Loegaire, sang it in order to shield and guard himself and his clerics. Patrick and his followers on singing this hymn seemed to the ambuscaders to be wild deer with a fawn after them.

I have stated that the *Fath Fithe* charm is extensive in its scope. I subjoin another, equally extensive, from the Sister Isle, kindly sent me by Professor O'Growney :—

Ortha a chuir Colum Cille, le toil Righ Neimhe,
Air bheim suil, air urchoid [1] chnuic, air shealg agus ae ;
Leigheas o neimh air an m-ball dubh ta in aice an chleibh,
Air an leic le a m-bogthar na h-easbaidh ;
Le grasa Mhic Mhuire, a's le mforbhuille Mhic De
Leigheas na colainne, 's an anal a bheith reidh.

Translated—

A prayer which Columcille gave, by the will of the King of Heaven,
Against the Evil Eye, against hurt from the Fairies, against spleen and liver ;
A cure from Heaven for the black spot near the breast,
For the flag (?) by which the *Evil* (King's Evil) is softened,
Through the favour of the Son of Mary, and the miracle of the Son of God
A cure for the body and for smoothness of breathing.

THE FAIRIES.

"Who were the Fairies" is a question which I need not discuss, but the following genealogy of them is interesting :—

Fairies loq.—

Cha 'n anu do Shiol Adhamh sinn,
'S cha 'n e Abraham ar n-athair ;
Ach tha sinn de mhuinntir an Athar Uaibhrich,[2]
Chaidh fhuadach a mach a Flaitheas.

Translated—

We are not of the seed of Adam,
And Abraham is not our progenitor ;
But we are the offspring of the Haughty Father,
Who out of Paradise was driven.

I need not here dilate on the wondrous feats attributed to the Fairies. People blessed themselves, and prayed the Almighty to protect them from Fairies, but I have not come across any Anti-

[1] This word, although not in common use in Gaelic, is found several times in Scripture, and in rhymed versions of the Psalms. It is used by Mac Mhaighstir Alastair in the song entitled "Tinneas na h-urchaid," and commencing

"Gu bheil tinneas na h-urchaid
Air feadh Airdnamurchan."

[2] Compare this designation, "Athair Uibhreach," with "Righ an Uabhair" in Marthainn Phadraic.

Fairy charms in the Highlands. Here is one from the West of Ireland :—

Against Fairy Influence.

Gabhamuid lé n-a g-coimirce,
A's diultamuid da n-imirte,
A g-cul linn 's a n-aghaidh uainn,
As ucht phaise 's bais ar Slanuightheora.

Translated—

We accept their protection,
We repudiate their (evil) tricks,
(May) their back (be) to us, their face from us
Through merit of the passion and death of our Saviour.

Here is another Anti-Fairy Charm sent by Mr O'Faherty from the west of Connaught :—

Ortha an aghaidh na daineadh maithe.

A Mhic Dé a g'-cluin Tu an gleó[1] so chugainn go mor san ghleann.
Cluinneann a Mhathair; na bidheadh eagla ort.
Go sabhailidh an t-Athair beannuighte sinn,
Go m-budh dún daingean an dún a bh-fuilmid ann.
Go m-budh sluagh dall an sluagh seo chugainn.
O! a Iosa Criosta agus a Mhaighdin ghlormhor
A chidheas ar n-dochar agus ar n-dioghbhail,
Go sgaraidh tu do chochal beannuighte taruinn!
Amen.

Mr Moore in his Folklore of the Isle of Man gives the following Manx Charm against the Fairies :—

A Charm against the Fairies.

Shee Yee as shee ghooinney,
Shee Yee er Columb-Killey
Er dagh uinnag, er dagh ghorrys,
Er dagh howl joaill stiagh yn Re-hollys.
Er kiare corneillyn y thie
Er y voayl ta mee my lhie
As shee Yee orrym-pene.

[1] Tumult, disturbance.

Translated—

Peace of God and peace of man,
Peace of God on Columb-Cille,
On each window and each door,
On every hole admitting moonlight,
On the four corners of the house,
On the place I am lying,
And peace of God on myself.

I now pass to the class of charms intended to effect cures, and commence with

EOLAS NA RUAIDHE, OR RASH, OR ROSE.

The *Ruaidhe* or Rash was a swelling of the breast of a woman or the udder of an animal, causing retention of the milk, and consequent pain. There are various charms for the cure of this ailment. I will begin with a version given by an Uist crofter. The formula was thus:—The performer, in the first place, got a small round stone, and rubbed the swelling with the side of it which was next the ground. At the same time, he repeated the following Incantation:—

Seall Thusa, Chriosd,
A' chioch so 's i air at;
Innis sin do Mhoire,
O'n 's i rug am Mac.
Ruaidhe eadar atan,
Fag an leabaidh so;
Thoir leabaidh eile ort;
Cuir am bainne anns a' chich,
Cuir an Ruaidhe anns a' chloich,
'S cuir a' chloich anns an lar.

Translated—

Behold Thou, O Christ,
This breast and it [so] swollen;
Tell that to Mary—
'Twas she who bore the Son.
Rash between swellings,
Leave this bed;
Betake thyself to another bed;
Send the milk from the breast;
Transmit the Rash to the stone,
And (through) the stone to the ground.

The idea here intended to be conveyed was that by means of the Incantation the disease was transmitted from the breast to the stone, and from the stone to the ground.[1] In gypsy sorcery, similar examples may be found where pain is sent into its medical affinity, and so on, back to the source from which it came.

One of the modes of curing the *Ruaidhe* in cattle was thus :—Get a stone from a March-burn—*allt criche*—rub the swollen teat with the same, and say these words :—

A Chriosda, leigheis am mart.
Leigheis fhein i, 'Mhoire—
'S tu rug am Mac.
Gu'm a slan an t-ùgh ;
'S gu'm a crion an t-at ;
'S a Ruaidhe mhor atar iotar,
Fag an t-aite so 's tair as !

Translated—

O Christ, heal the Cow.
Heal thou it, O Mary—
Thou brought'st forth the Son.
May the udder be healed ;
May the swelling cease ;
And thou great swollen dry Rash,
Leave this place, and be off.

Another method for curing the *Ruaidhe* in a cow, was thus :—

A burning peat was taken and held under the udder ; the teats were squeezed in succession, and the milk allowed to drop until the peat was partially extinguished. The smoke caused by the milk and the burning peat was considered medicinal. As the cow was being thus milked, the following Incantation was said :—

Fhaic thu, Chriosd, a' chioch
Gur a h-i tha goirt ;
Innis sin do Mhoire mhin,
Bho 'n 'si-fhein a rug am Mac.
Gu 'm bu slan a' chioch,
Gu 'm bu crion an t-at.
Teich ! teich ! a Ruaidhe !

[1] Professor O'Growney writes me that the mention of the stone in the above formula reminds him of a Donegal phrase. In English, when describing some calamity we would avert from ourselves, we say "God save the mark." In Donegal the corresponding Gaelic is "A shamhail i gcloich" = (May) its like (be) in a stone.

Translated—

Christ, behold the teat—
In which there is [great] pain—
Tell that to gentle Mary,
For she brought forth the Son.
Whole may the teat be,
Let the Rash depart—
Rash ! away ! away !!

The following is an Irish charm for the cure of the *Rash*, given me by Mr O'Faherty :—

Ruadh ramhar cùl connáideach.
D' iarr Colm Cille de Chathach :
Cia'rd a leigheasfas an Ruadh ?
Nimh a chuir air g-cùl agus an t-at a chur air lár,
Gan de bhrigh 's an Ruadh, an oiread a bheith slán.

Old superstitions have a wonderful vitality. Since the above was written, a striking illustration of the belief in Charms at the present day came under my notice. According to the *Ulster Examiner* of 17th December, 1892, Owen M'Ilmurray was indicted before the Ulster Winter Assizes, for that he, on 25th July, 1892, feloniously did kill and slay one David Archer, Lurgan. According to the evidence, Archer had suffered from bronchitis and erysipelas, or rose, for some time, and was attended by two doctors. The medical treatment did not appear to satisfy Archer and his friends, for they sent for M'Ilmurray, who was a noted "Charmer" in the district. The "Charmer" undid the bandages which the doctors had put on Archer's leg, and rubbed the leg with flour and butter. "While doing this he whispered a charm, which witness (Rebecca Jane Archer, a sister of the deceased) could not hear." "Her brother (the deceased) asked him (M'Ilmurray) for God's sake to try the charm, and prisoner said he was doing it in God's name." Archer, however, died, and the doctors attributed the death to the interference with the medical treatment. The jury disagreed, and the prisoner was set at liberty.

THE TOOTHACHE.

I will now briefly deal with the toothache charm. The formula seems to be the same, or substantially the same, in all Christian countries, and has reference to St Peter sitting on a marble stone suffering from the toothache, and the Lord passing by and healing him. The words of this charm are met with all

over the Highlands, but strange to say they are rarely met with in Gaelic. This is probably owing to the fact that few old Highlanders can write Gaelic. Even in the districts where English is practically unknown to the old people, one gets this charm in English. In Badenoch it is called *Toisgeal*[1] and formerly it was only known to a few who professed to cure toothache. The words were written on a small piece of paper, the paper folded up and handed to the sufferer, who was not on any account to open it up or see what was written thereon. It was then sewn up in a part of one's under-garments, and worn till it crumbled away. So long as the paper lasted the person enjoyed immunity from toothache! If the sufferer had the curiosity to read the formula contrary to the direction of the learned "Charmer," then the *Toisgeal* lost its virtue, and the toothache might at any moment return!

As already stated, the formula is generally met with in English. Here is a Gaelic version from the Island of Barra:—

Shuidh Peadar air Cloich Mharbhail. Thainig Criosda ga ionnsaidh 's dh' fhoighnich e dheth "de 'tha 'cur ort a Pheadair?" Labhair Peadar, "Mo Thighearna 's mo Dhia, tha 'n Deideadh." Fhreagair Iosa 's thuirt e, "Eirich suas, a Pheadair, 's bithidh tu slan; 's cha tusa sin a mhain ach duine sam bith a labhras na briathraibh so na m' ainmsa cha 'n fhairich e ciod e 'n Deideadh."

The following is a copy of the English version of the *eolas* copied in South Uist. It may be taken as a rough translation of the above, or *vice versa*:—

Peter sat upon a marble stone weeping. Christ came by and asked, "What ails thee." Peter answered and said, "My Lord and my God, my tooth *toothache*;"[2] and the Lord said unto him, "Rise up, Peter—not for you alone, but all who will carry these lines in my name shall never feel what is the toothache. In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

A Latin version of the above, from the Maclagan MS., was published by Mr Macbain in the *Highland Monthly* (Vol. III., 292). As it is substantially the same as the above, I annex it here:—

[1] *Toisgeal* is obviously a corruption of the word *soisgeal*, a gospel. According to Croker (Fairy Legends, p. 360), "a 'gospel' is a text of Scripture written in a peculiar manner, and which has been blessed by a priest. It is sewed in red cloth, and hung round the neck as a cure or preventive against various diseases."

[2] *i.e.*, My tooth is aching.

"Petrus sedit ex marmorum lapis Dominus Noster venit et Dixit petrus quid te gravit, petrus respondit dominus Meus Caput et Dentes meos vexant me Dominus Noster Dicat surge petras salva tu non solum tu sed etiam omnia qui teneant haec mea dicta per virtutem De haec verbis Dominus Noster et in ejus Nomine Dice tuus pestis non moleste te Detri—Minius Pratrus."

Here is an Irish version of the Toothache Charm, or, as it is called, *Ortha an diaidh-fhiacal* :—

Chuidh Peadar go sruth for-lan.
Thainic Chriost os a Chionn,
"Cia'rd sin ort, a Pheadair?"
"O! m' fhiacail ata tinn."
"Eirigh, a Pheadair, a's bi slan,
Ni tusa acht feara Fail."

Aon duine a gheillfeas na a dearfadh an ortha,
Ni beidheadh i n-diaigh na h-ortha diaidh in aon deud amhain.
An ainm an Athar agus an Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh.
Amen.

Translated—

St Peter went to a full running stream;
Christ went to meet him, and said,
"What ails thee, Peter?"
"O! my tooth doth ache."
"Arise, Peter, and be well—
Not you alone, but also the men of Innisfail."

Any believing in or saying this Incantation
Will not have toothache thereafter in even one tooth.
In nomine Patris, &c. Amen.

The Irish peasant of Connemara has his English version of the Toothache Charm. The following is from Galway :—

Peter sat upon a marble stone,
And unto God he made his moan.
Christ came by, and asked "What's the matter?"
"O! my Lord God, a toothache."
"Rise up, Peter, and not you alone,
But every one who believes in this charm
Shall never be troubled with a toothache."
In the name of the Father, &c.

In Orkney the following variant of the Incantation, and called "Wormie Lines"—"the worm" (the equivalent of our Gaelic *cnuimh*) being an Orkney name for toothache—is used :—

Peter sat weeping on a stone;
Christ went by saying "Why dost thou moan."
Peter said, "My tooth doth ache so sore."
Christ said, "He shall trouble thee no more—
From tooth and yackel worm shall flee,
And never more shall trouble thee."

These lines were written on a slip of paper and worn on the person.

I lately noted, from the recitation of an Eigg crofter, a Tooth-ache Charm, which has a certain resemblance to the Irish one above given. It is as follows :—

Labhair Calum-Cille nan Orth'
Ann an ordag dheas mo Righ—
Air chnuimh, air dheidh, air dheideadh—
Air dheideadh a' ghalar-chinn.
Labhair Peadair ri Seumas—
"Cha choisich, cha mharcaich,
Cha teid mi
Leis an deideadh a tha m' cheann."
Labhair Criosda ris na h-Ostail—
"Cha bhi 'n deideadh is an Rann-s'
'S an aona cheann."

Translated—

Columba of the Incantations
Spoke in the right thumb of my King—
On worm, on ache, on toothache—
On toothache, the head-disease.
Peter spoke unto James—
"I'll walk not, I'll ride not,
I'll move not
Through the toothache in my head."
Jesus said to the Apostles—
"Toothache and this Incantation
Will not exist together in the same head."

Mr Moore does not give a Manx version of the Charm. He, however, gives the following formula, which was to be used in the same manner as the *Toisgeal* :—

Saint Peter was ordained a saint
Standing on a marble stone,
Jesus came to him alone—

And saith unto him, "Peter, what makes thee shake?"

Peter replied, "My Lord and Master, it is the toothache." Jesus said, "Rise up and be healed, and keep these words for my sake, and thou shall never more be troubled with toothache."

At the base of Ben Marival, in North Uist, there is a well, locally known by the name of Tobar-Chuithiridh, which is believed to cure toothache. Sufferers from this ailment still frequent the lonely well, and, according to ancient custom, leave offerings. On bended knees they drink the water, repeating the following words:—

"Tha mise a' cromadh sios an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh; 's a dol a dh' fhàgail cradh mo chinn anns an tobar nach traogh a chaoidh. Amen."

Translated—

I bend down, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and I am to leave the torments of my head in the well, which never will run dry."

Certain wells in Knoydart are believed to possess toothache cures. Pilgrimages are made to them, and offerings left at them, as in the case of Tobar-Chuithiridh.

I conclude with a Shetlandic Toothache Charm. In its style it bears a striking resemblance to one of the Charms against the rash above given. It is as follows:—

A Finn came ow'r from Norraway[1]
Fir ta pit teot'ache away—
Oot o' da flesh an' oot o' da bane,
Oot o' da sinew an' oot o' da skane,
Oot o' da skane an' into da stane,
An' dere may du remain!
An' dere may du remain!!
An' dere may du remain!!!

At page 124 of Vol. VIII. of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, I gave an account of

[1] Mr W. T. Dennison informs me that this Incantation was also common in Orkney, but beginning thus—

T'ree Finnmen cam' fae der heem i' de sea,
Fae de weary worm de folk tae free,
An' dey s'all be paid wi' de white monie!

EOLAS NA SEILG, OR THE SPLEEN,

as I wrote it down from the recital of a Lochbroom woman some 25 years ago. I will now lay before you the story of this *Eolas*, as I recently heard it in the Outer Hebrides:—"One night," said my informant, "Jesus and the Blessed Virgin Mary came to a house among the hills to escape persecution. The good-wife gave them food. Darkness was coming on, and the Virgin Mary proposed that they should stay there all night. The good-wife (Bean-an-tighe) replied that she could not give them shelter as her husband was inhospitable, and would be angry if he found any strangers under his roof. The Blessed Virgin asked to be favoured with any quiet corner till morning, and the good-wife consented. Jesus and the Virgin (*Iosa 's Moire 'Mhathair*) were permitted to lie on some chaff which was in a corner, and the good-wife put a covering over them. The good-man came home at nightfall, partook of food, and went to bed. During the night he was seized with a violent pain in his side. His life being despaired of by his wife, she called in the assistance of the visitors (and as my informant pathetically added "*Bu mhath iad a bhi ann*"). Christ then came to the assistance of the sick man, saying "Leighisidh mise thu—'s e greim na seilge 'th' ort." ("I will heal you—you suffer from the stitch or spleen or bowel seizure'"). Jesus then said:—

Bean shoirbh.
'S fear doirbh;
Criosd 'na laidhe air a' chalg,
Caisgidh e dhiot an t-sealg.

Translated—

A gentle wife,
A churlish husband;
Christ lying on the awns [of corn],
That will stop the *sealg* [colic or spleen].

Another Uist version is—

Bean fhial, 's duine borb,
Criosd 'na laidhe air a' chalg—
Eirich a's leighis an t-sealg.[1]

[1] Professor O'Growney informs me that in the county of Meath he heard the lines—

Bean mhín, fear borb,
Mac Dé 'na luidhe 'san g-colg.

Translated—

A hospitable wife, a churlish man ;
Christ lying on the awns—
Arise and cure the spleen.

The version of the story given in Vol. VIII. is substantially the same as the one now narrated. It is noteworthy, however, that in Protestant Lochbroom there is no mention of the Virgin Mary ; whilst the version obtained in Catholic Uist assigns to her a prominent place. The Lochbroom version of the formula was as follows :—

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic 's an Spioraid Naoimh !
Duine fiat a muigh,
Bean fhial a stigh,
Criosd 'na laidhe air calg an lìn—
'S math an leigheas air an t-seilg sin.

Translated—

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
A fierce, churlish man without,
A hospitable wife within,
Christ a-lying on the beard of flax—
That is a good cure for the spleen.

It will be noted that one of the Irish charms above given deals with the *sealg*. There is also a charm for the "Stitch" in a MS. of the 11th century given in Cockayne's Leechdom and Wort-Cunning of Early England :—

With gestice.

"Writh Cristes mæl and sing, thriwe thaer on this and pater noster longinus miles lancea ponxit dominum et restitit sanguis et recessit dolor. For a stitch. Write a cross of Christ and sing over the place this thrice."

CASGADH FOLA, OR STAUNCHING BLOOD.

The belief prevailed that some of the old Highlanders could staunch blood. Horse gelders were supposed to be particularly skilled in this art ; but I failed to get any specimen of the Incantations in Uist.

I will, however, give one which I recently noted from Duncan Campbell, an old Strathconan man, now resident in Beauly. He learned it from a sister of Donald Macdonald, the *Bard Conanach.*

The Bard, it appears, was celebrated for his Charms and Incantations,[1] and taught the present one to his sister. She taught it to my informant, who firmly believes in its efficacy, and who says that he has on many occasions staunched blood through its instrumentality! The formula is as follows:—Having mentioned the name and surname of the person to be cured, the "Charmer" repeated the *Ortha* thus—

Paidir Mhoire, h-aon.
Paidir Mhoire, dha.
Paidir Mhoire, tri.
Paidir Mhoire, ceithir.
Paidir Mhoire, coig.
Paidir Mhoire, sia.
Paidir Mhoire, seachd.

"Ciod e is brigh dha na seachd Paidrichean?"
"Is brigh dha na seachd Paidrichean—
Obainn fala air feirg, fala deirg.
Reoithidh t' fhuil, 's duinidh do lot
Mar shileadh Moire air Criosd."

Translated—

The Pater of the Virgin Mary—one.
The Pater of the Virgin Mary—two.
The Pater of the Virgin Mary—three.
The Pater of the Virgin Mary—four.
The Pater of the Virgin Mary—five.
The Pater of the Virgin Mary—six.
The Pater of the Virgin Mary—seven.

[1] In local tradition he is represented as having been particularly successful both in letting and in staunching blood. On one occasion, while at the harvest in the Lothians, he lodged with a weaver, who was also a noted phlebotomist. A full-blooded damsel of the district called on the weaver in order that he might let her blood. He tried all his skill, but the blood would not come. Whereupon the Bard took the damsel in hand, and, taking her by the small of the wrist, squeezed an artery, with the result that blood squirted in the weaver's face. The weaver desired the Bard to show him his method. The Bard responded in verse:—

Cha tugainn eòlas mo lamh fhein
Dh' fhear bhualadh slinn no chuireadh i;

Lot thu gairdean na nighean dhonn
'S cha 'n fhac thu steall de 'n fhuil aice;

'S an uair a theannaich mi caol a dùirn
Mu 'dha shuil bha 'n fhuil aice.

"What is the significance of the seven Paters?"
"The significance of the seven Paters is—
The fierce (running) of blood—
(Blood) in anger,
Blood (flowing) red,
Thy blood will freeze; thy wound will close,
As Mary's dropped on Christ!

Here is an Irish charm to staunch blood, received from Mr O'Faherty. It is called *Ortha Coisgthe Fola.* I have not previously found a Gaelic Incantation with Latin words:—

Is beannuighthe ainm an fhir a sgoilt croidhe an laoigh ghil;
Is maith an nidh thainic as, fuil, fion, agus fioruisge.
An ainm a n-Athar, stop an fhuil; *Sancti*, taraidh dá chobhair.
Spiritus Sancte, stop an fuil ta ag teacht go treun.

Translated—

Blessed is the name of him who split the heart of the White Calf;
Precious is that which came therefrom—blood, wine, and pure water.
In the name of the Father, stop the blood; Saints, come to his aid;
Holy Spirit, stop the blood that is spurting so strongly.

Our Manx cousins had several such incantations, and one of them may as a specimen be quoted here from Mr Moore's book:—

Pishag dy Sthappal Roie Foalley.

"Three deiney chranee haink voish y Raue—Chreest, Peddyr, as Paul. Va Creest y Chrosh, yn uill echey shilley, as Moirrey er ny glioonyn yn ec liorish. Ghow for jeu yn er-obbee ayns e lau yesh, as hayrn Creest crosh [1] harrish eh. Three mraane aegey haink harrish yn ushtey, dooyrt unnane jeu, 'seose'; dooyrt nane elley, 'fuirree'; dooyrt yn trass-unnane 'sthappyms fuill dooinney ny ben. Mish dy ghra eh, as Chreest dy yannoo eh, ayns ennym yn Ayr, as y Vac as y Spyrryd Noo."

Translated—

Charm to Stop Running of Blood.

"Three godly men came from Rome—Christ, Peter, and Paul. Christ was on the cross, his blood flowing, and Mary on her knees close by. One took the enchanted one in his right hand, and Christ drew a cross over him. Three young women came over the

[1] On repeating "crosh" you are to draw a cross with the thumb of the right hand over the bleeding part.

water, one of them said 'up,' and another said 'stay,' and the third one said, 'I will stop the blood of a man or woman.' I to say it, and Christ to do it, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Another charm to staunch blood among the Manx was in Latin, and was as follows:—

A Charm to Stop Bleeding.

Sanguis mane in te,
Sicut Christus in se;
Sanguis mane in tua vena,
Sicut Christus in sua pœna;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut erat Christus,
Quando fuit crucifixus.

Our toothache *Toisgeal* was on no account to be seen by the sufferer. Similarly, the above was not to be translated, as translation deprived it of its efficacy!

In Orkney the following couplet, repeated three times, was the formula to stop blood:—

Stem, blood stem! I say to thee!
In the name of Him that hung on a tree!

BITE OF A MAD DOG.

The bite of a mad dog was naturally much dreaded. Indeed the bite of any dog was. The mad dog was invariably destroyed. In the case of another dog, it sometimes sufficed if water was put on the animal's teeth, and the wound washed with this water, or *Ioc-shlainte* (Health-Restorer) as it was called. Our Irish cousins dealt with the case of the mad dog in their Ancient Laws. In the Book of Aicill we are told "There is no benefit in proclaiming it (the mad dog—*cu confaid)* unless it be killed; nor though it be killed unless it be burned: nor though it be burned unless its ashes have been cast into a stream."

The matter was also dealt with in the Irish charms. Here is a specimen used in West Connaught:—

Coisgim cu air mire,
Cuirim nimh air neimh-bhrigh,
'Se dubhairt Padruig uair no tri,
In nomine Patris, et filii.

Translated—

I check a mad dog,
I make the poison of no effect,
Saith St Patrick twice or thrice,
In nomine Patris, et filii.

EOLAS NAN SUL.

There were *Eolais* not only to heal sore eyes, but also to remove a mote from the eye. Martin mentions that "there be women" who have the latter art, "though at some miles distant from the party grieved." The *Eolas* for sore or weak eyes was practised till recent times in many parts of the country. The *modus operandi* was this :—A dish was filled with clean water, and the performer, bending over it, and spitting into it, repeated the following Incantation :—

Obaidh nan geur shùl,
An obaidh 's fearr fo 'n ghrein ;
Obaidh Dhe, an t-Uile Mhor.
Feile Mhairi, feile Dhe,
Feile gach sagairt 's gach cleir,
Feile Mhicheil nam feart,
'Chairich anns a' ghrein a neart.

Translated—

A charm for sore smarting eyes—
The best charm under the sun ;
The Charm of God, the All-Great ;
Charm of Mary, Charm of God,
Charm of each priest and each cleric,
Charm of Michael the strenuous,
Who bestowed on the sun its strength.

The following story, relative to the experiences of a certain Parliamentary candidate for a Highland constituency, and which has not before been published, is interesting :—

In course of a house-to-house canvass, the candidate learned that a certain voter knew *Eolas nan sùl.* The candidate mentioned to this voter the case of a relative who suffered from sore eyes. The rural ophthalmist offered his services, and at once began to prepare a "lotion." Pouring a quantity of water into a dish, the charmer bent over it, repeating an Incantation nine times—and each time he spat in the water. The "charmed water" was thereafter poured into a bottle and presented to the candidate, to be used as an eye-wash by his relative.

It is greatly to be feared that any possible virtue the contents of the bottle might contain were never tested.

In connection with the spitting in the water, see the story of the healing of the man who was born blind, as narrated in the ninth chapter of the Gospel of St John. The sixth verse of that chapter is as follows :—

"When he [Jesus] had thus spoken, he *spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle*, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay."

A' CHIOCH—THE UVULA.

When the palate fell (*A' chioch 's an amhaich*), the ceremony of *Togail na Dail-chuaich* was resorted to. As the plant called *Dail-chuaich* was pulled, a certain Incantation was said, but I have been unable to get it. Will any reader furnish a copy?

Another cure for "raising the uvula" was the *Ciochag-thraghad.* This small, red, uvula-like marine polypus was gathered when the tide was out, tied in a piece of cloth, and hung on the crook above the fire, in the name of the Trinity, mentioning the name of the sufferer from the *Cioch-shlugain* at the time. As the *Ciochag-thraghad* shrank under the influence of the fire, so it was believed that the uvula of the sufferer would resume its normal size ![1]

KING'S EVIL.

Here is an Irish charm for the King's Evil :—

Marbhuigheann m' ortha easbaidh bruth—
Eachmhaidh chneádha, eachmhaidh chneádha,
Gach cnuimh i n-déid a's gach péist
A mbidheann nimh ann.

In ainm an Athar agus an Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh.

Translated—

My charm doth kill the hot evil—
The gnawing worm, the gnawing worm;
Every worm in tooth, and every monster
Of poisonous nature.

In the name of the Father, &c.

[1] This is interesting alongside with a Welsh formula for curing warts. Certain wells in Wales cured warts. Professor Rhys states the formula thus: —"On your way to the well, look for wool which the sheep had lost. When you had found enough wool, you should prick each wart with a pin, and then rub the wart well with the wool. The next thing was to bend the pin and throw it into the well. Then you should place the wool on the first white-thorn you could find, *and as the wind scattered the wool the warts would disappear*" !!!

ROINN A' MHAIM, OR "APPORTIONING" OF SWOLLEN GLANDS.

The *Màm*, or, as it is called in some districts, *Màn*, is a swelling of the glands in the armpit, or at the upper end of the thigh—*glaic na sleisde.*[1] *Mam* is probably the correct form—the swelling being so called from its resemblance to *mam*, a round hillock.

The popular method of curing the *Màm* was to have it divided or apportioned—*roinn*—over a number of *mams* or hillocks in different parts of the country. The mode of carrying out the *roinn*, or apportioning was as follows:—The person who practised the *Eolas* took a darning needle and laid it across the *Mam* or swelling. He then took an axe and placed its edge on the needle, thus forming a cross, and at the same time saying "*So air Mam*"—(naming a particular *mam* or hillock). The needle was then shifted, the axe placed across it again, and that portion of the swelling assigned to another *mam*; and so on for nine or twenty-four times, according to the method of the performer.

The *roinn* or apportioning nine times was considered sufficient to cause the swelling to subside—*dol air ais.* Nine times was the number usually practised both on the Mainland and in most of the Western Islands, but the correct number, according to a Colonsay man, was twenty-four. In apportioning the swelling over twenty-four *mams*, the sign of the cross was made on the floor with the edge of the axe, after the eighth, sixteenth, and twenty-fourth *mams* enumerated below, the operator at the same time saying—"*Tha so air a' Mham Mhor Dhiurach, 's e 's an deicheamh.*"

I am indebted to my friend Professor Mackinnon, of Edinburgh University, for the following list of *Mams* mentioned in the rite as the same is performed in Colonsay. It was recently noted from the recital of Alexander Macneill, an old Colonsay man, who thought it was required by the Professor for some desperate case that had defied the skill of all the Edinburgh doctors!

The performer, taking the needle and the axe, and going through the action above described, went over the twenty-four *mams* thus—

1. So air Màm a' Scriodain [Mull].
2. So air Màm an t-Snodain.
3. So air Màm Dhoire Dhuaig [Mull].
4. So air Màm Chloiche Duinn.

[1] *Màm*=A certain bile, or ulcerous swelling of the armpit; *ulcus quædam, ulcus in axilla.*—Highland Society's Dictionary.

Màn=A brook bile, or an ulcerous swelling under the arm.—Macfarlane's Vocabulary.

5. So air Màm an t-Struthain.
6. So air Màm an t-Siosair.
7. So air Màm an t-Seilisteir.
8. So air Màm Shiaba [Mull].
   † (on the floor) So air a' Mham Mhor Dhiurach, 's e 'san Deicheamh.
9. So air Màm Astal [Islay].
10. So air Màm Choireadail [Islay].
11. So air Màm a' Bhatain.
12. So air Màm Shraoisnich.
13. So air Màm an t-Siobarsaich.
14. So air Màm Chataibh [so pronounced in Colonsay, where Caithness is understood].
15. So air Màm na Mororaig.
16. So air Màm Chloiche Gile.
    † So air a' Mham Mhor Dhiurach, &c.
17. So air Màm na Doire Uaine [Doire is Feminine in Colonsay].
18. So air Màm na Doire Liath (*léith*).
19. So air Màm Arichdhuairich [so pronounced by reciter. *Airidh Ghuaire* in Mull is suggested].
20. So air Màm Choire-na-h-eirea'a [Jura].
21. So air Màm Ghribinn [Mull].
22. So air Màm Aisginis [S. Uist ?]. [1]
23. So air Màm Chlachaig [Mull].
24. So air Màm Choire Chriostal.
    † So air a' Mham Mhor Dhiurach, &c.

Members of this Society may be able to identify the locality of several of these *Mams*.

Macneill firmly believes in the efficacy of his method of curing the *Mam*; and he occasionally puts his skill to the test in Colonsay.

An Arisaig Man informed me that his father used to "apportion" the *Mam*, and was always successful in effecting cures. "I never saw his method fail," said my informant; "and I have often seen the swelling burst during the operation with the hatchet!"

Donald Maceachan, an old cottar in South Morar, still professes that he can cure such swellings as I have described. Recently I met him, and he was good enough to describe his method. He learned the art in his youth, from an old man, and has practised it from time to time ever since. Shortly before

[1] There is a hill in Caignish called Cnap-Aisginis.

my interview with him, he had cured a young man who had a *Mam* on the thigh—*am bac na sleisde*—and that so speedily that on the day after the operation no trace of the swelling was left!

In Arisaig and Morar the number of *Mams* mentioned is nine, and not twenty-four, as in Colonsay. There is no reference to the Great Màm of Jura, to which so much importance is attached in the Colonsay formula. All the *Mams* mentioned are in Knoydart; and Maceachan, in order to convince me of the accuracy of his list, stated that he himself had lived for a long time in that district, and took a special note of the *Mams* mentioned in his formula. His own words were—"Bha mi-fhein a' fuireach fada ann an Cnoideart 's chum mi beachd air na Màim." Like the Psalmist, he well might say—

"I to the *Hills* will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine *Aid!*"

The method of "apportioning the *Mam*" in Arisaig and Morar was as follows:—The edge of the axe was placed, in the name of the Trinity, on the swelling. Lifting the axe, the operator then struck its edge into a block of wood—generally the door-step (*maide-buinn* or *stairsneach*)—at the same time saying, "So air Màm-Chlach-ard"—*i.e.*, "This part of the swelling I apportion to Màm-Chlach-ard"—and so on, until each of the nine hills mentioned in the formula received its due portion! If one recital did not prove successful, the rite might be performed two or three times.

The following is the formula as practised by Donald Maceachan:—

1. Tha mi 'cur so air Màm-Chlach-ard [above Loch-Nevis].
2. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Uchd [Knoydart].
3. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Uidhe [Knoydart].
4. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Bharasdail [Knoydart].
5. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Eadail [Knoydart].
6. Tha mi 'cur so air Maman-Odhar [Knoydart].
7. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Suidheag [Knoydart].
8. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Unndulainn [Knoydart].
9. Tha mi 'cur so air Mam-Lìdh [Knoydart].

AN TROMA-LAIDHE, OR NIGHTMARE.

The following is a Charm against Nightmare, or *Troma-laidhe*. It was to be said as soon as the person awoke:—

Aisling a chunnaic mi 'n geilt,
Thug Criosd oirre deagh bhreith ;
Dh'innis Peadar i do Phòl,
'S thubhairt Pòl gum bu mhath.

Translated—

A dream I saw in fear—
Christ passed on it good judgment ;
Peter told it to Paul,
And Paul said it was well.

The above is from Barra. Here is a similar one from the Arran Islands, Galway :—

An Triur is sine, an Triur is óige,
An Triur is treise i bh-Flaithis na Glóire—
An t-Athair, an Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh,
Do m' shábhail 's do m' ghardail o nocht go
d-ti bliadhain,
Agus an nochd fein. An ainm an Athar, &c.

Translated—

The Three oldest, the Three youngest,
The Three strongest in the Heaven of Glory,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
To save and guard me from to-night for a year,
And to-night itself. In nomine Patris, &c.

SPRAINS.

Eolais for sprains are numerous, and are known as *Eolas an t-sniomh*, or *Eolas air sgiuchadh feithe.* They were applied in the case of man, and also in the case of the lower animals. The performer took a worsted thread in his or her mouth, muttered the Incantation, and tied the thread round the injured limb, where it was kept until worn out. In Norse mythology, we have an account of Woden's adventure with his steed, which slides and wrenches its joint, till successive Galdersongs, or Charms, restore it. It was the same idea with the Highland Charms, Christ, and sometimes St Columba or St Bridget, being mentioned as the author of the cure. Here is a specimen from Uist :—

Dh' eirich Criosda moch
Maduinn bhriagha mach ;
Chunnaic e cnamhan 'each
Air am bristeadh ma seach ;

Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Chuir e smuais ri smuais,
Chuir e feoil ri feoil,
Agus feith ri feith ;
Chuir e craicionn ri craicionn ;
Mar a shlanaich Criosda sin
Gu 'n slanaich mise so.

Translated—

Christ arose early and went forth
One fine morning,
He beheld his horses' bones
Broken cross-wise.
He put bone to bone ;
He put marrow to marrow ;
He put flesh to flesh ;
He put sinew to sinew ;
And put skin to skin.
As Christ healed these,
May I heal this.

The following is a version of the *Eolas* from Lochbroom :—

Chaidh Criosda mach
'S a' mhaduinn mhoich,
'S fhuair e casan nan each,
Air am bristeadh mu seach.
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Agus feith ri feith,
Agus feoil ri feoil,
Agus craicionn ri craicionn ;
'S mar leighis Esan sin,
Gu 'n leighis mise so.

Translated—

Christ went forth
In the early morn
And found the horses' legs
Broken across,
He put bone to bone,
Sinew to sinew,
Flesh to flesh,
And skin to skin ;
And as He healed that,
May I heal this.

Here is another version from Uist :—

Dh' eirich Calum-Cille moch,
Fhuair e cnamhan a chuid each
Cas mu seach
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Feoil ri feoil.
Feithean ri feithean,
Seiche ri seiche,
Smuais ri smuais ;
A' Chriosd mar leighis Thu sid,
Gu 'n leighis Thu so.

It is unnecessary to translate this Incantation. It is in effect the same as the two preceding ones, with this difference that St Columba takes the place in the latter taken by Christ in the two former. It is noteworthy that the healing of broken bones by St Columba is mentioned by Adamnan in his Life of the Saint. The holy virgin Maugina, daughter of Daimen, who lived in Clochur, we are there told, when returning from Mass, stumbled and broke her thigh quite through. Columba ordered a disciple named Lugaid to visit her. As Lugaid was setting out on his journey, the Saint gave him a little box, made of pine, saying—"Let the blessed gift which is contained in this box be dipped in a vessel of water when thou comest to visit Maugina, and let the water thus blessed be poured on her thigh ; then at once, by the invocation of God's name, her thigh-bone shall be joined together and made strong, and the holy virgin shall recover perfect health." Lugaid carried out his master's directions, and we are told that in an instant Maugina was completely healed by the closing up of the bone.—(See *Vita Sancti Columbæ*, Lib. II., cap. v.)

In connection with St Columba's directions to Lugaid, John Roy Stuart's "Prayer" may be mentioned. Stuart sprained his ankle after the battle of Culloden, and while hiding from the Redcoats composed the verses known as "Urnaigh Iain Ruaidh" ("John Roy's Prayer"). According to this prayer, his ankle was to be cured by the Charm which St Peter made for St Paul. Seven *Paters*, in the name of Priest and Pope, were to be applied as a plaster ; while another Charm was to be applied in the name of the Virgin Mary, all-powerful to cure the true believer.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh rinn Peadar do Phàl
'Sa luighean air fas-leum bruaich ;
Seachd Paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pàp

Ga chur ris na phlasd mu 'n cuairt.
Ubhaidh eile as leath Moire nan Gras
'S urrainn creideach dheanamh slan ri uair.

—*Vide* Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 268.

Our Norse neighbours in Orkney and Shetland also had their Charms for the cure of sprains. The thread used was called the "wristing thread," and the Incantation was as follows:—

Our Saviour rade.
His fore-foot slade,
Our Saviour lighted down;
Sinew to sinew—joint to joint.
Blood to blood, and bone to bone,
Mend thou in God's name!

Another Orkney formula was as follows:—

A thread, having on it nine knots, was tied round the sprained part. As the thread was being tied the following Incantation was muttered—

Nine knots upo' this thread
Nine blessings on thy head;
Blessings to take away thy pain
And ilka tinter of thy strain.

ST COLUMBA AS THE PATRON OF CATTLE.

At the commencement of this paper I mentioned that in Uist the *Eolais* there used were attributed to St Columba. The Saint's name is mentioned in one of the versions of the *Eolas* for a Sprain above given. In the Western Islands St Columba appeared to have been regarded as the patron of cattle. When a man spoke to a neighbour about the neighbour's cattle, he said—

Gu'n gleidheadh Calum-Cille dhuibh iad.
(May St Columba protect them for you).

As a woman left her cattle on the hill-side to graze she waved her hand towards them, saying—

"Buachailleachd Dhia 's Chalum-Chille oirbh."
(May the herding and guardianship of God and St Columba be on you).

An Eriskay woman used to address her cattle—

Gu'm bu duinte gach slochd
'S gu'm bu reidh gach cnoc—
Buachailleachd Chalum-Chille oirbh.
Gus an tig sibh dhachaidh.

Translated—

May each pit be closed,
And each hillock be plain;
Columba's herding on ye
Till home ye return.

We have also the following saying regarding St Columba's day—

Diardaoin, La 'Ille Chaluim Chaoimh,
Latha chur chaorach air seilbh,
Gu deilbh, 's gu cur ba air laogh.[1]

Translated—

Thursday, gentle Saint Columba's Day.
The day to put sheep to pasture
To warp, and cow to calf.

Adamnan tells us of the Saint blessing cattle, and their number increasing. Nesan, a poor man, who entertained Columba for the night, had five heifers. "Bring them to me that I may bless them," said the Saint. They were brought. He raised his holy hand, blessed them, and said—"From this day thy five little heifers shall increase to the number of one hundred and five cows." Another poor man, named Columban, had five small cows. They too were blessed by the Saint, and thereafter increased to one hundred and five!—*Vide* Book II., chapters xx. and xxii).

Another cattle blessing was as follows:—

'Siubhal monaidh, 'siubhal coille,
Siubhail gu reidh, fada, farsuinn;
Buachaille Mhoire fo d' chois,
'S gu'm bu slan a thig thu as!

Translated—

Travelling mountain, travelling wood,
Travel freely, far and wide;
Mary's herdsman by thy feet,
And safely may thou hither come!

The following is a more elaborate version of it, and is called

Rann Buachailleachd, or Herding Incantation.

'Siubhal monaidh, 'suibhal coille,
Siubhail gu reidh, fada, farsuinn,
Banachaig Phadruig mu'r casan

[1] Among the peasantry in Shetland marriages almost invariably take place on Thursday.

Gus am faic mise slan a ri'sd sibh
An sian a chuir Moire mu 'buar
Moch a's anmoch 's a tighinn bhuaith ;
Ga'n gleidheadh bho pholl 's bho eabar,
Bho fheith 's bho adharcan a cheile,
Bho lionadh na creige-ruaidhe
'S bho luaths na Feinne.
Banachaig Phadruig mu'r casan
Gu'm a slan a thig sibh dhachaidh.

Translated—

Traversing hills, traversing woods,
And (while) grazing far and near,
[May] St Patrick's milkmaid attend you
Till I see you well again ;
[And may] the Charm made by Mary for her cattle,
Early and late going to and coming from the pasture
Protect you from pit and quagmire,
From fens or morasses, and from each other's horns ;
From the filling of the red rock [the rose or swelling of the udder ?]
And from the swift-footed Fingalians.
May St Patrick's milkmaid attend your footsteps,
And scatheless may you again come home.

Akin to the foregoing is the

Orra-Gleidheadh Spreidhe.

It was as follows—

Cuiridh mise 'n spreidh so romham
Mar a dh' orduich Righ an Domhain,
Moire ga 'n gleidheadh o fheith nan coimheach,
Air thùs, a Bhride mhin, bi mar riu,
Le d' bhata 's le d' lorg bi rompa,
'S gu'n glacadh tu clur as d' fholt,
O rinn thu dhaibh eolas a's earal,
Ga 'n gleidheadh o chall 's o lochd,
O bhathadh an allt 's o gharadh cam,
No o mhilleadh sluic.
A Bhride mhin, fagam agad,
Moire tilleadh thugam
Le leas Dhia 's Chalum-Chille,
Casan cuiribh fothaibh,
'S drochaid Mhoire romhaibh.

In the following Charm noted from an old Lochbroom man we have St Columba's cure of the cattle disease known as

An Tairbhean.

An t-eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
Dh' aona bhò na caillich.
Cas air muir, cas air tir,
Cas eile 'sa' churachan.
Air mhial, air bhalg,
Air ghalar dearg, air thairbhein.
An tairbhean a tha na do bhroinn
Air an ailbhinn [1] sin thall, [2]
Slainte dhut, a bheathaich !

Translated—

The Charm made by St Columba
For the old wife's only cow.
One foot on the sea, one foot on land,
And another foot in the corracle.
Against worm, against swelling,
Against red disease (strangury ?) and *tairbhean.*
May the *tairbhean* that's in your body
Go to yonder hard stone.
Health to you, beastie !

We often have St Columba presented to us with one foot on land and the other on the sea, suggesting his sway over sea and land—*per mare per terram.* According to the foregoing, we have the Saint with three feet—one on the sea, one on the land, and a third in the corracle !

A more elaborate version of the *Eolas* is given by me in Vol. VIII. of the Gaelic Society's Transactions. It is as follows :—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
Dh' aona bhò na caillich ;
Bha cas Chalum-Chille 's a' churachan,
'S a chas eil' air tir :—
A thairbhein, a thainig thar chuan
'S o bhun na talmhainn fada thall—
Air mhial air bhalg,

[1] My informant explained *ailbhinn* as "A' chreag a's cruaidhe th' ann"—(the hardest rock there is). He said it was to be found in the desert, and was so hard "that blood alone would soften it !' "Aill" is an old Celtic word, signifying a cliff or rock.

[2] Here mention the name of the beast—Niseag, Blarag, or whatever it may be.

Air ghalar dearg,
A lughdachadh do bhuilg;
'S a mharbhadh do mhial,
A mharbhadh fiolan fionn,
A mharbhadh fiolan donn,
A mharbhadh biast do leann,
A mharbhadh an tairbhein.
Gu'm faigh thu leasachadh—
Aghachain, tog do cheann.

Translated—

The charm that Columba wrought
For the old wife's only cow;
Columba's one foot was in the coracle
And the other on land:—
Thou *tairbhean* that camest over sea
And from the foundations of the earth far beyond;
Against worm, against swelling,
Against the red disease;
To reduce thy swelling,
And to kill thy worm;
To kill the white nescock,
To kill the brown nescock,
To kill the worm in thy bile,
To kill the *tairbhean.*
May thou get relief;
Heifer, raise up thine head.

Sealmachas.

The following *Eolas* is for *Sealmachas.* Macalpine, in the list of *Orras* already given, calls it "*Seamlachas.*" When a cow lost her calf, she refused to give her milk, or allow the calf of another cow to suck her. This *Orra* was said to induce her to give her milk, or allow the calf of another to suck her. Here again we have St Columba mentioned. The *Eolas* was as follows:—

An t-Eolas a rinn Calum-Cille
Dh'aona bhò na caillich,
Air thabhairt a' bhainne
'N deigh marbhadh a laoigh;
Bho fheithean a droma
Gu feithean a tarra
'S bho fheithean a tarra
Gu feithean a taobh,

Bho bhun a da chluaise,
Gu smuais a da leise,
Air thabhairt a' bhainne
'N deigh marbhadh a laoigh.

Translated—

The charm that St Columba wrought
For the old wife's only cow,
For the giving of the milk
After the killing of her calf;
Be from the veins of her back
To the veins of her belly,
From the veins of her belly
To the veins of her side,
From the roots of her two ears
To the joints of her two thighs,
For the giving of the milk
After the killing of her calf.

In the following Irish Charm, from Mr O'Faherty, we have St Columba similarly presented to us :—

Ortha a chuir Columb Cille
Do bhó giolla an t-sonais.
Ta mo chos air mhuir agus mo chos air tír.
A Righ ta ar Néimh foir ar m-boin
Agus bun teanga na laoigh.
Teiridh a bhaile a's beidh sí slán!

Translated—

The Charm sent by St Columba
For the cow of the Servitor of Peace—
My foot is on the sea and my foot is on land;
O King, who art in Heaven, succour the cow,
And take the calf under your protection.
Come home, cow, and be well.

Rann Leigheas Galair Cruidh.

In the following *Rann leigheas galair cruidh*, we have Christ and his Apostles instead of St Columba :—

Criosd is Ostail is Eoin,
An Triuir a's binne gloir,
A dh' eirich a dheanamh na h-ortha,
Roimh dhorus na cathrach,
No air glun deas do Mhic.

Air na mnathan mur-shuileach,
Air na fearaibh geur shuileach,
'S air na saighdean sitheadach,
Dithis a' lasachadh alt agus ga'n adhachadh
Agus triuir a chuireas mi an urra riu sin.
An t-Athair, 's am Mac, 's an Spiorad Naomh,
Ceithir ghalara fichead an aoraibh duine 's beathaich,
Dia ga 'n sgiobadh, Dia ga 'n sguabadh
As t' fhuil a's t' fheoil, 's a d' chnamh 's a d' smuais,
'S mar thog Criosda meas air bharra gach crann,
Gu 'm b' ann a thogas E dhiotsa
Gach suil, gach gnù 's gach farmad,
O'n la 'n diugh gu latha deireannach do shaoghail.

Translated—

Christ and his Apostles and John,
The Three of most excellent glory,
That ascended to make supplication
Through the gateway of the city,
Fast by the right knee of God's own Son.
As regards evil-eyed [lit., wall-eyed] women,
As regards sharp-eyed men ;
As regards swift-speeding elf-arrows,
Two to strengthen and renovate the joints,
And three to back (these two) as sureties,
The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost.
Four-and-twenty diseases to which man and beast are subject ;
God utterly extirpate, sweep away, and eradicate them
From out thy blood and flesh, thy bones and marrow,
And as Christ uplifted its proper foliage [fruit]
To the extremities or the branches on each tree-top,
So may he uplift from off and out of thee
Each (evil) eye, each frowning look, malice and envy,
From this day forth to thy last day on earth. Amen.

STRANGURY.

The next Eolas I will submit to you is *Eolas a' Mhun-deirg*, or strangury in cattle. The performer measured the animal's spine with the thumb and fore-finger, and at the same time repeated the following Incantation thrice :—

Mar a ruitheas amhuinn fhuar,
'S mar a mheiltheas (bhleitheas) muileann luath,
Stad air t-fhuil a's ruith ar t-fhual.

Translated—

As runs a cold river,
As a swift mill grinds,
Let thy blood stop, and thy urine flow.

Another Uist version is as follows :—

A bhean sin 's a bhean bhalbh,
Thainig thugainn a tir nam marbh ;
A rug air a choire 'na cruth,
Fuasgail an dubh 's lig an dearg.

A PANACEA FOR ALL ILLS.

The following was a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to :—

Ola cas easgainn,
Bainne-cìch circe,
A's geir mheanbh-chuileag,
Ann an adharc muice,
Agus ite cait ga shuathadh ris.

Translated—

Oil from an eel's foot,
Milk from a hen's teat,
The tallow of midges
(Compounded) In the horn of a pig,
And rubbed to the part with a feather from a cat's wing !

The above was as potent as "An t-ian a thig a ubh coilich, sgriosaidh e 'n saoghal !—(The chicken that will come out of a cock's egg can destroy the world).

The Irish formula for the cure of whooping-cough is somewhat similar to our panacea. If a relative of the invalid saw a man pass on horseback, he was to be accosted thus :—

"A ghiolla an eich bhain cad a liaghfadh an trioch ?"
"Bainne cích circe agus e bhleoghan an adharc muice,
Agus cleite cait a chur ga shuathadh !"

Translated—

"O rider of the white steed, what will cure the whooping-cough ?"
"Milk from a hen's teat, milked into the horn of a pig,
And rubbed on with a cat's feather."

Another Irish cure for the whooping-cough is as follows :—The god-father buys a red thread, of about two feet in length, knots it into a circle or collar, and puts it round the neck of the god-child. This is supposed to relieve the latter !

AMBIGUOUS INCANTATIONS.

Occasionally one meets not only with obscure phrases, but also with whole Incantations, the meaning of which is far from clear. Here is one :—

Uisg' an Easain
Air mo dhosan.
Tog dhiom do rosad
'S aghaidh fir an cabhaig orm !

Will any learned Gael explain its meaning and purpose ?

THE BLESSINGS.

I have dwelt at such length on Charms intended for cures, etc., that my observations on Blessings and Miscellaneous Charms must be very brief. There were ceremonies and blessings for all the more important duties engaged in. When the cattle were sent to the sheilings in the early summer, there were Blessings suitable for the occasion. Specimens of these are given in the paper on "Old Hebridean Hymns," contributed by Mr A. A. Carmichael to Lord Napier's Report (Royal Commission, Highlands and Islands, 1883).

The Blessing of the Boats was a ceremony regularly observed in the Outer Islands; but the old Gaelic Blessings appear to be now forgotten. Bishop Carsewell gives a Boat Blessing (Modh Beandaighthe luinge ag dul diondsaidhe na fairrge) in his Gaelic translation of the Liturgy of John Knox; and the manner of Alexander Macdonald's "Beannachadh" of the *Birlinn* of Clan Ranald indicates that such Blessings were common in his time. In the Ritual of the Church of Rome there is a Blessing for a New Ship—"*Benedictio Novæ Navis*"—and this Blessing is regularly attended to in the Catholic parts of the Hebrides. The ceremony is quite a short one. The priest goes on board the new boat, says the *Benedictio*, and sprinkles the boat with Holy Water. This ceremony is repeated every time there is a change in the crew.

The Barra fishermen always carry a bottle of Holy Water in the prow of the boat, and a Blessed Candle in the cabin. When in danger they sprinkle themselves and boat with Holy Water, and, lighting the Blessed Candle in the cabin gather round it on

their knees and say their prayers. In throwing out the long lines and nets, they do so invoking the Three Persons of the Trinity.

According to Hibbert a somewhat similar practice prevailed among the ancient Shetlanders. A layman assuming the *rôle* of an ecclesiastic muttered certain religious Incantations over water. The element was then named "Forespoken Water," and boats were sprinkled with it, and limbs washed with it.

The fishing in Barra is annually inaugurated with religious services in the Church on St Bride's Day—*La Fheill Brighde;* and until six years ago the fishing banks were distributed among the various crews.[1] The ceremony of distributing the banks was carried on by means of casting lots, under the direction of the priest. As the people left the Church, they chanted one of their old Hymns :—

Athair, a Mhic, 's a Spioraid Naoimh,
Biodh an Tri-'n-Aon leinn a la' 's a dh-oidhch'.
Air chul nan tonn, no air thaobh nam beann
Biodh ar Mathair leinn, 's biodh a lamh mu'r ceann.

Translated—

O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
May the Three-in-One protect us night and day!
On the tossing billows or on the mountain,
May Mary's arm be our guard alway!

According to Hebridean tradition, a Celtic Saint blessed Barra with these words—"Toradh mara gu tìr a' Cuile Mhoire," implying that the produce of the ocean might be brought from the Virgin Mary's private store-room to the shore. The sea was regarded as the Virgin's Treasury, and when an unexpected haul of fish was landed, it was observed it came from *Cuile Mhoire*, or the secret store of the Virgin. Among boat names in Barra a noticeable one may be mentioned, viz., "Maris Stella." Then the devotional character of the Barra fisherman as he commences his vocation for the season is well depicted in the following beautiful hymn from Father Allan Macdonald's Collection?—

[1] A similar practice formerly prevailed in parts of Shetland. Edmonston, who published his "Zetland Islands" in 1809, informs us that the fishermen of the Island of Burra, to the west of Scalloway, "divide the range of the fishing ground; and the occupier of a farm has generally also a particular spot allotted to him on which he sets his lines."—*Vide* Vol. I., p. 234.

Dia 'bhith timchioll air an sgothaidh
  Mu'n imich i gu doimhneachd mara :
Slig' air linne dhuinn a treuntachd,
  Mur eil freasdal Dé ga faire.

Faiceamaid do shoillse, 'Mhoire,
  'Nuair tha stoirm is oidhche 'gleac ruinn ;
Gur a tusa "Reul na Mara,"[1]
  'S e faire 'n éiginnich do chleachdadh.

'Aingil ghil, dian thusa iùl duinn,
  'Threoraicheas ar siùbh'l feadh gharbh-thonn :
Sgiath do chùraim sgaoil mu'n cuairt duinn,
  'Nuair chinneas gruaim air gnùis na fairge.

Guidheamaid do thaic-sa, 'Pheadair,
  Gun thu 'leigeil beud 'n ar caramh :
Chuireadh muinntir cuain na d' fhreasdal,
  Teasruig sinn bho ascall mara.

Gur a buidhe dhuinn an cosnadh
  'Bha na h-Ostail fhein a' cleachdadh ;
'S minig bha Mac Dé na'n cuideachd
  'Cur an tuigse dhuinn a thlachd deth.

'Dhia, beannaich ar driamlach,
  'N lion, 's gach inneal-glacaidh 'th' againn ;
Iomain thuca mar is iomchaidh
  Spreidh 'tha 'g ionaltradh 's an aigeann.

Beannaich thusa dhuinn ar curachd,
  Cha'n urrainn nach tig cuibheas oirre ;
Gu'm meallamaid a' Bheannachd Bharrach—
  "Toradh mar' a Cuile Mhoire !"

'Nuair a's fheudar dhuinn 'bhi tilleadh
  Stiùir Thu cinnteach sinn gu cala.
Ma chuir Thu oirnne seach ar feuma
  Cha'n fhaicear leinn an déirceach falamh.

Na leig thugainn bàs le graide,
  Orduich Sagart 'bhi m'ar timchioll ;
Naomhaich le d' Ola 's le d' Chorp sinn,
  Mu'n teid anam bochd air iomrall.

[1] "Maris Stella."

In connection with these religious services in Barra, it may be mentioned that in some parts of Ireland the fishing season used to be commenced by saying Mass on the ocean. The late A. M. Sullivan describes this ceremony, as he witnessed it in his youth at Bantry Bay. He says :—

"Few sights could be more picturesque than the ceremony by which, in our bay, the fishing season was formally opened. Selecting an auspicious day, unusually calm and fine, the boats, from every creek and inlet for miles around, assembled at a given point, and then, in solemn procession, rowed out to sea, the leading boat carrying the priest of the district. Arrived at the distant fishing-ground, the clergyman vested himself, an altar was improvised on the stern-sheets, the attendant fleet drew around, and every head was bared and bowed while the Mass was said. I have seen this 'Mass on the ocean' when not a breeze stirred, and the tinkle of the little bell or the murmur of the priest's voice was the only sound that reached the ear; the blue hills of Bantry faint on the horizon behind us, and nothing nearer beyond than the American shore !"—(*New Ireland*).

There is a story told of a fisherman in one of the Western Islands, whose prayer before going to sea was of a somewhat different tone. He considered himself a very respectful man *(duine modhail)*, and addressed the Deity as *Sibhse* (You) instead of the customary *Thusa* (Thou). On one occasion when going to sea, danger was anticipated, and he prayed—

"Ud a Thighearna Dhia, Ruin, na 'm biodh Sibh cho math a's curam a ghabhail do Mhairi 's do Sheonaid ; ach a' Bhan-Diabhul, nighean Phara Mhic-a'-Phearsain, deanadh i a roghainn : bithidh fear eile aice ma 's bi mise ithte aig na partain !"

Translated—

"O Lord God, my Beloved, if You would be so good as to take the care of Mary and Jessie ; but that She-Devil, the daughter of Peter Macpherson, let her take her choice : she will have another husband before I am eaten by the crabs !"

Mary and Jessie were his daughters. Needless to say the "she-devil" was his wife.

CONCLUSION.

I feel that this paper has extended far beyond the limits usually allowed, and that no matter how interesting the subject may be in itself, I must now conclude. In doing so, I cannot adopt more fitting language than that used by the Hebridean peasant on finishing the labours of the day, and before retiring for night. When smooring the fire he says—

Smalaidh mise 'n nochd an teine,
Mar a smalas Mac Moire ;
Gu'm bu slan an tigh 's an teine,
Gu'm bu slan a' chuideachd uile.
Co bhios air an lar?
Peadar agus Pàl.
Co bhios air an fhaire nochd ?
Moire mhin-gheal 's a Mac.
Bial De a labhras,
Aingeal geal a db' innseas—
Aingeal an dorus an tighe,
Ga'r comhnadh 's ga'r gleidheadh
Gus an tig an solus geal a maireach.[1]

He then says the following *Altachadh Laidhe*, or Bed-going Prayer :—

Tha mise nochd a dol a laidhe—
Ma's a bas dhomh anns a' bhas chadail.[2]
Gu'm b' ann air deas laimh Dhe 'dhuisgeas mi.
A Righ na h-ola firinnich
Na diobair sinn bho d' mhuinntearas,
A liuthad lochd,
A rinn mo chorp,
'S nach fhaod mi nochd a chuimhneachadh,
Dia agus Moire agus Micheil,
Bhi leam bho mhullach mo chinn,
Gu traighean mo bhuinn.
Guidheam Peadar, guidheam Pol,
Guidheam Moire Oigh 's a Mac,
Guidheam an da Ostal deug,
Gu'n mi dhol eug gun 'ur leas.

[1] The peasants of Connemara have a somewhat similar "smooring" blessing. In *Siamsa an Gheimhridh*, at page 139, there is the following prayer :—

An Phaidir a deirtear aig coigilt na teinneadh roimh dul a chodladh.

Coiglim-se an teinne seo mar choigil Criost cáthach ;
Brighde faoi na bun agus Mac Muire in a lár ;
Na trí aingeala is mó cumhachd i g-cuirt na ngrás
A' cúmhdach 's a coimheid an tigh seo 's a muinntir airís go lá. Amen.

A version of the same *Paidir* from Cork is somewhat different—

Coiglim an teine so mar choigleann Criost cách,
Muire air dha cheann an tighe, a's Brighde in a lár,
Gach a bhfuil d'ainglibh 's de naomhaibh i gcathair na ngrás
Ag cosant 's ag coimead lucht an tighe seo go lá.

[2] In Ireland the expression "Bas cadalta na h-oidhche" is used.

On getting into bed he says the *Altachadh Leapa*, or Bed Prayer, as follows [1] :—

Laidhidh mi nochd
Le Moire 's le 'Mac ;
'S le Brighde fo brat,
Le Domhnach nam feart,
Le Mathair mo Righ
Ga m' dhion bho gach lot ;
Cha laidh mi leis an olc ;
Cha laidh an t-olc leam ;
Eiridh mi le Dia
Ma's ceadach le Dia leigeil leam,
Deas-làmh Dhia
Is Chriosta gun robh leam ;
Crois nan Naomh 's nan Aingeal leam,
Bho mhullach mo chinn
Gu traighean mo bhuinn
A chionn Dia agus Moire
A chuideachadh leam ;
A Righ, agus, a Mhoire ghloirmhor,
A Mhic na h-Oighe cubhraidh,
Saoir sinn bho phiantainean
'S bho thigh iosal dorcha duinte.
Dion ann a's as ar colunn
Ar n-anama bochda
A tha air fior chor-oisinn na firinn.
Guidheam Peadar, guidheam Pól,
Guidheam Moire Oigh 's a Mac,
Guidheam an da Ostal deug
Gu'n mi dhol eug gun 'ur leas.
M'anam a bhi air do laimh dheis a Thighearna ;
Bho 'n 's Tu a cheannaich e ;
Micheil Naomh a bhi 'n comhail m'anama
Nise agus aig uair mo bhais. Amen.

[1] The Irish have a similar prayer. I quote it also from the *Siamsa*, and is as follows :—

An Phaidir a deirtear 'nuair luigheas duine air a leabaidh.

Luigheam leat Iosa, agus go luidhidh tú liom ;
Ola Chriost air m' anam, Cré na n-Abstol os mo chionn.
A Athair a chruthaigh mé,
A Mhic a cheannaigh mé,
A Spioraid Naoimh a bheannaigh mé.
A Bhainrioghan na gile, a's a Bhainrioghan na h-òige,
Tog mé as na peacadhaibh agus cuir me air an eólas,
Agus cuir in mo chroidhe an aithrighe go silfead na deóra,
'S má tá sé i n-dán dam bás d' fhaghail roimh mhaidin,
I seilbh na glóre go raibh m' anam. Amen.

30th MARCH, 1892.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Mr Alex. Crerar and Mr James Macdonald, Kingussie; Mr Ewen Kennedy, Newtonmore; and Mr Alex. Fraser, Clerk, High Street, Inverness. The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr John Mackay, J.P., Hereford, entitled "Sutherland Place Names—Parishes of Kildonan and Reay." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF KILDONAN.

The general appearance of this parish, like many other parishes in the county, is mountainous. The most elevated mountain, Beinn-griam-Mor, has an altitude of 1934 feet above sea level. Several others on the confines of the parish attain to higher altitudes. Its inland boundary line is the water shed to the various rivers and streams flowing south, north, east, and westwards. Its lakes are numerous, forming reservoirs for its principal river, the Iligh, or as natives sometimes pronounce it, Uillie, into which all the minor rivers and streams fall, frequently causing it to be subject to inundations, and generally to have a fuller quantity of water in it for more months in the year than many other rivers, thus affording, with the numerous lakes connected with it, the best trout angling anywhere. The "Iligh" river, following its sinuosities, has a length of considerably over 30 miles, and in that distance has only a fall of 770 feet.

The valley of the "Iligh," or Kildonan Strath, comprises the chief arable land of the parish. Into its upper portions a number of small glens run down from the higher grounds, giving the whole district a configuration somewhat resembling the form of a tree, of which the strath forms the trunk, and the converging glens, the branches.

The area of the parish is 138,407 acres, of which 169 are foreshore and 3922 water. The predominant rocks are granite, sylite, and gneiss. In 1869 gold was discovered in the Suisgill Burn, about a mile above Kildonan, by a gold-digger returned from Australia, causing great commotion, and attracting a number of people to the spot. For a short time the gold-seekers were sucessful, but when the alluvial area of the Suisgill Burn was turned over, and washed by the diggers, the "find" of gold fell off, and farther operations abandoned without effectually trying whence the small nuggets found had come. Many years ago a nugget found here was presented to the Countess of Sutherland, made into a ring of

massive size, which is now in the possession of the present Duke. The value of the gold found in 1869-70 has been estimated as high as £10,000.

The soil of the Strath is light and fertile. The present Duke of Sutherland, who is sole proprietor, reclaimed hundreds of acres on the hill flanks of the Strath, at Kinbrace and Achintoul, 400 and 500 feet above sea level, for the purpose of providing home wintering for his sheep farms, but the costly operations have not been attended with the anticipated success.

The whole of the native population of this parish concentrated in Stra'-Iligh, and in the converging glens, was displaced, in fact evicted and expelled from their homes, from 1811 to 1819 for the wanton purpose of forming the whole extent into huge sheep farms. Those of the population unable to emigrate to America, the only home of colony refuge then in vogue, were located in small plots of land of 2 to 3 acres on the hill flanks near the coast, about Helmsdale and Portgower, to be reclaimed as best they might, and livelihood obtained from the then supposed El-Dorado of the sea. The result of this harsh proceeding was that a population of 1574 in 1811 dwindled to 237 in 1821, when a few years thereafter Helmsdale, which previously formed part of the parish of Loth, was annexed to Kildonan to equalise the population of both, and obliterate the disparity caused by the ill-advised and cruel evictions.

There are still remaining in the Strath of Kildonan numerous indications of a large population in very remote times, if Pictish towers, tumuli, and hut circles be one, and in more recent days, the "Kils" or "Cells" of the Christian missionaries be another. At Kilpheder are two so-called Pictish towers, one on each side of the Iligh, said to be connected by an underground passage built in masonry, and all round them cairns, tumuli, and hut circles. At Kilearnan, further up the river, are other two similarly connected and surrounded. At Kildonan and Learable are ancient burial places and many tumuli; at Suisgill, a Pictish tower, and another in Strath Free, with the usual surroundings of cairns, tumuli, and hut circles. At Kinbrace some more of the same description. These surely indicate centres and locations of the population in prehistoric times. The "Kils" or "Cells," chapels of the Christian missionaries, indicate the same fact in more recent days, such as Kilpheder, Kildonan, Kilearnan, Kilmuir, and Kil-ninian, all of them established by the Culdee monks before, and after, Columba's time, or dedicated to their memory.

The parish, when ecclesiastically formed, took its name from the principal church situated in the middle of the Strath, founded

there by the Culdee missionary, Donan, or one of his followers about the sixth century. In connection with this Culdee apostle, Mr Skene, in his chronicles of the Picts and Scots, gives a tragical account of the martyrdom of Donan and fifty of his "muinnter" or followers, by a band of pirates in the Island of Eigg in 617. Probably enough these pirates were Scandinavians roaming in quest of plunder years before they attempted settlements in the islands, or on the mainland. It has been said that the Scandinavians had been incited to this course of action by the Druid priests who sought refuge in Norway from the North of Scotland and the Orkneys, on account of the persecutions raised against them by the missionaries of the new religion, in the hope of extirpating these missionaries and regaining their own lost influence. Be that as it may, the Norsemen, very soon after their plundering expeditions, began to form permanent settlements in the Hebrides and Sudereys, and upon the coasts of Caithness, and finding their way into Sutherland by land and sea, gradually penetrated into the heights of Kildonan, taking possession, subjecting the natives or driving them into the interior glens. Their footprints still remain in Kildonan parish. The Orkneyinga Saga, and Torfaeus, relate about the middle of the 12th century that these redoubtable invaders held full control in Caithness and on the coasts of Sutherland, as at that time even a Lady, Frakark, was one exercising great influence in both counties, and had a seat at Kinbrace, on the Hial mundal (Helmsdale), the daughter of a wealthy man living at Bighouse on the North Coast. This lady and her sister Helga were veritable amazons. Frakark was the mother of another virago, a Countess of Athole. Native tradition points out the ruins of Frakark's seat at Kinbrace. The Saga corroborates it, and records a tragical tale in connection with it. At this very time there lived at "Lambaburg," now Freswick, a remarkable man, celebrated as a pirate of the first class, named Swein Asleifson (son of Asleif who was his mother); brave, astute, and of great strength, he had possessions in Caithness and the Orkneys, and strongholds in both to which he carried his booty, and made merry all the winter with his retainers and followers. He made two expeditions every year. When absent he left one of his chief men in care of each castle. The Lady Frakark conceived some grudge against Swein. She instigated one of her henchmen to assassinate Swein's man in Freswick, who made himself obnoxious to her. The deed was done. Swein on his return was informed of all that had taken place. He was intensely grieved at the loss of his man, he concealed his anger, but silently

vowed revenge. He knew Frakark's power and influential position. He passed over to the Orkneys to lay his complaint before Earl Rognvald, the lord superior of the Orkneys and Katenes, and represent to him the perfidious act committed by Frakark, in fomenting quarrels and instigating assassinations. The Earl, desirous of allaying Swein's anger, represented to him that Frakark was very influential, and having so many followers it was much better to let her alone and overlook what had been done, that he himself was very adverse to fresh feuds being kindled, which would have very bad results. Swein listened to all that the Earl advanced, but did not seem satisfied. The Earl at last offered him ransom for the loss of his man and assistance for his next expedition, on condition that Frakark should not be molested. Swein feigned compliance. A great feast was made to ratify the agreement. Next summer Swein asked the Earl for two ships, and on the Earl asking him where he intended going, he told him to the coast of Scotland. He obtained the ships and sailed away. He made for the Moray Firth, but sailed up the Ekkials-bakki (Oykel), landed the greater part of the men, sent the rest with the ships to meet him at Freswick. He at once procured guides, and struck into the centre of Sutherland, then, turning to his right, came down Strath Free in the twilight and near Kinbrace surprised Frakark's sentinels, overcame all opposition, took and burnt the Castle with herself, her sister Helga, and all who took refuge in it, laid it in ruins, plundered all round, and made off to Freswick with a large booty. The ruins of this castle are still to be seen near Kinbrace, and still called "Carn Sùine" (Swein's Cairn).

A younger brother of this celebrated pirate and vikingr, named Gunni, is said to have been the progenitor of the Clan Gunn, as bold and resolute a race of men as any in the Highlands, worthy of their Norse origin. Gunni and his sons acquired considerable possessions and great influence in Caithness on the decline of Norse supremacy, which they maintained for several generations, till the Keiths came into the country on the demise of Ronald Cheyne, whose daughter a Keith had married. The territories of the Keiths and Gunns adjoined. Feuds soon commenced between them, and were carried on with varying success. In 1438 the Keiths, obtaining the aid of the Mackays, who were ever ready for a fray or a foray, overthrew the Gunns in a bloody conflict on the Moor of Tannach, three miles from Wick, yet the feud still continued for many years, each striving to inflict as much loss as possible on the other. In 1464, wearied with these incessant broils, the Keith, says a Sutherland tradition, came one evening

to the Gunn's residence, blew his horn, and demanded hospitality. He was invited in and nobly entertained, the Gunn telling him he was perfectly safe under his roof, notwithstanding the difference between them. The Keith noticing twelve fine-looking stalwart men round the Gunn's table, asked who they were; he was told by the Cruner Mor Gunn that they were his sons, and equal to any other twelve men in Caithness. Before they parted it was agreed between the two chiefs that they should meet at a certain place on a day agreed upon, on horseback, accompanied by their twelve sons also on horseback, to arrange all disputes between them peaceably, or failing so desirable a termination, to decide it with the sword. The day arrived, the Gunns, father and sons, were the first to arrive. The Keiths soon after came in sight, but on approaching nearer, the Gunns perceived that the Keiths had two men on each horse. They at once suspected the Keiths were not on a peaceful meeting bent, but they determined to stand their ground. No sooner had they met than swords were drawn, and a furious conflict began. Numbers prevailed. The Cruner Mor Gunn and seven of his sons were slain. The Keiths suffered severely, and after their victory retired to Dirlet, then held by the "Ridear Dearg," a relation of the Earl of Sutherland, who entertained them hospitably, and attended to their wounded. The defeated Gunns retired some distance from the field, and watched the direction taken by the Keiths. Three of the unwounded Gunns followed them, and at night came to Dirlet. Through an open window Henry, the youngest son of the Cruner Mor, saw the Keiths regaling themselves. He at once drew his bow and sent an arrow straight into the breast of the Keith, exclaiming as he so did, "Iomacharag na Guinnich gu Kaigh" (the Gunns' compliments to the Keiths). The Keiths rushed to the door, the Gunns planted themselves on each side of it and slew several of them as they came out, but James, the eldest son of the Gunn, dissuaded his other two brothers from continuing the fight, and drew away in the dark. The younger brother Henry, who killed the Keith, enraged at James for drawing away, upbraided him for his cowardice in giving up a combat so favourable to a few in the darkness of night. This led to other differences, which induced James to remove from Caithness to Kildonan. From this James, the Chief of the Gunns, acquired the patronymic of Mac Hamish (son of James), while the Caithness Gunns altered their names to Robson, Williamson, Henryson (Henderson).

Settled in Kildonan in the early part of the 16th century, the Gunns became, under the Earl of Sutherland, Wardens of the

Marches, a very risky title, but they proved themselves equal to the risk and the danger. Such a resolute race inured to fight, feud, and foray, provoked assaults as well as repelled them. Raids and conflicts became continuous. They raided on the Mackays, the Mackays upon them. When the foray was made into Sutherland the Gunns were ready to aid in repelling them. When it was a Sinclair invasion of Sutherland, the Gunns were first to give warning and meet the enemy. In 1586, with the aid of a party of the Mackays, they inflicted a severe defeat upon the Sinclairs on the confines of Caithness. It became notable, whichever side the Mackays were on, won the victory. After the Mackay Chief married the sister of the Earl of Sutherland, in 1589, the Sinclairs declined in power, and the expulsion of the Gunns from Caithness followed. Yet it was not till the first Lord Reay became Chief of the Clan, in 1614, that Sutherland and Caithness in some fashion settled mutual difference, to break out again by the artifices of Sir Robert Gordon, who seemed determinedly bent upon humbling the Sinclair Earls, and elevating the Sutherlands. He played artfully with his nephew, Lord Reay, till he despoiled him of a third of the possessions left to him by his father.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Ben-griam-mor—G., grim, grimeach, barren, rugged, the big barren or rugged mountain; the adjective, mor, applies more specially to its greater extent of base, than to its greater altitude above its near neighbour, Ben-griam-beg. An old Gaelic word, griama, signifying lichen, suits the pronunciation (grime). I am not aware that lichen grows upon it. The word *griam* may probably be Norse, from grim, grima, hood, or mask, which would be applicable enough in reference to its being frequently mist capped, then the definition would be the "big mist capped mountain," 1936 feet.

Ben-griam-beg—G. or N., the little mist capped, or mist hooded mountain, 1903 feet; it has a less area of base; griam may mean gloom, from gruaim, gloom, dark, sullen, cloudy. One who knows these mountains well states, "In cloudy weather it is interesting to watch how, when a cloud wraps one in its passage, the other also soon puts on its mourning robe, as if from sheer sympathy. They would, to the poetic imagination of the Celt, appear like two mourners, and hence 'An da bheinn-ghruaim,' the two mountains of gloom or clouds." The Norse signification given presents the same aspect.

Ben-Armuinn—G., beinn-oir-na-minn; oir, limit, or border; minn, kids, the mountain of the limit or border of the kids, where kids could go no higher; Ir., oir, Corn; oir, limit, W. or Gr., or-os, and our-a, limit, 2250 feet high.

Cnoc-na-maoile—G., maoile, baldness, the bald hill, 1315 feet, in reference to its bare and smooth summit.

Cnoc-an-leat-mhor—G., cnoc-an-leathad-mhor; leathad, side of a hill, hill of the big side, 1423 feet.

Cnoc-na-bo-riabhaich—G., hill of the brindled cow, 1194 feet.

Cnoc-na-fliuchary—G., fliuch, wet; and airidh, sheiling, hill of the wet sheiling, 1065 feet.

Cnoc-na-gear—G., cnoc-nan-gearr, hill of the hares, 1500 feet.

Cnoc-an-eireanaich—G., hill of the Irishman; tradition states, an Irishman, or one presumed to be Irish, had perished on this hill; more probably it is Cnoc-an-eibhrionaich, hill of the gelded goats, 1698 feet high.

Cnoc-na-fiadha—G., hill of the deer, 1273 feet high.

Meall-a-bhealaich—G., the lumpy hill at the pass, or defile, 1105 feet; bealach, a pass, ; W., bwlch, a defile.

Tor-n -gour—G., gabhair, goat, or goats; pro., in Sutherland, gour, the goat hill, 973 feet high.

LAKE NAMES.

Loch-ascaig—O. G., ascaig; escaig, dim. of asc; esc, little stream or small brook, lake of the small stream; asc, esc, esk, ask, are British and Old Gaelic terms; Modern Gaelic, uisge, water; W., wysg, stream, current; Corn, isg. It appears to have been as common with the Caledonian Picts to apply uisge, asc, esc, to rivers as it was with the Britons. In England these words have been preserved in ax, ex, ox, as prefixes. There are several place names in Sutherland, situated on small streams, ending with "seaig," contractions for asc-aig, esc-aig, as in native pronunciation Aberscaig, Shiberscaig, Overscaig, now corrupted to Aberscross, Shiberscross. Such place names appear to be remnants of the Caledonian Pictish dialect.

Loch-na-Cuin—G., cuithean, snow wreaths, lake of the snow wreaths.

Loch-a-chlàr—G., clàr, plain, flat, lake in the plain, or flat land.

Loch Altanearn—G., Alltan-an-fhearna, lake of the small stream flanked with alder woods.

Loch-bad-an-loch—G., bad-an-loch, thicket of, or, in the lake. A small peninsula juts into this lake, upon which is a thicket, or

clump of shaggy birchwood; bad, a thicket or clump of trees, is the initial syllable of many place names in Sutherland and other Highland counties where a house or hamlet is near it. Here up to 1812 was a large hamlet. See Place Names. This lake is the largest in the parish. On each side of this beautiful expanse of water rise lofty mountains—Ben-Chlibric in the west, Ben-Armuinn on the south, Ben-Griam on the north-east, and in the distance to the north-west is seen Ben-Loyal, blue on the horizon, with its serrated ridge and cliffy sides.

Loch-na-mon—G., moine, peats, peatmoss, lake of the peat-moss.

Loch-an-Abb—G., abba, abbot, the Abbot's lake. See Kildonan.

Loch Traderscaig—O.G., truid, stripe, battle, *air* ou, and, *scaig* contraction for escaig, dim. of esc., small stream. Truderscaig and Halmadary adjoining, were extensive hill grazings at the back of Ben Armuinn on the confines of Strathnavar and Kildonan. No doubt many a conflict took place around this lake between the natives and the Norse reivers, and, more recently, between the Aberach Mackays, to whom these grazings belonged, and the Kildonan and Caithness "cattle lifters," hence the appellation, lake of the strife on the little stream. Truderscaig and Halmadary frequently appear in Mackay Charters.

Loch-leam-a-chlamhan—G., leam, leap, spring, bound, and clamhan, kite, buzzard, vulture, lake of the leap of the vulture. This lake is situated between the Griam-Mor and Griam-Beag mountains, the leap applies to the flight of the vulture across the lake from one side to the other. Its banks are noted as the scenes of a severe conflict between the Strathnaver Mackays and the Sutherlands and Gunns. The Mackays had made a raid into Kildonan and carried away a lot of cattle. They were overtaken by a strong body of the Sutherland men under the command of the redoubtable Mac Hamish, Chief of the Gunns in Kildonan. The Mackays had enough to do to hold their own and secure the spoil. The cattle were sent on while the rest of the party faced their infuriated pursuers. The Mackays boldly faced the onset and were severely handled, losing many of their best men, and were ultimately forced to retire through "Bealach nan Creach" (pass of the spoils). Coming to an advantageous position they turned on their pursuers, and when the action was again about to commence, a party of the Abrach Mackays made their appearance on the scene, when the Sutherlands and Gunns were compelled to retreat faster than they advanced, and were in turn pursued

through Bealach nan Creach, losing the greater part of their force. The spoil being thus secured, it was taken to Achness the same evening and placed in the fold, to which there was no door or gate, but a sentry was placed in the doorway to keep the cattle in. Among the cattle was a big fierce bull, which did not at all relish being in confinement, he became very unmanageable, and seemed to resent his being taken away from his native pasture. The bull constantly eyed the opening by which he had been driven in. He roared and pawed the ground, and, at last, charging the sentry, gored and killed him. The way being now clear, the bull made off, followed by the whole of the cattle, and before morning were back to their own favourite pasturage.

RIVER NAMES.

Alt-ach-na-h-uai—G., stream of the field of the graves. Here was a meeting house, or place of worship, of a very primitive style of architecture. It was built of alternate layers of stone and turf, the roof made of birch couples, birch purlins, birch rafters, and covered with birch brushwood and divots, overlaid with a thin layer of straw kept on by heather ropes. The seats were of bog fir. Round about it was the burying-place. Till 1812 it was the centre of a numerous population—Gunns and Gordons, Sutherlands and Mackays, lusty, hardy, brave men.

Alt-garv-mor—G., Allt-garbh-mor, the big, rough, and rapid stream.

Alt-garv-beag—G., the small rough stream ; garbh, applied to rivers and streams, implies rapidity as well as roughness. The Garonne (garbh-amhuinn) in the south of France is both rapid and rough in its course. Here is a footprint of the Celtic language in the south of Europe—All river names in France the terminal letters of which are *ne*, are of Celtic origin, Rhone, Rhine, Marne, Seine, and are simply contractions in pronunciation.

Altaridh-dhaimh—G., stream of the deer grazing.

Alt-chinbrace—G., allt, stream ; chin, gen. of ceann, end or head ; and phris gen. plural of preas, a bush ; pris, bushes. See place names.

Free—G., frith, forest, hill sides, deer forest ; this river rises in a district once the resort of deer, six miles westward of the Iligh, into which it falls near Kinbrace. The little Strath, formed by the flow of the Frith, is said to have been well wooded in ancient times. In the Sagas recording the deeds of the Norsemen in Kateness, it is stated that when Sweine, as previously mentioned, made his onslaught on the Lady Frakark in Kinbrace, some of

her men took refuge in the adjoining woods, and concealing themselves in them, escaped slaughter. The tragic event occurred about 1150. No woods exist now in Strath Free nor near Kinbrace, though a great deal of moss fir used to be dug up in the mosses on the flank of this little valley previous to the eviction year of 1812. Probably wood was the fuel used previous to peat. It is recorded in the Sagas that one of the Orkney Earls was called "Torf Einar," from having shown the natives that turf made good fuel, signifying Einar, the turf man.

Iligh—O.G., pro. illie and uillie, signifies plenty or abundance of water; cognate with lighe, flood, still a common term in Sutherland for full water in a river or stream. There is a Welsh word, llif, flood, pro. thliv, the double l, pro. like th and single f, like v in English. This British word seems to be the same as the Caledonian one, lighe, and is another instance of the affinity between the two dialects of the Celtic language. Many such instances are apparent to the student of both. The cause of the abundance of water in this river has been previously described. The parish is sometimes still spoken of as Sgire Iligh, and the valley as Stra-Illie. The township at its mouth is still known in Gaelic as Bun-illie, the lower part or mouth of the Iligh. The river is no doubt the "Ile-a" of Ptolemy, and the "Ila" of Richard of Cirencester. It is also the Hjalmundal of the Norse Sagas, though Hjalmundal refers more particularly to the mouth of the river, where the Norsemen landed and found a village existing then as now. See place names. The words Iligh, lighe, may be accepted as remnants of the Pictish Gaelic, of which there are many in Sutherland Pits, Pets, *nidh*, the latter the "gwy" of the British or Welsh.

Tuarie—G., tuath, north, and ruith, or ruigh, slope, the trend of the river and its acclivities northwards, tuath-ruigh, northward trend from the Iligh into which it falls. W., rhiw, slope at a hill foot, common in Welsh topography. In Sutherland it is quite as common, and still preserved in the old form, Rhi (in place names), as the Cymry have it. Reidh is a plain, frequently confounded with Ruigh, slope, trend, declivity or acclivity as the position of the observer may be. There are several other rivers in this parish named after the township by which they flow. We shall find them in place names.

PLACE NAMES.

Ach-an-eccan—G., achadh-an-fhaicinn, the field of observation, from the fact that from this place a view is obtained north, east, south, west, points of danger in raiding times, up and down Strath Illigh, eastwards towards Caithness, west towards the much dreaded Mackays.

Ach-in-dun—G., achadh-an-duin, the field of the mound, or tower; there are here the ruins of a Pictish tower.

Ach-na-Moine—G., field of the peat moss, hamlet, and river names.

Ach-rimistal—G. and N., achadh, and raumsdal, name given by Norwegians who settled here from Raumsdal in Norway, being there to this day a district and river name.

Ach-rintle—G., achadh, raoin-an-t-sabhail, the field in the plain of the barn.

Ach-in-toul—G., achadh-an-t-sabhail, the barn field.

Ach-hemisgach—G., achadh sheamais-gaothach, James' windy or wind exposed field. At the upper end of this plot of land is a rock with the form of a cross engraved upon it. The name of the adjoining wood is Coille Cill-mhuire, the wood of Mary's cell, a place of great sanctity, and a sanctuary in the pre-Reformation times.

Ach-an-t-shamradh—G., the summer, or pleasant field. On this spot can still be seen the foundation of a Highland cottage, once the abode of "Donald Direach," "Donald the straight or just," one of the most eminent of the "men" of Sutherland, 1740 to 1768, a race of men useful in their day, now dying out.

Ach-na-nighean—G., the field of the maidens. A weird legend is connected with this field. Here, for many years, lived and worked the only blacksmith in the parish. Near the smithy is the only entrance to one of those singular subterranean passages to be found in the northern districts of Scotland. This passage is a most remarkable one. The entrance is built upon each side of solid masonry, and finished at top by a huge stone lintel which not twenty men of modern days could raise a foot from the ground. The doorway is half filled with rubbish. A few yards further in the interior is a sort of chamber wider than the entrance by five feet; further progress is stopped by the falling in of the roof, which is quite apparent by a deep hollow on the surface outside. The passage is continued towards the river Iligh, in a north-westerly direction, and carried under the river, as has been ascertained by the removal of a few flags close by the river bank, where the passage was discovered 400 yards from the entrance. Also on a woody eminence is the township of Liriball, and, according to tradition, at this place the passage terminates. The following legendary tale is told in connection with this passage:—

Two calves browsing on the field near the eastern entrance began to skip about and chase each other, until at last the one after the other ran in at the opening, and there being then no

obstruction, the calves pursued their way inside. Their entrance into the cave was noticed by two girls engaged in looking after the cattle, and they both at once rushed after the calves to take them back. The girls kept together till they had got to nearly the middle of the passage, when the foremost in pursuit, along with the calves, suddenly disappeared and were never more heard of. The other girl, horror struck, went on groping her way in the darkness until she found her further progress prevented by the termination of the passage. Feeling about with her hands she found that she was in a chamber of considerable size, but low and roofed with flags. About the middle of the roof she found that one flag was more moveable by the pressure of her hand ; she also heard the sound of voices above her. Exerting all her strength to raise the loose flag, she at the same time screamed for help. As the story goes, this subterranean chamber was situated precisely under the hearth of one of the tenants of Liriball, who at the time the cry was uttered and the hearth stone disturbed, was with his wife and family quietly seated at the fireside. The cry from below and the earthquake movement came upon the man and his family like a thunder clap. At once concluding it was a visit from the spirits of the deep, they all started up, and in answer to the poor, desperate girl's cries for help, they only uttered a roar of terror and bolted from the house. The poor girl, desperate with fear and animated with love of life and freedom from such a dreadful adventure, at last succeeded in raising the hearth stone and placing herself by the fireside. To the inmates of the house, after their fears had subsided so far as to allow them to address her, she gave an account of her adventures. Her lost companion, it is said, was the daughter of a witch, who in an evil hour had promised her daughter to the devil. Under the semblance of the two calves the Evil One had come to claim his own. The place was, in memory of the event, called Achadh-na-nighean, maiden's field. (Sage's Memorabilia.)

Ach-bhataich—G., the field of the sticks ; sylvan, woody, where sticks were wont to be cut.

Ach-chroidh-bhothain—G., the field of the cattle booths, or shelters.

Am-bagh-mor—G., the big bay, a bend in the Iligh river noted for angling.

Athan-preas-na-suidheig—G., the ford of the raspberry bushes.

Bad-na-h-achlais—G., literally the tuft of the arm pit, in reference to its conformation and aspect. Here are two tumuli resembling graves, and close to them are other two called Tullach mor and Tullach beag, signifying the big and little hillocks.

Badenloch—G., bad-an-loch, mentioned in lake names. On the north side of this lake and facing the mid-day sun was a larger township, with numerous tenants, occupying the arable land, about 5 acres each, on the runrig principle, and any quantity of hill pasture in common, rearing great herds of black cattle, ponies, sheep, and goats. Bad is applied to hamlets which were near clumps of shaggy birch woods. On the other side of this lake was another hamlet called Breac-achadh, the speckled field.

Bad-fliuch—G., the wet hamlet, or the hamlet contiguous to a clump of wood surrounded by marshes.

Bad-an-t-sheobhag—G., hamlet at the hawk's thicket.

Borrobol—N., barr, barley, and bol, township, the barley township; barr is the root of the English word barley, the Scottish, bear; G., bàr, crop; Welsh, bara, bread; Heb., Chal. Syr.; bar, son; Scot., bairn, child; cognate is the Lat. par-io, beget, Here was one of those ancient corn mills called Muillinn-ton-ri-lar. of which there were several in Sutherland, so called from its water wheel being horizontal, in the shape of the modern turbine, common to this day in Shetland. It is a very interesting fact that this form of mill was common all over Britain and Ireland and the north of Europe, was found in Syria and Persia, superseding the hand quern, a more primitive instrument. See Pro. of Soc. Ant. Scot., 1885.

Bal-bhealaich—G., baile-a-bhealaich, township at the pass.

Bealach-na-creach—G., pass of the spoils, mentioned previously.

Blairmore—G., blar-mor, an extensive morass.

Carn—Written in charters, Cayen, a township near Helmsdale situated at a sharp turn of the Iligh river. It may be O. G. càin still water, or cuinne; angle; W., cyn, a wedge.

Carn-laggie—G., carn, and lagan, small hollow, the cairn of the small hollow.

Ceann-à-bhaid—G., the end of the clump of wood.

Cnoc-phin—G., cnoc-fionn, the fair hill.

Coire-an-lon—G., the corrie at the meadow.

Corrish, Corruis—G., coire-an-innis, the corrie at the grazing field.

Craggie—G., creagaich, rocky place.

Creag-an-rath—G., the rock of the fort. On the summit of this hill may be still seen the foundations of many enclosures running into each other, covering a large area and exhibiting the appearance of an encampment. Many conflicts took place here between the Sutherlands and the Sinclairs about the beginning of the 17th century.

Costly—N., Kosta and lé, good mowing land; Eng., lea.

Dalmore, Dalbeg—G., the big, the small meadow; W, dol, a meadow bounded by a river; N., dalr, a meadow; Corn. and Arm., dol; Ir., dail; G., dail.

Dalcharn—G., meadow of the cairn.

Dal-halmy—G., dail-a-chalmaidh, meadow of the hero.

Dalial—N., daela, a small dale.

Duible—Diobal, old form in charters Daypull, Dowebull, Dwebul; N. dybol, from dy, bog, and böl, township, the bog-township, or township at the bog. Close to it is a bog or pool of water formed by the rills that rush down to it from the braes above it.

Eldrable, Eildirebail—N., eldr, beacon, balefire, and böl, township, the township of the beacon fire. The hill at the back of this township, 2 miles above Helmsdale, is 1338 feet high. It overlooks the sea, a fit place for a beacon fire. The Norsemen would call it the beacon hill. This hill gave its name to the township; old form in charters, Alterball. This hamlet is a romantic spot situated on an eminence 50 feet above the Iligh river, and well wooded. On this spot the sun in winter is never seen owing to the height of the hill. It has therefore been called "an taobh dorcha" (the dark side).

Feuranaich—G., grassy

Fliuchary—G., fliuch-airidh, the wet sheiling.

Gearnsary—N. and G., hired pasture, pasture upon which cattle are taken at so much a head for the season.

Gradsary—N. and G., gorod, grad, old form of Scandinavian for the ruins of any building, and airidh, the pasture round the ruins.

Griamachary, Griamachdary—G., griamach, rugged, and airidh, sheiling, pasture; the rugged sheiling. Here the Mackay and Sutherlands, when allies, had assembled often to invade Caithness. In 1601 there was a great gathering of them here for that purpose. The Sinclairs were in great force to meet them. The Earl of Sutherland, being a young man and unused to war, was unwilling to risk a battle. The Mackay Chief, "Huistean du-na-tuagh" (swarthy Hugh of the battle axe), and the Gunn Chief counselled the Earl that it was necessary for him, for his own credit, to attack the Sinclairs. The Earl took a medium course, sent a messenger to the Earl of Caithness, to the effect that if he remained in his encampment till next morning he would be attacked. In the morning the Earl advanced, the Mackays in front, the Gunns on the flank. On arriving in sight of

the Sinclair encampment, they were seen marching away. The Gunns pursued for some distance and killed some stragglers. Arriving at the encampment the Sutherlands and Mackays found there was no fighting to be done, but to commemorate the event, they raised a cairn and called it Carn-an-teichidh, the cairn of the flight.

Gailval—G., township of the strangers; old form, Gylsbal.

Halgary—G., Helga, sister of Frakark, and airidh sheiling, Helga's sheiling.

Helmsdale (east and west of the Iligh)—N., Hjalmundal hjalli, shelf, terrace on a mountain side; munn, mouth, and dalr, dale, terrace of the mountain at the mouth of the dale; very applicable to the aspect of the place from the sea.

Innis-mor—G., innis, pasture, the big pasture land.

Kildonan—G., the cell of Donan. This place name is variously written in charters Kilduranach, in Bishop Gilbert's charters, circa 1225. The bishop, a Moray man, no doubt knew the Gaelic of the day. It is said that Duranach meant dark, sullen, frightful. It would appear that St Donan was the first Christian missionary who came into the district and acted the priest and the magistrate. In this cell he instructed the people, and lower down the Strath was his seat of justice—three large blocks of stone in the form of a seat or chair, called "Cathair Dhonain." After Donan's departure and demise, none could be found to fill his place with the same moral influence. His successor therefore took a block of wood shaped to resemble Donan, but with features of countenance hideous and frightful. Anyone proving refractory was placed in St Donan's cell, with this picture of the saint facing him, during the darkness and silence of night, and the consequence was that when brought forth next day from his confinement he was invariably reduced to absolute obedience, hence the name "Duranach," which for a time applied not only to the cell but to the district surrounding, till it was eventually styled Kil-donan, the cell of Donan. It is situated in a pretty part of the Strath. It would appear from this that Monks, then and after, had an eye to beauty of situation for their places of worship. Here was an Abbacy, the ruins of which are still to be seen, and called Tigh-an Abba. When the Chapter of the Diocese was formed by Bishop Gilbert Moray, the Abbot of Scone was one of the Canons, and the church of Kildonan—or as it was called in the charter, "Kil-duranach"—was assigned to him as the sphere of his pastoral duty, provided that, when absent, a vicar should officiate in his place. The Abbot of Scone had charge of the parish till 1684.

Beside the manse is a chain of heather covered knolls in close succession, varying in shape and elevation, one of these 20 yards from the manse is 60 feet high, and 90 feet in circumference. The top of it was bared some years ago, and found to consist of a huge pile of stones. These tumuli were ancient sepulchres in which reposed the ashes of those mighty men of renown in their day, who fought and worked in the world many centuries ago. There is a standing stone to the west of these tumuli having a rude form of cross cut into one side of it. It is called "Clach-an-eig" (the stone of death). There was a local tradition that a bloody battle was fought here between the Norsemen and the natives, in which the former, by Sutherland tradition, were defeated, and their leader was slain and buried in the knoll above described. Another knoll further west is called "Tor-na-croich" (the knoll of the gallows), from two cattle lifters being hanged by order of the Earl of Sutherland, and the spot where they were apprehended is called "Clais-na-Meirlaich," or the dell of the thieves.

Kil-earnan—G., cell of St Earnan, a missionary Culdee monk, who had come to evangelise the people. Near it is Cnoc Earnan. This was an extensive township. When the Gunns came into Sutherland from Caithness, in the early part of the 16th century, this place was the seat of their chiefs, the redoubtable "Mac-Hamishes" (sons of James), and it may be said of them to their credit in those times and now, they were like the Arabs "true to their friends, worse to their foes."

Kilpheder—G., cell of Peter, a Culdee monk of that name, or more probably, a place of worship dedicated to the great apostle. This is a beautiful spot, interesting not only for the romantic scenery all round it, but for its historical associations in relation to county history. Here lived the Kilpheder Sutherlands, men notable in their day for stature and physical strength, the descendants of a son of the 8th Earl of Sutherland, and a daughter of the Mackay Chief, "Iye Roy" (Red Hugh), the last of whom died in Edinburgh some fifty years ago, enjoying a pension bestowed upon him by the first Duchess of Sutherland, after her succession to the title and estates was disputed in the famous law case of last century, and decided in her favour by the House of Lords. This gentleman was the real heir according to Celtic law; he was not a competitor, yet, failing to establish her case, this gentleman was to be brought forward as being in more direct succession than either herself or her competitors. He was a direct descendant of Alexander Sutherland, son of the 8th Earl John, by a second marriage

with a daughter of Ross of Balnagown. Earl John, by his first marriage, had a son, John, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Adam Gordon of Aboyne, second son of the Earl of Huntly. This son, John, succeeded to the title and estates in 1508. Huntly was the King's Sheriff. Young Earl John was pliant and unsuspecting. He gave Adam Gordon, his brother-in-law, full control over his affairs. Fired with the prospect of succeeding to the title in right of his wife, Adam Gordon and his brother, the Earl of Huntly, the Chancellor of Scotland, set to work to accomplish their designs. "The young Earl," says Sir R. Gordon, "was decerned an idiot, and having never married, the succession of the Earldom came whole and entire to them," that is to Earl Adam Gordon and his wife, Elizabeth Sutherland. But the younger brother, Alexander, had to be dealt with; he was inveigled to Strathbogie, and upon consideration given, was made to acquiesce in this settlement. He repented, says Sir Robert, and returned to Sutherland. The Gordons were detested by the other clans in Sutherland, Alexander's return caused great commotion among them. He, for greater security, sought shelter with the Mackay Chief, Iye Roy (Red Hugh), and married his second daughter. The Mackays espoused his cause, and Adam Gordon, with his household and followers, were compelled to retire to Aboyne. Alexander took possession of Dunrobin, and, feeling himself secure, dismissed his forces. Assisted by Huntly, Adam Gordon suddenly appeared in Sutherland with a larger force, surprised Alexander, who in the conflict that ensued was killed, and Adam Gordon regained possession. This Alexander was the progenitor of the notable Kilpheder Sutherlands.

"At the east end of Kilpheder," says Mr Sage, "the foundations of a house may still be seen, in which the stones are remarkable for their immense size. It is difficult to conceive how they could be placed without mechanical appliances. Here it is said Alexander Sutherland, slain in the above conflict, once resided, and his descendants after him at a nominal rent. The ruins of this house are more immediately connected with Alexander's son William, a man of herculean stature and strength, who repaired and extended it. He was his own architect and builder. The largest of the stones he took from the channel of the river. One huge block in the middle of the stream was too much for him. His wife upbraided him for giving in, saying it would be a standing proof of William Mor not being the strong man he was reputed to be. Indignant at this reproof from his spouse, he strode into the river crowbar in hand, and grappled

again with the huge mass, turned it over, rolled it out of the river on to a yard of his door, and said to his wife—"There is the stone as proof of your husband's strength, but it is his last act." He entered his house, threw himself on his bed, and died.

Lead Mharcaich—G., leathad-a-mharcaich, the horseman's side of the hill.

Learable—N., leir, muddy, and böl, township, the muddy township. Lerwick, N., leir muddy, an vik, creek. Learable was an extensive township. It is to be observed when bal or dal is the terminal syllable, the place name is of Norse origin, and when bal or dal is the initial syllable, the origin is essentially Gaelic.

Leam-Henrie—G., Henry's leap. Here the river "Iligh" is confined in its course by rocks on both its sides. A strong, athletic young man, named Henry Gunn, in attempting to jump from one to the other, missed the mark, fell into the river and was drowned.

Loiste—N., lysti, pleasant, pleasant place, fertile place; G., loisid, kneading trough. See Joyce, vol. II., 430.

Lon-tarsuinn—G., lòn, meadow, tarsuinn, across, the cross meadow.

Marrill—N., mar-baeli, contracted in pronunciation to mar-bhail, mar-rill, farm near the sea, this place is within half-a-mile from the sea at Helmsdale (mar-bhail—marr-ill).

Navidale—N., naefr, birch, and daeli, dale; the birch dale.

Pol-du-chraig—G., pool of the two rocks, a place on the river Iligh.

Preaschoin—G., the bush of the dogs.

Reisg—G., riasg, a moor, a marsh. See Joyce, vol. i., 463.

Rhithean—G., ruighean, summer pastures, more commonly ruigh-an, dim. of ruigh, as ruighan na-caoraich, the summer run of sheep.

Sean-achadh—G., the old field; here it applies to the oldest cultivated land round Carn *Swein* or *Suine*, Kinbrace.

Solus-craggie—G., rock of light, from the fact of the sun's rays always striking it and reflecting light.

Suis-gill—N., suis or susi, roaring noise like that of the sea, and gil, ravine; the noisy or roaring ravine. Such it is when in flood, evincing that the Norsemen were equally keen eyed, and keen eared, as the Celts in describing place and river or stream.

Tor-darrach—G., torr, a conical hillock, and darrach, oak wood; the hillock of the oak-wood; dim., torran; W., torr, a boss; W., twr, a pile, tower; Arm., tor and twr. Moorish, Dyre, mountain; Taur-us, a mountain in Asia; Taur-inian, mountains

between Italy and Gaul; Mam-tor in Derbyshire and no end of tors in Devonshire; conical small granitic hills which endured the blasts of countless ages.

Tomich—G., tom, a knoll or swell of the surface; tomaich, full of knolls, an old Caledonian Pictish word; W., tom, a heap; G., dim. tom-an, a small knoll; W., tomen; Arm., tumb; Ir., tom, a burial ground; Lat., tum-ulus, a mound raised over a body; Gr., tomb-os, a tomb; Eng. tomb.

Tordu—G., a black hillock.

Torruis—G., torr-an-innis, innis, a pasture field, the hillock on the pasture field; W., ynys, an island; Corn., ennis; Arm., enez; Scot., inch.

Torghorstan—G., torr, a hillock, and gortan, dim. of gort; O.G., a small field; the hillock at, or in, the same field.

Ulbster—N., Ull-böl-stadr, the wool place or township.

PARISH OF REAY.

The aspect of this parish is hilly, but hardly mountainous; its principal elevations are Beinn Ratha, 795, Beinn-nan-Bad-mhor, 952 feet, in the Caithness portion, Beinn Ruadh, 837 feet, on its western border, Beinn Geiambheag, 1903 feet, on the southern border, and the Knock-fin Heights, 1442 feet, at the meeting points of Reay, Kildonan, and Halkirk parishes. Its principal rivers and streams, the Halladale, Forse, Sandside, Reay, and Achvarasdal, all flow northwards into the sea. Its lakes number between sixty and seventy, the largest of which are Loch Calder, on the eastern border, 2½ miles long by nearly 1 mile wide, Shurery, 1¼ miles by ¼ mile wide, Cailam, ¾ mile by ½ mile, Loch-na-Seilge, ¾ mile by ½ mile.

On the sea-board, Devonian sandstone, paving flags, and limestone are met with, while those of the hills include granite, syenite, gneiss, hornblende, and quartzite; shell marl has been largely dug at Down-reay and Brawlbin; iron ore has also been found, and a vein of lead near Reay Village; a mineral spring at Helshetter claims to be equal to those of Strathpeffer.

This district, previous to the 13th century, when the Norsemen held sway in Caithness and on the coast of Sutherland, was wholly included in Caithness. In fact, the whole of Caithness and the north of Scotland to Eddrachilis, was included in the term "Kateness." The southern portion of Sutherland, from the Ord to Ekkialsbakki (Oykel), was their "Sudrland" (the land to the south), a term still retained, though it became enlarged to embrace north and south, to distinguish it from modern Caithness.

The district of Reay then formed part of the extensive parish of Farr, or Strathnavernia, for ecclesiastical purposes, but when Gilbert de Moravia, or Murray, was appointed bishop of the diocese in 1222, he dis-severed this district from the Parish Church of Farr and annexed it to that of Reay, on the plea that Farr was "too diffuse," a very politic act on the part of a politic bishop, who proved himself to be an excellent administrator and church ruler, a man of the world, as of the Church, and, like other churchmen of his day, could wield the sword, whether made of steel or the quill of a grey goose. His administration of the diocese was eminently successful, bringing order out of previous chaos; caused tithes to be regularly paid, and regulated the incomes of the clergy, dominated the lords of the soil, and caused his suffragans to be respected. In his day commenced the series of Sutherland Charters, lay and clerical, still to the fore in the Dunrobin Charter Chest. The bishop was quite right. Farr was "too diffuse," for the people of "Helgedal" (Strathhalladale), as this district is called in his Charter assigning it to Reay Church, were twelve miles from Farr, and only four miles from Reay, while, at the same time, it was complained of that the "Helgedal" folks seldom attend church, and more seldom pay their dues to it or the priest.

The river Halladale then, and for nearly four centuries, became the western boundary of the parish, civilly and ecclesiastically, in the sheriffdom and diocese of Caithness, till 1601, when James the VI., no doubt at the instigation of Sir Robert Gordon, whose hatred of the Earls of Caithness prompted him to do all he possibly could to lower their dignity and elevate that of the Earls of Sutherland, constituted this district into a parish of itself, for civil and other purposes, within the sheriffdom of Sutherland.

The eastern boundary of this parish was then drawn along the summits of the mountain ridges, which, from sea to sea, seem naturally to form the boundary line between the two counties, beginning with Druim-holliston, on the north, to Druim-hollesdal, or Eysteindal, in the middle, and onwards to the Ord of Caithness, on the south.

Through this middle portion the Sutherland railway passes into Caithness, and here, in Eysteindal, it is said William the Lion encamped with his army in 1198 or 1202, on the expedition which put an end to Norse domination in the North, and began that of the two powerful and notable families of Sutherland and Mackay, in Sutherland, frequently rivals in many a hard conflict; rarely allies till the dawn of the Reformation, when the Mackay

chief and his clansmen embraced its tenets, and the Sutherlands followed, when both became its firm supporters.

The Sutherland portion of the parish of Reay comprises an area of 71,843 acres; the Caithness portion, 46,317 acres. The river Halladale traverses the Sutherland parish from south to north for 22½ miles, and in that distance falls 1200 feet to sea level at Bighouse. The strath formed by this river is the only inhabited and cultivated part of the parish, except the adjoining villages of Melvich and Portskerray, on the western side of the bay of Bighouse. Like other straths in the Highlands, it has its fine meadow and arable land, and good hill pasture on its flanks, particularly on the east, towards the confines of Caithness. While the lower end and upper portions of it were, towards the beginning of this century, the scenes of eviction clearances, in the middle portion the inhabitants had the good, the uniquely good, fortune to be left undisturbed by the wave of undeserved, cruel, infamous exercise of the so-called rights of property in land that prevailed in Scotland all over, and in the Highlands in particular, after the "fatal day of Culloden," and devastated many a strath, and made homeless thousands of the families of those brave men who were at the very time fighting the battles of their country and conquering for her in every field. The middle of this strath was the only part of a glen in the county that escaped the burning evictions. It seemed to be left as a testimony to future generations of what the people would and could do had they been left undisturbed. When the Commission for fixing fair rents visited the district this year, they found it content and prosperous —rents fully paid, fields well cultivated, houses well built, and well furnished, and other improvements in progress, shewing, that if other glens and straths had not been disturbed, nor sterile sea-coasts congested, peace, contentment, and prosperity would be the rule and not the exception, would be general, and no calls needed for Government to interfere, nor to render aid.

The strath is said by tradition to have received its name from a Norse chief, slain in battle near "Dal-halladha." The scene of the conflict is pointed out by various small cairns, and near the spot, marked out by a circular trench, is said to have been the grave in which Hallad, or Halladha, was buried with his sword beside him. A stone in the centre of the mound marks the grave. It is undoubted that several battles were fought hereabouts in the 11th century between the Norse and the Scots.

Another account is that it was named from Helga, the daughter of Maddan, "a noble and wealthy man, who lived at

'Dal,' in Katenes." She married Hakod, Earl of the Orkneys, Katenes, and Sudrland, whose death was considered a great loss, "for, in the latter years of his reign, there was peace unbroken." After Hakod's death "his sons, Harald and Paul, succeeded him as joint-rulers. They soon disagreed, and 'divided' the dominions between them, still dissensions continued between the brothers, and the vassals of each were divided into factions." Harald held "Katenes from the King of Scots, and resided there and in Sudrland, for he had many friends in Sudrland." During Harald's rule, and after his death, Helga and her mother, and her sister Frakark exercised great influence in Sutherland, in this district, and in Kildonan. Possibly the strath might temporarily be called after her, but again reverted to its more ancient appellation. These two sisters were "Amazons" of the period, swayed alternately by gentle and fierce passions, by likes and dislikes, ever ready to love and to hate, and capable of inciting their fierce retainers to deeds of atrocity and ferocity worthy of the Norse occupation of the period, and engendered the wild spirit of rapine, feud, bloodshed, and assassination, which lasted in these bounds for four centuries after Norse rule had ceased.

There are still to be seen in the upper parts of Halladale the ruins of two Pictish towers, one on the left of the river above Trantlemore, the other on the right above Craggie. In the Caithness part of the district there are many more. Whatever their purpose may have been, they are still to be seen. Whether built by the Picts for defence from sea rovers, or by the Norse men for protection from the natives they despoiled and ill-used, as they did in France, England, and elsewhere, is a subject still in doubt.

The topography of this district is, on the whole, of Gaelic origin, evincing only partial expulsion and subjection of the natives by the Norse men. Yet in the Caithness portion of the parish place names of essentially Norse origin abound, more especially in the plain, while those in the more hilly parts to which the natives retired have retained their Gaelic description.

The parish name has been variously written in charters. Ra, in 1223 to 1245, time of Gilbert Murray, who would know Gaelic; Ray, in 1560 to 1566; Rhae, in 1640; Rae, in MSS. and maps 1642 to 1726; Reay, since the latter date. The name is probably derived from the most conspicuous object in the landscape of the district—Beinn-Ratha—whose summit rises nearly 800 feet above sea level at a distance of 2½ miles from the shore, dominating by its towering altitude and fortress-like appearance

all other objects within miles around it. Viewed from the sea or from the plains of Caithness, it presents against the horizon an object very much like a formidable circular and terraced earth work. The word is pronounced by the Gaelic-speaking natives as *Ràth* or *Rà*. It would seem the mountain received its appelation from its appearance, and transferred it to the district surrounding. Another appellation given the district, and found in Rob Doun's poetry, is Miogh-rath. What "Miogh" may mean, it is difficult to say. Moy-rath, the mound in the plain, from Moy, magh, plain.

Near the shore on the Caithness side is Dun-reay, once a seat of the Mackays. It was from this place they took their title. The greater part of the parish belonged to them till the first Lord Reay disposed of it to provide the sinews of war for his romantic expedition into Germany in support of the King of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus in the cause of Protestantism, 1626-1634. Near Dun-reay once stood a town of some antiquity and importance. It had its streets, market cross, two annual fairs, and other privileges. The site of it was laid bare in 1750 by a water spout.

MOUNTAINS.

· Beinn rath—G., circular-looking mountain, 795 feet high.

· Beinn ruadh—G., red mountain, 835 feet; Welsh, *rhud*; Manx, *ruy*, red; Scot., *roy*; Corn., *rydh*; Arm., *ryudh*; Fr., *rouge*; Lat., *rufus*; Gr., *ereudos*; Norse, *raudr*, red.

· Cnoc-na-ceardaich—G., hill of the smithy, indicating that iron ore was found, smelted, and manufactured in the vicinity, 628 ft.

Cnoc-feadaireachd-na-gaoithe—G., hill of the whistling of the wind, 700 feet; Manx, geay; Welsh, gwynt, wind.

· Cnoc-bad-mhairtein—G., hill of the polecat thicket, 747 feet.

· Cnoc-an-fhuaran-bhain—G., hill of the clear spring, 797 feet; G., bàn, fair; Ir., bàn, fair; Manx, bàn, fair.

· Cnoc-lochan-na-clachgrala—G., hill of the lakelet of white stones, 692 feet; geala, pl. of gral, white; Ir., geal; Manx, gial, white; Gr., gala, milk.

· Cnoc-nan-gall—G., hill of the strangers, 902 feet.

· Cnoc-nan-tri-chlach—G., hill of the three stones; Ir., cloch; Manx, clagh, 1135 feet.

· Cnoc-freicadain—G., hill of the sentinels, 523 feet (watching for the Caithness reivers).

· Cnoc-a-mhuillinn—G., hill of the mill, 400 feet; Welsh, Melin; Corn., melin; Arm., melen; Manx, mwyllin; Ir., muillenn; Fr., moulin; Gr., mula.

Meall-mor—G., big lump, 357 feet; Welsh, moel; Manx, mooyl, mull.

LAKES.

Loch-crocach—G., shaped like the hand when outspread.

Loch-crosgach—G., shaped cross ways, in the form of a cross.

Loch-nan-gall—G., lake of the strangers.

Loch-na-eaglais mor—G., lake of the big church, so called from its proximity to Kirkton Church, a place of worship in 1574. In 1726 the minister of Reay Church was bound to preach in it eight times a year. This church no longer exists, but the burying place attached to it is still used.

Loch-achredigill—G., achadh, field; reidh, plain; and gille, lad or servant; the lake in the field of the lad's or servant's plain, or meadow.

Loch-na-seilge—G., lake of the hunting, seilge, gen. sing. of sealg; Manx, *sheilg*; Ir., *sealg*; Wel., *helfa*, *pro.: helva.*

Loch-achrain—G., achadh, and draighean, thorns, lake of the field of thorns; Wel., *draen*, thorns; Corn., *dren*; Ir., *draighean.*

PLACE NAMES.

Achvullin—G., achadh, and muillin, mill, the mill field.

Achumore—G., achadh, and mor, the big field.

Achredigill—G., see lake name, the field on the lad's or servant's slope, or meadow

Ardachy—G., ard, high, and achadh, the high field; Ir., ard; Manx, ard.

Bighouse—N., bygg-hus, a barley barn, or barley store, afterwards applied to the house of one who let land, and received rent in kind. It may be an Anglicised term. In Strath Halladale are two places of this name, 7 miles apart, Lower and Upper Bighouse. The Gaelic name is Bunaibhne, or Bun-amhuinn, lower part of the river. Sometimes Lower Bighouse is called Torr, from the hill that adjoins it.

Càlgary—G., càl, cabbage, and garadh, garden. Robertson deduces Calgarry in Inverness and Argyll from Càla, a harbour, and gearraidh, preserved pasture. Here is no harbour, there may have been a ferry, and there are meadows which were no doubt preserved for mowing when there was population in this part of Strath Halladale.

Croick—G., croc, croic, deer horns, shaped like the branches of deer horns; cnoc, small hill, is sometimes pronounced as croc, hillock, as it was in Cornish. *Kryk*, hillock, croc, croic, is fre-

quently applied to the hand, which is finger branched. In Sutherland the term is common, and applied to land at river sides cut into branches by streams and hillocks.

Cuilfearn—G., cuil, nook, and fearna, alder, the alder nook, here in reference to a bend in the river in which alders grow.

Dal-halvaig—G., dail-an-t-sealbhaig, dell of the sorrel.

Forsinain—The first syllable of this word is evidently Norse, meaning a torrent; the last is a corruption of the Gaelic word "mhan," or bhàn, down, hence *Fors-a-Mhan*, "the lower torrent," to distinguish from another higher up, named

Forsinard—Fors, as above, torrent, and Ard, or airde, upper, or higher up, hence *Fors-an-airde*, the torrent higher up, two miles apart. The river Forse, in Caithness, rises on the other side of the ridge or watershed of the Sutherland "Forses." The former runs N.E., the latter N.W., the ridge dividing the sources. Were it not for the occupation of these districts by the Norsemen for upwards of two centuries, we might be inclined to infer from the gently rising acclivities of these streams, and wide openings thus made in the hills, that "fors" was a corruption of the Gaelic "farsuing," wide, spacious, which agrees with their aspect; it would then be "*farsuing a mhan*," and "*farsuing-an-airde*," contracted into "*fars-a-mhan*," and "*fars-an-airde*." In either case the appellation would be applicable.

Golval—G., gall, strangers, and baile, township, the township of the strangers, two miles from Bighouse, the lord of which probably drew rents from Golval in kind, and stored them in his "bygg-hùs."

Kirkton—Anglicised form of Bail-na-h-eaglais. See lake name.

Kealsey—G., probably from Cil, cell, and eassaich (essie), gen. of easach, rocky stream, the cell at the rocky stream, Kil-easaich, Kealsey.

Melvich—N., from melr, or melar, sand-hills covered with bent-grass. Called elsewhere links, dunes, and downs, and vik, bay, the bay of the benty sand-hills.

Portskerra—N., port, a gate, an opening, and sker, an isolated rock hidden at high tide, hence, port of the hidden rocks, gen. plu. of sker is skerja, G., port, a haven, sgeir, a rock in the sea, hence, port in the rocks. From such instances as these, it is evident that the Gaelic has borrowed words from the Norse, and the Norse from the Gaelic. We know of many such instances.

Trantle-mor, and beg—Norse, trantr, snout, or projection of land, now pronounced "trantle" instead of "trauter," the Norse way; mor and beag, Gaelic adjectives to distinguish the one from the other, lying near to each other on different sides of the Halla-

dale. At each of these places the river makes a bend, the land projects and causes the bends in the form of a snout. In ancient charters these place-names are written "Troun-tales."

6th APRIL, 1892.

At a meeting of the Society held on this date, a paper was read which was contributed by Mr Alexander Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie, on "The Old Castles of Ruthven and the Lords of Badenoch."

13th APRIL, 1892.

At this meeting the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Alexander M. Mackintosh, London, on "Clan Chattan Genealogies." Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows :—

CLAN CHATTAN GENEALOGIES.

The Clan Chattan is perhaps second to none in the number and value of its genealogical and historical manuscripts. Of its three principal divisions in modern times, the Mackintoshes and Farquharsons have two each, and the Macphersons one, all of distinct importance, while several of the families of the smaller septs have preserved pedigrees, carrying them back step by step to their respective stems, from which they struck out two or three centuries ago. Perhaps I may be allowed to refer as an example to the pedigree of my own branch of the Shaws. This came to me from a great-grand-aunt, who was daughter of Angus Shaw of Tordarroch, an officer of the Mackintosh regiment in the '15, and wife of Farquhar Macgillivray of Dalcrombie, one of the three officers of the Mackintosh regiment who survived the battle of Culloden. It gives the descent of the family in eight generations from Adam, youngest son of James Mackintosh (or Shaw) of Rothiemurcus, who was killed at Harlaw in 1411, and was the son of Shaw Mor Mackintosh, the leader of the Clan Chattan champions in the clan battle at Perth in 1396. Except as regards the omission of one name—that of Adam's son, Robert—in the line of descent, this pedigree is perfectly correct,[1] as I have proved by

[1] There is one other omission, that of Adam, grandson of the Robert here mentioned, but he was not in the line of descent, which was carried on by his younger brother Angus. Of this Adam I propose to say more hereafter.

sasine and other records, and as Mrs Macgillivray had no possible means of compiling so correct a pedigree for herself, it is obvious that she must have obtained her information from some record kept in the family. This record, however, is not now to be found.

It is with the genealogies of the more important septs, however, that I propose now to deal, and after a brief description of those belonging respectively to the Mackintoshes, the Macphersons, and the Farquharsons, I propose to confine my attention to the genealogy of the first-named clan.

I. The Latin MS. "History of the Mackintoshes," by Lachlan Mackintosh of Kinrara, of date about 1670, which I will call the Kinrara MS., is contained in a leather covered book of small 8vo, or large 12mo size, preserved in the charter chest of The Mackintosh. Its writer was brother of William, 18th Chief of Mackintosh, and for some years managed the affairs of both his brother and his nephew, the 19th Chief, so that he would have had full access to the charters and other records of the family. This MS. traces the history and genealogy of the family of Mackintosh from the settlement in the north of Shaw, son of the Earl of Fife, in the second half of the 12th century. Down to 1550 it is professedly founded on three earlier MSS., the first written by Ferquhard, 12th Chief, in 1502, giving the history from the Earl of Fife down to the death of the 11th Chief, in 1496; the second, by Andrew Macphail, parson of Croy, giving the history also from the Earl of Fife down to the murder of William, the 15th Chief, in 1550; and the third, by George Munro of Davochgartie, giving the history of Ferquhard, the 12th Chief, and his three successors. These earlier MSS. are not known to be in existence now, and it is to be feared that they shared the fate of many of the family documents and evidents during the temporary occupation of Moy Hall by a party of Grants in 1746; but Lachlan of Kinrara states that he actually embodied their subject matter in his own MS., and as he seems to have been a man of strict honour, and could have no object in drawing on his imagination, there can be no doubt that he states what was an absolute fact. He was, besides, one of the most accurate and precise of men, as is evidenced by the traces of his hand among the family papers that are left, and we may feel certain that every mention which he makes of date, charter, or bond was verified, whenever possible, by reference to original documents. Indeed, many of his statements, made presumably on the authority of the earlier MSS., are corroborated by the records of other families. As might be expected, the Kinrara

MS. is particularly full in its account of affairs during the writer's own time and immediately preceding it.

II. The next Mackintosh MS. genealogy is entirely in the handwriting of the Rev. Lachlan Shaw, author of the "History of the Province of Moray," published in 1775. It is entitled "Memoirs Genealogical and Historical of the Family of Mackintosh, with an Introduction concerning the Families of Macduff and Clan Chattan," and bears the date 1758. It is unsigned, but has the same motto—"Antiquam exquirite matrem"—as the "History of Moray." So far as the Mackintoshes are concerned, it brings down the genealogy of the chief family and the several branches from the Earls of Fife to the writer's own time. Like the Kinrara MS., it belongs to the Chief of Mackintosh, but cannot now be found. I have not seen it since the year 1872, when it was lent to me for a few days by the late Mackintosh, during one of his visits to London, and was returned into his own hands. Possibly this notice of it may lead to its restoration to the family. According to my recollection, it is a quarto book of some 80 or 100 pages, with rather close but very clear writing. The pedigree of the Mackintosh Chiefs down to 1770 is given at page 44 of the "History of Moray."

III. The MS. genealogy of the Macphersons is the work of Sir Æneas Macpherson, second son of William of Invereshie and Margaret, daughter of Robert Farquharson of Invercauld. He was an advocate during the reign of Charles II., when he received the honour of knighthood, and for some years after his elder brother's death acted as tutor of Invereshie. He was well versed in the family and clan history of his country, and, like Mackintosh of Kinrara, had exceptional facilities for tracing the genealogy and history of his own clan. To this work he brought considerable legal acumen and a great capacity for taking pains, and his genealogy for several generations down to his own time may, perhaps, be accepted as generally trustworthy. But most of the earlier portion, particularly that treating of the old Clan Chattan, is too palpably fabulous, and one only wonders that a writer usually so careful and judicious should have been carried away by the stories of sennachies. It is extremely likely, however, that in the main his genealogy from about the 12th century was based on either some written record or well-founded tradition. For example, he gives Muirich, Parson of Kingussie, as father of Gillicattan and Ewen Baan early in the 13th century, and there can be little doubt that Muirich was a progenitor of the clan, as it was called by his name. He also speaks of the three sons of Ewen

Baan by the names of Kenneth, Ian, and Gillies, and there can be no doubt that persons bearing these names were of importance in the clan, as we find the three main branches—of Cluny, Pitmean, and Invereshie—called respectively Sliochd Kynich, Sliochd Ian, and Sliochd Gillies. The MS. is in the possession of Cluny Macpherson. I have not seen it, but I have had the loan of a copy belonging to the late Dr John Stuart.

With the Macpherson genealogy in Douglas' "Baronage," which is followed in Burke's "Landed Gentry," I do not propose to meddle. It has already been shown by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh to be seriously incorrect, and it is clear that the compiler, whoever he was, did not confine himself to Sir Æneas' MS.

IV. The first Farquharson genealogy of which there is trace, was written probably about 1680, as it speaks of John of Invercauld, who succeeded his father, Alexander, in that year. I am not aware whether it is now in existence. It properly deduces the Farquharsons from the Shaws of Rothimurcus, but brings these direct from the Earls of Fife, instead of through the Mackintoshes, making the Mackintoshes the off-spring of the eldest, and the Shaws the off-spring of the third son of one of the Earls. Who its author was does not appear, but whoever he was, he seems to have had a very hazy idea of the family history, and to have jumbled up his information in a most extraordinary manner. His main object seems to have been to glorify the family of Invercauld, then rapidly rising in importance, and he goes so far in his obsequiousness as to make the head of that branch of the Farquharsons chief, not only of all the Farquharsons, but even of the Shaws, although a little inquiry would have shown him that there were still Shaws in Rothimurcus descended from Shaw Mor, and that among the Farquharsons themselves the family of Invercauld was junior to the family of Craigniety and the numerous descendants of Donald of Castleton. His misstatements, whether due to ignorance or servility, appear to have aroused the ire of Sir Æneas Macpherson, whose mother was a daughter of Robert of Invercauld. In a "Letter to a Friend" that worthy knight handles the would-be genealogist most unmercifully, pointing out, in the plainest terms, his many errors and their absurdity, and utterly demolishing his pseudo-historical house of cards. Sir Æneas' letter, which is in the possession of Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Invereshie and Ballindalloch, is headed "Vanitie Exposed, or, a Plain and Short Answer to a late Peaper, Intituled the Genealogie of the Farquharsons, wherein the Authour's Ignorance and Self-contradictioun are sett in their true light, and the Right

Genealogie of that modern Family briefly hinted att from the concurring Testimonies of the Shaws, the Farquharsons themselves, and all their neighbour families. In a letter to a Friend by No Enemy of theirs, but a friend to Truth, Sir Æneas Macpherson of Invereshie, knight."

V. A more trustworthy genealogy of the Farquharsons is one compiled in 1733 by Alexander Farquharson of Brouchdearg. I do not know where it is to be found, but some twenty years ago I had the loan of a copy belonging to the late Dr John Stuart of the Register House. The writer, evidently having in view the genealogy last referred to, begins by stating that he leaves "all that's controverted or obscure about their descent from the Thanes of Fife . . . their actions and alliances at their first appearance, to such as can find clearer evidence for them than [he is] able to get by conversing with the oldest men, and comparing what has been wrote before on the subject." He gives the descent of the families of Farquharson from "Farquhar Shaw, whose name first gave rise to this surname, and who came over from Rothimurcus, and took up his residence near the Linn of Dee," down to the year in which he wrote.

Of these several genealogies, the last mentioned is the only one which, to my knowledge, has never been called in question, so that I propose to treat it as accepted, and dismiss it from our consideration, together with the other Farquharson genealogy. With the genealogies of the Mackintoshes and Macphersons the case is different. They have been not only questioned, but even declared to be without support—so far, at least, as down to the middle of the 15th century—and that by no less an authority than the Historiographer-Royal for Scotland, Mr W. F. Skene.[1] Mr Skene does not mention the recognised Macpherson genealogy, that of Sir Æneas, in his writings, but in his "Highlanders of Scotland" he gives the Macphersons a widely different descent, from a Gaelic MS. of 1450 (or 1467), so that if he then knew of the existence of the recognised genealogy, we may assûme that he considered that to be the one which could not be supported. But the descent which in the "Highlanders of Scotland" he gives to the Macphersons, he hands over in "Celtic Scotland" to some "older Mackintoshes," whom he identifies with the Mackintoshes or Shaws of Rothimurcus, so that we scarcely know where we are so far as the Macphersons are concerned, and therefore I propose to confine my remarks to what he says on the Mackintosh genealogy. As

[1] Mr Skene has died since this paper was written.

his views on this subject have been brought under the notice of this Society by one of its leading and most valued members, Mr Alexander Macbain, in his paper of the 5th of March, 1890 (Transactions, vol. xvi.), I need perhaps offer no apology for asking the members to hear a few words on the other side.

Both Mr Skene and Mr Macbain are men of well-earned reputation and position in the world of Celtic research, but it does not follow that everything they say on Highland history is absolutely correct, or that all their theories and opinions are such as can safely be accepted, or are even founded on common sense. Since the appearance of Mr Skene's elegant volumes entitled "Celtic Scotland," it has, unfortunately, become the fashion among writers on Highland subjects to refer (and defer) to that gentleman as the final authority on any question relating to the clans and their early history, and to regard whatever he is pleased to say or think as unimpeachable. This is a fashion which I, for one, cannot understand; I can only suppose that those who thus bow down and worship him cannot have read his utterances very carefully, or have observed the contradictions which they contain, the worthlessness of the testimony on which some of the arguments are based, and the insufficiency or incorrectness of the premises on which some of the conclusions are reached. Mr Macbain in his paper accepts, and endeavours to fortify, Mr Skene's views on certain matters of importance in the Mackintosh genealogy, and, therefore—for the convenience of the Society's members who possess the Transactions, but may not all possess Mr Skene's book—I will in the main restrict my remarks to the points dealt with in that paper:—

(1st). Considerable weight is allowed by both Mr Skene and Mr Macbain to the genealogies given in the Gaelic MS. of 1467 in the Advocates' Library, and Mr Skene goes so far as to declare that they "may be held to be authentic" as far back as the common ancestor from whom each clan takes its name, though he does not support his declaration by reasons. Let us now see what this MS. is. At page 338 of Vol. III. of "Celtic Scotland" Mr Skene says:—"There is ample evidence that during this period [*i.e.*, the 14th and 15th centuries], a great proportion of the Highland seannachies were Irish, and that all reverted to Ireland for instruction in their art. It could hardly have been otherwise than that, with the disappearance of the old Highland pedigrees, every presumption and analogy would have driven these seannachies to the better-preserved Irish pedigrees, to replace what had been lost, by connecting them more directly with the Irish tribes.

. . . For the clan genealogies at this time we must, therefore, refer to the Irish MSS., and they are, in fact, the oldest pedigrees which have been preserved. The MS. collections in which we first find them are, first, the Book of Ballimote, compiled in the year 1383; the Book of Leccan, compiled in 1407; and a MS. belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, bearing the date 1467, but the genealogies in which are obviously derived from the same source as those in the Book of Ballimote." At p. 8 of Vol. II. of his "Highlanders of Scotland," published in 1847, Mr Skene mentions that he discovered this MS of 1467 in the Advocates' Library, and "after a strict and attentive examination of its contents and appearance, came to the conclusion that it must have been written by a person of the name of Maclachlan as early as the year 1450, and this conclusion with regard to its antiquity was afterwards confirmed by discovering upon it the date of 1467." It gives pedigrees—or, at anyrate, strings of names purporting to be pedigrees—of most of the Highland clans, from the Macgregors and Macnabs in the south, to the Mathesons in the north, and carries back some of them to periods when the centuries were numbered with only three figures. For example, it takes back the Campbells to King Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, who, if he ever existed at all, save in the imagination of French romancers of the age of chivalry, was contemporary with the Roman occupation of Britain.

I have already intimated my inability to regard Mr Skene's statements and opinions as infallible, and before I can accept these pedigrees for which he stands sponsor, or any one of them, as correct, I should like to know who the supposed Maclachlan was, and to have some valid reason why his testimony, or even that of the Book of Ballymote, is to be preferred to the testimony of the clans themselves. Was an Irishman of the 14th and 15th centuries more honest or less liable to error than a Scots Highlander of the same period? If the Highlander could be guilty of manufacturing a string of names to connect his family with some notable person in Scottish history, might not the Irishman adopt a similar course in order to glorify the legendary heroes of Ireland? Irishmen in our own century have not been slack or shy in holding up their country as the home of valour and worth in ancient times, and I do not suppose that Irishmen of four or five centuries ago were less patriotically inclined. Again, the fact of which Mr Skene says there is "ample evidence," although he does no' indicate where—that in the 14th and 15th centuries many of th' Highland seannachies were Irish, or that Irish seannachies of t'

period were better informed than those of the Highlands—does not prove that the descents which they give during previous centuries are more correct than those of the clans themselves, or even that they are correct at all. How are the Irish seannachies supposed to have obtained their information? How, for example, did they ascertain the names of the heads of Clan Campbell, or Clan Duff, or any other clan, back from son to father, successively, to the 3rd or 4th century of the Christian era, or even back to the time when the representative of the clan had landed in Scotland? Are we to believe that during all these hundreds of years special correspondents in Scotland had notified every change of leadership to a college of seannachies or other central office in Ireland, and that the pedigree books in such establishment were regularly posted up like the Peerages and Directories of the present day? It is not enough to say, as Mr Skene does, that the pedigrees are "in general tolerably well vouched" as far back as the eponymus or common ancestor whose name was adopted by the clan, and that this later portion "may be held to be authentic." The vouching given by Mr Skene in the notes to his pedigrees in the appendix to vol. iii. of "Celtic Scotland," is very slight indeed; in thirty-five main pedigrees, some of which include two or more subordinate pedigrees, the references to documents do not exceed a dozen, and they mostly relate to names of the 14th and 15th centuries. If the pedigrees are not trustworthy before, say, the year 1000 or 1100, I cannot see why they should be held to become so after that date. To my mind it appears only reasonable to believe that the heads of a clan would be likely to know their descent from their eponymus far better than any Irish seannachie, however learned he may have been in the history of the ancient Kings of Ireland, imaginary or real, and if the matter is regarded from a common-sense point of view, I think it must be admitted that, whether the ordinarily accepted genealogies of the clans themselves are correct or not, no sufficient ground appears for believing that the Irish genealogies of the Highland clans, given in the Book of Ballymote and the MS. of 1467, are correct. I am not aware that inspiration has as yet been claimed for them.

(2nd). Coming more particularly to the Mackintosh genealogy, we find in Mr Macbain's paper (on p. 164 of the Transactions, 1889-90), three lists—one giving the pedigree of the Mackintoshes, as contained in their own recognised genealogy, from Ferchar, 12th Chief, back to the Earl of Fife, the others giving two lines of pedigree, taken from the MS. of 1467, back to two

persons named respectively Neill and Nachtain, supposed to have been sons of a certain Gillicattan. For convenience I reproduce these lists here, slightly altering their order :—

(a) Mackintosh History.	*(b) 1467 MS.*	*(c) 1467 MS.*
(12) Ferchar, d. 1514	William & Donald	Lochlan
(9) Ferchar (11) Duncan, d. 1496	William	Suibne
(8) Lachlan & (10) Malcolm, d. 1457	Ferchar (1382)	Shaw
(7) William, d. 1368	William	Leod
(6) Angus, d. 1345	Gillamichol	Scayth (1338)
(5) Ferchar, d. 1274	Ferchar (1234)	Ferchard
(4) Shaw, d. 1265	Shaw	Gilchrist
[(3) Ferchar] William	Gilchrist	Malcolm
(2) Shaw, d. 1210	Aigcol	Donald Camgilla
(1) Shaw, d. 1179	Ewen	Mureach
Macduff, E. of Fife	—	Suibne
	—	Tead (Shaw)
	Neill	Nachtain
	(Gillicattan ?)	Gillicattan

Of the two lists of 1467 that marked *b* is supposed by Mr Skene and Mr Macbain to represent the actual and true line of the Mackintosh Chiefs, while that marked *c* is thought by Mr Skene to represent some "older Mackintoshes," whom he identifies as "*beyond doubt* the Shaws of Rothiemurcus and the Farquharsons of Strathdee . . . whose head in 1464 was Alexander Keir Mackintosh"! In his previous work, as Mr Macbain properly points out, Mr Skene had assigned the honours of this older line, as being a matter "beyond all doubt," to the Macphersons, but now, for some unexplained reason, and without a word of apology, he leaves the Macphersons out in the cold.[1]

Our concern here, however, is with line *b*, which Mr Macbain regards as affording proof of the incorrectness of the Mackintosh genealogy contained in the family histories. In this list the representatives of the direct line of the Mackintoshes, at the date of the MS. (1467), are given as William and Donald, sons of William, son of Ferchar This Ferchar is obviously identical with the Ferquhar given in the family history as the 9th Chief, who, according to that history, was not acceptable to his clan, and resigned his Chiefship in favour of his uncle, Malcolm. He may or may not have been the Ferquhard MacToshy who, in 1382,

[1] The reader of "Celtic Scotland" and "The Highlanders of Scotland" cannot fail to observe the frequent occurrence of such expressions as "beyond all doubt," "undoubtedly," and "must have been," in many matters which obviously admit of very considerable doubt. The quotations here given afford a good sample of their value.

had molested the Bishop of Aberdeen and his tenants in the lands of Brass or Birse. These lands are far distant even from Rothiemurcus, the nearest point of the known Mackintosh country, and the name Ferquhard was by no means confined to the Mackintoshes at the time: that it happened to belong to a descendant of the thane or toshach of Birse, who had been supplanted by the Bishop of Aberdeen,[1] while at the same time it was also the name of the son of the Chief of Mackintosh, appears to me to be a mere coincidence.[2] The point, however, is not of importance. A more important matter is the omission in the Mackintosh History of any mention of such a person as William, son of Ferchard, 9th Chief, or of his two sons, William and Donald, and it seems obvious that either that History or the 1467 MS. is wrong. The names of the 9th Chief's sons are given in the History as Duncan, Malcolm, and Ferquhard, each of whom had issue. As has been mentioned, the earliest of the MSS. used by Lachlan of Kinrara in compiling his history was written by Ferquhard, the 12th Chief, within forty years of the date of Mr Skene's 1467 MS., and one would think that he must have known who his own second cousins were, although it is of course possible—though perhaps hardly probable—that Kinrara made a mistake. Whether he did so or not is hardly likely to be discovered now, but even if, in the middle of the 15th century, the representatives of the 9th Chief were really named William and Donald, there is no question that at the time the actual Chief of the Mackintoshes was Malcolm Beg, and, so far, Mr Macbain and the Mackintosh History are at one.

(3rd). But although Mr Macbain admits the correctness of the history as to the chiefship of Malcolm in 1450, he contends that that history must be wrong in the matter of Malcolm's genealogy. He says (Transactions, p. 164):—

"Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh, who dies in 1457, is grandson through William 7th (died 1368) of Angus, who married Eva in 1291, the three generations thus lasting as chiefs from 1274 to 1457, some 183 years! Malcolm was the son of William's old age, and his brother [really *half*-brother], Lachlan 8th, was too old to take part in the North Inch fight in 1396, sixty years before his younger brother died! This beats the Fraser genealogy brought

[1] Chartulary of Aberdeen i. 360.

[2] Mr Macbain says (Trans. p. 164), "He is doubtless the same person, for he is given also in the 1467 MS. genealogy." I must confess my inability to follow Mr Macbain's reasoning here.

forward lately by a claimant to the Lovat estates. It is thus clear that there is something wrong in the Mackintosh genealogy here."

This at first sight seems a truly formidable indictment, but I venture to think that a little examination will prove that there is really not much in it. "The three generations lasted as chiefs for 183 years!" says Mr Macbain; and as Angus was a child of about 6 years old when he became chief on his father's death in 1274, the three lives extended over 189 years. There is thus an average of 61 years for the chiefships, and 63 years for the lives. These are no doubt good averages, although, so far as the lives are concerned, not particularly extraordinary. Mr Macbain will probably recollect the name of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne. Sir John, who was on the staff of the army in 1868 and died in 1871, was the son of General John Burgoyne, who was born as long ago as in 1722, and entered the army in 1738, serving as captain in the 13th Dragoons at Culloden. Here we have the *two* lives of father and son extending over 149 years[1], and their army services over 130 years—or an average of 74½ years for the lives, and 65 for the services! Looking at these figures, the correctness of which can easily be ascertained, there does not seem to be much difficulty in regard to the 189 years for *three* generations of Mackintoshes.

If we look at the matter in another way, I think we can further reduce the difficulty, if there is one, or even remove it altogether. Thus—

Angus, 6th chief, born 1268, married 1291.
William, his son, born (say) 1300, died 1368, aged 68 years.
W. married 1st wife (say) 1325.
Son *Lachlan*, born (say) 1326, would in 1396 have been 70 years old.
W. married 2nd wife (say) 1360, when he was 60 years old.
Son *Malcolm* born (say) 1361
Malcolm at his death in 1457 would thus be 96 years old.

The dates of William's marriage and of the birth of his two sons are necessary hypothetical, but they are probably near the mark, and anyhow show the possibility, which Mr Macbain seems to doubt, of the covering of a period of 183 years by three generations of chiefs, and of the inability, through age, of Lachlan, 8th chief,

[1] Supposing that General J. B.'s father had been 51 years old at his son's birth in 1722—as is quite conceivable—the three generations would have lived through two centuries!

"to take part in the North Inch Fight in 1396, sixty years before his younger brother died." So far, then, there seems to be nothing impossible, or even improbable, in the recognised Mackintosh genealogy from 1291 to 1457, and the confusion alleged by Mr Macbain to be in it has no existence.

(4th). The next point to be considered relates to the descent of the Mackintoshes from the old Earls of Fife, which, if the 1467 MS. and the Irish Book of Ballymote are correct, evidently cannot be maintained. Mr Macbain gives the Mackintosh account of the descent of the early chiefs, but declares that it "sadly lacks verisimilitude," and suggests that those who support it are wanting in intelligence.[1] To my humble intelligence the verisimilitude —or likeness to truth—of the account is one of the most conspicuous things about it. A son of one of the greatest nobles of the kingdom accompanies the king, Malcolm IV., in an expedition against the rebellious tribes of Moray; he distinguishes himself, and is rewarded for his services by a grant of land, being also made custodian of the Castle of Inverness. There is surely nothing here that looks unlike truth: the fact that the king's expedition actually took place is undoubted, and the presence of a son of the Earl of Fife in the king's train, and his being rewarded by some of the lands previously occupied by the rebels, are things which one would almost expect as a matter of course.

Then Mr Macbain makes a great point of the use of the word "Thane" by some writers on Mackintosh history when speaking of Macduff Earl of Fife. He says:—"The Mackintosh genealogies, dating from the 17th century, represent the family as descended from Macduff, *Thane* of Fife, as they and Fordun call him. . . . Macduff was not *Toiseach* of Fife. In the Book of Deer he is called Comes, the then Gaelic of which was *mormaer*, now *moirear*." The Mackintosh genealogies referred to are, I presume, that of Lachlan of Kinrara, and that given at page 44 of the Rev. Lachlan Shaw's "History of Moray" (edition of 1775). So far as the Kinrara MS. is concerned, I assume that Mr Macbain has verified his statement by reference to it; I shall not be able to do so before the date for the reading of this paper. But even granting that Kinrara does use the word, I do not see that it in any way throws discredit on his account of facts; as well refuse to

[1] His words (Trans. p. 162) are:—"With those who support the Macduff genealogy no argument need be held; like the humorist of a past generation, one would, however, like to examine their bumps." This seems a somewhat novel method of conducting an argument—in cold blood, at all events, for I believe it is not unknown in Courts of Law.

accept Macaulay's account of the Battle of Killiecrankie because he speaks of Viscount Dundee as *James* Graham. I do not suppose for one moment that Lachlan of Kinrara even knew the difference between a *mormaer* and a *toiseach*, or that either he or John of Fordun or Holinshed or any other chronicler during the Scottish Middle Ages attached any other meaning to the term *thane* than that of a person of noble rank.

But now let us look at the other Mackintosh genealogist, to whom, I presume, Mr Macbain refers—that is, the historian of Moray, who wrote a full century after Lachlan of Kinrara. He is actually so ignorant of old Celtic institutions that he makes a *mormhaor* synonymous with a *thane*.[1] After a quotation from Fordun, he says (p. 180)—"Probably these Thanes were at first the king's servants (so the word signifies) or officers in provinces and countries, and during pleasure only, or for life. But afterwards the title and the lands granted to them were made hereditary. In the Highlands they were termed *mormhaor*, *i.e.*, a great officer. They were likewise called *Tosche* (from *Tus*, *i.e.*, first), that is, 'Principal Persons, Primores.'"

If Shaw in the 18th century was under the impression that *thane*, *mormaer*, and *earl* were convertible terms, meaning one and the same kind of person, might not Mackintosh of Kinrara, in the 17th century, have been equally mistaken, especially when he had the authority of the national chroniclers for the error? The fact is, that writers of past centuries cannot fairly be gauged by the standard of our own day in these matters; it must be remembered that when Kinrara and Shaw wrote thanages had long been extinct, and that those writers had no possible means of learning anything about them, except from the old chroniclers; while the "Book of Deer". was still unknown, and no Innes, or Robertson, or Skene had yet arisen to explore and explain the intricacies of old Celtic institutions. When they speak of a thane of Fife, they mean an Earl of Fife, and any writer on Scots history or law, down to the early part of the present century, would have attached the same meaning to the term. Gilbert Stuart, in his "Observations concerning the Public Law and Constitutional History of Scotland" (Edin. 1779), expresses the general view when he speaks of the thanes as preceding earls and barons, and as being converted, though not universally, into nobles bearing those modern titles.

[1] He speaks on p. 44 of "the Macduffs, Thanes and Earls of Eife."

On all this, I submit, it is evident that if Kinrara uses the words "*thane* of Fife," when speaking of his remote ancestor, he means "Earl of Fife," and his use of the term, therefore, affords no argument that his general statement is incorrect.

So much for Mr Macbain on this head. Mr Skene does not argue from quite the same premiss, but confines himself to the name Mackintosh, which, he says, can only mean "son of the thane," and arguing upon this he lays down in his usual dogmatic manner that because the old Earls of Fife never bore the title of Thane, therefore the Mackintoshes cannot have sprung from them. I make bold to believe—and I am not singular in my belief—that the name does not mean only what Mr Skene says, and that "tus" or "toseach" has other meanings than the restricted and academic one which he assigns to it—a leader or principal person, for example. In fact, Mr Macbain says in his paper ("Transactions," p. 161) that "Toiseach is the true Gaelic word for chief." But let us for a moment accept Mr Skene's derivation, and admit that "Mackintosh" can only mean "son of the thane"—that is, son of one beneath the rank of noble, who occupied lands for the performance of certain services. Even then I cannot see that Mr Skene is justified in jumping to the conclusion that the Mackintoshes cannot be descended from the Earls of Fife. May not some of the early Mackintoshes have been "thanes" or "toshachs," in the ordinary acceptation of the term? A thane, according to Sir John Skene, was "ane freeholder holding of the king," and this definition is accepted as correct by Mr W. F. Skene in "Celtic Scotland" (iii., 244). According to Professor Cosmo Innes, an authority of not less weight than Mr Skene himself, "the administrator of the Crown lands, the collector of rents, the magistrate and head man of a little district, was known among his Celtic neighbours as the Toshach;" taking "a charter of the whole district from the sovereign, he became, under the Saxon name of Thane, hereditary tenant" ("Sketches of Early Scotch History," p. 396). If the statement of the Kinrara MS. that Shaw, son of the Earl of Fife, received from Malcolm IV., a grant of lands in Moray, is correct, he would have been "ane freeholder holding of the king"—that is, a Thane, and his descendants would have been "sons of the Thane," according to Mr W. F. Skene's meaning. The MS. says also that the grants to Shaw Macduff were confirmed to his son and successor, who was made chamberlain of all the king's revenues in these parts, and who thus performed one of the main functions ascribed to the toshach by Professor Innes. Mr Macbain

tells us in his paper that one translation of "toiseach" is steward or seneschall, and that ballivus (bailie) is a title of equal import. Chamberlain of Revenues is precisely the same thing.

Thus the fact stated so positively by Mr Skene, that "the name of Mackintosh clearly implies that they were descended from a thane," even if correct, in no way necessarily affects the question of descent from the Earls of Fife, and so Mr Skene's argument falls to the ground.

(5th). The fifth and last point which I propose to consider has still to do with the origin of the name Mackintosh and of the family. We have just seen that Mr Macbain and Mr Skene reject the account given by the family historians: we will now see what they propose to substitute for it.

Mr Macbain suggests that the name arose with Fercard, son of Seth or Shaw, who is found recorded in 1231 as Seneschal or Steward (otherwise "toiseach") of Badenoch, and whose name appears in both the recognised genealogy and the 1467 MS. Mr Macbain, then, is willing to admit that, as regards Fercard and Shaw, the recognised genealogy may be correct, because it is corroborated by other records; but if he believes or accepts nothing which is not so corroborated, why does he prefer the genealogy of 1467 to that of the Kinrara MS.? The 1467 genealogy is entirely without corroboration, except where it agrees with the recognised genealogy. If Mr Macbain had consulted the Kinrara MS., he would have seen that both Ferchar's father and grandfather had performed the functions pertaining to a toiseach.

Now, let us examine Mr Skene's ideas on the subject; and here, I think, we shall see what a broken reed that gentlemen is to lean upon, how inaccurate and careless he is, with all his dogmatism. I should like to transcribe the two and a half pages of his "Celtic Scotland," in which he treats of the origin of the Mackintoshes, and deal with his utterances line by line; but time will not admit of this. He seems to attach some credit to the Knock MS., a fragment of a history of the Macdonalds, written in the time of Charles II., and printed in *Collectanea de Rebus Albanacis*, under Mr Skene's editorship. This MS. is well known to students of Highland history as a monument of inaccuracy, but it suits Mr Skene's purpose to quote from it. Here is an extract from page 357, vol. 3, of "Celtic Scotland"—"In the MS. histories of the Mackintoshes, the whole race, including the old Mackintoshes, is brought from the thane of Fife, but there is another form of it [? of what] which attaches the legend to the later family, the descendent of Malcolm Mackintosh, who, by the

influence of the Lord of the Isles, after the secession of the old Clan Chattan in 1429, acquired the position of Captain of the Clan, for we are told in the Knock MS. that Angus of the Isles had, by the daughter of John Gruamach Mackay, 'the mother of the first laird of Mackintosh, for a son of Macduff, thane of Fife, coming after manslaughter to shelter himself in Macdonald's house, got her daughter with child, went to Ireland with Edward Bruce, where he was killed; by which means Mackintosh is of natural (illegitimate) descent, his progenitor having been got in that manner. Mackintosh in the ancient language signifies a thane's son. The boy was brought up by Macdonald, who, in process of time, procured a competent estate for him in the Braes of Lochaber and Braes of Moray.' This (says Mr Skene) was Callum Beg or Malcolm Mackintosh, whose son Duncan was the first captain of Clan Chattan."

Mr Skene's first mistake is in referring to this MS. at all, and especially in treating or suggesting it as an authority. He next speaks of Malcolm as acquiring the position of captain of the clan, and a few lines afterwards states that Malcolm's son Duncan was the *first* captain. By a third mistake, he makes Malcolm reach the extraordinary age of 138 years, thus:—Edward Bruce was killed in Ireland in 1318, so that if the father of Callum or Malcolm Beg went with him to Ireland and was killed there, the said Callum could not have been born later than 1319, and as he did not die until 1457, it follows that he reached the mature age of 138 years (!), and that his single life was only 45 years short of the period which Mr Macbain seems to think too long for three previous generations.

Just one more quotation from Mr Skene's account of the Mackintoshes in "Celtic Scotland," and I have done with the subject. In the quotation just given, we find mention of two sets of Mackintoshes—one, the "later family," represented by Malcolm Beg and his descendants, whose existence Mr Skene does not call in question; the other, "the old Mackintoshes," represented by the string of names from the 1467 MS. in list *b*, given some pages back. In the following quotation we have a third set, whom Mr Skene calls "Older Mackintoshes" (list *c*). At page 358, volume iii. of "Celtic Scotland," we read:—"The tradition of the Mackintoshes is that Rothiemurchus was their earliest possession, and when Alexander Mackintosh obtains a feudal right to the lands in 1464 he is termed Thane of Rothymurchus. It *seems probable* that the name [Mackintosh] was derived from the Thanes of Brass, who *may* also have been Thanes of Rothiemurchus, and from whom the

'Old Mackintoshes' *were* descended. In their genealogy the name of Gillimichael, or the servant of St Michael, appears in the place of the spurious Angus, the suppositious husband of Eva, and St Machael was the patron saint of the parish of Birse. As possessors of Rothiemurchus they are brought into immediate contact with that branch of the old Clan Chattan whose principal seat was Dalnavert, and no doubt were, as indicated in the older genealogies, a branch of that clan. The representatives of these older Mackintoshes were, beyond doubt, the Shaws of Rothiemurchus and the Farquharsons of Strathdee, &c." The tradition mentioned in the leading sentence of this question is new to me, and is certainly not held by the Mackintoshes as stated; the Kinrara MS. states that Rothiemurchus was first held by the Mackintoshes in 1236, when the 4th chief took a lease from the Bishop of Moray. Alexander Mackintosh of Rothiemurchus is not termed thane in the feu charter from the Bishop of Moray, dated 4th Sept., 1464; only once, in 1472, is he so styled, and the title is then used apparently without any reference to the special functions of a thane or toseach, as defined by experts; indeed, nothing is known of any thanage of Rothiemurchus. Next, I would call attention to the guessing in the first two divisions of the second sentence, and to the dogmatic assertion which follows in the third division, as indicated by my italics. In the third and fourth sentences the *their* and *they* refer presumably to the "*old* Mackintoshes," just before mentioned, and these "old Mackintoshes," as possessors of Rothimurchus, meet some "*older* Mackintoshes," who, "beyond doubt," were represented by the Shaws and Farquharsons, and both old and older Mackintoshes were, "no doubt," branches of the Clan Chattan. Mr Skene does not state the grounds on which he makes one set of these Mackintoshes older than the other, and all he has to go upon for his assertion that a branch of old Clan Chattan had its principal seat at Dalnavert is that, in a charter of the lands of Dalnavert and Kinrara, given in 1338 by Alexander, Earl of Ross, to Malmoran of Glencharney,[1] mention is made of the house of Scayth, son of Fercard, as having stood in a certain spot—"*in qua situm fuit manerium quondam Scayth filii Fercardi.*" How this Scayth, son of Fercard, can be identified with certainty as the owner of the name of the 1467 MS., and how the fact of his having at some time antecedent to 1338 had a residence at Dalnivert, proves that that place was the principal seat of a branch of older Mackintoshes, I fail to see; it is pure guesswork at the best, and

[1] "Spalding Club Miscellany," vol. iv., Gordon Papers.

quite as much probability can be adduced for the identifying of this same Scayth with a younger son of one of the chiefs in the recognised Mackintosh genealogy.

I have now done—so far at all events as this paper is concerned—with Mr Skene's guesses and contradictions, his "must have beens" and his "undoubtedlys," his old and older Mackintoshes. I do not for a moment question his good faith; I am willing to believe that he has set down what he honestly takes to be the true and most likely explanation of matters which seemed to him obscure. But I do question whether he has ever gone closely into the history of the Mackintoshes, as detailed by the family chronicler in the 17th century, or has even had the desire to do so. He discovered the MS. of 1467 when a young man, and seems to have set that up as his standard and infallible guide. His idea seems to be that it must be right, because it agrees with, or was taken from, certain Irish MSS., and the Irish pedigrees are the oldest in existence, while the Irish sennachies surpassed those of Scotland in information and acquirements (Celt. Scot. iii. 337-8). Every Highland pedigree which does not fit his standard must, therefore, be wrong, and undeserving of consideration, and he will have nothing to do with it—"unceremoniously brushing it aside," as Mr Macbain expresses it. When a writer of Mr Skene's position and reputation takes up such a line as this, and writes as if he had studied every original manuscript bearing on the question, it is little short of certain that nearly all his readers will accept what he says or thinks as the last word in the controversy, and it seems but a forlorn hope for a humble individual like myself to attempt to show that he is liable to error, or that our ancestors of two and three centuries ago were not always necessarily liars or dupes, as regards their family history, merely because he implies that they were. I venture to hope, however, that the few remarks which I have made may be sufficient to lead the members of this Society to pause before they unreservedly pin their faith to Mr Skene in matters of Highland genealogy, and, whether the recognised clan pedigrees are correct or not, to examine whether any sufficient ground is shown for believing the pedigrees in the 1467 MS. and its Irish originals to be one whit more trustworthy.

Time will not admit of my dealing with the several minor points affecting the Mackintosh genealogy in Mr Macbain's paper, or with his views regarding the clans concerned in the Battle of Thirties at Perth in 1396. My own views on the latter subject have already been made known, and Mr Macbain's remarks on the phonetics of the names used by the old chroniclers convey to my

mind no justification or incitement for changing them. But there are two matters pertaining to the subject on which I would like to say a few words before I close. First, Mr Skene, at page 314 of volume iii. of "Celtic Scotland," published at the end of 1880, comes round to the view, which I endeavoured to support some years previously,[1] that the clans engaged were the Clans Chattan and Cameron, after having maintained in his "Highlanders of Scotland" that they were the Mackintoshes and Macphersons. Second, in my various writings on the clan battle, the last of which was contained in my "Historical Memoirs of the Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan," printed in 1880, I had founded an argument—or, to be strictly accurate, a suggestion—in favour of the view that the Camerons were the Clan Hay or Kay of Wyntoun and Bowar on the synonymy of *Ay* and *Angus*, referring specially to one of my own ancestors, Ay Macbean (Shaw) of Tordarroch, who, in the band of union among Clan Chattan in 1609, signs "for himself and taking the full burden upon him of his race of Clan Ay," and whom I then believed to have been named Angus. Since 1880, I have had a large number of extracts made from documents in the Register House at Edinburgh relating to the Clan Chattan families in Strathnairn, and from these I soon discovered that I had been wrong in supposing *Ay* to be equivalent to *Angus*, and that I have a collateral ancestor of whose existence I had previously been ignorant. I ascertained beyond doubt that *Ay* equals *Adam*, and that Adam, and not Angus, Macbean of Tordarroch signed the bond of 1609. This is clear from a charter dated at Inverness, 9th December, 1607, which Adam gives of a life rent out of the lands of Tordarroch to his future spouse, Agnes, daughter of Alex. Fraser of Farraline. In this charter Adam is described as Adam M'Bean M'Robert M'*Ay* of Tordarroch, and that the name of Adam's great-grandfather, who is here called Ay, was Adam is known from other sources. Again, in a charter by Sir Lachlan Mackintosh of Torcastle, dated at Inverness, 12th March, 1621, Adam's daughter is styled "Margaret nein *Ay* Vc Beane, lawful daughter and heir of the late *Adam* M'Bean of Tordarroch." The same Ay or Adam appears in other documents. He is not mentioned in the genealogy of the Shaws of Tordarroch which has come down to me, probably for the reason that he left no son, and was succeeded

[1] In "Notes and Queries" (1869); in "A Genealogical Account of the Highland Families of Shaw" (1877); and in "The Clan Battle of Perth," printed in 1874. Of the last named print I forwarded an early copy to Mr Skene.

as head of the family by his brother Angus, with whom I had confounded him. My mistake has been a weight on my mind for several years, and I am glad to have this opportunity of making public a correction of it.

DISCUSSION—REPLY BY MR MACBAIN.

First as to the MSS.: Mr Mackintosh Shaw is unjust to the 1467 MS., and to what he calls "Irish" MSS. and sources. Surely it is well known that "Irish" here means Gaelic; and the MSS. which he decries are, on Scotch points, of excellent Scotch origin. The "Irish" scribes were the common literary class in Scotland and Ireland. The language and literature, historical and otherwise, were shared in common till the end of the 17th century; a glance at the work of the M'Vurich genealogists and bards, ought surely to keep Mr Shaw right on this point. The "Irish" genealogies are therefore good evidence if contemporary, and for at least two centuries before—as good as, ay, better than, any Kinrara MS. of the 17th century or any MS. of its class. Those 17th century MSS. are a delusion and a snare too often; and I accept the Kinrara MS. for the 15th and 16th century only when it seems according to reason, or is so far corroborated by contemporary documents. It is useless to say that it is made up of two previous MSS.; I know them and their kind too well to be impressed with such statements. The 1467 MS. is surely contemporary with 1467, written by a "Gaelic" seanachie, who knew well what he was doing. William and Donald, sons of William, are the contemporary Mackintosh chiefs, according to the writer; can Mr Shaw get round that? He has the neighbouring Cameron chiefs all right; why should he make a mistake in the case of the Mackintoshes? No, no; he simply does not recognise Malcolm Beg as chief: that is all.

Second, as to the genealogies. Mr Shaw's vindication of the three generations, which cover nearly two hundred years, does not impress me much; I never thought that any genealogist would write himself an ass by giving impossible dates; only he does the next thing to it.

I have to make a correction at this point. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh thought that he had found Angus, the so-called sixth chief's name, in a 1297 list; and I was struck by the similarity. But, on further search, I find that the individual meant—Angus Macerchar—was the head of the Argyleshire Lamonts of the day.

I am glad that Mr Shaw recognises the impossibility of the name *toiseach* applying to the Earl of Fife; it seems to me that it

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SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY, LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF STRATHARDLE AND ITS GLENS.

PART II. *

I will begin the second part of this paper where I ended the last—at the death of King Malcolm II., in

1033.—The year in which Malcolm II. died was remarkable for its extraordinary storms and bad weather, of which, no doubt, Strathardle got its full share, as we read in Peacock's "Annals of Perth," page 21 :—"The year in which King Malcolm died was remarkable for severe frosts and snows in the middle of summer, which destroyed the produce of the earth and caused a distressing famine."

Old George Buchanan, in his own quaint way, says:—"The year in which he died was a prodigious one, for in the winter the rivers did mightily overflow ; and in spring-time there were great inundations of the sea. And moreover a few days after the summer solstice, there were very pinching frosts and mighty snows, by which means the fruits of the earth being destroyed, a great famine did ensue."

Tradition says that the great chain of lochs that undoubtedly existed in Strathardle burst their bounds during a great flood, caused by heavy rains melting a deep fall of snow in summer, and that all the cattle were swept away down the strath, and that a great famine followed. I have no doubt that tradition refers to this time.

1057.—About this time we find the first mention of an ancient and honourable Strathardle family—the Rattrays of Rattray and Craighall, who derived their name from the Barony of Rattray, and who, according to Nisbet, flourished here in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and whose descendants hold several estates in the district to this day.

1072.—King Malcolm Canmore and his good Queen Margaret founded the great Abbey of Dunfermline, which afterwards held the Churches of Moulin and Strathardle, with the lands of Persie and many others in the district.

1100.—About this time King Edgar changed the ancient Thaneship of Athole into an earldom, adding the whole district except Breadalbane, and conferring it on his cousin Madach, son of King Donald Bane. One of the Duke of Athole's titles now is Earl of Strathardle.

* For Part I. see Society's Transactions, Vol. 1.

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"Celtic Scotland," Vol.
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which speaks very highly for the value of that lovely glen, even at this early date, for it is a well-known fact that the clergy have always been exceedingly wide awake in the choice of good and fertile lands for their own purposes. All the great religious houses are built on fertile fields, and to this day the manse and glebe are almost always found on the fattest land in every parish. For agricultural purposes Strathardle then, as now, certainly was behind many neighbouring districts, but its grazings were very good, most of its hills and braes were finely wooded with heavy timber, so very valuable for building purposes, that we find special foresters appointed to look after these woods; its forests and hills abounded with every kind of game; and its rivers then swarmed with the finest salmon, as we find the fishings of Drimmie and Cally let at a yearly rental of fourscore salmon; which altogether made Strathardle a most desirable addition to the estates of the luxurious ecclesiastics of the middle ages. We have already seen that the great religious houses of Dunfermline, Scone, and Dunkeld held lands in Strathardle, and we now add that of Cupar, which for four centuries afterwards held a great deal of land in the Strath, and which, by encouraging agriculture and other arts of civilisation, did a great deal of good, and helped to raise the inhabitants of the district far beyond the rude state of the people of the more inland Highland glens.

Cupar Abbey was founded by King Malcolm IV. on Sunday, 12th July, and was dedicated to the Virgin, and planted with monks of the Cistercian order. Old Andrew of Wyntoun, in his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland," records the founding of Cupar Abbey, as follows:—

> "A thousand, a hundyre, and sexty yhere
> And fowre till thai till rekyne clere,
> Malcolme Kyng off Scotland,
> And pesybly in it rignand;
> The ellevynd yhere off his crowne
> Mad the fundatyowne
> Off the Abbay off Culpre in Angws
> And dowyt it wyth hys alwms."

1165.—Malcolm, 2nd Earl of Athole, grants a charter to Cupar Abbey to cut large beams of timber in his forests of Athole and Strathardle for building purposes. About this year, King William the Lion granted a charter, at Forfar, to Cupar Abbey of the Marsh of Blairgowrie; one of the witnesses being that famous man of many titles, Macbeth, Thane of Strathardle, Sheriff of

Scone, Judge of Gowrie, &c. The original charter runs :—"Carta regis Villielmi eisdem monachis facta de toto maresio meo in territorio de Blare," &c., &c.

1178.—At Edinburgh, on September 19th, King William the Lion granted to the Abbey of Cupar a charter of the lands of Cally and Persie, and that part of the lands of Cally held by Mackholffe, except that part of Cally on the south side of the water of Ferdill opposite Cluny, which the king kept for his own use. The original charter begins :—"Carta Donationis regis Willielmi eisdem monachis de terris de Parthesin per suas rectas dinisas, et illam Kalathin quam Mackholffe tenuit per suas rectas divisas excepta illa parte terræ de Kalathyn qui est ex australi parte aquæ de Ferdil versus Cloyn qui ad opus meum reseruani," &c.

1180.—At Forfar, King William grants to Cupar Abbey a charter for two ploughgates of land in the district of Rethrife or Rattray.

In this year also Malcolm, Earl of Athole, grants a charter of the Church of Moulin to the Abbey of Dunfermline. The original is given in "Regist. de Dunfermline," page 85, and is titled "Malcolmus Comes Atholie : De Ecclia de Molin," &c.

In Henderson's "Annals of Dunfermline," page 62, I also find under this date—"The Church of Strathardolf." In an undated charter of about this date King William gives to the Abbey of Dunfermline the Church of Stathardolf or Strathardol, in the north-east part of Perthshire, "as a perpetual free gift, to be held in quiet and honourable possession," &c. (Regist. de Dunfermline, page 39).

1232.—In this year I find from the "Chartulary of Moray," page 87, that Gillemychel M'Ath, or M'Ade, Gillemichael the son of Adam, of the old Fergussons of Balmacrochie, excambs a davoch of the lands of Pitcarmick, in Strathardle, with the Bishop of Moray for the lands of Dolays Michael in Strathspey. This Gille-Michael, or servant of St Michael, very likely took his name from the patron saint of Kirkmichael; and I have no doubt that his son Cormac or Carmac gave his name to Pitcarmick, or as it is always called in Gaelic, "Baile-charmaig," the town or dwelling-place of Carmac. It shows how ancient some of our place names are, when we consider that though nearly seven centuries have passed since Carmac dwelt at Pitcamick, his name still adheres to the place to this day. It also shows how for ages some of our Highland clans stuck to certain favourite personal names, as the Fergussons have done to Adam and Fergus. Here we find in the

ancient family of the Barons Fergusson of Balmacrochie that this Gillemichael's father, about 1200, was Adam. Again, in 1358, Fergus, the son of Adam of Balmacrochie, and Robert de Atholia, ancestor of the Robertsons of Struan, got into trouble with the Sheriff of Perth about their lands, and we have Adams in the family down till the last Adam Fergusson, who sold the ancient patrimony of his race, and went to America about 1840.

1235.—At Traquair, on June 1st, King Alexander II. granted charter to Cupar Abbey of two and a-half ploughgates of land in the feu of Meikle Blair, in exchange for the Common Muir of Blairgowrie.

1246.—In November of this year, King Alexander II. stayed at Cupar Abbey, and hunted in the forests of Strathardle and Cluny.

1260.—For some time previous to this, the proud and haughty Cummings were lords of Athole, and ruled at Blair Castle with terrible severity, till about this time Ewan Mackintosh of Tirigney, Thane of Glentilt, in revenge for the slaughter of all the rest of his family, surprised the Cummings at a marriage festival near Blair Castle, and, after chasing them up Glentilt, he slew the Big Cumming at Leac-na-diollaid (the Saddle Stone), in Glenloch, and his brother further on, at the Coi-leum, in Glen Fernate. Col. Robertson of Lude, in his "Earldom of Athole," page 80, says:—"Tradition states that when the Cummings got a footing in Athole they commenced the then usual practice to attack their neighbours. They attacked the Mackintoshes when at a feast, who were all murdered, except a young child, in a cradle, named Ewan, who, in ten or fifteen years afterwards, attacked the Cummings at a place called Toldamh, near Blair-Athole. He defeated them, and the Cummings fled up Glentilt, and turned in at the stream that comes out of Lochloch; but this Ewan (Sherigan, as he was called) crossed a near way, through the hills of Bengloe, by a stream called the Cromaldan, and met Cumming at Leac-an-diold, and slew him; and which last place was so named, and signifies that Cumming had there been driven out of his saddle—he was shot. The tradition as thus stated has every appearance of probability; and to this day the cairn raised by Mackintosh where Cumming was killed remains. The situation of it is a little to the north of Lochloch. The date of the circumstance is supposed to be in, or soon after, 1260."

James Grant, in his most interesting work "The Legends of the Braes o' Mar," gives a much fuller account of this incident:—"The Tirigney Mackintoshes held the lairdship of that name, near

Blair-Athole, while the Big Cumming held sway. Wild, lawless, and deceitful was the race of the Cummings. We have still a proverb to this effect—'Cho fad 's a bhios craobh 's a' choill, bidh foill anns a' Chumeanach :' 'As long as there is a tree in the wood, the Cumming will be treacherous.' As one example of the unprincipled conduct which gained for them this reputation, it is said that the father of the Big Cumming put to death, on the Tarff, no less than sixteen lairds in one day, in order to possess himself of their lands. Coming down Glentilt after this praiseworthy exploit, with a party of followers, the pony on which he rode misbehaved; 'and well you may,' cried the Big Cumming, in great glee, 'with sixteen barons on your back.' The words were scarcely uttered, when an eagle, fluttering for a moment overhead, swooped down and struck the pony with its wings. The terrified animal made a bound forward; a cleft rock, which it grazed past, caught one of Cumming's feet, and he was torn asunder. The pony never stopped till at Blair Castle gate, dragging along with it one part of its master's corpse. The remainder stuck fast in the cleft rock, and the spot is still known as Ruidhe-na-leth-choise: The sheiling, or place of the one foot. The son of this worthy had married a lady of peculiar aldermanic taste. A 'choppin' of beef marrow must needs be served every day for her dinner. Cumming the Big's stores of good red gold were in a fair way of being exhausted, and it was therefore with great joy that the advent of Christmas was hailed. Then the lady or lord superior went the rounds of the retainers begging their 'Christmas.' Mackintosh of Tirigney, knowing the tastes of Lady Cumming, presented her on this occasion with a bull and twelve cows. Tirigney must be the place for rearing cattle, thought the lord of Blair Castle, and would be a prize worth the mint, under present circumstances. When might was right, nothing was easier than to acquire the lands of Tirigney. Cumming the Big, with a body of retainers, surprised the mansion in the night, and every soul within was put to the sword—nay, not every soul: the cradle containing a young boy was upset in the scuffle, and he alone escaped. Thus the lands of Tirigney were added to the estate of Blair. Among the murdered Mackintosh's tenants was a certain 'Croit-a-bhoineide' (he of the Croft of the Bonnet), so called because for his croft he gave the laird the yearly rent of a new bonnet, getting back at the time the old one for himself. He, good soul, coming with his yearly rent early next morning to the mansion, was horror-struck at the butchery. One consolation he found in the surviving child, weeping under the cradle. With the

greatest secrecy, he had it conveyed to its mother's relatives, Campbells in Argyle. There the child was brought up and well educated, visited by Croit-a-bhoineide, who passed for its father, every Christmastide. Among his numerous virtues, as he grew up, was that of being a famous archer, and, when at the age of eighteen the worthy crofter saw him fill the bull's eye with arrows, 'Bravo! Tirigney,' cried he, no longer able to contain himself; 'broader far than the round on that target the brow of the murderer of your father.' 'The murderer of my father!' said the astonished youth; 'are you not then my father?'"

"Half willing, half unwilling, Croit-a-bhoineide related his sad tale. Their plans were soon matured. With a band of chosen men, the young Tirigney and his trusty saviour stole privily into the Braes of Athole. The men were concealed in his father's old barn, while he with Croit-a-bhoineide applied for shelter at the house of his father's foster-nurse. At first she refused admittance, but on the reiterated assurance that the son of her foster-child stood at the door—'Let him then breathe through the key-hole,' said she; 'for I would know the breath of a Mackintosh.' The youth did as requested. 'Yes, yes!' cried the gladdened old woman, as undoing the bolt she admitted them; 'a true Mackintosh—my foster-child's son indeed.' The nurse and Croit-a-bhoineide shortly after went out separately to reconnoitre. The latter, on his way to Blair Castle, met near by an old woman, who inquired, 'What armed band of men was that I saw at the big barn of Tirigney?' 'An armed band that you will never see again,' replied Croit-a-bhoineide, as he plunged his dirk into her heart. He threw the body into a ditch out of the way. Remember, gentlemen, she was only an old woman, and Croit-a-bhoineide feared her chattering might lead to discovery, and mar their plans. Some have it that the nurse had learned the Big Cumming was honouring by his presence the marriage of one of his retainers; that the Mackintosh partisans got between him and the Castle; that the alarm was given, and that Cumming rushed for his stronghold, but, finding himself intercepted, directed his flight up Glentilt. Others say that an ambush was laid near the Castle; that a party of Mackintoshes came forward to make a feint assault, and afterwards fled, drawing out the Cummings in pursuit; that the ambush intercepted their retreat; and that those who escaped from the short combat which ensued, fled with their leader up Glentilt.

"The streams that join the Tilt all the way to its source recall by their names the places where some of the fugitives fell. Thus

we have Allt-na-maraig, pudding-burn; Allt-na-strone, the rose burn; Allt Lurg-na-smearn, the burn of the Shin of Marrow, and so forth.

"Alone at last, Cumming the Big turned away by Lochloch, east of 'Ben-a-ghloe nan Eag.' But young Mackintosh and Croit-a-bhoineide still pursued. They kept on one side of the loch, the murderer on the other. As he sat down to rest a moment on a large stone, raising his hand to wipe away the perspiration, an arrow from the bow of Tirigney pinned that hand to his brow, and the Big Cumming fell dead. Carn-a-Chuimaneich, Cumming's Cairn, still marks the spot."

Such is the tradition in Athole and Braemar, and in Strathardle it is the same, with the addition that Cumming the Big's brother accompanied him in his flight, and stood beside him when he was shot at Leac-na-diollaid. When the brother saw him fall, he at once continued his flight eastwards through Glenloch and down Glen Fernate, closely followed by the vengeful Sheirgan alone, as Croit-a-bhoineide, being now an old man, was much fatigued. The chase continued down Glen Fernate on the north bank of the river, which happened to be in full flood, Tirigney gaining very fast on Cumming. When they came to the Coileum, where the river rushes through a narrow chasm between two rocks, Cumming saw his last chance, and with one desperate bound leapt across the foaming torrent. Mackintosh dared not follow, but he drew his bow, and sent an arrow across, which killed Cumming as he fled up the brae on the south side of the river. So fell the other Big Cumming, and he was buried where he fell, where his grave is to be seen to this day.

1280.—About this time I find a charter by Duncan, Earl of Fife, to Sir Robert Lauder of part of the lands of Balmacrochie, in Middle Strathardle, an estate which, as will be afterwards seen from the different charters I will give, was continually changing superiors for several centuries, though part of it was always held by the Clan Fergusson, who were also proprietors of Easter Balmacrochie, or Woodhill as it is now called, for over 700 years, till the last laird, Adam Fergusson, sold the estate and went to America early in this century. This charter also includes the lands of Upper Blavalg, at the head of Glenderby, which were then in the Barony of Strathord, just as we find them at the Rebellion of 1745, when Lord Nairne held Strathord, Glenderby, and Blavalg. This charter is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh (No. 57, book of Original Charters, by Sir J. Balfour, No. 15-1-18), and as it is very interesting and valuable, showing as it does how land

was held at that early date in Strathardle, I will give the following translation of it, as given in Col. Robertson's Earldom of Athole, p. 5:—"To all who shall see or hear this charter, Duncan, Earl of Fife, wishes everlasting salvation in the Lord.—Know that we have given, granted, and by this our present charter confirmed, to Sir Robert Lawedre, Knight, for his homage and service, all our land of Balmacoychely and all our land of Loghibride, that, namely, which Lord Robert, the Rector of the Church there, held from us in farm, together with all our land of Upper Blabolg, in our Barony of Strathurd, within the Sheriffship of Perth.—To have and to hold by the said Sir Robert, his heirs and assignees, of us and our heirs, in fee and heritage for ever, by all their right meiths and marches, freely, quietly, fully, peacefully, and honourably, in huntings and fowlings, ways, paths, woods, haughs, lakes, waters, warrens, fish ponds, mills, multures, moors, marshes, fields, meadows, hainings, pastures, and with all other liberties, conveniences, easements, and just pertinents named or unnamed, to the said land belonging, or that may belong in future.—Performing thence to us and our heirs, the said Sir Robert, his heirs and assignees, three suits of Court yearly, at the three Capital Pleas, of our court of Strathurd, together with the extrinsic Scotch service to our Lord, the King of Scotland, from the said land, yearly, duly, and customarily.—And rendering thence to us and to our heirs one pair of gilt spurs at the feast of Christmas yearly, if demanded, for all other secular exaction, service, or demand, which may be claimed by us and our heirs. Moreover, we, Duncan and our heirs aforesaid, shall warrant, secure, and defend forever the whole land aforesaid, with all that pertains or may pertain to it, to the said Sir Robert, his heirs and assignees, against all men and wemen."

1292.—In this year Sir Eustace Rattray of Rattray gave to Cupar Abbey a charter of the lands of the two Drimmies:—"Carta donatiionis eisdem monachis, per Eustachium de Retaife dominum de eodem de toto uire quod habet in trritorio de Drumys, in tenemento de Glenbatlack," &c., &c. And his son, Sir Adam Rattray, also the same year gave the Abbey the lands of Duntay in Glenbathlock. This Sir Adam Rattray, at the same time, was compelled, along with most of the other Scotch barons, to submit to King Edward I. of England, which he also had to do again in 1296.

1297.—In this year Sir William Wallace visited Cupar Abbey, and resided there for some time after he had defeated the English at Perth; and at the same time he reduced the Castles of Dundee,

Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, and Aberdeen, in which exploits the Strathardle men assisted him.

1308.—In Robertson's "Index of Charters," about this date, I find a charter of King Robert the Bruce, of the lands of Mause in Lower Strathardle, to John de Kinnynmonth, and it is interesting to notice that about five centuries later the Laird of Kindrogan married the heiress of Kinmonth.

At the same time Bruce gave a charter of the lands of Drumlochy to Thomas de Camera, or Chalmers, the ancestor of another old Strathardle family. Index of Charters, 19-95.

1314.—King Robert the Bruce gives a charter to Sir Neil Campbell, and Mary, his spouse, sister to the King, and John, their son, of all the lands which were David, Earl of Athole's. This son John was afterwards the famous Sir John Campbell of Moulin, who built the old Black Castle of Moulin.

In the same year the Bruce gave a charter to his nephew, young Neil Campbell, of Kirkmichael, Dalrulzion, Dunie, and other lands in Strathardle. It is given in Robertson's Index of Charters, 26-27 :—"Carta to Nigelli Oge, the lands of Killmychill, Drondrayllen, Dunnor, Keyllpoll, Reythenan, in vicecom Perth." The men of Strathardle were loyal and true to the Bruce, and fought under him at Bannockburn.

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Davidem de Hastyngs et Abbatem et Conventum de Dumferline, super terris de Molyn, Petdunedy, Petmalduc, Balcolme Pet M'Duffgyll," &c.

1333.—This was a great year in the annals of Strathardle. John Munro, tutar of Foulis, and a party of the Clan Munro, were returning to Ross-shire from Edinburgh, and travelled north through Strathardle, and up Glen Fernate. Night coming on they encamped on a little haugh on the north side of the Fernate above Craiglosgte, but they neglected to ask the usual permission from the proprietor to encamp on his lands. This neglect the men of Glen Fernate took as an insult, and in revenge they, during the night, cut the tails off all Munro's horses, in memory of which that haugh is still called "Dal-nan-earball"—Field of Tails, to this day. Munro determined on revenge, and hastening home to Ross, gathered 350 of the best men of his clan, returned to Strathardle, devastated the country, killed many of the people, and carried off all their cattle. So savage was this raid carried out, and so disastrous the consequences, that it gave rise to a very bitter hatred in Strathardle against the north country clans, which was the origin of the common Strathardle proverb :—"Cha thainig ni math riamh a tuath, ach a ghaoth fhuair s' t'-fhoghair"—"Nothing good ever came out of the north, but the cold wind in harvest." A noted Strathardle worthy, who died about half a century ago, and whose wife was from Ross, used to relieve his pent up feelings, on the occasion of domestic squabbles, by quoting this old proverb for her edification.

Munro got the Strathardle cattle, but he had to fight again for them before he got them home to Foulis; for, when passing Moy, the Chief of Mackintosh demanded part of the spoil. This was customary amongst the clans when a party drove a "Creach" of lifted cattle through another Chief's property, and was called a "Staoig Rathaid" or "Staoig Creich"—a Road Collop. Munro offered a fair share, but Mackintosh demanded half the spoil, and as he did not get it, gathered his clan in hot haste and pursued to take the whole by force, an exploit which ended in the great clan battle of Clachnaharry.

As Sir Robert Gordon, in his "History of the Earldom of Sutherland," page 46, gives a very good account of this affair, I may give it here :—"John Munro, tutar of Foulls, travelling homewards on his journey from the south of Scotland towards Rosse, did repose himself by the way in Stratherdale, between Sanct Johnstoun (Perth) and Athole, where he fell at varience with the inhabitants of that country, who had abused him, which

he determined to revenge. Being returned home to Rosse, he gathered together his whole kinsmen and followers and declared into them as he had been used, craving with all their aid in revenging himself of that injurie. Unto the which motion they harkened willinglie, and yeelded to assist him to the whole of their abilities. Wereupon he singled out thrie hundered and fyftie of the best and ablest men amongst them and went with these to Strathardaill, which he wasted and spoiled, killed some of the people, and carried away their cattle. In his return home, as he was passing by the ile of Moy with the prey, Mackintosh (Cheftain of the Clann Chattan) sent to him to crave a pairt of the spoile, being persuaded hereto by some evil disposed pepleous about him, and challanging the same as due into him by custome. John Munro in curtsie offered into Mackintosh a reasonable pirt, when he thorow evill councole refused to accept, and would have no less than the half of the whole booty, whereunto Munro would not harken nor yield, bot goelt on his intended journey homewards. Mackintosh convenes his forces with all dillegence and followes Munro, whom he overtook at Clagh-ne-Hayre, besid Inverness, hard by the ferry of Kessock. John, perceiving Mackintosh and his companie following them hard at hand, he sent fiftie of his men home to Ferrindonald with the spoile, and encouraged the rest of his followers to fight, so there ensued a cruel conflict, wherein Mackintosh was slain with most pairt of his companie, divers of the Munros were also slain. John Munro was left as deid in the field, and was taken up by the Lord Lovat, his predicessors, who carried him to his house, where he was cured of his wounds, and was from thenceforth called John Bacclawigh, because he was mutilate of one of his hands all the rest of his days. From this John Munro the familie of Milntoun Munro descended."

In a lecture given by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor in Inverness in 1875, he gave a graphic account of this famous raid, and in a conversation I afterwards had with him he told me that a Strathardle man told him over thirty years before that the field on which the Munro's encamped when the tails were cut off their horses was well known, and still called "Dal-nan-earball"—Field of Tails, and Mr Macgregor asked me if I knew it. I told him I did not, though I was quite familiar with the circumstances of the raid. I then made every possible inquiry, my only clue being that Mr Macgregor knew it was a "high-lying haugh near the river," but I could not fix the spot, though I visited every likely place above Bridge of Cally, and cross-examined all the old folks.

For eleven years I was unsuccessful, till at last I got a letter from my old teacher, Mr Morrison, the able and worthy schoolmaster of Kirkmichal, to whom I had at first applied for assistance, saying:—"I was lately in Glenshee seeing an old man, Robert Fleming, with whom I had a conversation about his earlier days. His parents removed to Glen Fernate when he was a child to the service of the late Mr Spottiswood. I asked him if he knew a place by the name of Dal-na-earball. He said he knew it well. It is that level haugh above Craig-losgte on the north side of the Fernate, at the foot of a round hill. There is a small stream winding through it. I am afraid old Rob is now one of the very last to recognize the place."

I was very pleased indeed to get this valuable information, and so to be able to settle exactly the locality of one of our most historic scenes in Strathardle. Had it not been for Mr Morrison's kind interest in hunting up this place, and the happy chance of his meeting old Rob away in lone Glenshee, the secret of the whereabouts of Dal-nan-earball would have died with the old man, who soon after went over to the majority, which shows that not a moment should be lost in collecting what is left of our old lore.

1335.—This was a black year for Strathardle, f r after the terrible ravages of the Munros, and the carrying away of all their cattle, the country was in a very bad state, which was aggravated by a terrible famine all over Scotland at the same time; Tytler, in his History of Scotland, says:—"A grevious famine, occasioned by the continual ravages of war and the cessation of all regular agricultural labour, had for some time desolated Scotland." And in Peacock's "Annals of Perth," page 69, we read:—"At this time a severe famine raged in Scotland, by which thousands of the lower classes in Perth, as well as other places, perished." No doubt such dire consequence following cured the good folk of Strathardle from indulging in such practical joking as cutting off horses' tails.

1336.—Still another year of war, want, famine, and turmoil in Strathardle, as it was overrun by both friend and foe, including Sir Andrew Moray, Regent of Scotland, and even the great King Edward of England himself, who, after a forced march, endeavoured to surprise and capture the Regent Moray at Strone of Cally; but the Regent, after showing surpassing coolness and bravery, eluded Edward, who then marched the English army up Strathardle, over the hill to Blair Athole. In Skene's, John of Fordun's, "Orygynale Cronykyle," page 353, we read:—"In 1336, in the month of October, Andrew of Moray, then Guardian of Scotland,

mustered an army, and besieging the strongholds of Dunnotter, Kynnieff, and Lauriston took them and levelled them to the ground. Then he tarried the whole winter in the Forest of Platen and other very safe places in Angus, being often waylaid by the English, and braving their dangerous attacks. So through the ceaseless marauding of both sides the whole land of Gowrie, Angus, and Mearns was almost, for the most part, reduced to a hopeless wilderness and to utter want."

Tytler says, in his "History of Scotland," Vol. I., page 180:—"Prompted by the restless desire so often formed, and so constantly defeated, of compelling the subjugation of Scotland, the English Monarch penetrated first to Perth, and afterwards into the more northern parts of the kingdom. His march was, as usual, marked by the utter destruction of the district through which it lay. After wasting the northern counties, he in vain endeavoured to bring the Regent, Sir Andrew Moray, to battle. Under the command of this leader, the Scots, intimately acquainted with the country, were ever near the enemy, and yet always invisible to them; and an anecdote of a masterly retreat made during the northern campaign has been preserved, which is characteristic of the cool discipline of Moray. On one occasion word being brought to Edward that the Regent was encamped in the wood of Stronkaltere, he instantly marched against him. The intelligence was found to be true, the English and Scottish outposts came in sight of each other in a winding road leading through the wood, and after some skirmishing the Scots fell back to inform Moray of the near approach of the English army. The Regent was then at mass, and although the danger was imminent, none dared interrupt him until the service was concluded. On being told that Edward and his army were at hand in the forest, he observed there was no need of haste; and when his squires brought him his horse, he began quietly to adjust its furniture, and to see that the girths were tight and secure. When this was going on the English every moment came nearer, and the Scottish knights around Moray showed many signs of impatience. This, it may be imagined, was not lessened when one of the straps which braced his thigh armour snapt as he buckled it; and the Regent, turning to an attendant, bade him bring a coffer from his baggage, from which he took a skin of leather, and, sitting down leisurely on the bank, cut off a broad strip, with which he mended the fracture. He then returned the box to its place, mounted his horse, arrayed his men in close column, and commenced his retreat in such order that the English did not think it safe to attack him; and having at last gained a

narrow defile, he disappeared from their view without losing a man." "I have heard," says Winton, "from knights who were then present, that in all their life they never found time to go so slow as when their old commander sat cutting his leather skin in the wood of Stronkaltyre."

Tytler adds a note :—"The exact position of this ancient wood cannot now be discovered. I conjecture it was in Perthshire, somewhere between Dunkeld and Blair." Tytler is quite wrong in this, as the ancient wood of Stronkaltere is well known to students of Perthshire history, and is simply the old wood of Stroncally, at Bridge of Cally, in Strathardle, or as it was usually spelt, Stroncalady, Stronkalathyn, or Stronkaltere. In proof of this, we find in the Rent-Roll of Cupar Abbey this ancient wood of Stronkaltyre very often mentioned, and the Abbey from its very earliest date always kept a special head forester to look after it. For instance, in the Rent-Roll, page 198, we find a tack from the Abbot David in 1473:—"Our lands of Calady ar set to Neyl MkKeden for all the days of his lyfe: And he shall keep the Wuddis (woods) of Stroyncalady and be master forester of all our wuddis in Strathardyl." So that there can be no doubt whatever about Stronkaltere, or Stronkalathyn, as it is differently spelt in old records, though Tytler was not aware of the ancient spelling of Stroncally, or of there being a famous forest there of old, of which we have many records.

There can be no donbt whatever as to the "narrow defile" through which the Scottish army disappeared when the English came upon them, as the entrance to Glenshee up the Blackwater afforded one of the best possible retreats from Stronecally, and a few brave men could there have successfully opposed the whole English army.

After the Regent escaped at Stroncally, Edward marched the English army up Strathardle and Glen Brierachan to Blair Athole, as Winton informs us :—

> "And northwartis on his gate can ga
> He came to Blare, and there thai lay."

King Edward stayed some time at Blair Castle, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Athole, who were then on the English side.

As we have just read, in the quotations given from Tytler, of Edward's conduct during this expedition :—"His march was as usual marked by the utter destruction of the districts through which it lay." Now, if such was the case *before*, we may be sure that *after* being outwitted and out-generaled by the Regent at

Stroncally, Edward and his army would be more savage and destructive than ever during the march up Strathardle and Glen Brierachan. Wynton says Edward "was wa" when the Scots escaped, and as the English were so numerous, 20,000 men, nothing could have escaped them, so that the whole district must have suffered utter destruction. As King Edward's attempt to capture the Regent Moray at Stroncally is one of our principal historical events in Strathardle, I may give the original account of it as it is given in Wyntoun's "Orygynale Cronykil" for year 1336:—

"A thowsand and thre hundyr yhere
And sex and thretty to tha clere,
And then the Kyng of Ingland,
Wyth twenty thousand chosen men,
He held his way wyth his menyhe.
And sune he passyd the Scottis Se;
And syne to Perth has tane his way.
Schyre Andrew off Murrawe than lay,
Wyth the menyhe that wyth hym were,
In the wode of Stron Kaltere.
That to the Kyng Edward wes tald,
Tharefor evyn till hym he wald,
And came so near in tyll a thrawe,
That thaire dyscoverowris athir sawe
Sum off thaim justyd off were.
Schyr Andrewe in Stron Kaltere
Herand his Mes was standand then,
Bot there wes nane of all his men,
That evyr wes in his rowt that day,
That ony word durst till hym say,
Quhill he wes herand Mess, for he
Thareat suld anoyit be.
Tharefor thai made thaim bowne and bade
Quhill that he herd his Mes all had;
Than have thai tald till hym how nere
That the Kyng and his gret ost were.
He said, "Na hast," quhethyr perfay
Hys folk wald fayne have bene away,
For the gret ost wes then so nere
That sum but schort space fro thame were.
Hys hors till hym thai browcht in hy;
Thai wald, he had bene on blythly.
He hym dressyt his sted to ta;
Hys cusche laynere brak in twa.

Than wald he nowcht stere off that place,
Bot for all hast, that evyr thare was
He gert bryng hym a lytill cofyne;
A rone skyne tuk he thar off syne,
And schayre a (thawyng) all at lay sere,
And tharewyth festynd up his gere.
I herd sere Knychtis syndry say,
That thame thowcht nevyre in thare day
So rycht anoyus a bydyng,
As thai had at that (thawyng) scheryng.
He lape on syne, and in aray
Held welle hys folk, and held hys way.
And quhen the Inglis saw thame then
Hald sa togyddyr all thare men,
Thai folowyd, noucht owt off aray,
Bot in hale batale folowyd ay
Sa fast that thai had bene ourtane,
Na war, that thai had wyth (thaim) ane,
That kennyd thame a by way,
That ewyn down betwix craggys lay.
Throw that strayte rode, that dewys,
Thai gat welle fra thare innymys,
And lefft nothir man na lad.
And (quhen) the Kyng sawe that he had
Tynt thame off swilk wys, he was wa,
And northwartis on his gate can ga,
He came to Blare, and thare thai lay."

1340.—About this time I find King David II. giving many charters of lands in the district, such as:—"To John Stewart of half the lands of Ferdill. To Hugh Blair of the lands of East Mause, or Maler-eist, paying five chalders of victuall yearly. To John Hering of the lands of Glasclune. And to Adam of Blancradock the lands of West Mause."

1355.—In Peacock's "Annals of Perth" we read:—"At this time such dreadful torrents of rain fell in Perthshire as carried away water-mills, bridges, houses, men, and herds of cattle, and destroyed many of the towns which stood near the banks of rivers. These disasters were succeeded by an awful pestilence, which carried off a great number of the inhabitants. There had also been a terrible plague in 1346, which carried off a third of the inhabitants of the kingdom.

1358.—In this year we find Fergus Fergusson, son of Adam, Baron of Balmacrochie, and Robert, son of Duncan de Atholia,

ancestors of the Robertsons of Struan, getting into trouble with the Sheriff of Perth abnut their lands, as we read in the "Book of Garth and Fortingall," p. 118:—"In 1358 the Sheriff of Perth is allowed £12 for deforcements made upon him by Robert, son of Duncan (de Atholia), and Eergus, son of Ade, who failed to give suit for the lands of Balnafert, Ballmacreechie, Balnakand," &c.

1365.—Once again we find part of Balmacrochie changing hands, as there is a charter in Robertson's Index, 49-4, of the lands of Balmacrochie, Logybryde, and Blavalg, to the Abbey of Dunfermline. These lands, as we have already seen, were granted to Sir Robert Lawdere in 1280.

1375.—In this year we find King Robert II. residing twice during the winter at Cupar Abbey, and hunting in Strathardle; and he dates one of his charters in Glenshee, and another at Cupar, to his nephew, James de Lindsay, of lands in the Thanedom of Alyth, and the old Castle of Inverqueich, which for long was a stronghold of the Lindsays. The charter as given in the "Index," 121-75, is:—"The castle stead of Invercuych, together with the lands within the same Thanedom of Alyth, which belonged to Thomas de Rettre." In this year also died, David, the last of the ancient Celtic Earls of Athole; and Skene says:—"When the Celtic Earls of Athole became extinct, and, in consequence, the subordinate clans in the district of Athole assumed independence, the principal part of that district was in the possession of the Clan Donnachie, or the Robertsons." Up till the end of last century most of the upper part of Strathardle belonged to that powerful clan.

1389.—In this year one of the greatest events in the annals of Strathardle took place—the famous Raid of Angus, when the Clan Donnachie, or Robertsons, led by the sons of their chief—Robert, Patrick, Thomas, and Gibbon, and other allied clans, under the leadership of Duncan Stewart, son of the famous and ferocious Alexander Stewart, called the Wolf of Badenoch, fourth son of King Robert II., made a raid, and harried Glen Isla, Glen Esk, and other districts of Angus, killing many of the Ogilvies and Lindsays, and driving off all their cattle. The men of these districts gathered, and followed the Highlanders to Glasclune, in the Sormont, where a bloody battle was fought, in which the Clan Donnachie were victorious, and they continued their march up Strathardle, driving their spoil before them. Meanwhile, news of the raid had spread all over the country, and most of the Angus lairds gathered their forces, and, joining the defeated men of Glen Isla and Glen Esk, hurried up Strathardle, and overtook the High-

by Sir David Lindsay of G
his time in Scotland, Sir
other barons of equal ren
land," Vol. II., page 3, say
Angus, along with Sir Pa
Glen Esk, instantly collect
in numbers, trusting to the
mountaineers. But they w
Highlanders fighting with
seem to have struck a p
Ogilvie, with his brother, V
lony, the lairds of Cairncros
sixty men-at-arms along wit
Sir David Lindsay were gri
carried off the field. T
mountaineers is strikingly
Wynton :—'Lindsay had pier
ful man, through the body
pinned him to the ground, b
in the agonies of death, he w
and, with the weapon in his b
with his sword, which cut hin
into the bone, after which his
expired.'"

A good deal of confusion e
the raid of Angus ; Bower and
Bower says :—"In 1391 the C
with Duncan Stewart at the

says :—" It is unnecessary to enter into the particulars of the conflict, striking though the details are, but we have more certain information as to the leaders of the Highlanders in a brief, issued by King Robert III. at a general council held at Perth on 20th March, 1390, and addressed to the Sheriff and bailiffs of Aberdeen, directing them to put to the horn as outlaws the following persons guilty of the slaughter of Walter de Ogilvie, Walter de Lichton, and others of the King's leiges :—Duncan and Robert Stewarts, Patrick and Thomas Duncansons, Robert de Athale, Andrew Macnayr, Duncan Bryceson, Angus Macnayr, and John Ayson, junior, and all others their adherents, and as taking part with them in the slaughter ; Slurach and his brothers, with the whole Clanqwhevil, &c. (N. Acts of Parlinment, vol. i., page 579). The Stewarts were sons of the Wolf of Badenoch, Earl of Buchan ; the Duncansons, with Robert de Athole, were the heads of the Clan Donnachie, descended from the old Earls of Athole, who possessed the north-western district bordering on Badenoch ; the Macnayrs possessed Foss, in Strathtummel ; and the Aysons, Tullymet, in Athole. The others belonged to Buchan and Strathnairn, and were followers of the Wolf of Badenoch ; and the cause of the raid seems to have arisen from this—that Sir David Lindsay had inherited Glenesk in Angus and the district of Strathnairn from his mother, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir John Stirling of Glenesk, while another of the daughters had married Robert de Atholia, chief of the Clan Donnachie. His possession of Strathnairn would bring him into contact with the Wolf of Badenoch and the northern clans, and a quarrel regarding the succession probably brought the Clan Donnachie into the field."

I find another link of connection, which Skene seems to have overlooked, in Col. Robertson of Lude's " Earldom of Athole," where we find (pages 26-27) that Robert de Atholia, and his wife, the co-heiress of Glenesk's daughter ; also Janet, married the Wolf of Badenoch's son, Duncan Stewart, the leader of the Highlanders at the raid of Angus. This Duncan Stewart was the ancestor of the Stewarts of Garth, Bonskeid, Fincastle, &c.

The Angus barons overtook the Highlanders at Dalnagarn, at the very head of the Glen, and the battle took place on the field to the west of the farmhouse, which, as before mentioned, took its name, Dal-nan-carn, Field of Cairns, from the cairns raised over the slain, according to the ancient custom of the Highlanders, both as a memorial and to prevent wolves from scratching up the bodies. When defeated, the Angus men fled eastward, and many other place names in the Glen still recal the deeds of that famous day,

Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, and Aberdeen, in which exploits the Strathardle men assisted him.

1308.—In Robertson's "Index of Charters," about this date, I find a charter of King Robert the Bruce, of the lands of Mause in Lower Strathardle, to John de Kinnynmonth, and it is interesting to notice that about five centuries later the Laird of Kindrogan married the heiress of Kinmonth.

At the same time Bruce gave a charter of the lands of Drumlochy to Thomas de Camera, or Chalmers, the ancestor of another old Strathardle family. Index of Charters, 19-95.

1314.—King Robert the Bruce gives a charter to Sir Neil Campbell, and Mary, his spouse, sister to the King, and John, their son, of all the lands which were David, Earl of Athole's. This son John was afterwards the famous Sir John Campbell of Moulin, who built the old Black Castle of Moulin.

In the same year the Bruce gave a charter to his nephew, young Neil Campbell, of Kirkmichael, Dalrulzion, Dunie, and other lands in Strathardle. It is given in Robertson's Index of Charters, 26-27 :—"Carta to Nigelli Oge, the lands of Killmychill, Drondrayllen, Dunnor, Keyllpoll, Reythenan, in vicecom Perth." The men of Strathardle were loyal and true to the Bruce, and fought under him at Bannockburn.

1317.—In this year King Robert the Bruce resided at Cupar Abbey for some time, and hunted in the forests of Strathardle. There is an old tradition of the Bruce hunting on Pitcarmick Hill, near the little lake of Loch-nan-Biorrach, a place of evil repute to this day, and for centuries one of the most dreaded spots in the district for travellers to pass, even in daylight, as it was supposed to be haunted by all sorts of spirits, and I well remember, when a boy, how carefully I kept away from its dark waters. As the story goes, Bruce had a favourite hound, which, as they were hunting near Loch-nam-Biorrach, raised and pursued some "droch-bheist"—some evil or uncanny beast—that haunted the loch. It endeavoured to reach the loch, but was prevented, and it fled up Corrie-Charaish, pursued by the hound, which gained on it very fast. When it reached the head of the corrie, it sped up the face of Craig Corrie-Charaish to the famous cave near the top of that hill, into which it disappeared, followed by the hound, whose baying and barking could be heard for some time after, getting feebler as it descended into the bowels of the earth, till at last all was still. Bruce and his companions waited long for his favourite hound to reappear, but in vain, as the dog did not return, and they gave it over as lost. About a week after that, the hound,

torn, bleeding, and starved, was seen coming out of the opening of a small cave in the rocks of Craighall, about a dozen miles down the strath. What became of the "evil beast" is not known, as it was never seen again, but the poor dog must have had a long and weary experience of the lower regions before it once more appeared above ground at Craighall. To this day there is believed to be an underground passage between Craig Corrie-Charaish cave and Craighall rocks; and I have known old keepers who so firmly believed this, that, when fox-hunting, they would not allow their terriers to go near that cave, for fear of their landing at Craighall. The entrance to this cave is low and narrow, and at some distance from its mouth a great, dark, yawning chasm sinks down into the very bowels of the earth, and when a stone is thrown in, it is heard rumbling and knocking down against the rocky sides till the sound is lost in the far distance. The mouth of this famous cave was filled up with large stones some years ago, by Mr M'Nab, the then tenant of Pitcarmick, as his sheep were in the habit of going in and getting lost. If all old tales be true, perhaps he might have found these lost sheep amongst the rocks of Craighall, had he looked there for them. I hope some day the depths of this famous cave may be explored. There is another famous cave a little further south, at Craig-na-h-Uaimhaigh (Rock of the Cave), in Dunkeld wood, the other end of which is said to be near Loch Ordie. Several of Prince Charlie's Strathardle followers took refuge there in the troublous times after Culloden, and lived there in safety till better times. No doubt the most blood-thirsty of Cumberland's butchers would think twice before he attempted to follow them underground as far as Loch Ordie.

1320.—About this time we find the Rattrays of Rattray very powerful barons in lower Strathardle, and taking a leading part in the affairs of the kingdom. Dr Marshall, in his "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," says:—"Alexander Rattray was one of the barons of the Parliament held at Ayr in 1315, which settled the succession to the Scottish Crown. His brother Eustatius, who succeeded him, was, in the Parliament held at Perth in 1320, charged with being an accomplice in the conspiracy of Sir William Soulis and Sir David Brechin against Robert the Bruce, but on investigation the charge was found false, and he received an honourable acquittal."

David, Earl of Athole, at Scone, confirms the lands of Moulin, &c., to the Abbey of Dunfermline, and as the old names are interesting, I may give them, as in "Index of Charters," 28-7:—"Appunctnamentum parliamenti tenti apud Sconam, 1323, inter

old metal he found were the remains of those suits of mail, of tempered steel, in which the bold barons put so much faith, but which proved of so little use as a defence against the tremendous blows of the Highland claymores. As to the several cairns he mentions on the hill to the east of Dalnagarn, no doubt they were raised over the remains of some of the fugitives who fell there on their retreat from Dalnagarn, as part of them fled along the south side of the river by Dalchosnie.

I may now conclude this account of the battle of Glenbrierachan by giving the poetical account of it given by old Andrew of Wyntoun in his "Orygynale Cronykil off Scotland." I must, however, point out that he makes a mistake both as to the time and place of the battle, giving the date as 1392, when we know now from the Acts of Parliament that it took place in 1389. He also mixes up the two battles together, making all the fighting to take place at Glasclune, whereas we know that the Angus barons were not at Glasclune at all, only the men of the raided glens of Isla and Esk fought there, and the Angus lairds afterwards joined these and followed on to Glenbrierachan. However, a Churchman living quietly in St Andrews Abbey is to be excused though he gets rather confused about the conflicts of the clans. Wyntoun says (Book IX., Chapter xiv.):—

"When slane wes off Angus
The Scherrawe gud and vertuous.
A thousande thre hundyr ninty and twa
Fra Cryste wes born off Maria,
Thar fel a hey grete dyscorde
Between Schir Davy Lyndesay, Lorde
Off Glenesk, and the Heyland men.
Thre chifftanys gret war off thaim then
Thomas, Patrik, and Gibbone;
Duncansonnys wes thare surnowne.
For this discorde a day or twa
Wes set, bot all held nocht of tha.
Schir Davy de Lyndesay, that wes wys,
Trowit nocht in thaim, bot malys;
In prevate he send fon-thi
Up into the land a spy.
Fra that spy passit in that land,
Off hym hard he na tithand,
Quhil thare com down all suddenly
Off Scottis a gret cumpany:

Off tha ilke Hyeland-men
Thre hundyr, or ma, ware sowmyt then.
The Schirrane of Angus in Ketymys lay,
And by hym neire Schyr Patrik Gray,
The Lord de Lyndesay at Dundee.
Quher word ourspred than the cuntrie,
That the Scottis Hieland-men
Ware neire the wattyr off Ile then.
Schyr Walter off Ogylvy, that gud knycht,
Stowt and manfull, bald and wycht;
And the gud knycht Patrik Gray,
That in the cuntre that nycht lay;
Schyr Davy Lyndesay out off Dundee
Sped hym fast at thaim to lee;
Wyth tha thre Lordis gadrit then
Passit few atoure thre scor of men.
The Scherrane and Schyr Patrik Gray
As foremost held the nearest way,
And thoucht to gere sum thing be done,
Suppos the Lyndesay nevyr sa sone
Suld cum amang the Scottis men.
Befor the lawe tha Knychtis then,
That ware of harte baith stern and stout,
Presyt thame fast to skaile that rout.
In the stermond at Gasklune
That dulefule dawerke that tyme wes done.
Suhile thai ware in that pres fechtand,
The Lyndesay gud wes at thare hand,
And if tha Scottis heire and thare
Sum he slewe, sum wondyt sare,
Sua, on his hors he sittand than
Throw the body he strayk a man
Wytht his spere down to the erde:
That man held fast his awyn swerd
In tyl his neve, and up thrawand
He pressit hym, nocht agayn standand
That he was pressit to the erd,
And wyth a swake thare off his swerd
The sterup lethaire and the bute
Thre ply on foure abune the fute
He straik the Lyndesay to the bane
That man na straike gave bot that ane,
For thar he deit; yeit nevirtheless

Gud Schir W
That manly
Scherrane th
Godlike, wis,
And a gud sq
His bruthire
(To this gud S
Halff bruthire
Off syndry fad
Off lauchful b
Carncors, Forf
And Wylliame
And uthir gent
Off his kyn and
Wald nocht fra
Bot bidand in t
Slane al togidd
That bidand wa
Al oure land sa
That dulefull d

This "doleful work at G
laments so pathetically, wa
already seen, but at Dalnag
with the "other gentles of
away, but stayed in the field

1402.—In this year I find
Thomas Duncanson, or Robe
called "of Struan" (the prev
who was one of the leaders o
Angus, of

wand, and Dalacharmy." The next charter in the "Index," No. 48, is also to Thomas Duncanson of Athole, "of the lands of Strowane, ane ratification of all his lands, with a taillie." About the same time I find a charter—"Index" 148-32—to William Buttar, of the lands of Gormack. And also a charter—"Index" 149-43—to James Spalding of the lands of Fermall and Fornachty in Forfarshire. These charters are the first records I have found of the old families of Buttar and Spalding, who have been so long connected with Strathardle.

1404.—The winter of this year was noted for one of the greatest snow storms ever known in Perthshire. In the "Chronicle of Fortingall we read :—"In the year of the Lord 1404 a great snow fell generally on the land at the Feast of All Saints, and remained, increasing always, even to the Feast of St Patrick." That is, from 1st November to 17th March, a period of nineteen weeks, the snow went on increasing.

Having now, in this second paper, followed the history of Strathardle for about another four centuries, I will leave what follows for another year.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Twentieth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall on 14th July, 1892. As in previous years, great trouble had been taken with the decorations of the platform. In the absence of the Chief of the Society—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.—the Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, one of the Chieftains of the Society, presided. Every part of the building was crowded, and the meeting was attended with an amount of success never perhaps equalled at these gatherings. Dr Macleod was accompanied to the platform by Emeritus Professor Blackie; Mr Gilbert Beith, M.P. for the Inverness Burghs; Sir Henry C. Macandrew; Provost Ross; Mr William Mackay, solicitor, hon. secretary to the Society; ex-Bailie Mackenzie; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Ballifeary; Mr Godfrey Mackinnon, Dunain Park; Mr Fraser of Millburn; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr James Fraser, C.E.; Mr William Gunn; Mr H. V. Maccallum, Queensgate; Mr Macpherson, banker, Kingussie; Rev. Mr Macdonald, Killearnan; Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; Rev. Mr Bentinck, Kirkhill; Rev. Mr Archibald Macdonald, Kiltarlity; Mr A. F. Steele, banker; Mr D. H. Chisholm; Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary to the Society, and others.

The Secretary intimated apologies for absence from the following members of the Society:—The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Duncan Forbes of Culloden; James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour; Ian M. Grant of Glenmoriston; Fitzroy C. Fletcher of Letham Grange; W. D. Mackenzie of Farr; Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost; Rev. Alex. Stewart, D.D., Nether-Lochaber; Major Jackson of Swordale; C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Charles Innes, solicitor; P. Burgess, Glen-Urquhart; Captain Chisholm of Glassburn; and Colonel Murray, Inverness.

The Chairman, who was received with applause, said—I esteem it a privilege to occupy the chair on this occasion. For the first time in my life I find myself a "Chieftain," and gladly do I avail myself of the opportunity of thanking those whose kindness has placed me in a position as novel as it is honourable. I am very sensible that my personal claims to be heard on such subjects as those affecting the literature, traditions, and history of the Highlands are extremely slender, and yet I fain hope that my sympathy with the aims of your Society, with the additional qualifications of a Highland name not unforgotten or unknown in this connection; of a Highland tongue and a Highland heart, may be deemed some sort of fitness for the office which, through your kindness, I now hold. First of all, let me congratulate you on the good work accomplished by the Gaelic Society of Inverness during the twenty years of its existence. The Transactions published annually are in the highest degree creditable to the intelligence and research of the members, and have in numerous instances thrown an interesting light on the manners and customs as well as on the literature of a time long past.

THE CONDITION OF THE HIGHLANDS.

One object of the Society is the perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language, but other objects have certainly been attended with a gratifying measure of success, while "burning questions," which might have "set the heather on fire," have, as a rule, been wisely avoided. I do not intend by this last observation to suggest for a moment that such a point as, for example, the social state of the Highlands in the past or the present, is unworthy of the consideration of a Society like this. On the contrary, I believe that a historical investigation of that subject, fairly and honestly conducted, might contribute in many ways to the calm, earnest, and reasonable discussion of present-day problems which is so much to be

desired. I deplore, from the bottom of my heart, the depopulation of the Highlands, though I regret the direction which the recent agitation has sometimes taken, and feel bound to condemn much that has been said and done. I would yield to no man in the strength of my desire to see existing evils removed by every legitimate method. I know well that there have been hardship and suffering, for which the poor people themselves are in no sense responsible. They have been driven, in too many instances, into a corner, where subsistence was barely possible. It may be true that there are no "waste" in the Highlands in the technical meaning of that word, but "waste" lands, so far as human habitation is concerned, undoubtedly there are, and I for one would rejoice to see these lands, wherever possible, repeopled by a happy and contented peasantry. It is hard, no doubt, to fight against economic laws, but I do trust that measures may yet be devised by which the population may be more equitably distributed and more comfortably settled in their own country. We, of this Society, will ever watch efforts with the warmest interest and, so far as lies in our power, I am certain that our best endeavours will be used at all times to advance the comfort, happiness, and material prosperity of those who are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. If the race degenerate, as I trust and hope it never will; if it lose its patriotism, its martial spirit, its reverence for law and order, its virtue, and its piety, let it perish; but if it is still made of the same good fibre as of old, I say preserve it by all manner of means for its own sake and for the country's sake. Do not suppose, therefore, that when I express my satisfaction that burning questions have been avoided, as they ought to be, it was because I am indifferent either to the acknowledged wrongs or just aspirations of the Highland people. It was only because I feel, oh, so thankful, that the Gaelic Society has no politics.

HIGHLANDERS AND COUNTRY.

Thank heaven that this evening, at all events, we can shut our ears to the din of controversy which is heard outside these walls, and soothe our minds, whether they are flushed by victory or cast down by defeat, with the dear, old Gaelic airs to which we are to listen by-and-by. Allow me to particularly emphasise one good end effected by the Society. I shall call it cultivation of Highland brotherhood. It is often said that we Highlanders are clannish. Well, I accept it as a compliment.

We can see our own faults and acknowledge them, but let the outsider, be he "Gaul" or "Sassenach," dare to suggest or insinuate a fault, and he is pretty sure to awaken resentment that sometimes expresses itself in very forcible terms. A friend of mine was once travelling in a railway carriage with a Highland drover. My friend —an enthusiastic Highlander himself—was bold enough, for his own amusement, to make some depreciatory remarks with regard to Highlanders and their ways. The worthy drover stood it patiently for some time, but at last could stand it no longer, and, turning sternly to his companion, he addressed him in a manner at once cautious and decisive—"Sir," he said, "I won't say what I think, but if I said what I thought, I would be tempted to say that you are a most impudent fellow, and a liar to the bargain." His clannishness, as it is called, may show itself in ridiculous forms, but, at bottom, it is a noble trait of character. It is easy to call it "sentiment." But sentiment, ladies and gentlemen, is one of the most powerful factors in our lives. Destitute of it, we become dull, prosaic, and unimaginative beings, who are of the earth earthy. It has often been remarked, and that truly, that the love of country never glows with a brighter flame than among those who are inhabitants of mountainous regions like our own. There is that assurity in the beautiful or sublime in nature, which appeals to what is deepest and truest in our hearts with a power which nothing in this world can surpass. "Two mighty voices there are," says Wordsworth, "the mountains and the sea." These two mighty voices once heard can never be silenced or forgotten. To the dweller among the hills every grey ben and storm-beaten sgaur is instinct with life, and has an individuality all its own. The love of country is a "passion" among Highlanders. To the ends of the earth they may be expatriated, but no change of circumstances or lot can eradicate those feelings of affection, with which they cling to the land which is their fatherland, the land where are the sepulchres of their fathers, where they were born, and where, if it were God's will, they would like to die and be buried.

> "From the dim shieling of the misty island,
> Mountains divide them and a waste of seas,
> But still their hearts are true, their hearts are Highland,
> They, in their dreams, behold the Hebrides."

To such a sentiment as this, ladies and gentlemen, I see not why we should not open our hearts freely and generously We are the inheritors of a common language and a common

history, such as the lonely hills and misty moors alone could mould. Ours is a land of wondrous beauty and romance, and though there is much in the present condition of its people which we cannot but deplore, there is also much that justifies the continued existence of that feeling of Highland brotherhood, which it is the aim of this and kindred societies to foster and increase.

IS GAELIC DYING?

("No," and applause). That is a question often asked. I suppose it is, though languages die hard, and it will take many a long day before Gaelic ceases to be a spoken language in the Highlands. With that, however, we need not concern ourselves meanwhile. There can be no doubt, at all events, that it is a spoken language at this moment in some districts almost to as great an extent as it was a hundred years ago. And that being so, it is surely right and fair that this fact should be recognised in connection with the educational and religious work of the country. It is not a question about keeping a language alive by what are called artificial methods. The language is the vernacular of tens of thousands of the people, and I see not that we are entitled to deal with them educationally or religiously just as if it had no existence. There is the matter of e lucation. I would be the last to suggest that the teaching of Gaelic should be substituted for English. That, of course, would be mischievous and absurd, but why not use it as an instrument of education in the proper sense of that word, and as an aid to the intelligent acquisition of English? It seems reasonable that in Highland districts, which are Gaelic-speaking, the teacher should be bi-lingual, and thus able to make English intelligible to the scholars, instead of being, as it often is, a sort of parrot language, which is little understood and soon forgotten. Nor is Gaelic less required in connection with the ministrations of religion. There is too great a tendency in some quarters to discontinue Gaelic services, or to thrust them into a corner. Whatever may be thought of Gaelic for other literary purposes, it is a magnificent language for devotion and for preaching. With marvellous flexibility it adapts itself to the varying emotions of the human heart, and it is a splendid vehicle for the communication of divine truth to the mind of man. I greatly fear that its use in these respects is too frequently hindered by the inability of ministers to speak with the ancient power and purity. The man who can preach now-a-days with a pure Gaelic idiom and with good taste, as

arrival, he was sent
separated from the
his wife by a wicker
he overheard the wi
an t-eirionnach" (Rise,
being the Gaelic word
was Eireannach, an Iri
"cha do choidil *esan* fh
The minister, unable
which a good Gaelic
greatly alarmed. After
wife addressing the she
ing language. "Chaidi
she peered through the
her hand. "Eirich, a
shepherd began to shar
the minister, thinking
from the house, with th
in his hand, and, no do
been seized with some te
the same man who wish
had hurt his heel, and
"Ghoirtich mi mo chas
These are mistakes whi
Now, ladies and gentlemen
you and the feast of music
our entertainment. I wish
of presiding at this annua
interest in the prosperity o
cerns the welfare

in the world, but it could not produce birch trees, pine trees, nor our mountains, our songs, our Highland music. He had been called a learned man. That was perfectly right. He was the most learned man in Scotland—it was easy to say that, for Scotland was not a learned country; but if they wanted a learned country they must go to Germany. There were few ministers in Scotland who read correctly their own Bibles. With regard to languages, he knew Hebrew, and eight or nine other languages. What did they think of that? But he did not care a straw for that, and that was the reason he mentioned it. He would squash all the languages he knew, and every book about them—all he would retain was the Bible and the Scotch songs. He would even burn his Greek books. The best thing was song—it embodied the whole manhood of the people; and the best man the nation ever had was Robbie Burns, who wrote songs that the world admired. As a man who spent the greater part of his life, he proceeded, in the work of education, I say that the most important part of education is our native song. I don't care what Romans or Greeks call the sun. I care for my heart, my voice, and my soul. Why should I be more stupid than the mavis or the blackbird? They have the sense to sing; then, I say, sing, sing, sing, sing your native songs. Don't be deceived by London fashions and learned pedantries. Knowledge sounds very well, but what is the good of knowledge if you don't use it? What use is it at all? The devil is a very knowing fellow, I presume. You must have inspiration from the heart. "The heart's aye the part aye, that mak's us right or wrong." It is your own fault (to the Chairman), don't call me up again; I generally speak for an hour and a half. Because out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh wisdom. "I love Highlanders," the Professor went on, "but they have one strong objection. They make a kind of divorce between religion and happiness. They think people should not sing on Sunday, and they have a monstous objection to organs in churches. But you must make your piety shake hands with your gaiety. Make your religion full of singing and dancing too. Oh, read the 150th Psalm. I know the Psalm as well as you do, and a good deal better perhaps. You find it says praise the Lord with organs and timbrels and harps, and praise the Lord with dances. Do not make your religion sour. That is the only thing I don't like about Highlanders. The 'Book' and the song should go hand in hand. Religion without gaiety is disagreeable, and gaiety without religion is shallow, and does not reach the heart." When the

Inbhirnis. Bha mi gu
anns an leabhar bhliadh
anns am bheil iomadh o
cumail air chuimhne, n
bhardachd nan Gaidheal
dheireadh tha aiteachan
agaibh an uair sin, Mair
air iomadh pong, an de
Cha chluinn sinn a guth
fein basmhor cha chaoch
falluinnean nam bard a t
tha mi 'n dochas nach bi
ar cruit-chiuil air a gleus
thoirt aisde, fear a dh' inn
cridhe gach Gaidheil mu
leam fhein 'nuair a dh' ia
dhuibh gu 'n robh e 'n dei
fhios agam 'n a leithid so
gach ghne beachd, agus m
ceisdean a tha lionadh inn
agus anns an Staid, tha
cuid, gu'n toirinn fuil air
Agus mar sin feumaidh
eagal gu 'n tig mi tuaitheal
Air an laimh eile ma chui
Chomuinn Ghaidhealaich a
sibh nach 'eil annam ach p
nach faodar so a radh mu
bheil e dol air aghaidh mar

do 'n aon righeachd' gu bheil sinn fo riaghladh na h-aon Bhanrigh, agus na h-aon Pharlamaid. Gidheadh cha toil leinn gu'm biodh daoine feuchainn ri Goill no Sasunnaich a dheanamh dhinn. 'S fada bho 'n thoisich an obair sin. Thug Parlamaid Bhreatuinn ionnsuidh air, an deigh cogadh Phrionnsa Tearlach 'nuair a bha achd Righ agus Parlamaid air a toirt a mach a dh' orduich nach faodadh na Gaidheil am feileadh a chaitheamh. Ghabh iad a leithid a dh' oillt roimh'n tartan agus cha bu nar doibh. Ach bha an lagh ud air a mheas na chruadal. Cha do ghabh iad idir gu toileach ris an triubhas. 'S ann a rinn iad iomadh aoir agus oran fanoid d' i, a bha aig a' cheart am a cur an ceill cliu na deise Gaidhealaich—

"'S coma leam a bhriogais lachdunn,
B' annsa 'n fheileadh bheag 's am breachdann,
'S beag a bh' agam riamh a thlachd,
De 'n fhasan a bh' aig clann nan Gall."

Tha mi tighinn thairis air so gu bhi leigeil fhaicinn cho mi-reusonta 's a tha e, agus cho fada 'n aghaidh naduir a bhi feuchainn ri Ghaidheil a dheanamh nan Goill. Far a' bheil fior Ghaidheal cha 'n e idir eun is isle tha 's an ealtuinn, cha 'n e meanglan is mi-thorraiche tha 's a gheig. Ach far a bheil Gaidheal a tha ceilteinn a dhaimh 's a tha feuchainn a thoirt a chreidsinn air daoine gu bheil e gle ghallda, cha 'n 'eil ann ach creutair bochd a' salach' a nid 's an deachaidh arach, agus a di-moladh na carraig as an deachaidh a shnaidheadh. Chuala mi cuid de 'n t-seorsa ud ag radh :—"Ciod e feum a bhi cumail suas na Gaidhlig—tha i dol bas co-dhiubh—agus ged a bhiodh i beo re tamuill, ciod e feum a tha innte gu faighinn air aghaidh 's an t-saoghal?" Faodaidh e bhi gu bheil a' Ghaidhlig a basach ach ma tha, tha i gabhail a h-uine. Thoisich i ris an deo a thilgeil ann an Albainn ann an laithean Chaluim a' Chinn-mhoir—agus cha b' e sin an de—gidheadh tha i beo fathast. Faodaidh e bhi gu bheil canainean eile ann is fearr a phaidheas, leis a mo 'n dean daoine dh' airgiod. Ach an e airgiod crioch araid an duine? Na nithean is maisiche tha ann cha ghabh iad reic no ceannach, tha iad thar luach, solus na greine, ditheana na macharach, failidhean cubhraidh an t-samhraidh, torman nan allt, am bheil na nithean ud 'nan neoni a chionn nach urrainn duinn a bhi 'g an reic 's 'g an ceannach, mar gu 'n ceannaicheadh tu each, no damh, no poca cloimhe? Tha na nithean ud mar ola chubhraidh air a dortadh a mach, cha ghabh a luach a bhi air a thomhas ann am puinnd Shasunnach; agus air a' cheart doigh tha luach agus mais agus brigh ann ar canain

mhathaireal—'na litreachas, 'na beul aithris, 'na sean-fhocail, 'na h-eachdraidh, 'na ceol a tha eadar-dhealaichte bho shalachar an t-saoghail so--agus cha dubhairt mi nach 'eil luach saoghalta ann an eolas air a' Ghaidhlig cuideachd. Cha chreid mi nach biodh e na bhuannachd do iomadh aon aig a bheil an comhnuidh an an tir nam beann—ministearan, doctairean, luchd-lagha, maighistearan-sgoile—'nam biodh comas labhairt aca gu h-ealanta, agus gu gleusda anns a' chainnt a ruigeas cridhe gach Gaidheil air thoiseach air gach cainnt eile. Ach cha 'n e mhain gu bheil an comunn so a' cumail suas canain nan Gaidheal, agus gach ni a ta air a chur an ceill innte, ach tha, mar an ceudna, co-fhaireachadh aca ri 'n luchd-duthcha anns a h-uile ni a bhuineas do 'n cor saoghalta. Ciod air bhi eadar dhealachadh bharail a dh' fhaodas a bhi am measg buill a' chomuinn, a thaobh na meadhonan leis am bi suidheachadh ar co-bhraithrean air a dheanamh ni 's fearr, tha sinn a dh' aoin inntinn anns an durachd gu soirbhich leo. Agus tha fios againn anns an linn so gu 'm b' i an cuis air a tagairt, agus nach b' i an coraichean air an di-chuimhneachadh. Roimhe so bha luchd-aiteachaidh na Gaidhealtachd mar luchd-turuis sgith gun chala sabhailt gu ruithe 'g a ionnsuidh ann an am am feum. A nis, tha iad cosmhuil ris an fhear a bha 's an sgeulachd. Chunnaic iad solas fada uatha, 's 'g e b' fhada uatha, cha b' fhada 'g a ruighinn. Bhuail iad bas ri crann dorus mor na Parlamaid, agus bha iad air an gabhail a steach gu aoidheachd. Chuireadh uisge bog air an lamhan, agus uisge bog air an casan, agus plaid-eachan mine caola geala gu cadal annta. Cha 'n e mhain gu bheil a mal air isleachadh, ach tha bata na smuide a' taghal aig gach port—tha sitrich an eich-iarruinn a' dusgadh Mac Talla an iomadh gleann agus srath, far nach cluinneadh tu roimhe ach langanaich an fheidh no ceileireadh nan eun, agus faodaidh tu fios-dealain a chur gu d' charaid, agus gu d' namhaid cuideachd, na ceudan mile air asdar cha mhor ann am prioba nan sul. Agus tha cinnt againn nach 'eil na nithean a rinneadh mar tha, ach nan earlas air na nithean a bhios fhathast air an deanamh air son luchd-aiteachaidh na Gaidhealtachd. Ma tha cunnart idir ann 's e gu'm bi tuilleadh 's a choir air a dheanamh air ar son. 'S e so an cunnart anns am bheil araon Goill is Gaidheil air an latha 'n diugh. Tha Pharlamaid 'g an altrum, 'g an arach, agus a' gabhail a leithid de churam dhiubh. Tha i cur an cloinne do 'n sgoil—a' paigheadh air son an teagaisg agus a' deanamh iomadh ni eile air an son a b'abhaist doibh a dheanamh air an son fhein. A theagamh gu'm bu choir feadhainn bhi ann a chum daoine dhion bho 'n aimideachd fein. Ach bu choir dhuinn fhaighneachd, Ciod e dh' fhag luchd-aiteach-

aidh nan eileinean so iomraiteach mar dhaoine gaisgeil treun os cionn gach cinnich eile? Tha da aobhar air a shon. Anns a' cheud aite tha spiorad anns an t-sluagh fein a bhuannaich coir dhoibh a chum 's gu bheil urram air a thoirt do bhrataich agus suaicheantas Bhreatuinn anns gach cearn de 'n t-saoghal mhor. 'S ann air an aobhar so a tha Bhan-righ a riaghladh thairis air righeachd air nach 'eil feasgar a' ciaradh no grian a' dol fodha. Ach tha aobhar eile mar an ceudna air son cruadal agus treubhantas muinntir na righeachd so, agus gu h-araidh luchd-aiteachaidh na h-Albain, agus 's e sin gu 'n robh aca ri bhatal a chur, nach robh a h-uile ni air a dheanamh soirbh dhoibh. Ann an righeachdan eile mar tha an Spainn agus an Eadailt tha na speuran ni 's soilleire, agus na siantan ni 's caoimhneile, agus an talamh ni 's sultmhoire, agus tha h-uile ni cho reidh 's gu bheil daoine ullamh air fas somalt' agus leasg. Ann am Breatunn agus gu h-araidh an Albainn bha daoine bho chionn fada strith an aghaidh stoirm agus uisge, siantan caochlaideach, agus fonn neo-thorrach. Agus bha an cruadal roimh 'n deach' iad a' tarruing a mach an duinealachd, agus an treubhantas a bha annta. Cha 'n iad na luibhean a dh' fhasas fo ghloine far nach ruig oiteag de 'n ghaoith no pleoiteag de 'n t-sneachd iad is mo thig gu ìre agus neart, agus is treise ghlacas greim le 'n friamhaichean air an fhonn, ach an fheadhain a dh' fhasas am measg reothaidh agus sneachd. Agus b' e so reuson cudthromach gu 'n d' thainig ar luchd-duthcha—iomadh aon duibh gu ire agus gu neart, gu 'm b' eiginn doibh a h-uile ni a thoirt a mach le an luath's, agus an cruas agus an laidircachd fein. Agus air an laimh eile tha cunnart ma bhith's nithean air an deanamh tuilleadh a's soirbh, ma bhios a h-uile slighe air a deanamh direach, 's a h-uile sliabh ard air isleachadh, 's a h-uile garbhlach air a dheanamh reidh, gu'n caill sliochd nan sonn tomhas de 'n ghaisgealachd bu dual doibh. Agus feadh 's a tha dochas againn gu faigh ar luchd-duthcha ceartas agus lan-ceartas, cha bu mhaith leinn gu faigheadh iad oirleach a bharrachd, cha bu mhaith leinn gu 'm biodh iad ann an seadh 'sam bith air an deanamh 'nan dilleachda-deirce. Ciod air bith a thachras tha mi 'n dochas nach fas an Gaidheal meata no lapach, agus nach fannaich e anns an reis. Tha ainm sgriobhta le urram ann an eachdraidh na righeachd mar neach a sheas ann an uchd an teine gu bhi dion coraichean agus dachaighean duthaich a bhreith. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam am bi an ginealach a tha beo an diugh air an gairm gu leithid so de strith. Ach tha iad air an gairm gu iad fein a dhearbhadh ann am batal na beatha so—am batal is coir do gach neach, a bhi cur ann an aghaidh gach gne uile agus mi—run, agus

's e mo dochas agus mo mhiann, gu'n teid iad air aghaidh anns an strith so leis a' mhisneachd, agus leis a' chruadal a bhuinneadh do 'n ghineal bho 'n d' thainig iad. Buaidh 'us piseach le Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis, a h-uile latha chi 's nach fhaic.

A long and interesting programme, comprising Gaelic and English songs, pipe music, and Highland dances, was gone through. The musical programme, taken altogether, was probably the best that has been submitted at this annual event. The pianoforte accompaniments were played with much taste by Miss C. Fraser, Church Street. Dr Macleod proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the speakers, and to the ladies and gentlemen that entertained them that evening. A vote of thanks to the Chairman, on the motion of Provost Ross, brought a very successful meeting to a close.

The following anniversary poem, composed by the Bard of the Society, Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh, was read at the meeting :—

AIG BLIADHN' AR FHICHEAD A DH' AOIS.

Tha bliadhn' ar fhichead uainn air triall
Bho 'n chaith an Comunn so air rian,
Le àireamh bheag de chloinn mo ghaoil,
Aig an robh meas air tir an fhraoich ;
'S bhòidich iad gu duineil dileas,
A bhi seasmhach mar an sinnsir :
'S a bhi 'g altrum suas na Gàilig,
Canain aosda tir nan àrdbheann.

Dh' fhàs an comunn beag so làidir,
Ann an saibhreas 's ann an àireamh,
Mar chraoibh a sgaoil a mach a blàth,
Gu do rach ùr fo dhriùchd nan àrd ;
Mar fhuaran cuisleach, blasda, beò,
Ag uisgeachadh nam meangan òg ;
Tha 'n comunn so le tuigs' is ciall,
Mar thobar eòlais, fallain, fiall.

A' dùsgadh suas le dealas dian,
Na duain a bha 'n an suain bho chian,
'S a' neartachadh le misneach ùr,
Eachdraidh nan sàr 'tha cnàmh 's an ùir.
Na laoich a dhearbh an lamh 's an t-strith,
'S le 'n gaisgeadh threun a dhion ar tir ;
Cha leig gach àl a thig 'n an déidh,
Gu bràth air dearmad glòir an euchd.

Gach buaidh is piseach air na seòid,
'Tha duineil dion air taobh na còir,
'S le spiorad rioghail mar bu dual,
A' cumail cainnt air sinnsir suas ;
Gu 'n robh bhur soirbheachadh 's bhur fàs,
A' cinneachadh as ùr fo bhlàth,
'N 'ur comunn fiùghail aig gach am,
'S a' cosnadh cliù do thir nam beann.

O ! 'thir nam beann, a thir mo ghràidh,
Ge corrach, gruamach, d' fhireach àrd,
Is fuaim nan sruth, is gàir nan tonn,
A' bàrcadh mu do chreagan lom,
Gur binn leam ceòl do chaochain bras,
A' taomanh bho na h-aonaich chas—
Biodh cainnt do shliochd, is cliù do shuinn,
Gun mheirg gun smal bho linn gu linn.

21st DECEMBER, 1892.

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., Rector, Raining's School, read a paper on "Ptolemy's Geography of Scotland" at this meeting. Mr Macbain's paper was as follows :—

PTOLEMY'S GEOGRAPHY OF SCOTLAND.

Ptolemy, the famous Alexandrian geographer, flourished in the second quarter of the second century. Nothing much is known of his personal history, but his works on astronomy and geography dominated the world of learning and research for a dozen subsequent centuries. Ptolemy systematised the results of ancient research in these two subjects, adding some clarifying theories and facts of his own. That the earth was a sphere was a fact accepted by the ancient world of science ever since the time of Aristotle, but Ptolemy was the first to produce a rational plan for projecting the sphere, either in whole or in part, upon a plane surface. He is in fact our first real scientific map maker.

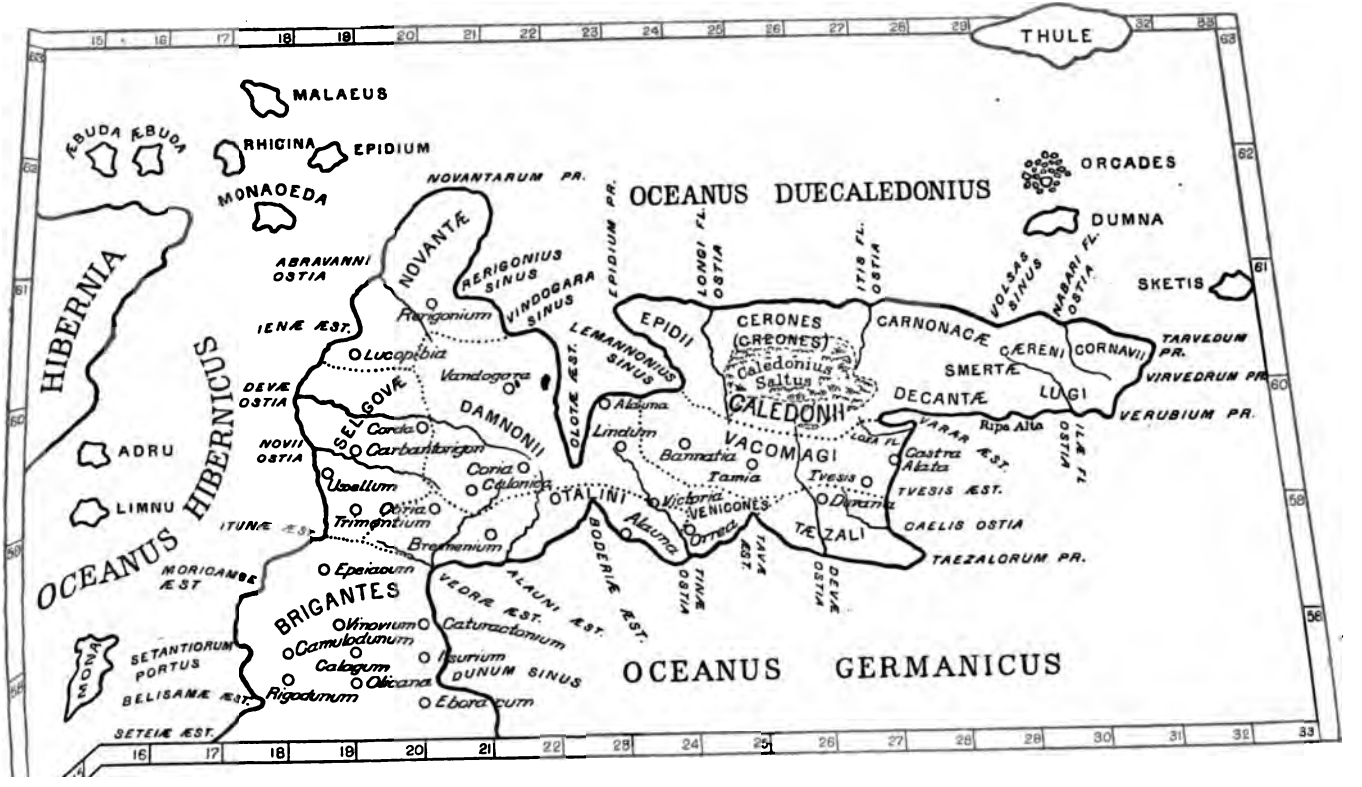
Ptolemy's work on Geography is very properly entitled "Instruction in Map-drawing ;" for, of its eight books, the second to the seventh merely contain tables of names of places, with longitude and latitude attached, so as to be transferred to the map. The first book gives instructions how to make the map.

with the proper projection. Ptolemy also drew 27 maps himself, and maps that purport to be their descendants are still found in the Ptolemy MSS. It is easy, however, to see that the real value of the work lies in the tables and not in the maps, whose accuracy, unchecked by the tables, could never, after so many centuries of copying, be depended on.

Ptolemy's degrees of longitude start from the then known westernmost point of the world—the Canary Islands; his latitude, of course, begins from the Equator. His degree of latitude was estimated at 500 stadia, which is one-sixth too small; his longitude degrees properly enough converge as he moves northward. His northernmost point of all is Thule, which he places in latitude 63 degrees. In regard to Britain his latitude on the south coast of England is 2 degrees too high, and by the time Scotland is reached this error is doubled; the Solway Firth is put down as 58 degrees 45 minutes, whereas it is 4 degrees less than this really.

While Ptolemy's outlines of England and Ireland are in a general way fairly accurate, the fact that he places Scotland at right angles to England gives his map of the British Isles a grotesquely inaccurate appearance. On closer inspection, however, it will be found, when once this initial error is allowed for, that his outline of Scotland is as good as those for the two sister countries. Up to the Tyne and Solway, Ptolemy's map is as accurate as could be expected from his general work; but, here, instead of continuing Scotland straight to the North, he turns it eastward, exactly 90 degrees wrong. Many explanations have been suggested for this error; the most satisfactory is that of Mr Bradley, who thinks that Ptolemy or a predecessor had England, Scotland, and Ireland first on three separate maps, and, in fitting them together, he had placed Ireland too far north, and so, perforce, was led to place Scotland at right angles to England. In any case, latitude and longitude have shifted places as far as Scotland is concerned, and the Mull of Galloway is the furthest north point of Scotland according to Ptolemy.

Of course the text is often corrupt, different MSS. presenting different readings. The latest and best edition is that of Müller (Paris, 1883); he has collated some forty MSS., and he gives in his notes all the various readings, noting the MSS. in which they occur. I have followed Müller's text in the translation and transcription of Ptolemy's Geography of Scotland, which I here present. The map which accompanies this paper has been kindly prepared by Mr James Fraser, C.E., Inverness. He has given the


THULE
MALAEUS
ÆBUDA
ÆBUDA
RHICINA
EPIDIUM
MONAOEDA
NOVANTARUM PR.
OCEANUS DUECALEDONIUS
ORCADES
DUMNA
SKETIS
HIBERNIA
ABRAVANNI OSTIA
NOVANTÆ
RERIGONIUS SINUS
VINDOGARA SINUS
EPIDIUM PR.
LONGI FL. OSTIA
ITIS FL. OSTIA
VOLSAS SINUS
NABARI FL. OSTIA
IENÆ ÆST.
Rerigonium
Lucopibia
EPIDII
CERONES (CREONES)
CARNONACÆ
CÆRENI
CORNAVII
TARVEDUM PR.
VIRVEDRUM PR.
VERUBIUM PR.
SMERTÆ
LUGI
DEVÆ OSTIA
GOVÆ
Vandogara
LEMANNONIUS SINUS
Caledonius Saltus
CALEDONII
DECANTÆ
DAMNONII
OLOTÆ ÆST.
Alauna
Lindum
VACOMAGI
Ripa Alta
ADRU
NOVII OSTIA
SELGOVÆ
Corda
Carbantorigon
Bannatia
Tamia
VARAR ÆST.
Castra Alata
LOIA FL.
ILÆ FL. OSTIA
LIMNU
Uxellum
Conia
Calonica
OTALINI
Victoria
VENICONES
Tvesis
TVESIS ÆST.
Durnamia
ITUNÆ ÆST.
Trimontium
Bremenium
Alauna
Orrea
TÆZALI
CAELIS OSTIA
TAEZALORUM PR.
OCEANUS HIBERNICUS
MORICAMBE ÆST
Epeiacum
BODERIÆ ÆST.
TAVA ÆST.
TINÆ OSTIA
DEVÆ OSTIA
VEDRÆ ÆST.
ALAUNI ÆST.
BRIGANTES
Vinovium
Caturactonium
Camulodunum
Isurium
Calagum
Olicana
DUNUM SINUS
OCEANUS GERMANICUS
MONA
SETANTIORUM PORTUS
BELISAMÆ ÆST.
Rigodunum
Eboracum
SETEIÆ ÆST.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

latitudes and longitudes of Müller's text, but on these he has grafted the more or less rounded contours of the Latin Ptolemy map of 1478. This preserves the map from the odd look which such angular reproductions as those in Captain Thomas's maps always present, while accuracy, it is hoped, is not a whit sacrificed.

After describing the "Britannic Isle of Ivernia," that is, Ireland, Ptolemy sets about describing the situation of the Hebrides, which he places to the north of Ireland. Ptolemy's text runs thus :—

There lie above Ivernia islands which are called Æbūdæ, five in number, the westernmost of which is called—

	Longitude. Degs.	Mins.	Latitude. Degs.	Mins.
Æbūda	15		62	
The next to it towards the east is likewise				
Æbūda	15	40	62	
then Rhicina	17		62	
then Malæus	17	30	62	30
then Epidium	18	30	62	
And towards the east from Ivernia are these islands :—				
Monaœda	17	40	61	30
Mona island	15		57	40
Adrū, a desert island	15		59	30
Limnū, a desert island	15		59	

GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH ISLAND ALVION.

The description of the north side, above which is the Ocean called Dvēcalēdonius :—

Peninsula of the Novantæ and Cape of the same name	21		61	40
Rerigonius Bay	20	30	60	50
Vindogara Bay	21	20	60	30
Estuary of Clōta	22	15	59	20
Lemannonius Gulf	24		60	
Cape Epidium	23		60	40
Mouth of the river Longus	24	30	60	40
Mouth of the river Itys [Eitis]	27		60	40
Volas [or Volsas] Bay	29		60	30
Mouth of the river Nabarus	30		60	30
Tarvedūm or Orcas Cape	31	20	60	15

The description of the west side, to which are adjacent both the Ivernic Ocean and the Vergionius Ocean. After the Cape of the Novantæ :—

Mouth of the river Abravannus..	19	20	61	
Estuary of Iēna	19		60	30
Mouth of the river Dēva	18		60	
Mouth of the river Novius.....	18	20	59	30
Estuary of Itūna	18	30	58	45

The description of the next sides looking south-east, to which is adjacent the Germanic Ocean. After Cape Tarvedūm or Orcas, which has been mentioned :—

Cape Virvedrūm	31		60	
Cape Verubiūm.....	30	30	59	40
Mouth of the river Ila	30		59	40
High Bank	29		59	40
Estuary of Varar	27		59	40
Mouth of the river Loxa	27	30	59	40
Estuary of Tvesis.....	27		59	
Mouth of the river Cælis	27		58	45
Cape of the Tæzali [Tæxali]	27	30	58	30
Mouth of the river Dēva	26		58	30
Estuary of Tava	25		58	50
Mouth of the river Tina	24		58	30
Estuary of Boderia	22	30	59	
Mouth of the river Alaunus.....	21	20	58	30
Mouth of the river Vedra	20	10	58	30

The Novantæ dwell along the north side below the Peninsula of like name, among whom are these towns :—

Lūcopibia	19		60	20
Rerigonium	20	10	60	40

Below them are the Selgovæ, among whom are these towns :—

Carbantorigum	19		59	30
Uxellum	18	30	59	20
Corda.....	20		59	40
Trimontium	19		59	

From these towards the east, but more northerly, are the Damnonii, among whom are these towns :—

Colanica	20	45	59	10
Vandogara	21	20	60	
Coria	21	30	59	20
Alauna	22	45	59	50
Lindum.....	23		59	30
Victoria.....	23	30	59	

More southerly are the Otalini [better Otadini], among whom are these towns:—

Coria	20	10	59	
Alauna	23		58	40
Bremenium	21		58	45

After the Damnonii towards the east, but more northerly, from Cape Epidium about eastwards are the Epidii, after whom (the Cerōnes, then more easterly) the Creōnes, then the Carnonacæ, then the Cærēni, and, most easterly and furthest, the Cornavii. From the Lemannonius Gulf as far as the Estuary of Varar are the Calēdonii and above them the Caledonian Forest; from them more easterly are the Decantæ, touching whom are the Lūgi, and above the Lūgi are the Smertæ. Below the Calēdonii are the Vacomagi, among whom are these towns:—

Bannatia	24		59	30
Tamia	25		59	20
Alata Castra (Winged Camp)	27	15	59	20
Tvesis	26	45	29	10

Below these but more westerly are the Venicōnes, among whom is this town:—

Orrea	24		58	45

More easterly are the Tæzali [Tæxạli] and their city:—

Dēvana	26		59	

Islands lie adjacent to the Isle of Alviōn at Cape Orcas:—

Scētis Isle	32	40	60	45
Dūmna Isle	30		61	20

Above which are the Orcades Isles, about 30 in number,

the middle of which is	30		61	40

And still further up than these is the Isle of Thūlē, the parts of which lie—

The westernmost	29		63	
The easternmost	31	40	63	
The northernmost	30	20	63	15
The southernmost	30	20	62	40
The middle	30	20	63	

I will examine the above names with a double purpose: first, to see if they, or the places they refer to, can be traced to modern times; second, to discover, if possible, what language or languages the names belonged to. This last point practically means that I am to discuss the Pictish question from a linguistic standpoint

Professor Rhys, as is well known, maintains that the Picts were non-Celtic and non-Aryan, a view which he has lately expounded afresh in an extraordinary paper in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, on the language of the Northern Picts. We shall see whether Ptolemy's names for the ancient Highlands and Isles involve necessarily non-Aryan or non-Celtic elements. Of the above names, fortunately about two-thirds of them belong to the region of the Northern Picts.

Ptolemy, as we know from Marcian, called the British Isles the Prettanic Islands, but the MSS. now have the more or less Roman form of Brettanic. Prettania is the real old Greek name of our Isles, and it is clear that the Roman Brittania is but a corruption of it. Professor Rhys and others maintain that the two names are separate; he says that Britain got its Roman name from the South of England tribes, who called themselves Brittones. But there is no authority for this. In fact, the name Prettania or Pretania has been preserved in its Brittonic form in the Welsh Prydain for Britain, and in Prydyn, the Welsh for a Pict = Gaelic Cruithne. Gaelic *c* answers often to Welsh *p*, and consequently Gaelic Cruithne, pre-historic *Qrt*-an-ic, is the same as the ancient Pretania; in short, the Picts gave their name to the British Isles. Probably they were the only Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain when the Greek voyager Pytheas (circ. 300 B.C.) visited these isles. The name is allied to Gaelic *cruth*, form, appearance; they may have been called the "figured" or "painted" men, as old writers insist they were so adorned.

Ptolemy's Alvion appears in Pliny and others as Albion; he means by it Great Britain; but the Gaelic population of both islands have always restricted this name to Scotland—Alba, gen. Alban. We may compare the Latin Alba to it; the Latin adjective *albus* signifies white. The underlying meaning is the very common and, in this case, appropriate one of "White-land." Ivernia, "Ireland," is the Latin Hibernia—a piece of folk etymologising, for Hibernia in Latin means "Winter-land" (*hibernus*, winter). Another old Greek form of the name is Iernē, which is exceedingly near the modern Gaelic sound. Some think that an initial *p* has been lost, and explain the name as Piverion, "Fat or Rich-soiled Land," Greek Pieiria. It has, however, to be remembered that several rivers (the Scottish Earns, Find-horn, etc.) have the same exact name; consequently it is either the name of a goddess, or a name applicable to both "island" and "river." (Compare the Teutonic *ey*, isle, from a root allied to *aqua*). Not only does *'Eire*, Ireland, appear in river names, but we have at

least two other island names applicable to rivers and estuaries—Ilea or Islay and Ptolemy's Dumna (compare the Irish Inver-Domnan, etc., from the goddess Dumna). Professor Rhys, of course, refers Ivernia incontinently to a non-Celtic source, and we hear much of the pre-Celtic Ivernians.

If Scotland be shifted back into its proper place, the Æbūdæ Isles will be to the west of it, and suit, in a general way, the Western Isles. Ptolemy has 5 Æbūdæ; Pliny says there are 7 Acmodæ (Æmodæ) and 30 Hæbudes; Mela speaks of 7 Hæmodæ. The name now appears resuscitated as Hebrides, by the misreading of a MS. copyist. Ptolemy has two islands of the same name—Æbuda or Ebuda; it is usual, from their position, to equate them with Islay and Jura; but probably Capt. Thomas was right in identifying them with the two Uists, North and South. The Norse name for Uist is Ivist, and the first syllable is not unlike the first part of Ebuda.[1] Rhicina, Pliny's Ricina, appears in a few MSS. as Engaricina, and some have consequently been tempted to refer the name to Egg (Greek Enga may be Egga); but it seems certainly intended for Rathlin isle—Irish Reachrainn. Malæos is, of course, Mull; Adamnan calls it Malea. Dr Stokes equates the root *mal* with Albanian *mal'*, height, border; Lettic, *mala*, border. The change of *a* into *u* in modern times is caused by the influence of the *e* or *i* sound in the second syllable. The Norse name was Myl. The isle of Epidium has been equated by Skene with Lismore, and by Captain Thomas with Islay. As the name cannot be separated from Cape Epidium (Kintyre), Mr Bradley thinks that it is a bit of the Mull of Kintyre which was inserted on the Irish map which Ptolemy worked from—one of the three which he fitted so ill together. We shall treat of the name Epidium afterwards. It is generally agreed that Monaœda, Pliny's Monapia, is the Isle of Man (Welsh Manaw), and that Mona is Anglesey.

Ptolemy calls the Solway Firth the Estuary of the Itūna; this name is identified with that of the Eden river. Going westwards, or rather, according to him, northwards, we first meet the river Novios, the Nith; the word is the Celtic *novios*, new, Welsh *newydd*, Gaelic *nuadh*, and the word Nith is a Brittonic rendering of the old name. Next, in its proper order, we have the Dēva or Dee; the name simply means "goddess," and is one testimony, among many, of the worship of rivers and fountains, which Gildas (6th century) so bitterly complains of. There are many Deva's

[1] Since the above was written, Sir Herbert Maxwell suggests that Bute is the modern representative of ancient Eboudæ.

on Celtic soil both in Britain and Spain. Then comes the Iēna, but, unlike the Nith and Dee, the name is lost, and the guesses made vary between the rivers Cree (Skene) and Fleet (Thomas) and anyway in Wigtoun Bay (Muller). The Abravannus is identified with Luce river and bay (Skene and Bradley) and the Annan (Muller), the latter on account of the similarity of the names when *Aber* is removed from Abravannus. It is usual to etymologise the name into the Welsh *Aber-afon*, "river's mouth" = Mouth of Avon; and this may be correct. Then we reach the Mull of Galloway, three times its normal distance away from the head of Solway (Itūna), under the name of the Cape of the Novantæ, the people who are represented as inhabiting the "chersonese" or peninsula which abuts here. The name has left no modern traces; the root seems to be the same as that in Novios river—"New-comers?"

Turning northward, or, according to Ptolemy, eastward, we have the Rerigonius Bay; this is by general consent set down as Loch Ryan; the form suits well enough the modern name. It might be divided into *Re-rig-onios* "fore-stretching," the main root being the common one of *reg*, stretch, go. The Bay of Ayr is represented by Vindogara Sinus: there is no modern representative, but the *vindo* is the well-known Celtic adjective *vindos*, white, a nasalised form of the root *vid*, see. The *-gara* may be parallel to the common river-name of Garry—Gaelic *Garaidh*, being possibly from the root *gar*, sound, and meaning "brawling." The Clōta is, of course, the Clyde; the Gaelic is *Cluaidh*, old genitive *Cluade*, Adamnan's *Cloithe*, Bede's (Welsh) *Cluith*; it is usual to refer the word to the root *klu*, *klou*, cleanse, the Latin *cluo*, cleanse, *cloaca*, sewer.

Next comes the Lemannonius Bay: we may take this form as the correct one, though many MSS. have Lelaanonius. By general consent the place meant is recognised as Loch Fyne; Muller, Bradley, Thomas, and Stokes all agree on this. And it suits Ptolemy's position well enough, though Loch Long is technically more correct, where, indeed, Skene places it. The name still exists in that of Lennox, the older Levenax or Levanach, the Middle Gaelic of which is Leamhain. The root is *lem*, now *leamh*, an elm; and we may compare the Helvetian Lake Lemannus. Some think that Loch Lomond is meant; at anyrate, they think it is its name that we have here got by some confusion or other. The Gaelic of Loch Lomond is Loch Loimean, but in old times it was called Loch Leven, a name which in Ptolemy's times would be Livona (Lei-vo-na, root *lei*, smooth,

flowing, Greek *leios*[1]). The difficulty is not altogether with Lemannonius Bay, but with the Longus river, which Ptolemy places next after Cape Epidium in a position that might suit, relatively to the other two places, the western mouth of the Crinan Canal. Here the river Add discharges itself into the sea; the name means the "Long River;" and hence Skene concluded that this Long river was Ptolemy's Longus. There are several objections to this theory. First, it takes for granted that the Gaels were the inhabitants of the district about the year 100; this may be true. Second, it is Ptolemy's practice to translate the native names into his own Greek, as witness High Bank and Winged Camp, not into Latin, as Longus would imply. Skene made the error because he used a Latin map and text, and he has even caused Mr Bradley to stumble after him. The name is the name of Loch Long, however much displaced; it means "Ship" or "Navigable Loch," from Gaelic *long*, W. *llong*, ship. In fact, the Norsemen called this very firth Skipafjördhr, that is, Ship Fjord. Dr Stokes thinks that Longus is a Celtic word cognate with Latin *longus;* but the word *long* or *luing* is a common name in the Western Isles, one or two islands going by more or less oblique forms of the name (Lunga, Luing, and two Longa's). The identification of Longus River with Loch Long implies much confusion on the part of Ptolemy or, rather, of his informants; but when one looks at the numerous lochs and firths and headlands of the Clyde Firth and Argyllshire Coast, one need not wonder that the Roman sailors blundered. It is right to say that Capt. Thomas identified the Longus river with Loch Linnhe—An Linne Dubh, or Black Linn. Cape Epidium (Mull of Kintyre), we shall discuss in the name of the Epidii.

Starting from the Mull of Kintyre and ignoring Longus river, we next meet with Itis or Eitis river, which fits quite well as to distance from the Mull with Loch Etive. This identification has commended itself to Muller, Bradley, and, doubtfully, to Captain Thomas. The name suits well; Etive in Modern Gaelic is Eitigh, in Middle Gaelic Eitchi (Story of Deirdre). The only difficulty is that, if the *t* was single between two vowels, we ought now to have it aspirated. It has, however, to be remembered that Etive is doubtless a word borrowed into the Gaelic, and in that case the rule does not always hold (witness the early borrow *sagart*, from *sacerdos*). Stokes gives the root as *ei* or *i*, to go, as in Lat. *itum*, *iter*, etc. Some compare the Gaulish Portus Itius, whence Cæsar started for Britain. Skene places Itis at Loch Carron.

[1] See further in *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, vol. II., p. 551.

Accepting Loch Etive as Ptolemy's Itis, we find that his distance therefrom to the Volsas (Volas) Bay will bring us to the neighbourhood of Loch Alsh, a name that wonderfully fits with that given by the old geographer. The root may be *vel*, *vol*, to "well," "roll;" German *wolle*, a wave. Muller, Skene, and Thomas place the Volsas Bay at Loch Broom, a view that is tenable enough if the longitude of the Varar, Loxa, etc., on the east coast are considered. If Loch Alsh is the Volsas Bay, then the river Nabarus, which is undoubtedly the Naver, is much too far south—only one degree away from Loch Alsh. Any way we take it, there must be a discrepancy. As can be seen, Ptolemy ignores Cape Wrath, though many writers think that this is his Tarvedum Promontorium, notably Mr Bradley, who thinks that Ptolemy has misplaced the Naver; in fact, he thinks that Tarvedum and Vervedrum should come before the Naver. But this is very unlikely, as we shall see. In many MSS. Nabarus is given as Nabæus, but there is no doubt in the mind of any one that the river is the Naver. The root seems to be *nav*, swim, etc., whence *navis*, a ship; in short, the meaning of the word is much the same as we found in that of Loch Long. The Modern Gaelic is Na*u*ir, the preservation, such as it is, of the *v* showing a borrowing from the previous Pictish tongue.

After the Naver comes Cape Tarvedūm or Orkas, which Captain Thomas and Mr Bradley identify with Cape Wrath. Mr Bradley rests his case on his derivation of Vervedrum, which he thinks is the progenitor of Farout in Farout Head—an impossible derivation. It is altogether a needless dislocation of Ptolemy's positions; he means the three or four heads to the north and east of Caithness—Holburn Head, Dunnet Head, Duncansby Head, and Noss Head. Tarvedūm is given by Marcian as Tarvedūnum, that is, Bull's Dun or Fort; compare the Tarodūnum of Gaul with like force. The meaning may, however, simply be Bull's Head. The point meant is either Holburn Head, near Thurso, or Dunnet Head, also forming an outpost to Thurso Bay. As a proof of our identification, Thurso itself is the Norse Thjórsa or Bull's Water! With it may be compared the Icelandic Thjórsá or Bull's Water of modern times. Ptolemy gives the cape a secondary name—Orkas; it seems to me that he means the two sentinel capes of Thurso Bay—Holburn and Dunnet Heads. Duncansby Head is called Virvedrūm Cape; all writers are agreed upon this, Mr Bradley excepted. He thinks that Farout Head is meant; he analyses Vir-vedrum into the preposition *ver*, the Gaulish form of the Gaelic *for* or *far*, Lat. *s-uper*, Greek *uper*; it means "upon"

or "exceeding." The *vedrūm* he equalises with the Pictish *fothar*, appearing in Dunottar (Simon of Durham's Dum-foeder). The *vir* is doubtless the prep. *ver*; but *vedrūm* can hardly be *fothar*, for the latter word itself is simply a prefix word—a preposition, seemingly of like meaning with Gaelic *for*. The Wear river is called by Ptolemy Vedra; and Dr Stokes suggests a connection with O. Slavonic *Vedru*,[1] clear. This would give a meaning in each case of Cape Clear and Clear River, which are, as to signification, quite satisfactory. Cape Verūbiūm, or Noss Head, also contains the prep. *ver*; the root *ub* has been happily referred by Stokes to the Irish word *ubh*, sword-point, doubtless allied to the English *weapon* (root *veb*, *ub*). This would give the meaning of the word Verubium as "Sword Head."

Turning now southward, or westward according to Ptolemy, we come to the river Ila. By almost common consent this is regarded as the Helmsdale River, called in Gaelic Ilidh, Eng. Ulie, Sir Rob. Gordon's Vlly. The name Ila is common as a river name in Scotland (spelt Isla usually), and there is also the Island of Islay so named. In this we must remember the parallel case of Erinn in being used both for rivers and for the Island of Ireland. Stokes suggests a reference to the root in German *eilen*, to hasten, go. Skene draws attention to the fact that the syllable *il* enters largely into Basque topography. A degree (of longitude) further south is "High Bank," which Skene identifies with the hills north of the Dornoch Firth, but which most writers regard as the Ord of Caithness misplaced. It is likely the Ord of Caithness that is meant, and some seek the Ila north of it in the Latheron district, but without success. Berriedale Water may have also once been an Isla; witness the North and South Esks. The Varar Estuary is undoubtedly the Inverness and Beauly Firth. The name still exists in the River Farrar, and glen of Strath-farrar. The root is *var*, which may mean "winding," "bending;" compare Lat. *varus*, *varius*. We are now at the innermost corner of the Moray Firth; and it may be remarked that Ptolemy has a wonderfully accurate account of this part, indeed of the whole, of the eastern coast of Scotland.

The river Loxa is represented as in the same parallel (that is, longitude) as Varar, but half a degree to the north. That is how the best MSS. have it; other MSS. place the Loxa between High Bank and Varar, equating it with the Cromarty Firth (Captain Thomas), or the Loth, an insignificant river in Loth Parish

[1] Root *vid*, see, as in Gaelic *fionn*, white. But *ved*, wet, suits the phonetics better.

(Bradley). The Loxa ought naturally to be the Nairn by position; but the name is identified by Skene, Stokes and others with that of the Lossie, far away from Ptolemy's place for it on the map. The phonetic difficulty here is a racial one; from an early Pictish *s*, we should expect a later *ch*, that is, if the Pictish was a Brittonic language and treated *x* as the other Brittonic languages did. Compare Ochil of the Ochil Hills and the Welsh *uchel*, high, Gaelic *uasal*, Gaulish *uxellos*. The form *lok-s* may be from one or two roots, and may mean "oblique," "shining," etc. Measuring from Varar, we should put the Tvesis Estuary about Cullen; it is doubtless the mouth of the Spey that is meant. On this all the authorities are agreed. The names seem also allied; Spey, Gaelic Spé, may come from Spesi-s or Speisi-s, a Celtic *sqvei*, to vomit; Gaelic *sgeith*, Welsh *chwyd*, vomo; compare for force the old Italian river Vomanus. Ptolemy's *tv* initial is an attempt to reproduce the initial Pictish sound which has now settled into the very non-Gaelic form of *sp* in Spey. Half-way between Spey and Kinnaird Head is the Caelis (Greek kailis) River, or Celnius, which suits the position of the important river Doveran or Deveron, but which in name fits Cullen and Cullen Water (Welsh makes original *ai* into *u*; hence Kailnios, which two MSS. give, represents admirably a latter Cullen). Doveran is a Gaelic name and a late one; as the earlier form Duffhern shows, it means the Black Earn opposed to the Findhorn or White Earn. The root *kail* is in modern Gaelic *caol*, narrow. Kinnaird's Head is called the Cape of the Tæzali or Tæxali (Taixali), a name that should produce in later times a Pictish (British) Tuch-al or a Gaelic Taosal; the parish of Tough in mid Aberdeenshire ideally represents the British form of the root.

Turning southward, we come to the River Dēva, now the Dee. Skene accepts the bad reading of one MS., which gives Liva or Leva, and identifies it with the North Esk. Next comes the Estuary of the Tava, the Tavaus of Tacitus, which in position suits the Esk, but in name and in reality means the Tay. The name Tava appears on Brittonic ground in the Devon Tavy and the Welsh Tawe, and there is a Welsh adjective *taw*, signifying "quiet," "gentle," to which Gluck equates the Gaulish Tavia, Tavium, and the woman's name Tavena. Between the Tay and the Forth Ptolemy places the river Tina or Tinna; by position, of course, it suits the Tay best. The river meant is the Eden, which makes a considerable bay near St Andrews. Many think that the Tyne, of Newcastle, is meant, but this is unlikely, because this portion of the coast was possibly the one best known to the Roman

fleets, as we can easily guess from Agricola's campaign. If it be the Eden, then the remarks on the Eden from which we started may apply to its derivation. Otherwise Tina or Tinna may be referred to the root *ten*, stretch, pull, Welsh *tyn*.

The Estuary of Boderia is undoubtedly the Firth of Forth; this name Tacitus gives as Bodotria. By combining the two readings we may arrive at a form Bodertia, the first portion of which may be the well-known Pictish form Fother, so common in place-names as a prefix, latterly dwindling into For (compare Fothuirtabhaicht, now Forteviot, Fordun from Fotherdun), or provected in Scotch to Fetter (Fettercairn, Fetteresso). It is possibly terminal in Dunottar, anciently Duin Foither, Oppidum Fother, Dun foeder (Simon of Durham for latter). Dr Stokes suggests a connection with Irish *foithre*, woods; but the Pictish *fother* points as likely to an older *voter*, a comparative form of the prep. *vo*, under, and comparable to a Greek *upoteros*. The old Picto-Celtic form of Forth may have been *Vo-ter-tia*, which with the hardening of the *v* and the softening of the *t* (to *d*), which were in process probably as early as the first century, would give us the *Boderia* or *Bodotria* of the Classical writers. Forth seems to be the descendant of the word which Bodotria stands for. The 12th century writer of "De Situ Albaniae" says the river is called Froch in Gaelic (Scottice) and Werid in Welsh (Britannice)—Eng. Scottewatre, that is, Scottish Sea. In two Irish versions of a poem on the Picts, added to the Irish mediæval Nennius, we are told the Picts took Alba "O crich Cat co Foircu (or Foirchiu)," that is, "from the bounds of Caithness to Forth." Zeuss compares Bodotria to the form *buadarthe*, turbulentus, applied to a stream in an old Irish gloss, and no doubt a shorter form of the word *buadar*, that is, *bodar*, would do; but then the modern name Forth, which seems connected with the Classical names, must receive a separate explanation.

The next point on the coast noticed by Ptolemy is the mouth of the river Alaunus; the river named is the Alne of Northumberland, surely insignificant compared to the Tweed, which is ignored. Captain Thomas suggests that the Tweed is meant but the Alne named. In a similar way, the Tyne is passed unmentioned, while the Wear is taken, under the name of Vedra. For its derivation, see Cape Vervedrum. There was another Alaunus in the south of England, identified with the Axe, and two cities in France and two in Britain called Alauna. There are at least three Scotch rivers called Allan, and this is supposed to be the modern form of ancient Alaunos, or, the more Celtic, Alauna.

There is a Welsh Alun river, and the Cornish Camel is also known as the Alan. The word likely divides into *Al-auna*, and possibly the root is *pal*, as in Latin *palus*, marsh.

Let us now consider the sixteen or seventeen tribes that Ptolemy divides Scotland among. The Novantæ occupied Wigton; we have already regarded them as the "New-comers," root *nov*, new. Eastward to the head of the Solway lay the Selgovæ, whose name still survives in Solway Firth; the root is *selg*, which in the Celtic tongues means "hunting;" the Selgovæ were the "Huntsmen." The great tribe of the Damnonii occupied the counties of Ayr, Lanark, Renfrew, Dumbarton, Stirling, Menteith and Fothreve or the western portion of Fife (Skene). They are generally in name regarded the same as the Dumnonii of ancient Devon, to which they gave that name. Prof. Rhys calls the Damnonii a Brythonic people, and finds remains of their name in that of the river Devon in Perthshire. If the Damnonii are in name the same as the Dumnonii, the root is the very common Celtic one of Dumnos or Dubnos, "world," the modern Gaelic *domhan*, allied to Eng. *deep*. East of the Selgovæ and Damnonii lay the Otadini (long ō), along the east coast from the Wear to the Firth of Forth, if not into Fife! So awkwardly does the town Alauna fit the position of the Estuary of Boderia that the situation of the town suits only the isle of Inchkeith. Otalini is the reading of five good MSS., Otadini or Otadēni that of 15, and Tadini or Gadēni that of some others. The preferable reading is Otadini, which suits the old Welsh name of the Lothian district, viz., Guotodin.

While the tribes we have just enumerated are said to have possessed towns, which are duly named and "positioned," a matter which helps the identification of the tribal localities, the next ten tribes are slumped together townless, and with little or no guidance as to their position. First come the Epidii, touching the Damnonii to the north-west, and starting from Cape Epidium, as Ptolemy says. We may assign them Kintyre and Lorn. The name is from the root *epo-*, the Gaulish for "horse," Gaelic *each*. The ancient Gaelic name would have been Eqidios; indeed the name exists in Adamnan's personal name, Echodius and the later Eachaidh, which in Gaelic passed into Eachuinn. Dr Stokes, however, thinks the root is *peku*, cattle, Lat, *pecu;* he would give the oldest form as *(p)ekvidioi*, "cattle-holders," the later Irish personal name being Eochaid; but the other derivation seems the right one, for, as a matter of fact, the root *peku* appears nowhere else in Celtic. Next are the Cerones or Creones, for the MSS. differ as to whether these were two or one people. The root of

the name is either *ker* or *kre;* it is a root of several meanings, the chief one of which is to "cut, divide, throw." Various authorities see remains of the name in the West Coast loch names—such as Crinan, Creran, etc., also Carron, Keiarn, Kearon. Captain Thomas extends them from Crinan to Loch Leven, and finds the name in Creran. The Carnonacæ, according to most writers, occupied Wester Ross, and, of course, Loch Carron has been equated with the name. The true derivation seems to be *carn*, "a hill," common to all the Celtic tongues; they were the men of the "Rough-bounds," or Garbh-chriochan—the "Cairn-men." The use of Carn or Cairn for mountain names is peculiar to Pictland and Wales. Dr Stokes connects the 8th century name Monith Carno, the scene of a battle between two rival Pictish kings, fought in 729, near Loch Lochy (?). The Cærēni, or, properly, Cairēni, may be placed in Western Sutherland up to near the Naver. The root *cair* is that of **cairax*, the modern *caora*, sheep; compare the Cæroesi of Gaul. Animal names giving names to persons or nations is not an uncommon phenomenon. The Cornavii occupied Caithness, the "horn" or *corn* of Scotland. There were Cornavii between the Dee and the Mersey in England, and Cornwall still holds the name, standing for Corn-Wales, "the Welsh of the Horn."

Neighbours to the Cornavii southwards were the Lūgi, occupying easter Sutherland. Around Loch Shin were the Smertæ, and Easter Ross was occupied, up to the Varar Estuary, by the Decantæ. The root *lūg* of the name Lugi appears in many Celtic names, both on the Continent and in Ireland. Indeed, there was a Lūgi tribe in Mid-Germany contemporary with the Highland Lugi. The god of light and arts among the Gael was called Luga of the Long Arms; and the old name of Lyons was Lūgdunum, explained by an old glossary as "desiderato monte"—the desirable town. Dr Stokes refers the root *lug* to a Celtic base corresponding to Ger. *loken*, allure, Norse *lokka*. In that case the Norse god Loki is Aryan cousin, probably, to Luga, though the former is the god of evil enticement, while the Celtic Lug is alluring by good. The Smertæ or Mertæ also shows a common root; we have the personal names Smertalos (Cumberland inscription), Smertulitanos, Smertomara, Ad-smerios, etc.; and the goddess Minerva of the Gauls, called Ro-smerta. These Dr Stokes refers to the root *smer*, to shine. The Decantæ are paralleled by an ancient people of North Wales—the Decanti, or Decangi (?), now Degannwy. The name seems also to be found on the Ogam inscriptions as Deceti; there is also the Decetia of Caesar.

Dr Stokes gives the root as *dec*, Latin *decus*, glory, Eng. *decorous*.

The Calēdonii or Caledonians are definitely located; they stretched, says Ptolemy, from Lemann Bay to the Estuary of Varar—from Loch Fyne to the Inverness Firth; above them, that is, west of them, is the Caledonios Drumos or Forest. This last, as Skene said, is Drum Alban and the western Grampians. A line from Loch Fyne to Inverness goes right along Drum Alban for half the way; in fact, the district so defined is an impossible one for two reasons. The Caledonians were east of Drum Alban; secondly, Dunkeld, which most writers allow as containing their name, shews that Perthshire was occupied by them. In fact, the Caledonians inhabitated Perthshire and easter Inverness. Much discussion has raged round the name, and authorities are by no means agreed yet. Professor Windisch gave as the root of Caledonian the form Cald-onios; the root *cald* in Gaelic and Welsh means "wood"—Gaelic *coille*, Welsh *celli*. Hence Caldonii or Caledonii meant "Woodlanders." As a further proof, the name Dunkeld is in old Gaelic Dun Calden, now Dun-Chaillinn; and there is also the mountain Sidh-Chaillinn in mid Perthshire. The combined sound *ld* was separated by the Romans and a vowel introduced; this was mistakenly lengthened by Ptolemy and his imitators. The Welsh forms show Celidon, but are evidently founded on the Latin pronunciation of Caledonia. Dr Stokes separates Caledonii from both Dun Calden and from *cald*, *coille*, wood, He cannot agree that the root in Calēdonia can be Calden and *cald*. Professor Rhys, on the other hand, allows that Dun Calden contains the name Caledonia, but he denies that either can be of Celtic origin, much less akin to the root *cald*. The Dvē-Caledonian Sea or Western Ocean has a puzzling name; the *dvē* has been explained as meaning "two." This postulates two Caledonias, and this there was, if Perthshire was their southern and Inverness-shire their northern seat, and according to all evidences the Caledonians were an inland people; it is difficult to understand how they could have given their name to the Western Ocean, unless, indeed, the northern half occupied all Inverness-shire, west as well as east. In the wars of Severus so important were the Caledonians become that only they alone are mentioned for the northern Highlands, the other tribe being the Mæatæ, near Agricola's wall.

The Vacomagi, according to Ptolemy, occupied territory east of the Caledonians and coterminous with theirs throughout. What suits his figures is the stretch of country which begins on the Moray Firth with Elgin and Banff, includes Western Aberdeen-

shire and Perthshire, or, at least, the eastern portion of it. One of their four towns—Bannatia—would fall about the Earn or Almond, near Crieff, while the northernmost town is identified, probably rightly, with Burghead, and is called "Winged Camp." The name Vacomagi has been explained by Mr Bradley and Professor Rhys as "men of the open plains," in opposition to the Caledonian Woodlanders. The stretch of country allotted to them by Ptolemy, intersected as it is with the Grampians and its south-tending spurs, would hardly gain them this name; but possibly they really occupied Forfar, West Aberdeen onwards to the Moray Firth, leaving Perthshire to the Caledonians. As to the derivation, the form *vacos* is very common in Celtic names, both as prefix and affix, but, as Gluck remarked, its meaning is obscure. The Welsh *gwâg*, empty, which Mr Bradley and Professor Rhys's derivation brings forward as a parallel, is apparently borrowed from Latin; Dr Stokes, however, allows it as a native word in his *Comparative Dictionary*, just published. The form *magi* may be equated with old Gaelic *mag*, plain, now *magh*. No trace of such a name as Vacomagi now exists. The Tæxali of Aberdeenshire we have already discussed; and Ptolemy's only other tribe is the Ven(n)icones, or Venicomes; this name is found also, but only once or twice, as Vernicomes. They occupied Easter Fife, and perhaps stretched northward into Forfar; Ptolemy makes them and the Tæxali fill the whole coast, apparently, from Kinnaird Head to Fife Ness. Modern editors prefer Vernicones as the name of this people: Professor Rhys once explained the name as "Marsh-hounds," adducing the Welsh *gwern*, a swamp, and *cwn*, hounds, as complete parallels. It may be remarked that "dog" names were common and popular among the Gaelic Celts, and the derivation is, therefore, not to be rejected on any idea that such a name would be insulting. But *verno* may also mean "good" and "alder," and, then, there is the terminal *comes* as against *cones* in the MS. readings. Possibly Professor Rhys's derivation is the best one. If we take *Ven* instead of *Vern*, then we have the well-known Celtic root for "kin," "friends," Gaelic *fine*, seen in names like Veneti, etc.

Ptolemy mentions 21 towns as existent in Scotland in his time; they are mostly in the south, the Highland tribes having none, we may say. What exactly Ptolemy meant by his "towns" it is hard to say, for of regular towns in a Roman sense there were none. Possibly defensive positions—the *dūna* or fortified hills and the strongholds in woods or by rivers—are meant; and certainly within the lines of Roman conquest and campaigning the "towns"

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against a foe advancing into Caledonia. It was somewhere on the Allan; Rhys places it at the famous Ardoch, *near* the Allan. The fifth town is Lindum, which Skene places at Ardoch; the word means "water, *linn*;" for name Lindum would suit Lin-lithgow best. The town of Victoria, which, in Celtic, would be Boudica or Pictish Budic, must have been a Roman station, possibly at Lake Orr, in Wester Fife (Skene), where Roman remains exist.

The Otadini had three towns: first, Coria, which is variously placed at Peebles and at Carby Hill, Liddesdale (Skene); second, another Alauna, which, as was said, suits Inchkeith by position, but is possibly Alnwick misplaced. Bremenion, whose root *brem* means "roaring," is placed by Skene at High-Rochester in Redesdale, where traces of the Romans still exist.

We are on the confines of the Highlands, if not actually in them, when we come to the Vacomagi. In any case they were a great Pictish tribe. They had four towns: first, Bannatia or Banatia, which is variously placed on the Earn at Strageath, the Almond at Buchanty (Skene, Rhys), or the Garry in Atholl (Thomas). The editor of the *Monumenta Historica Britannica* places it at Inverness and *Bona*. The root *ban* or *bann* is found often on Celtic ground: it means "white," "milk," "bond," etc. The second town is Tamia, which Skene places on the isle of Inchtuthill in the Tay, where numerous remains exist; the root *tam* is common, especially for river names, and possibly means "dark." The "Winged Camp" is by common consent allocated to Burghead; while Tvesis is placed by Skene at Boharm on the Spey, for it is but the river name used as a town name.

The Vernicones have been allocated only one town—Orrea, which has been variously placed by modern writers—at the junction of the Orr and Leven in Fife (Rhys), at Abernethy (Skene), and at Forfar (Thomas). Somewhere on the Orr seems best. Skene has suggested that Orr, the river name, is connected with Basque Ur, water; so, he thinks, are the several rivers of similar names which we have—Oure, Ure, Urie,[1] Orrin, and Ore. This should delight Prof. Rhys. The root *or*, however, is a good Aryan one, and signifies to "run," "start;" the Norse *örr* means swift; and the root *por*, which also in Celtic results in *or*, gives like meanings—"passing through, etc." The Tæxali are represented as having one town—Dēvana. Skene places this, mostly because

[1] The *u* in most of these cases is long. Inver-urie appears in 1300 as Inver-vwry, though the modern spelling existed in 1199. The derivation suggested is from *iubhar*, the yew, the Gaulish *Eburo*, which appears in so many ancient names of places, rivers, and peoples.

of similarity of name, at Loch *Daven*, near Ballater. The phonetics are unsatisfactory in two ways; the *a* does not correspond to *ē* in Dēvana, and it is unlikely that *v* could be preserved in such a unique word. In fact, the *v* has disappeared out of the name Deon, the Don now, from which Aberdeen has its name. The Gaelic is Dian, for ancient Dīvona, or rather Deivona. This is undoubtedly Ptolemy's word as well, and possibly Aberdeen, or rather Old Aberdeen is meant. The name means "goddess," and is found in Gaul;[1] for the idea underlying it, see the remarks on the Dee or Deva.

Ptolemy places four islands, or island groups, adjacent to his Cape Orkas. The first is known in the best MSS. as Skitis or Sketis (once only), while most MSS. give the form Ocitis. Ptolemy places Skitis about 70 miles N.E. of Cape Orkas, and, owing to the form Ocitis, many writers consider it as having been one of the Orcades islands. It is, however, more probably the Isle of Skye misplaced, a view which commends itself to Muller, Thomas, and Stokes. The latter says that it is "the wing-shaped island of Skyé; Norse, Skídh; Irish, Scii (dat. case, date 700 in Annals of Ulster); Adamnan, *Scia*; gen., *Sceth* (date 667 in Annals of Ulster), Scith (Tigernach, 668); means wing, Ir. *Sciath*, *Sciathan*." Dr Stokes' derivation is the one usually accepted; the Norse Skídh, which is possibly influenced by "folk-etymology," means a "log," "firewood," "tablet," and is allied to another Gaelic *Sgiath*, a shield. It is interesting to note that the Dean of Lismore refers to the island as "Clar Skeith"—the Board of Skith.

The second island is called Dūmna; he places it some 60 miles north, that is west (?), of the mouth of the Naver, and the Orcades Isles only twenty miles further off northwards. Pliny mentions Dumna, but places it along with Scandia or Scandinavia. Mr Elton thinks it is one of the Orkneys, Captain Thomas says that it is usual to connect it with Stroma ("Current Isle"), and Mr Bradley considers it either to be Skye or the Long Island. It may be the Long Island; the name seems to contain the root which we have already discussed in the case of the Damnonii or Dumnonii, the *u* of which is also long.[2]

There are thirty Orcades Islands, says Ptolemy; other writers, such as Pliny, Mela and Solinus mention them and their numbers (40 or 30), and Tacitus tells us that Agricola's fleet subdued them. The name is still with us in Orkney, a Norse form signifying the

[1] Ausonius (4th century) explains it thus: "Divona, fons addite divis."

[2] Compare the goddess Domnu, whose name is in Inver Domnann (Rhys' Hib. Lect., p. 593),

"Isles of Ork." Old Gaelic *orc* signified a "pig, a whale;" hence "Whale-Isles" is the force of the word. Allied by root is the Lat. *porcus*, pig, whence radically we have the Eng. *pork*. The fourth island is the ever-famous Thule, but what the meaning of the name is or where the island was situated we do not here intend to discuss, for it is a very fruitless task. It is possibly part of Scandinavia; at least we cannot consider Thule as belonging to Scotland.

In conclusion, I will now draw some inferences from these names given by Ptolemy for northern Scotland. Early Pictland, we may take it, was Scotland north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde—the part of the country never subdued by Roman arms and called by Tacitus Caledonia. For this district north of the Firths up to the Orkneys, Ptolemy has given us some 44 names. Are the names Aryan by root and character? Are they Celtic? If Celtic, do they belong to the Brittonic or to the Gâdelic branch of Celtic? The first two questions are practically answered; we have only to summarise the results at which we arrived in discussing the names separately. Of the 44, three are translated names – Ripa Alta, Pinnata Castra, and Victoria; these cannot count in our argument. The following names we found (1) Celtic derivations for and (2) noted them as existent either on the Continent in Celtic regions or in England and Wales on Brittonic ground, viz.: — Lemannonius, Itis, Tarvedum (Tarvedunum), Deva, Devana, Tava, Cornavii, Decantæ, Lugi, Smertæ, Lindum, to which we may add Alauna. The root of Dumna and Dumnonii is common in Celtic lands, and the elements of Vaco-magi are easily paralleled in Gaul. Epidii is specially Brittonic, and good Celtic roots were found for Clota, Longos, Nabaros, Carnonacæ, Cæreni, Vernicones, Orcades; the Gaulish prefix *ver* appears in Vervedrum, and Verubium; we suggested probable roots for Volsas, Ila, Varar, Loxa, Cælis, Cerones (Creones), Sketis, and also for Bannatia and Tamia. Even should our derivation of Caledonia be disputed, the root *cal* may be fallen back upon, and it is quite common in Celtic names; but it is a root of several meanings. The Tvesis and Tina are doubtful as to form and origin (Spey and Eden?); Bodotria, which is in a similar position, was referred to a Pictish comparative (vo-ter-); Orrea we referred to the root *or*, and Tæxali was left underived. Skene suggests for Orrea and Ila a Basque origin, a view that should commend itself to Professor Rhys.

We thus see that only three or four words cannot be satisfactorily accounted for; and these, in two cases, are badly

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At this meeting the fo
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18th JANUARY, 1893.

At this meeting, Mr Alex. Macdonald moved, and it was unanimously agreed to, that the Society record in their minutes, their loss and deep regret at the death of Ex-Councillor William Gunn, Inverness, who was always an active and energetic member of the Society from its foundation. The rest of the evening was devoted to the nomination of office-bearers for 1893.

25th JANUARY, 1893.

At this meeting office-bearers for 1893 were elected, and Dr Cameron and Dr Cruickshanks, Nairn, were elected members of the Society. Thereafter the honorary secretary, Mr William Mackay, read a paper contributed by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, on the "Macintyres of Glennoe."

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., moved, and Mr W. Mackay, hon. secretary, seconded, the following motion, which was cordially approved of by the meeting, viz. :—"That the meeting pass a resolution expressive of the great loss which Highland and Celtic literature have sustained in the lamented death of Sheriff Nicolson, Edinburgh, one of the Honorary Chieftains of the Society, whose intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, and his unwearied interest in all that tended to benefit his fellow-countrymen, caused his name to be well known and deeply revered among Highlanders in all parts of the world." The Secretary was instructed to forward an extract of the minute, with an expression of the sincere condolence of the Society, to Sheriff Nicolson's sister, in Edinburgh.

Mr Sinclair's paper was as follows :—

THE MACINTYRES OF GLENNOE.

The name Macintyre, Mac-an-t-Saoir, means son of the carpenter. It may be regarded as a fact, then, that the progenitor of the Macintyres was known as "an saor," or the carpenter. But why was he called the carpenter? Was he a real carpenter? Or was he merely a man, who, owing to some act or other performed by him, came to be spoken of as the carpenter?

The earliest traditional account of the carpenter from whom the Macintyres have sprung is substantially as follows :—Olave

Olave's ship was lying a
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and told him that he w
for him. In the night
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Olave, Somerled, and th
they had passed the po
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the ancestor of those wh
the carpenter (*Collectanea*

According to Duncan
Macintyres was at sea in
pin to fill up a hole throu
cut the thumb off and dr
belonged to Sleat, in the
Conn Ceud-Chathach.

"Bha sibh ua
Air druim sàil
Chaidh tarrum
Druim a bhat
Leis a chabhai
Sios na h-aite

According to Mr Campbell's informant, a woman named Flora Macintyre, there was a King in Islay long ago who was known as Righ Fionnaghal. He was a Macdonald, and had his residence on the island in Loch Fionn-lagan. He had an illegitimate son. He was one day at sea in a boat, and had this son with him. The peg in the bottom of the boat came out and was lost. The young man thrust his thumb into the hole and chopped it off with an axe. "Mo laochan air saor na h-ordaig!"—"Good on your head, thumb carpenter"—said his father. The King's son was from that day known as Saor na h-Ordaig, or the Thumb Carpenter. The Macintyres are descended from him (*Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, Vol. IV., page 35). Righ Fionnaghal, properly Righ Fionnghall, King of the Fair Strangers, was no doubt the title by which Olave the Red was known among the Highlanders. As the Lords of the Isles were successors of Olave, the same title would be given them. The fair strangers were the Scandinavians who had settled in the Western Islands.

The story which represents the progenitor of the Macintyres, as cutting off his thumb to stop a leak in the bottom of a boat with it, is a little too absurd for credence. It is possible, however, that he did something like that which Maurice Macneill is said to have done. At the same time he may have been a real carpenter. A good ship carpenter would be a very useful and prominent man.

According to tradition, the Macintyres came from one of the Western Isles. They lived for some time south of Ben Cruachan. They tried on several occasions to drive their cattle through the passes of that mountain, but were always stopped and turned back by a spirit that acted as guardian of the mountain. This spirit, however, was by no means unfriendly to them. He told them one day that they had been taking the wrong passes, and directed them to the pass or opening that led to Glennoe. He also told them to follow a white cow that they had in their herd, and to build a house for themselves on the first spot on which the cow would lie down to rest. They followed his advice. The result was that they settled in the beautiful valley of Glennoe.

The Macintyres occupied the farm of Glennoe for a long period. According to an old saying, an apple tree at Loch Etive and Macintyre of Glennoe were the oldest farmers in Scotland—"Craobh de dh-abhall a gharaidh aig taobh Loch Eite agus Mac-an-t-Saoir Ghlinn-Nodha da thuathanach a 's sinne 'n Albainn." General Stewart of Garth states that the Macintyres settled in Glennoe about the year 1300. They were foresters of the Stewarts of Lorn, and were continued in the same employment by the Campbells of Glenurchy.—*Sketches of the Highlanders*, vol. I., p. 80.

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The Macintyres of
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Duncan Macintyre
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arms. He studied law for some time, but gave it up after his father's death to take charge of Glennoe. He was a man of high culture, and an excellent Gaelic scholar. He was the author of several Gaelic poems, in one of which he makes a bitter attack upon Dr Johnson. He married Ann, daughter of Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine, and sister of Cailein Ghlinn Iubhair. He had three sons and six daughters—Donald, Martin, Duncan, Catherine, Ann, Isabel, Mary, Lucy, and Jean. He died in 1799. His wife lived to the advanced age of 103 years.

James Shaw, bard, Loch-nan-Eala, composed a truthful and pretty song about James of Glennoe—

"Fear dubh, fear dubh, fear dubh, fear dubh,
Fear dubh, fear dubh 's e liath-ghlas;
Fear dubh, fear dubh 's a chridhe geal,
Le spiorad glan gun iargain.

"Cha n-aithne dhomh 's na criochan so—
'S cha mhis' a theid ga t' fhiachainn—
Aon duin' a chumas seanachas riut,
'S gun chearb a tigh'nn o d' bhial air."

Martin, second son of James of Glennoe, died in the 18th year of his age. Duncan, the third son, was a captain in one of the Highland regiments. He succeeded his father in Glennoe. He married Ann, daughter of Campbell of Duneaves, in Perthshire, by whom he had a daughter Jane, who died unmarried. Duncan died in London, in 1808. He was the last Macintyre that held Glennoe. His widow married a Major Stephenson. She retained possession of the manuscripts that had belonged to James of Glennoe. What became of these manuscripts I do not know Among them were the history of Smerbie Mor and the history of the Sons of Usnoth.—*Macnicol's Remarks, Livingstone's Edition* page 147.

Catherine, eldest daughter of James of Glennoe, was married to Peter Macintyre; Ann to Donald Macintyre, Peter's brother; Isabel to Archibald Maclellan; Lucy to John Macintyre; and Jean to the Rev. Duncan Macintyre, minister of Kilmallie. Mary died unmarried. Catherine, Ann, and Isabel came with their husbands to Ontario.

Donald, eldest son of James of Glennoe, succeeded his father in the chiefship of the clan. He was a doctor. He studied in Edinburgh. He came to New York in 1783. He married Esther Haines, by whom he had four sons—James, Donald, Thomas, and

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Macintyre Mac Coshem
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ordained in 1784. He became minister of Laggan in 1809, and of Kilmallie in 1816. He married Jean, daughter of James of Glennoe, by whom he had John and Martin. He died in 1830. His wife died in 1855. John, the accomplished Dr Macintyre, of Kilmonivaig, was the author of several Gaelic poems. Peter, grandson of John Macintyre of Camus-na-h-Eireadh, was a captain in the Royal Marines. He died in 1855. He was the author of "Traghadh mo Dhuthcha" and other Gaelic poems.

"'S e traghadh mo dhuthcha
A dhruigh air mo chom;
I muthadh 's a tionndadh
Mar uspairt nan tonn;
Na fior Ghaidheil dhileas
A diobairt nan tom,
Is ciobairean diblidh
Feadh fhrithean nan sonn."

31st JANUARY, 1893.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL DINNER.

The Twenty-first Annual Dinner of the Society took place in the Caledonian Hotel this evening, and possessed more than ordinary interest, celebrating as it did the 21st anniversary of its institution. During that period the Society has published seventeen volumes of Transactions, and its present state of membership, and general activity in revising old and breaking in new fields of research, gives promise of still greater literary wealth. Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, one of the chieftains of the Society, presided, supported by Colonel Malcolm, C.B.; Provost Macpherson, Kingussie; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr A. F. Steele, banker; Mr H. V. Maccallum, solicitor; Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary to the Society; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, publisher; Mr Williamson, banker; Mr Bannerman, Southport; Captain Ruari Chisholm, Seaforth Highlanders; Mr Chisholm, Colorado. Mr Duncan Campbell, of the *Chronicle*, and Mr John Robertson, inspector of schools, were croupiers.

During the progress of the dinner, the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, played a variety of tunes with characteristic ability.

After dinner, the Chairman gave the loyal toasts in a few choice sentences, followed by that of the "Army, Navy, and

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country, are not often reminded of the existence of the Navy, except, perhaps, when we hear of a great battleship going ashore in a well-known harbour, or something of that sort happening. To be sure, there is the Briton. I forgot the poor Briton! But the Briton only reminds us of the Navy that was one hundred years ago or thereabout. I wish we could see more of the Navy than we do, if it were only in the way of capturing Inverness occasionally, and putting a tremendous price on the head of our excellent Provost! Then there are the Reserved forces, of which we all know. In no part of the country are these Reserves more efficiently represented than in this town and district. I give you the toast of the Army, coupling the Navy.

Colonel Malcolm, who replied for the Army, said it was a very trying ordeal to be asked—in passing through Inverness, which was, of course, a centre which led to everywhere, to Oban, which was the way to everywhere else—to face a large company of the Gaelic Society, when he himself, unfortunately, could not speak the Gaelic tongue. However, like the boy who, when asked if he could speak German, said "No, but his uncle played the German flute," he might say that, though he could not speak Gaelic, his wife could; more than that, she could do what many present were not equal to—she could spell all the words she knew, and these were not few. After relating a number of humorous stories to illustrate the discipline of the Army, Colonel Malcolm referred to the Cameron Highlanders. It was not for him, he said, to explain away, or explain at all, the action of the Government in regard to this regiment, more especially the action of the permanent authorities of the War Department, but he would like to suggest to whoever it might concern that, if the Highlands were not over-recruited, let the experiment be tried of opening a few more military stations, say at Oban, Dingwall, and other centres. Why, a large number of our fellows on the West Coast really never had seen a soldier; their ignorance was, in fact, so profound that they imagined when a man joined the Army he went straight to perdition. In conclusion, the Colonel expressed the hope that the Gaelic Society might, like the Army, continue to flourish.

Lieut.-Colonel Geo. J. Campbell, Highland Volunteer Artillery, replied for the Reserve forces.

At this stage, the Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, submitted the annual Report of the Executive, which was as follows:—

"The Council have pleasure in reporting that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continue to increase. During the

past year, 46 new members joined the Society—1 life member, 6 hon. members, and 39 ordinary—and several volumes have been added to the library. Volume XVII. of the Society's Transactions was issued to the members last week, and it is one of the largest of the Society's volumes. It is believed that its contents will be found of much interest and value. Volume XVIII. is in the press. The syllabus for session 1892-93, which is now in the hands of those present, shows that there is no abatement in the activity of members in the special field which the Society endeavours to cultivate. The Treasurer reports as follows, viz. :—Balance from last year, £36 3s 1d ; income during the year, £152 13s 1d ; total revenue, £188 16s 2d. Expenditure during year, £145 13s 6d ; balance on hand after paying all debts due by the Society, £43 2s 8d. The yearly expenditure of the Society is greatly increasing, and the Council would urgently impress on the members the necessity of doing what lies in their power to increase the list of the Society's life and hon. members. The study of the questions in which the Society is especially interested has greatly extended since the foundation of the Society, and able scholars are willing to contribute to the Transactions, but the Council feel that they cannot issue to the members volumes of such size and value as with a larger income they would be in a position to publish. In connection with this subject, the Council have to acknowledge with gratitude the following donations towards the publishing fund, received during the past year:—Mr J. D. Fletcher of Rosehaugh, second contribution, £25; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, £5 ; Mr John Mackay, Hereford, £2 2s ; and Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole, £1. Our membership at present is 415, viz., 26 life members, 64 honorary, and 325 ordinary ; and the library contains close on 200 volumes."

The Chairman, who was received with applause, then rose to give the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." I could have wished, he said, that some one more familiar with the work of the Society during the twenty-one years of its existence had filled the chair to-night, but I can assure you that no one could have accepted the honour of presiding on this occasion with greater pride or pleasure than I now feel. With the general objects of the Society, which are not purely sentimental, but practical and useful from many points of view, I am in entire sympathy, and I desire first of all to congratulate those who have been connected with it from the outset on the gratifying measure of success which has crowned and rewarded ther efforts. It has now attained its majority. The perils attendant on infancy and

early youth have been safely surmounted. So far as I know, it has sown no wild oats, but, on the contrary, has garnered not a few of the precious fruits of knowledge—first-fruits, I have hope, of a nobler and richer harvest to be reaped in the years that are to come. This evening we are invited to a retrospect, not of one year only, but of one-and-twenty years, and I think we must all acknowledge that upon the whole it is a satisfactory record, of which the working bees in this little hive have no cause to be ashamed. No doubt, like all human retrospects, it reminds us of losses which have been sustained—two especially which have fallen upon us during the year just ended, anyhow very recently. For, gentlemen, it is impossible to propose this toast without recalling the name of one who, though not a member of this Society, was unquestionably in the foremost ranks of Celtic literature. I refer, of course, to my late distinguished friend, Dr Skene, the historiographer of Scotland. There has been no man of our time who did more for the higher branches of the subject, to which he devoted his great talents with such rare patience and unwearied assiduity. His history of "Celtic Scotland" is an enduring monument of his learning and research. A kindlier or more genuinely Christian gentleman than Dr Skene I have never known—ever accessible to all, and always willing to extend his help to the humblest worker in those fields which he had so widely and exhaustively explored himself. The other, to whom fitting reference has been made in the report, was a member of this Society, and well known to most of you—the genial and much loved friend of many—Sheriff Nicolson. If ever there was a man to whom the Highlands and everything Highland was a passion, that man was Alexander Nicolson. He may not have been great at the law—not because he had not the ability, but only because he was somewhat lacking in other qualities which make for success at the bar as in all professions. But to-night, gentlemen, we think of him not as a lawyer, but as a man, and, above all, as a Highlander. It was once said by Lord Cockburn of a near relative of my own, whose "Teachdaire Gaelach" is not quite forgotten in the Highlands, that if he could be dissected it would be certainly found that his heart was dressed in the kilt. The same remark might be made of Nicolson. There was not a trace of affectation in his Celtic enthusiasm—it was genuine—it was heart-felt. You could not speak to him five minutes without inhaling a whiff of the pure mountain air of the Cuchullins, which he loved so well. Who that have heard him sing "Ho ro Mhòrag" will ever forget

it? I remember meeting him one day in Princes Street. It was shortly after the last Egyptian War. He looked as if he was bothered about something. "What's wrong with you, Nicolson?" I asked, "Well," said he, "I want to add another verse to 'Ho ro Mhòrag,' and I have been trying all day to find a rhyme for *Tel-el-Kebir*, and I can't manage it!" "I am sorry," said I, "but I can't help you," and so we parted. However, some days afterwards, he came up to me, with great glee, to tell me that he had found it. What it was I don't remember, and, to say the truth, cannot now imagine, but, anyhow, the new verse was added to "Ho ro Mhòrag," already sufficiently long, in all conscience, though it is hard to say how many verses have been added since We shall long remember our friend as a truly able and warm-hearted man, who did not a little in his day to throw gleams of sunshine into the social circle, and, in the more serious business of life, to promote the best interests of his fellow-countrymen, whose welfare was always near and dear to his heart. But, gentlemen, though the retrospect of one and twenty years must, of course, remind us of our losses, it is gratifying to know that there never was a time when the field of Celtic study was more widely cultivated than it now is, or by more capable hands. This Society, in a humble way, has contributed not a little, I think, to the general result. The volumes which record its transactions witness, in my opinion, to a very large amount of good work. The treasure house of the past, has been ransacked. Obscure points in local and family history have been investigated. Fresh contributions, in some cases of real merit, have been added to the literature of the Gael, and in one way or another the original design of the Society has been carried out with zeal, intelligence, and ability. I do not mean to suggest that the work of the Society is purely antiquarian. Non-political it certainly is, and I hope will continue to be. But it would be wrong if it were possible to be uninterested spectators of those movements which so powerfully affect the present condition and the future prospects of the Highland people. My impression is that an honest and impartial investigation of the history of the Highlands, which is clearly within the scope of a Society like this, might contribute not a little to the solution of some of those difficulties which now confront us, or, at all events, the removal of some current fallacies. To the burning question of the repopulation of the Highlands, as it may be called, I shall not venture to refer. Meantime it has been entrusted to a Royal Commission, and may be regarded as in a sense *sub judice*. It must always be assumed that Royal

Commissioners are men of light and leading, who are possessed of a technical skill, insight, and wisdom, which are denied to us who are but ordinary mortals, and therefore we shall await the result of their deliberations with lively interest, though, I confess, that it does appear to me that they have got about as hard a nut to crack as could be well imagined, unless, indeed, they begin by banishing some old fashioned notions of political science to Jupiter, and are able to devise some means by which people can be equitably moved from place to place, as you might move the figures on a chessboard. Be that, however, as it may, we wish them well, for of this I am very sure, that there is not a single individual now hearing me who would not rejoice to see the Highland population better distributed than it now is, and to see that population living in greater comfort and happiness than many of them now enjoy. But what I wish to emphasise is the light which may be thrown on the present condition of the Highlands by such investigation into the history of former times as falls properly to a Society like this. There are two points in particular regarding which there seems to me to be a great deal of exaggeration. One is, the condition of the people in what are called the good old days. We are all very apt, when we recall the past, to think only of the happiness it brought us, and to forget its miseries. We remember the fragrance of the rose, but not the thorns which may have pierced our hand. And the same thing often happens in the retrospect of nations and races. This, at all events, I am bound to say—the improvement that has taken place in the condition of the Highland people during the last 100 years has been enormous, and there is no use denying it. The social, moral, political, and religious life (always subject to certain qualifications here and there) has been immensely elevated. All along the line there has been, in my opinion, a decided advance which we are called upon thankfully to acknowledge. I wish I could say they were a more joyous people. This I fear they are not. The voice of music and song has been too often silenced by influences of one kind or another which I for one deeply deplore. But, upon the whole, there has been improvement—no doubt of it. Then, another point is the question of depopulation. All very well, you may say, to speak of improvement, but what if there are no people? Well, no doubt there are large districts of the Highlands much more sparsely peopled than they ought to be. Taking the Highlands as a whole, I suppose the population is not much less, if at all, than it was 100 years ago. The misfortune is that it is too often

congested in unfertile corners, or congested in wretched villages and townships where subsistence is hardly possible. I constantly read statements, however, which seem to take it for granted that the depopulation of the Highlands, where such depopulation has occurred, is entirely due to what is called evictions. It is nothing of the kind. That at a former time there were evictions, often cruel and capricious, need not be denied. It is notorious. At the same time, it is a mistake, though a common one, to attribute Highland depopulation exclusively, or I would say in the main, to this cause. It is but a phase of a movement which has been going on for years in all parts of the country as well as in the Highlands—the rural population decreasing and the large cities increasing by leaps and bounds. In the Highlands this movement, apart altogether from lamentable evictions, has been accelerated in a variety of ways. For one thing there has been a vast emigration to the Colonies that was, to a great extent, voluntary. Thousands and tens of thousands have transported themselves to regions where they believed they could improve their position, and where they have improved it. In Canada, in Australia, and in New Zealand, and all over the world, Highland emigrants have settled down, and by the blessing of God have prospered. I have no patience with those who shudder at emigration, voluntary emigration of course, as if it was an idea never to be thought of for a moment—a ruthless expatriation which no lover of his country can sanction or approve. It has been in the past, and I see no reason why it should not be in the future, one outlet among many for those who cannot under any conceivable circumstances find employment or subsistence at home. Then again, the failure of the kelp trade during the earlier years of this century has something to do with depopulation. At the outset it had also something to do with the growth of that crofting system in the Outer Islands, which is by no means of such old standing in the modern sense as we sometimes think. During the time of the kelp trade, a large population was necessary. But when it failed there was of course destitution, and many had to seek a livelihood elsewhere, while those who remained settled down under those adverse circumstances which continue to the present day. If the landlords of that time had dealt with their people as mere operatives, the crofting system had never assumed the proportion it has. But as a class they were kind-hearted men, who did not deal with their people as mere operatives. They allowed them for the most part to remain where they were, a fact too frequently lost sight of. Still, hundreds, and I suppose thousands, went

gradually away simply because the work which had hitherto supported them had practically ceased to exist. And once more the growth of the great centres of industry in the south, since the commencement of the century, has tended, more and more, to draw away the people from the glens and islands to those places like Glasgow, where you will find a larger Gaelic-speaking population than in many a Highland county. It was my lot to minister for several years to the Highlanders of Glasgow, and I know well about what I am speaking. Year by year I saw that Highland population augmented by a stream of young men and women flowing into the city in quest of work—not driven away in the majority of cases by eviction at all—but simply following the trade of the country, and seeking to better themselves. The young came first, and by-and-bye, after they had settled down, it was no uncommon occurrence for the whole family, parents and all, to follow. These, gentlemen, are some considerations that are, perhaps, deserving of greater attention than is usually given to them. Exaggeration never does good at any time, and it does appear to me that there is a good deal of exaggeration with reference to such matters. There is much in the present condition of the Highlands which we must deplore, but I trust it is not as bad, when compared with former times, as it is represented to be; and let us hope that, out of confusion and controversy, a new order of things will in due time emerge that will conduce in as large a measure as we all desire to the prosperity, well-being, and general contentment of a people of whom we, who are their kinsmen according to the flesh, have no reason to be ashamed. Gentlemen, I must detain you no longer. I again congratulate you on the good progress which this Society has made, and I cordially re-echo the sentiment—that it may long live and always prosper.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, in giving the toast of Highland Literature and Education, said on no previous occasion had he proposed this toast with so much pleasure as now, celebrating, as this dinner did, the 21st anniversary of the Society. In other words, the Society had now attained its majority, and a retrospect of the past 21 years was, in his view, both a satisfactory and a pleasant one. With regard to Celtic literature, he did not exaggerate the state of matters 21 years ago, when he said that no general interest was taken in that subject. There were a few Gaelic students working here and there quietly, but there was no general interest taken in Celtic literature such as they had now. Twenty years ago they had no Celtic professorship in England or

Scotland; and, save possibly in Wales and Ireland, the Celtic language was practically ignored in the schools of the country. Now they had Celtic professors at Oxford and Edinburgh. Twenty-one years ago they had no encouragement whatever, except from what he called private societies, to the study of Gaelic in any sense; now they had Gaelic grants from Government—which were, by the way, possibly not taken advantage of as they might be, but still they were there, an encouragement. Within the last 21 years book after book had been published upon Celtic language and studies; and in connection with these publications, he might say they had very good reason to be proud of their own Transactions—of the 17 volumes they had given to the world, to use a big word. They were very interesting volumes. All the material might not be of great value, but, on the whole, they formed a mine of wealth to the future historian of the Highlands, and to the student of Highland folklore. There was another thing he could say with truth. If one took a look through those volumes he would be very much struck, and surprised, by the great improvement that had taken place in the contributions to the Transactions within the last 21 years. They had now Celtic subjects treated in a more scientific, and certainly in a more useful way than was the case when the Society started. With regard to Highland education, in 1871 they had the old parochial system still in existence. No doubt that system was a magnificent one, and one which did enormous good to Scotland—one of which Scotchmen would ever speak with pride—but it had done its work; and in 1872 the Education Act put an end to it—in the opinion of some of them, put an end to it too much. Perhaps it would have been better to have extended it rather than ended it. At any rate, the new system came into force, and in the course of a few years they had excellent schools erected in every corner of every parish; they had better teachers appointed; they had, on the whole, a better system of education; and last, but not least, they had a great deal of encouragement given them by the Government. The new system had its drawbacks. When begun, it ignored too much what had been a feature of the parochial system, what might be called secondary education. It had a tendency to put every pupil on an educational level with his neighbour, no matter what his talents or business or professional aspirations might be. Another fact was that education became, financially very burdensome, especially in the Western Highlands. These defects had to some extent been removed. Government made special grants, both in relief of taxation and for the encouragement of special studies. The old Society for Propagating Christian

Knowledge had been placed upon another footing, and the new Trust, as it was called, had already done an immense amount of work for education in the Highlands, by establishing bursaries for smart boys, and otherwise encouraging higher education. Now the Government were coming in the wake of that Society, and, he thought, in the course of a few years the country would have a liberal system of secondary education. These changes were of such importance that they had every reason to be pleased. Twenty-one years ago they could never have expected such progress to be made within the time of which he spoke. He was not going to credit the whole of these improvements to the Gaelic Society, but he thought he could endorse what Dr Macleod had said, that they had contributed in their own humble way to the results he had mentioned. He would be inclined to go further, and say that the Gaelic Society had been one of the principal agents in bringing about the improvements. It was at one of the Society's meetings that Professor Blackie opened the campaign for a Celtic chair, and it was really under the auspices of the Society that the movement was started. It was the Society that started and carried on the agitation for the recognition of Gaelic in schools—an agitation which had borne some fruit in the manner in which Gaelic was now treated by the Education Department. Mr Mackay, proceeding, said that it had been suggested to him that on this interesting occasion it would not be out of place for him to refer to the origin of the Society. Twenty-one years was a long time, and while he was sure no member would think of reaping where he had not sown, people's memories were short, and it was advisable to put the facts on record. They might interest future members, if not the present. In November, 1870, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, now of the *Scottish Highlander*, suggested at a meeting of the Inverness Literary Institute that a Gaelic Society should be started in Inverness. The suggestion appeared in the *Inverness Advertiser* of 13th December, but, excellent though it was, the time was not quite ripe, and no steps were taken to carry it into effect. On 5th May, 1871, Mr William Mackenzie ("U. M'C."), now Secretary to the Crofters' Commission, but then a teacher in Raining's School, wrote in the *Advertiser* urging that a "Celtic Debating Society" should be started. This was followed by letters from (among others) "F. D. G." in the *Advertiser* of 9th May; "J. Mac." and "Mealfuarvonie" (Mr Mackay himself) in that paper's issue of the 12th; and "Caberfeidh" (Mr Mackenzie, Maryburgh), and "Clachnacudain" (Mr Alexander Mackenzie) in the issue of the 16th. The correspondence showed a desire to have something

more than a mere debating society, and the result of meetings between Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Mr William Mackenzie, Mr John Murdoch, and Mr Mackay, was that Mr Mackay issued circulars to such as were thought favourable to the proposal, requesting them to meet in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association on the evening of Thursday, 4th September, 1871. He also inserted the following advertisement (the first connected with the Society) in the *Inverness Courier* of that date :—

"COMUNN GAELIC INBHERNIS.

Tha e air a rùnachadh COMUNN GAELIC a chuir suas anns a' bhaile so ; uime sin, tha e gu h-àraid air iarraidh air gach neach leis a miannach an gnothach fhaicinn a' soirbheachadh cruinneachadh ann an SEOMAR UACHDARACH COCHOMUINN NAN DAOIN' OGA, aig ochd uairean a nochd (Diardaoin)."

The meeting was well attended ; and, as set forth in the first volume of the Transactions, the Society was established. Mr Mackay exhibited certain papers connected with the starting of the Society, of which the following may be of interest :—

I. Bill of Inaugural Lecture.

INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY.

THE INAUGURAL LECTURE

WILL BE DELIVERED

On THURSDAY, 19th October,

IN THE HALL OF THE

ASSOCIATION BUILDINGS, 1 CASTLE STREET,

BY THE

REV. A. D. MACKENZIE, OF KILMORACK.

Subject—"The Position of Gaelic ; and its value to the Linguist, the Pre-historic Enquirer, and the Ethnologist."

Sir KENNETH S. MACKENZIE of Gairloch, Bart., in the chair.

Admission—Lady and Gentleman, One Shilling. Members Free. Tickets to be had at the Booksellers.

Chair to be taken at 8 P.M.

Inverness, 13th October, 1871.

II. Circular Issued by the Council.

"67 Church Street,
"Inverness, January, 1872.

"SIR,

"I beg to send you herewith a copy of the Constitution of the lately founded GAELIC SOCIETY of INVERNESS, with a list of Office-bearers for the current year.

"The objects of the Society are, you will observe, to promote the study of Gaelic Literature and Antiquities; generally to forward the interests of Highlanders; and to form a bond of union among the Sons of the Gael at home and abroad.

"A Library is being formed in this town, of Gaelic books, manuscripts, and books relating to Celtic matters, or in any respect of special interest to Highlanders. The Council are certain that there are many books at present lying in private libraries throughout the country, which are comparatively useless to their owners, and, in some instances, perhaps never looked at, but which would be esteemed of much value to the Society. The Council, therefore, earnestly appeal to parties who are in possession of such literature, and hope they may help the Society and the cause they have at heart, by forwarding the same to any of the gentlemen mentioned below, or to the Subscriber. Valuable donations have already been made by gentlemen renowned in Celtic and other literature, and the Council are confident that this appeal will be heartily responded to by many who may not have yet heard of the existence of the Gaelic Society, but who, at the same time, are equally desirous to further the objects which the Society have in view.

"The Council would further beg to draw attention to the fact, that, with the exception of the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, there is no public repository of Celtic Literature in Scotland; and they consider this a further claim for establishing such a Library in the Capital of the Highlands, which, above all other places, ought to be the centre for matters relating to the Highlands. It would be well, when any information is required, either by private individuals or public bodies, as to the literature, history, statistics, &c., of the Gaelic nations, that there should be some recognised place in Scotland where such information could be obtained; and the Gaelic Society hope, ere long, to be able to supply that desideratum.

"Should the funds of the Society admit, a Gaelic periodical will be issued, as well as a yearly volume containing their more immediate transactions; but to attain that object, it is evident that the Council will have to appeal to the liberality, the intel-

ligence, and the patriotism of all who are of Celtic descent, or who desire to widen the gates of knowledge.

"The Council trust that the objects contemplated will meet your approbation, and it will give them much pleasure to enrol you amongst the members. Members at a distance may co-operate with those in town, by contributing papers which may be read by proxy at the meetings of the Society.

"I remain,

"Your obedient Servant,

"WILLIAM MACKAY, Secretary.

"Books, Manuscripts, and Contributions to the Funds of the Society, will be received by the following :—

"Mr JOHN MURDOCH, Academy Street, Inverness.
"Mr JOHN MACKINTOSH, M.A., Rector, Old Academy, Inverness.
"Mr W. MACKINNON BANNATYNE, Royal Academy, Inverness.
"Mr JOHN MACDONALD, The Exchange, Inverness.
"Mr JOHN NOBLE, Bookseller, Inverness."

Mr Mackay coupled the toast with the names of Mr Duncan Campbell of the *Northern Chronicle*, and Mr Robertson, H.M. Inspector of Schools, both of whom had done great service in the cause of literature and education in the Highlands.

Mr Duncan Campbell said he did not admit that the parish school system failed, except in the towns, where English and Irish mixed largely with the population. Referring to the volume of Transactions just issued, he attached much importance to the Gaelic version of "William Tell," which appeared as an appendix, and stated that in its translation Mrs Grant had proved, against popular opinion, that the Gaelic language was suited for the rendering of blank verse.

Mr Robertson, in replying for the educational part of the toast, spoke of the primary importance of education in the present stage of the development of the Highlands. So far as the Government was concerned, the amount of money expended in the remoter parts of the Highlands was astonishing; and with regard to the migration to which Dr Macleod had referred, he regarded it as a healthy restlessness, indicating as it did that the people were endeavouring to rise above their uncongenial surroundings, and gain a wider and more remunerative sphere of usefulness. Speaking of the committees appointed to report upon the establishment of secondary schools, he expressed the hope that the grant for the object would be increased, and that the result of the

Government's liberal encouragement would be to make the higher branches of education as successful as elementary education had been in the Highlands.

Other toasts followed, songs were sung, and a most successful meeting concluded with the whole company singing "Auld Lang Syne."

8th FEBRUARY, 1893.

At this meeting, Mr Duncan Campbell, editor, *Northern Chronicle;* Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor, *Scottish Highlander;* and Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary, were appointed a committee to draw up a petition to the War Office against the proposed change in the dress of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, according to the resolution carried at the Annual Meeting of the Society held on 31st ult. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond on "The Frasers of Guisachan, styled Mac-Huistean." Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows :—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES, No. VI.

THE FRASERS OF GUISACHAN (CULBOKIE), STYLED MAC-HUISTEAN.

Just a hundred years ago, William Fraser, then of Guisachan, in consulting counsel as to a portion of the once extensive family estates which he thought might be reclaimed, says—"His predecessors were one of the oldest and most respectable cadets of the family of Lovat, and considerable proprietors in the counties of Inverness and Ross." What the Laird said is true, but it is also unfortunately true that at the present the family is no longer on the roll of landowners in the county of Inverness; therefore, while materials remain, let us endeavour to record the outlines of its history and descent.

The name of Guisachan, in itself a Davoch land of old extent, is first found 1206-1221, in an agreement betwixt the Bishop of Moray and John Bissett. The description of the lands in a family deed of 1797 is thus given—"All and whole the town and lands of the two Guisachans and Frigay, otherwise called Meikle and Mid Guisachans, with the pertinents of the same, viz., Hillton, Ballacladdich, Balblair, Easter and

Wester Achnaheglash, Gortan-nan-nin, Glassach, Alt-garte, and Toilour, lying within the parish of Conventh, Regality of Lovat, and Sheriffdom of Inverness." Achnaheglash denotes possession by the Church, which of old possessed a great deal of lands and fishings in Conventh and Kiltarity parishes. Hilton, euphonious as it is, is but a poor substitute for the ancient "Knockan-na-crew," barbarously spelt, but no doubt "hillock of the tree," and what pleasant scenes are pictured in the "Gortan" frequented by the maidens? No prettier property could be found in the Highlands. It had mountain and valley, wood and water, with a numerous and intelligent people cultivating the rich soil on either side of its river, possessing herds and flocks.

Thomas, accounted by Mr Anderson in his history of the Frasers as 4th Lord Lovat, married, when Master of Lovat, Janet Gordon, niece of the Earl of Huntly, and had three sons—Hugh, his successor; 2nd, William; and 3rd, James of Foynes. This

I. WILLIAM was first of the family of Guisachan, which lands he received in patrimony from his father William Fraser of Guisachan is one of the witnesses to a contract of excambion 'twixt Mackenzie of Kintail and Dingwall of Kildun, of date 20th June, 1543. Of Guisachan spring the families of Kinnairies, Belladrum, Kyllachy, etc., etc.

William Fraser's brothers Hugh, 5th Lord Lovat, and James of Foynes, were killed at the battle of Blair-na-leine, 15th July, 1544. I am unable to say whether William himself fell at Blair-na-leine with his two brothers. The contract of 1546, after noticed, I have not seen, but the few words hereafter quoted from a memorandum made sixty years ago by one in whose possession it then was, would indicate that William was in life at that date. He is certainly dead by 1556. In the year 1815 Glengarry, who had heard that there was an old manuscript of the battle in possession of Culbokie, applied for a perusal. Culbokie's reply, from Balblair Cottage, on the 12th April, says—"Certainly, I do recollect to have seen at Guisachan an imperfect manuscript account of the battle of Blair-na-leine. But really I am much at a loss to know what is become of it, though I think it must be still in the house there, and I am to be up in a very few days, and will make a strict search for it, and if it be found, as I trust, my friend Glengarry will be most welcome to the perusal of it." Again, dating from Guisachan, on the 18th April, he says—"After much search here, as promised in my letter to you a few days ago, I am sorry to say it has defied me to lay my hands on Blair-na-leine. I hope, however, my sisters at Banff [Mrs Macdonell of Scotos, and Miss

Margaret Fraser—C.F.M.], who set even more value on it than I did, may know something of it. I will immediately enquire of them, and, if the manuscript can be found, the chief may be assured he shall have its perusal."

There the matter rested, and I draw attention to it now, in case this interesting document may yet be found extant.[1] Lord Lovat had sons, and the direct line was carried on; while James of Foynes left an only daughter, Agnes, who married, first, John Glassach Mackenzie of Gairloch, and secondly, Alexander Chisholm of Comar. Through Agnes Fraser the lines of Gairloch and Chisholm were carried on.

James of Foynes, in the year 1539, had a life-rent right of Drumderfit, and two years before his death got a charter from James V. to him and his heirs male of the lands of Culbokie, Kinkell-Clarsach, Dochcairn, Davochpollo, and Pitlundie, all in the county of Ross. The destination being as above to heirs male, Agnes did not succeed to them on her father's death. James of Foynes does not appear to have been infeft in any land in Inverness-shire.

William of Guisachan had one daughter, Agnes, married in 1546 (contract dated 1st June) to John Grant of Culcabock, known as "Iain-Mor-Tomantoul;" she in the Sasine on Culcabock, dated 7th August, 1546, being termed "honesta mulier Agneta Fraser, filia Gulielmi Fraser de Guisachan," which would indicate that William was alive. My Glenmoriston Genealogy is erroneous in stating that John married a daughter of Lord Lovat. An apostolic license for their marriage, without distinguishing designations, is in my possession, dated last April, 1544. The Genealogy says there were two sons—Patrick and John, and that Iain Mor subsequently married the widow of Erracht (Ewen, first of the race of the "Boddachs" of Erracht). William left several sons, the eldest,

II. HUGH, through and after whom the patronymic of "Mac-Huistean," who, designing himself brother's son of James Fraser of Foynes, is served heir male, and in special to his uncle James, in the Ross-shire lands, of date, at Inverness, the last day of July, 1556. From and after this period, the head of the family in English was generally called "Culbokie," and this continued until the time of the late Culbokie, though well nigh two hundred years had passed since they lost the last of their Ross-shire lands.

[1] In a manuscript history of the Frasers, in the Advocates' Library, there is a full account of the battle, which I have since published. From this it is seen that Culbokie fell in the battle; and that the pride of Foynes led to it.

William's second son, James Fraser, "in Belladrum," brother german to Hucheon of Guisachan, is so described in a Bond of Manrent of 1578, and James' son, Hugh Fraser, was the first of Belladrum, receiving a charter thereof from Simon, 8th Lord Lovat, on 13th June, 1598. From Belladrum came Dunballoch, Fingask, etc., etc.

Hugh, second of Guisachan, married Margaret Munro, of the Milnton Family. In 1561 Hucheon Fraser of Guisachan is found pursuing John Tawachter-vic-Eachin, and Christina, Alexander Mackenzie's daughter, for the wrongous and masterful occupation of an oxgang and a half-oxgang of the lands of Davochpollo. Sir James Buchart, his procurator, appears for him in court, and gets decree in absence. On the 21st March, in the same year, he is defender in a process, at the instance of John Robertson, Treasurer of Ross; and plaintiff in a suit against George Dunbar, Parson of Kilmuir. In the same year Hugh is surety for Duncan-vic-Gillies of Achmounie, and for Catherine, relict of John-vic-Gillies of Achmounie. In 1562 he is fined for not attending to pass as an assizer in the service of Hector Mackenzie to his father, John Glassich Mackenzie of Gairloch. In the same year he is pursuing his tenants at Culbokie, for witholding their rents, and warning them to remove—one Rorie Allanson being a chief delinquent In 1574 he sold Davochcairn and Davochpollo to Gairloch, and in 1581, the lands of Kinkell-Clarsach and Pitlundie; getting a charter, however, of Culbokie Miln, 1581. In the year 1583, April 23rd, Culbokie and Foyers were in trouble with Lord Lovat, and had to give security that they would not molest his Lordship's woods of Strathglass, nor the Water of Forne, and others, by the slaying of red or black fish, nor kill his deer, as also should follow his standard. Reference is made to Culbokie's sons, William, Allister, and Hucheon. Culbokie subscribes, but Foyers cannot write. He had at least one daughter, Janet, married to Thomas Chisholm, apparent of Comar, and she is infeft, April, 1578, in the Davoch of Wester Invercannich and Miln. This marriage did not long subsist, and, Thomas Chisholm dying without issue, Janet, with consent of her father Hugh, and designing herself "life rentrix of Wester Invercannich," enters into a contract of marriage with Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston, who therein bound himself to infeft her in his lands of Culcabock, etc. The contract was not registered, so that, after Patrick's death, it was found necessary to apply to the Court of Session for that purpose. Steps were taken against John Grant of Glenmoriston, son and heir of Patrick Grant, John "Reoch,"

and James Macculloch, his tutors and curators; and upon 1st August, 1593, the Lords of Council decerned that registration be made in their books. She was served to her terce in Glenmoriston on 31st July, 1587. Janet Fraser was left in peace in her jointure lands of Invercannich by her brother-in-law John Chisholm, and had questions with some of the Glenmoriston tenants. As regards Culcabock, as early as 22nd April, 1583, she, with Lachlan Mackinnon, then her spouse, is called on, as pretended liferentrix of Culcabock, in the Court of Session, to show her right. Here the first, second, and third marriages followed very quickly—1575-1583.

This Hugh, second of Culbokie, alienated all his Ross-shire lands, with the exception of Culbokie, between the years 1574 and 1584, and died in May, 1587, survived by Margaret Munro, who, on 29th May of that year, is served to her terce in Culbokie.

III. ALEXANDER FRASER, the eldest surviving son (he being second in order in the Bond of 1583 before referred to) succeeded, and on 16th April, 1588, is served heir to his father Hucheon in Guisachan. On 10th June, 1589, he is retoured to Culbokie, and infeft, on a Precept from Chancery, on 23rd May, 1590. Alexander married, and had one son, Hucheon, and other sons, from one of whom, according to family tradition, I am descended. Alexander having sons, the family transaction now to be disclosed was highly discreditable. Made to describe himself as of "facile" temper, Alexander put himself, on 17th April, 1588, under the care of friends as his guardians and interdictors, viz., Thomas Fraser of Knockie and Strichen; James Fraser in Belladrum, his uncle; Andrew Munro of Newmore, and others, and granted, at Milnton, 2nd June, 1590, a disposition of his whole estates to his younger brother, Hucheon Fraser, who afterwards got his title confirmed by James VI., 2nd February, 1593. A more cruel and barefaced impetration, sanctioned by relatives, cannot be quoted. Alexander, thus wiped out of his inheritance, is still described as "Alexander Fraser of Guisachan" in the service of John Chisholm of Comar to his father Alexander, on 19th December, 1590. We come next to his brother,

IV. HUGH. When advanced in life, this laird and his cousin Hugh Fraser of Belladrum added considerably to their estates. The Lairds of Mackintosh had been, since the year 1524, proprietors of the whole Barony of Drumchardiny in Kirkhill, and of parts of the Barony of Aird, including the half davoch of Kinnairies, and the lands of Easter Eskadale in Kiltarlity. Kinnairies was for nearly a century, from 11th May, 1569, under

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of Inverness in Parliament, in the years 1649, 1650, 1651; and in 1658 he is still found as proprietor. One of his daughters, Magdalen, according to Mr Mackenzie's History, married, in 1633, John Mackenzie, second of Ord. Another daughter, Agnes, appears to have been married three times; first to Kenneth Mackenzie of Inverlaul, according to Mr Mackenzie, but this marriage is not recorded in my Culbokie Genealogy; secondly, in 1629, to Alexander Mackenzie of Ballone (brother to Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat), with issue, Alexander, Jane, and Margaret; and thirdly (contract dated Kingellie, 12th January, 1650), as his second wife, the Honourable Simon Mackenzie of Lochslyne, youngest son of the first Lord Kintail, and first of the Allangrange family. Jane Mackenzie married, secondly, Alexander Mackenzie, 4th of Loggie, above mentioned, having married Simon Mackenzie, second of Lochslyne, son of the above Honourable Simon Mackenzie, by his first marriage, it followed that Agnes Fraser was both mother-in-law and stepmother to Simon Mackenzie, second of Lochslyne. Margaret, Agnes' second daughter, married (1st), in 1670, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, with issue, and (2nd) Colin Mackenzie of Mountgerald, without issue. William was succeeded by his son,

VI. HUGH, erroneously called "James, younger of Culbokie," one of the attenders at the funeral at Holyrood, of Hugh, Master of Lovat, May, 1643, who was served heir to his father in the lands held of the Crown, 12th April, 1670 He married Agnes Fraser of Struy. In his time and during part of his father's, involvements, cautionary and otherwise, of a serious nature took place. The whole estates in Ross and Inverness were adjudged by Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon and others. It was not difficult for the powerful Mackenzie, whose wife Margaret was Culbokie's niece, to dispossess Culbokie of his Ross-shire estates, which, accordingly, from and after 1672, remained with Findon, passing through the eldest daughter, Lilias, who married Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell, into that family. In 1673, Hugh gave a long lease to his brother, Alexander, of Kyllachy, a detached piece of land lying in the parish of Kiltarlity. The manner in which this quarter land of Kyllachy was reclaimed, more than a hundred years after, will be mentioned later on. In 1676, Hugh is infeft in the lands formerly belonging to Mackintosh. Alexander Fraser, then of Kinnairies, and James Fraser, first of the Dunballoch family, in the years 1676 and 1677, adjudicated the Barony of Drumchardiny and the lands of Kingillie, etc., but Hugh Fraser retained actual possession of

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VIII. WILLIAM, who was one of the heads of Highland families who signed the address to George the First, the non-delivery or acknowledgment of which was one of the great causes of the rising of 1715. He it was who received a charter of the lands of Kinnairies, as before mentioned, in his father's lifetime, of date 6th April, 1706. He took measures to redeem the position of the family, and paid off a wadset over Mid-Guisachan to Knockfin, which had come by progress to Fraser of Kinnairies, and also acquired Kinnairies' lands of Fanellan. By 1741, Alexander Fraser of Kinnairies was dead, and his only son, Hugh, was also dead, without issue, survived by sisters only, when the direct male line of Kinnairies became extinct.

William acted as judicial factor in the ranking and sale of the remainder of the Kinnairies estates. As factor, he is excused accounting for the rents of Fanellan and the quarter lands of Kiltarlity for years 1744 and 1745, in respect that "the multures of the Miln of Fanellan were, during the time of the late rebellion, for the said two years, as well as the haill rents, carried off and destroyed."

A younger son, Simon, described as "in Crochel," is found in 1746. One daughter is believed to have married Fraser of Auchnacloich, and another, Fraser of Aigas. His eldest daughter, Margaret, married Robert Fraser, younger of Muilzie—contract dated Guisachan, 23rd August, 1751. Among the witnesses are Hugh Fraser, son to Hugh Fraser of Muilzie, and Simon Fraser, son to Kilbockie. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. WILLIAM FRASER, who, on 1st July, 1755, is served heir male of line, and of provision in general to William Fraser, late of Culbokie, his father, eldest lawful son of the deceased William Fraser of Culbokie. Upon 10th December, 1756, he received a Crown Charter (the Lovat family, the former superiors, being under forfeiture), containing not only Guisachan, but also the lands of Lurg, and Bridaig of Fanellan, in Kiltarlity, whereon he was enrolled as a freeholder. In the year 1825, William Fraser, then of Culbokie, was applied to for information as to his family, and his reply has been preserved. From it I make the following extract:—"The fact is thus—My father, when very young, was engaged with his unfortunate chief in the ill-advised and miserably terminated adventure of the 1745. The consequence was that in the remorseless and unjustifiable spirit of those days, though my grandfather was still alive and not implicated, he being possessed of the property, still the family mansion was burnt, and with it

all the family papers, manuscripts, etc., were destroyed. The family, thus depressed, and my father—though after the Act of Indemnity and his father's death left in possession of this property—had not much turn for genealogy, so that nothing of what was lost was recovered or reinstated; and you are aware I passed my early days abroad, so that I am quite in the dark."

William Fraser, "younger of Culbokie," is included in the Lists of Insurgents to be prosecuted, his accusation, "Captain of the Frasers under Inverallochie," and the witnesses to give evidence against him were William Fraser, tenant, and Simon Fraser, *alias* Miller, and Peter Gow, *alias* Smith, gardener, all residing in Beauly, who, I trust, were unwilling witnesses. The Culbokies, father and son, were homeless; yet, I cannot but think that the younger man, though a fugitive, from his knowledge of the country, must have given great help, and, perhaps, afforded companionship to Prince Charles. On 23rd July, 1746, Charles Edward was in the Braes, between Glenmoriston and Strathglass; 24th, in a cave, where he was found by the Glenmoriston men: August 1st, in the woods and sheilings of Strathglass, till the 7th; and on the 18th, at Fasnakyle. It is not a little singular, considering the minute details we have of his wanderings in the West and Islands, how little is known of his sojourn in the Braes of Strathglass.

To give a vote to the Honourable Archibald Fraser of Lovat, Culbokie granted a feu charter to Thomas Fraser of Auchnacloich, and a Wadset Disposition to Archibald Fraser, in the year 1760, redeemable at Whitsunday, 1772, which remained unrecalled for 37 years. On his death-bed Culbokie was anxious to get these deeds cancelled, and his son enrolled. Probably the last letter he wrote was on this subject, dated Guisachan, 29th July, 1797, dying two days after. The Lovat Estates being restored in their entirety, the Superiorities revived, and the succeeding Culbokie had to purchase his Superiority, when the great sale of the Lovat Superiorities took place in the beginning of the century. Before this time, wood had become in demand; the natural firs of Strathglass deservedly possessed a high reputation, and none more than Guisachan, as demonstrated by the name.

In 1796 Culbokie entered into a fifteen years' contract of the woods with Thomas Stevenson, junior, merchant in Oban, at a rent of £160 a-year. As the woods were described as situated not only possible, but convenient for floating, the contractor, after trial of the Diag, got out of his bad bargain, alleging that he might as well have purchased "a forest in the internal parts of America."

Later floatings during floods from the Chisholm and other estates created such damage to the river banks of the Strathglass owners that they became frequent subjects of dispute in the Courts of Law.

William Fraser married Mary Macdonell of Ardnabie, of a handsome race, herself a lady of singular beauty and accomplishments, known as the "pride of Glengarry," daughter of John Macdonell, wadsetter of Ardnabie, and Mary Macdonell of Glengarry. This family held a good position, for I find Angus Macdonell of Ardnabie as early as 1643, the wadset not being extinguished until the year 1807. The families were formerly connected; for the Glenmoriston MS. Genealogy states that of the daughters of John Doun the fifth, one was Mrs Fraser of Culbokie before-mentioned, wife of William, the fifth Culbokie, another Mrs Macdonell of Ardnabie.

William, this laird, 'twixt 1750 and 1760, built the very substantial, suitable mansion-house of Guisachan, which was much admired, and was for so many years the abode of a talented family. Mrs Fraser, celebrated for her knowledge of Gaelic and music, had made a collection of Gaelic manuscripts and music, which were, unfortunately, carried to America in 1773 by one of the family possessed of similar tastes, and through his misfortunes as a Loyalist in the wars his home was wrecked and the papers have long since disappeared. Culbokie's sons were—Major Archibald Fraser; John, described in 1774 as Captain John, thereafter of the Island of Dominica, who died in Edinburgh; and Captain Simon. The daughters were—Annie, married in 1788 to Eneas Macdonell, younger of Scotos and great grandmother of the present Glengarry; Margaret, who died unmarried; Jean, third daughter, who, on 4th September, 1792, married John Chisholm of Knockfin; Mary, the fourth daughter, died unmarried. Margaret Fraser was long on terms which would have probably ended in marriage with Dr John Fraser, R.N., described "as descended of the family of Culbokie," but who, unfortunately, happened to be serving on the war ship "Queen Charlotte" when the vessel blew up. Dr Fraser in his will, dated 17th May, 1798, and drawn up by himself, left several bequests, and as regards the residue, which was of some value, he uses these words:—"And from the respect and esteem I have and bear to and for the family of William Fraser, late of Culbokie, I give, devise, and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder, of my property and estate of every kind and nature wheresoever situated, unto Miss Margaret Fraser, second daughter of him, the said William Fraser of

Culbokie, to be *payable on the day of her marriage, and then settled upon herself and her issue.*"

One of the executors, the well known Mr Alexander Fraser of Lincoln's Inn ("Sandy Leadclune"), insisted that until Miss Fraser married she could derive no benefit, and the lady at this time (1862), though she would probably have married her old flame, was long past all thoughts of marriage otherwise. This incident, an illustration of the awkwardness and danger of making one's own will, was solved by an agreement with Miss Fraser's, Scotos nephews and niece, the beneficiaries in contingent remainder.

William Fraser, who had long been in feeble health, survived his wife, and died at Guisachan on 31st July, 1797, aged 74. The obituary notice is ordered to contain nothing except that he is "deeply regretted." He was so ill in February that his daughter, Mrs Macdonell of Scotos, could not leave him to see her sister-in-law, poor "Katie" Scotos, who had been visiting at Erchless Castle, and died of what was formerly called "a galloping consumption" at Inverness on 29th January. The younger Culbokie ordered she should be interred in the Culbokie ground at Kirkhill, near her brother Æneas Scotos. The funeral was on 1st February, Mr Æneas, afterwards Bishop Chisholm, officiating, and attended amongst others by young Culbokie, Captain Simon, his brother, and Hugh Fraser, afterwards of Eskadale (see with reference to this young lady, described as exceedingly handsome, "Minor Families, No. 3). She was almost a stranger in Inverness, but a few friends looked after her carefully, and her youth, beauty, and forlorn condition, excited the warm sympathy of the town's people, and I gladly place on record this testimony—"The well-known humanity of the better sort of the inhabitants of this place was well exemplified in their attention to her." This description of the people of Inverness is contained in a letter of date February, 1797. Culbokie was succeeded by his eldest son.

x. William Fraser, who, with consent of his father, married Sarah, third daughter of Colonel James Fraser of Belladrum, contract dated Guisachan and Belladrum, 25th and 26th April, 1797. He had been originally in the army, and, prior to his marriage, engaged in business in the West Indies, and was on the way to St Vincent when his father died. Writing on the 8th June, 1798, from St Vincent, he says—"You may be sure I have the utmost anxiety to bid this quarter of the world adieu. I have now every inducement to incline me to return home, yet, I am sorry to say,

I cannot make this out so soon as I expected, without making a sacrifice which my circumstances cannot afford, and which my best friends might censure."

This Culbokie was, perhaps, the best known and had the greatest influence of any of the family. He was a capital man of business, of active and energetic habit, and, I think, for some time Convener of the County. Well would it have been for him and his posterity had he remained, like his father, quiet and content to stay on the paternal estate. The rental of Guisachan in the year 1800 may be given, and contrasted with the Valuation Roll of 1892-1893. By the latter, the total rent is £1596 8s, whereof tenants, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—*nil.*

RENTAL IN 1800.

Mid Guisachan—Sheep Farm	£70	0	0
Cougy—A Black Cattle Farm	175	0	0
Mains of Guisachan—Do.	25	0	0
Ballacladdich—Do.	64	0	0
Achblair—Do.	38	0	0
Wester Achnaheglash—Do....	29	0	0
Easter Achnaheglash—Do.	15	0	0
Tomich—Do.	18	0	0
Glassach—Do.	10	0	0
	£444	0	0

The following is a list of the tenants about the year 1810:—

Balcladdich and Grazings of Cougie—Peter Grant, John Macdonald, Alexander Fraser, John Macrae, Angus Scott.

Achblair—Archibald Fraser, Donald Chisholm, Roderick Chisholm, Widow Macdonald.

Tomich—Alexander Cameron.

Easter Achnaheglash—John and Donald Macdonald.

Wester Achnaheglash—John Fraser, Widow Anne Macdonald, James Fraser, John Fraser.

Knockan-na-Crew or Hilton—Alexander Macrae.

Wester Guisachan—William Macrae, Alexander Macrae.

Being nineteen heads of families, with numerous cottars, about 200 souls in all.

During his long possession, Culbokie is always complaining that his tenants never pay rent regularly, that they are addicted to smuggling, and the "Moulin Dhu" always at work.

In one letter, early in this century, he does not know how to act, finding, on an unexpected arrival from his ordinary residence of Achnagairn, that all his servants were maudlinly intoxicated. They had meanly broken into a still some distance off, which they had ascertained would be closed and unwatched at a certain hour, and carried off in "piggys" a large quantity of spirits. No honour, he says, even among smugglers; and meantime he had to content himself with swearing at large and smashing the jars, though his own property. He would not settle at Guisachan, but rented the house of Achnagairn. In 1806, he writes that he leaves Achnagairn for Guisachan, from July to Christmas. Then he built and improved, without proper precaution for refundment, the house of Balblair, formerly called Donaldston, meliorating and improving greatly its surroundings. He was also tenant of the farm of Fanellan. Culbokie was able to redeem a portion of the former estate called Kyllachie, first mentioned in the year 1496, under rather curious circumstances. The description of Kyllachy ran thus:—"All and whole the Town and lands of Kyllaugh or Kyllachie, extending to one quarter or one-fourth part of a davoch of lands of old extent, with the Multures, sequels, houses, buildings, and other parts and pertinents lying within the Barony of Aird, Lordship of Lovat, and Sheriffdom of Inverness."

Upon 15th March, 1673, Hugh Fraser of Culbokie gave a lease of Kyllachie for an undefined number of years, in respect of money borrowed, to his brother Alexander. No title was made up, but simple possession had by Alexander Fraser and his heirs until 1742, when Hugh Fraser, dealing with the subjects as heritage, disponed them in favour of Isobel Fraser, his wife, in life-rent, and himself in fee, on which infeftment followed. Entering into a second marriage, Hugh Fraser made a similar grant to Grizel Fraser, his wife, in life-rent, in 1769. Being in difficulties, Hugh Fraser disponed onerously the subjects in 1774 to one William Fraser of St Vincents, whose brother and heir, Thomas, conveyed to Culbokie in 1797.

It will be recollected that Kingillie was adjudged by Dunballoch, first, from Culbokie, and afterwards from Kinnairies, the Dunballoch title standing in the Charter of Adjudication of 1711 before noted. Fortified by actual possession, their title became unassailable as regards the lands situated in Kirkhill parish. About 1790, Fraser of Newton, who had dropped the title of Dunballoch, to which place his family had only a redeemable right, took proceedings to oust Grizel Fraser, life-rentrix of Kyllachie, before mentioned, who had by this time remarried.

Defences were given in for her, and her husband and William Fraser of St Vincents, to the effect that Newton or his authors never having been in the natural possession of Kyllachy, which was detached from Kingillie, and situated in another parish, nor received rent nor other duties, he lost his right to reclaim, and although it was admittedly within his charter, still there had been possession on another title. The process, at Newton's instance, was dismissed with costs. As Newton threatened to try the matter in another form, Culbokie, who had now become proprietor, found it necessary to fortify his title by serving heir to his grandfather's grandfather, Hugh the 6th, the granter of the lease of 1673. This was carried out in 1800, a Crown charter following. The witnesses of propinquity were William Fraser, tenant in Crask of Easter Crochel, aged 75, cousin german on the father's side, and Alexander Grant, tenant in Guisachan, aged 74, cousin german on the mother's side to the claimant's father (William, 9th Culbokie).

A hint was also conveyed to Newton that if he moved further in regard to Kyllachy, his possession under the charter of adjudication of his Kirkhill estates would be challenged. So, as regards Newton, the matter dropped. Culbokie, however, some years after, in 1813, had to defend himself from a process of eviction at the instance of William Fraser, commonly called "William Kyllachy," son of Alexander Fraser, and nephew and heir-at-law of Hugh, the last leaseholder, who tried to carry on a process by means of admittance to the roll of "poor" litigants, but, to use a common expression, this William had not a leg to stand on.

Kyllachy has for many years belonged to Lovat, and I have been informed by Mr Peter that most of the lands have been planted, forming part of Boblanie Woods, and that the old arable land is tenanted by William Fraser, Kinnairies, the roofless remains of some of the old buildings being still visible, situated not far from Loch Bruiach on its eastern side. Though Kyllachy has disappeared as an independency, its story will remain.

The Honourable Archibald Fraser of Lovat harassed most of the gentlemen of his clan in various ways, and Culbokie and his successor considered themselves ill-used about Balblair. He took his chief's death calmly, merely writing on 11th December, 1815, from Balblair—"I am come to this quarter to witness the last duties to the remains of my late chief;" not a word of comment, regret or sympathy. His views as to the "new family," the "Aberdeen folks," to use his expressions at various times, may be

best gathered from the following extract from a letter dated Guisachan, 9th February, 1816.—"As to the Aberdeenshire good folks, they seem to have entirely cut with me, and I shall take care that they shall have no difficulty in so doing, though I cannot comprehend the slightest cause for it. However, I conceive myself as independent of them at present, as they are of me, and it will be my endeavour to keep so, nor will I be over-ready to make or receive future advances, as I conceive they have behaved very unpolitely at least towards me. They certainly will have law enough in hand. I understand the two ladies [Mrs Fraser of Lovat and Mrs Fraser of Strichen—C.F.M.], are very thick and great apparently. Mark the end of it. Mrs Fraser, Strichen, thought proper as she was leaving Inverness on the return eastward to write a polite letter to my wife, as if to keep a show of terms."

Culbokie was evidently much huffed, but it was got over shortly, and before Mrs Fraser of Lovat's death, he in return for attention shewn, did, according to the story common among old people in the Aird, put a strong spoke into the wheel of the Welsh Lovat Claimant of that period, 1815-1819. Culbokie was deeply mixed up in West Indian affairs, and got involved in executorships, cautionary obligations, etc., insomuch that in 1833 his creditors were gathered. They received a very large dividend; but matters continued unsettled, and harassed the old man up to his death. The last paper of his I have seen is dated in October, 1842, not long before his death, and he died at Guisachan, 3rd July, 1843.

He left two sons, William Fraser, W.S., and James, who entered the East India Company's service. Culbokie survived his wife and eldest son, who properly, therefore, ought not to be counted in the list, but I place him as

XI. WILLIAM FRASER. He married, in 1826, Margaret, elder daughter of David George Sandeman, of Perth, and died suddenly while on a visit at Bught on 6th January, 1829, leaving a son and posthumous daughter, Anna Jane, born in March, 1829, who married Mr Parker.

XII. WILLIAM FRASER succeeded in minority to his grandfather, and to an estate embarrassed, but by no means desperate. It was well administered by Eneas Ronald Macdonell of Scotos and Captain Kyle of Binghill (who had married Helen, Scotos) and did something to repay the kindness shewn to the Scotos family by their uncle, Culbokie. That the young gentleman, who was very carefully brought up, and is well spoken of by Mrs Sandeman in

her interesting memoirs, did not, on his accession, in the strength of youth and health, find it incumbent and a high duty to preserve the estate—"come weal, come woe"—must be a source of regret to all well-wishers of the ancient and honourable house of Mac-Huistean.

Lord Lovat received, on his majority the other day, an address signed by upwards of 700 Frasers. The clan flourishes—said to number 25,000—but where are the heads of the cadet families? Remnants are still found in Knock Voire, but the great districts of Kilmorack and Kiltarlity know them not; and any of their descendants who may visit the Aird, contemplating the past, may echo what was expressed hundreds of years ago:—

"Come, Ossian, come, this is no
Place for us. Strangers now dwell
In the Halls of the Fathers."

22nd FEBRUARY, 1893.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz.:—Professor Strachan, Marple, Cheshire; Mr Alex. Fraser, City Editor, *Toronto Mail*, Toronto; Mr Robert Dey, M.A., Berryhill Public School, Wishaw; Mr Duncan Macgregor Crerar, 93 Nasseu Street, New York; and Mr W. S. Roddie, Music Teacher, Inverness. The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr John Mackay, J.P., Hereford, on "Sutherland Place Names—Parishes of Loth and Clyne." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows:—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF LOTH.

This parish is the smallest in extent in the county, comprising only 18,042 acres, of which 430 are foreshore, and 4½ water. It lies along the south-east coast, and the Duke of Sutherland's railway traverses it throughout its whole length of 7 miles. A range of steep hills, whose loftiest summits attain altitudes of about 1900 feet above sea level, extends along its inland boundary nearly parallel with the sea coast, and forms over all its extent, the water shed-line. The surface from this summit-line seaward is first, a steep uncultivable declivity, and next, a plain or nearly

level expanse of alluvial land, fertile, well cultivated, and embellished. The ravines cut down by the streamlets along the descending surface, are very remarkable, and exhibit striking and highly romantic touches of landscape. The largest of these, called, by way of pre-eminence, the Glen of Loth, is flanked by the most mountainous heights of the parish, and it wends its way amongst them with a wildness peculiarly Highland, which caused it to be peopled, by the superstition of former times, with many an imp and worker of terror. The stream or river running through this wild glen is, in its angry moods, characteristic of the glen itself; rising at the back of Beinn-a-Mheillich it falls 1570 feet in its course of 6 miles to the sea. Though almost dry in summer, it used formerly to be very formidable to the traveller, and, as seen from the bridge, by which it is now always passable, it still exhibits the sudden, impetuously rushing, roaring, fearful *spates*, which once caused it to be viewed with dread.

Not only this stream, but some very tiny rills in this parish, possesses the fame of having in some brief but tremendous onsets tripped up unwary travellers, and careered away with them to the sea. Telford, with his roads and bridges, did away with that danger since 1812, and the "imps" and "terror workers" of Glen Loth followed. In connection with this and Glen Loth river, which, up to the end of the sixteenth century, had no visible connection with the sea, and formed, in times of flood, a large lake in Loth More, a wide belt of rock intervening between it and the sea. Lady Jane Gordon, Countess of Sutherland, previously Countess of Bothwell, seeing the evil and the loss caused by the accumulated floods, took it into her hardy Gordon head that this belt of rock might be cut through and give the river and floods a free course to the sea, and so prevent good land being rendered useless. Tradition does not report who was her engineer or what "wise" man she consulted, but by her instructions the belt of rock was cut through deep enough to give free egress to river and flood. The cutting is seen to this day, no doubt much deeper than it was made three centuries ago, but dim tradition states that her engineer must have been "a black" for interfering with the designs and works of a Higher Being. The quondam lake is now the finest land and most fertile in Sutherland.

The rocks along the coast of this parish are oolite, comprising limestone, conglomerate, variously coloured shales, and white and red sandstones. In the uplands the prevailing rock is a kind of large grained porphyry, unusually fragile, easily worn away by running water.

One-seventh of the area of the parish is in cultivation. The large farm of Cracaig is considered the most fertile in the county.

In this district may still be seen the ruins and remains of ancient and medieval structures, Pictish towers, underground dwellings and passages, cairns and tumuli, castles and mansions of feudal chieftains of their day, and several other objects of interest, to which local traditions have given celebrity, which will be noticed in Place Names. There are traditions of various battles being fought in this district between the natives and the invading Norsemen, near Garty, where there are numerous tumuli. In the construction of the railway in 1870, near a headland called Stron-runkie (sron rudha-na-gaoithe), two skeletons were found lying side by side, with flag stones at head and feet, indicating them to be those of very tall and strong men, the skulls long and finely shaped, showing no sword cuts, bones long and massive, ribs wide and thick, teeth perfect and beautifully set. From inquiries made, it was found that a tradition existed of a conflict having taken place thereabouts, in which the natives had defeated the Norsemen and slain two of their leaders, who were buried near the shore, and if their remains were ever disturbed, a tempest would arise that would destroy the locality. The remains were disturbed, the tempest did not arise, but the injunction and the penalty sufficed to deter desecration, and tell its own tale.

A battle between the Sutherlands and the Sinclairs took place near Helmsdale; another battle between the Sutherlands and Mackays at Druimdearg, in the glen of Loth. While the Earl of Sutherland, assisted by his allies, invaded Strathnaver, the Mackays, by a flank march, invaded the south coast, defeated the men of Sutherland, who opposed them, at Druimdearg, ravaged the country, burnt the church at Loth, and St Ninian's chapel in Navidale, and returned into their own country with a large spoil, having eluded the Earl and his forces, who returned from Strathnaver in pursuit of them.

At the west end of the parish, near Kintradwell, a conflict took place, in which Alexander, the rightful heir of the old Sutherland line, was captured by the Gordons of Aboyne, who immediately beheaded him, and fixed his head on the highest turret of Dunrobin, in fulfilment of the *spae-wife's* telling him that "his head would be the highest of his race." A descendant of this unfortunate nobleman lived in Edinburgh at the beginning of this century, to whom the Countess of Sutherland made an annual allowance while he lived. He was the rightful heir, in male succession, to the estates and earldom.

In olden times this district must have been very populous, for it was well supplied with places of worship. The parish church was for ages, as it is now, at Lothmore; though burnt in 1556 by the ruthless Mackays, it was soon rebuilt. It was dedicated to St Carden. A chapel and hospital, dedicated to St John the Baptist, at Helmsdale. Another, dedicated to St Ninian, at Navidale, burnt by the Mackays in 1556. Sir R. Gordon says it was a place "wher in old tymes ther wes a sanctuarie." The cemetery still exists. Another chapel at East Garty, built by a Countess of Sutherland "for her own devotion, and besyd it lived for some tyme." No trace of it remains. Another at Kintradwell (Cill-Trollie), dedicated to St Trollie, Trollhena of the Ork. Saga, Trollen, Triduan, Tridwen, of the Scottish hagiologists.

LOTH.

The district name presents an interesting subject of speculation, conjecture, study, and research. We have very few variants of it in ancient writs or charters. All we have in the Sutherland charters and writs is, Lothe, cir. 1560; Loth, cir. 1567-74; Lothkirk, 1640. In Gaelic, it is Loth, or Logh, and its inhabitants are termed *Logh-aich*, as the Helmsdale people, *Ill-aich*, from dwelling on both banks of the River Il-igh.

Previous to and after the beginning of the Christian era, Tyrian, and no doubt other navigators and explorers, had visited the coast of Scotland, and left the result of their explorations in maps and MSS., which found their way into the libraries of Alexandria, then the commercial and literary emporium of the world. From such MSS. the great geographical writer, Strabo, and after him the more learned Ptolemy, compiled their maps and geographies. In Ptolemy's map of Caledonia, Sutherland is partitioned among four principle tribes, the "Catini" on the north, the "Carnonacæ" on the north-west and west, the "Mertæ" in the interior, and the "Logi" on the south and south-east.

The bounds of the "Logi" were from the "Abona" (the Dornoch Firth), which name we have still in *Bonar*, to the *Ila* (the Il-igh or Uillie of modern map). The first syllable of the term Logi is the present name of the district, pronounced in Gaelic as lo, or logh, and the inhabitants are still called *Logh-aich*. What does the word lo, logh, or loth mean? In Gaelic it means colt or foal. In British or Welsh, llo means calf. Were the Logi tribe horse-breeders, and hereby acquired the cognomen "Logi" or "Loghaich"; and were their more inland neighbours, the "Mertæ," "Martaich," cattle breeders, and from such a cause acquire their cognomen "Mertæ" or "Martaich"?

These appellations, given them by Tyrian explorers, were undoubtedly obtained from the natives by means of interpreters, and were noted in the best way that could be done to give effect to the sense and the pronunciation of the names by which they were known among themselves. The process would be the same at that time as it was centuries thereafter, when Columbus, and Captain Cook, and other navigators discovered new lands on the American continent and the Pacific Ocean, and held converse with the tribes that inhabited them.

The antiquity of the term Loth is undoubted, whatever its real signification or definition may be. Its proximity to the "Il-a" and "Abona" of Ptolemy lends force to the supposition that it was applied to the tribal nomenclature long anterior to the visits of the ancient Tyrian navigators.

A very probable conjecture would be that the most striking natural feature in the district might give it its name. The most remarkable feature in this district is the River Loth in flood, as previously described, Having its rise in a large and mountainous watershed, and falling 1500 feet in less than 6 miles, it is excessively rapid in its flow, and, in flood, the velocity of its water is simply amazing. From this physical fact, it may be inferred that the keen-sighted Gael would call it, and name it "*Luath amhuinn,*" the swiftly flowing river, as some of the Gauls of France named some of theirs. The difference in phonetics is very slight, the long dipthong "ua" in "Luath" is readily transmuted into the shorter sound of "o" when sharply pronounced. Hence the river gave its name to the glen through which it flowed, and extended it to the district of which they are the centre. An instance of this is found in many places, especially in the northern part of the county, in the river Naver imposing its name on the valley through which its course lies, and to the whole district around it. River names in France have in modern times been adopted as the appellation of departments. For these reasons, and upon these grounds, we incline to the idea that it was the aspect of this river in flood which induced the natives of the district, twenty centuries ago and more, to name the river "Luath amhuinn," and that this very distinctive and descriptive appellation was thereafter applied to the glen and to the district right and left of it.

A conjecture has been hazarded that the district received its name from a lake that existed between Lothmor and Lothbeg previous to the time when Lady Jane Gordon, Countess of Sutherland in 1575, had the hardihood to cause a belt of rock between it

and the sea to be cut through, which completely drained the lake. But the district before her day was called Loth, not Loch.

But yet another derivation for the term "Loth" has been given in the word "làthach," clayey, miry, in reference to the alluvial soil of the district. It cannot be supposed that the natives of the district twenty or twenty-five centuries ago cultivated so much land as to enable them to judge of what the subsoil consisted.

MOUNTAINS.

Beinn-na-Meillich—G., hill of the bleating, 1940 feet high probably so called from the custom of the inhabitants sending the ewes to that outlying district on being separated from their lambs in summer.

Beinn-chôl—G., Kol's hill, where he was wont to hunt. Kol was the name of a Norse magnate of the 11th century, a relative of Frakark, the Norse Amazon of Kildonan, whose castle there was burnt by Swein. On the banks of the Blackwater, in the parish of Clyne, are the ruins of a stronghold called "Castle Cole," or Kol's Castle, built of immensely large stones.

Beinn-na-h-urrachd, more probably Beinn-na-h-onrachd—G., mountain or hill of solitude, 2046 feet.

Beinn dobhrain—G., more probably, beinn doireann, hill of storminess, 2068 feet.

Carn-uain—G., green cairn, an ancient hunting-place of the Sutherland earls in Glen Loth Deer Forest, now a sheep-walk.

Carn Brān—G., a very large cairn, said to mark the place where Fingal's famous hound, Bran, died and was interred.

Cosh-ceavaig—G., probably còs-camhaig, an artificial cave, well built and roofed with stone, leading to subterranean apartments, which served for places of refuge or sepulture. It is situated in the west side of the high banks of Kintradwell burn; còs-camhaig is a very apt description of it, the cave of small caves.

Clach-mac-meas—G., a huge stone which a precocious youth in that interesting period of the world's history, when "giants of mighty bone and bold emprise" dwelt in the land, hurled after a foe to the bottom of Glen Loth from an adjoining mountain.

Carriken-cligh—G. carraghan clith, pillars or monuments of strength. These are four stone pillars, on an elevated mound or barrow, that point out the resting-place of some leading men of a very remote period.

Craig a Bhodaich—G., rock of the hobgoblin.

Craig a Bhokie—G., crag-a-bhòcan, rock of the spectre.

These two hills, one on each side of Slet-dale burn, a tributary of the Loth, form the very close and singular sides of the burn. These lofty hills are remarkable not only for their towering perpendicular heights, but for the narrow space that separates them.

Creag-a-chrionaich—G., rock of the decayed wood; 1294 feet.

Creag-na-h-iolaire—G., rock of the eagle; 970 feet.

Creag-a-mheasgain—G., creag-a-mhaosgain, rock of the unshapely lumps; 1346 feet.

Creag loisgte—G., burnt rock, in reference to its sterility and colour of its surface; 1250 feet.

Creag mhor—G., big rock; 1581 ft.

Druim dearg—G., red ridges, heights on the right side of Glen Loth rising in successive terraces to 570 feet. At the foot of these heights in 1556 the Mackays overthrew the Sutherlands in bloody conflict, burnt the kirk of Loth, harried the surrounding district, and compelled the Earl of Sutherland and allies to return from Strathnaver to defend his own territory.

Meallan liath mor—G., the big, grey, little lump.

Meallan liath beg—G., the small, grey, little lump; Meall-an, dim. of Meall.

There are no lakes in the parish, no islands attached to it. The rivers and streams and promontories will be noticed under place-names.

PLACE-NAMES.

Ballinreach—G., baile-na-ruighachan, the hamlet on the hill slopes; W., rhiw, pro. rioo, slope or declivity at hill bases.

Braeval—G., braigh-a-bhaile, the upper part or upper grounds of a hamlet or township; W., brai, the topmost; Norse, brā, brow; Eng., brow; B. S., brae, from the Gaelic or Norse. It is worthy of note to see how the signification changes by transposing the syllables of this word in Gaelic, putting the second syllable first, as Bal-a-bhraighe, and Bal-a-bhaghad (Balvraid). This gives us the hamlet on the brae.

Crackaig—G., craic; Heb. G., croic, sea-weed cast away, or cast ashore, and ach, a terminal adjunctive used in Greek, Latin, and other languages, in conjunction with nouns, as Gaol-ach, Mulad-ach, denoting, having, or abounding in. In Greek we have similar adjuncts, in -achos, -ochos, -akos, and in Latin, -acus, -icus, Hence we take Crackaig to be Craic-ach, having, or abounding in, sea-weed, softened in the course of ages to "craic-aig." Crackaig is near the sea-shore, and in front of it is a promontory on the east side of which is a bay, which is sheltered by it, a fit place for sea-weed to be thrown on its shores. If the last syllable be uig,

Norse for bay, we still have the sea-weed bay The old form of this word in Sutherland charters was cir. 1500, Crakog; 1600, Crakag.

Culgower—G., cuil na-gabhair, the nook, or corner of the goats.

Garty—G., gart, gort, an enclosure; W., garth, an enclosure; N., gardr, a walled dwelling, a court-house; Ger. garten, a garden; Fr., jardin, a garden. There are three townships in this parish bearing this name, Gartymore, Mid Garty, and West Garty.

Kilmote—The native name of this place is Bal-na-h-ath, the township of the kiln. The modern name is the anglicised form of the ancient one.

Kintradwell—The old form of this name was Clynetredwan, or more probably Cill-trollen, as it was derived from a chapel erected here in remote times, and dedicated to a nun said to have come from Achaia with St Regulus, and canonised as St Trollen, or Trollhena of the Sagas, St Tredwen, Triduan, and Tredwell of other writs, and Scottish hagiologists.

Loth, Lothmor, Lothbeg, described before.

Portgower—So called from the place-name near it, Culgower or from a fishing village being created here on the evictions of the small tenants, in forming the large arable and sheep farms in the parish, 1810 to 1812, and called Portgower, after the title of Earl Gower, the heir to the estates, and afterwards 2nd Duke of Sutherland.

Slet-dale—N., slet, slight, small, trivial, in comparison with the great glen of Loth, and dalr, dale, the small dale or glen.

Stronerunkie—This word, in the form we find it, is an instance of how place-names are frequently "murdered" when anglicised. It is Sron rudha-na-gaoithe, nose of the windy promontory, a headland on the shore near Cracaig.

PARISH OF CLYNE.

This parish extends from the sea-shore at Brora north-westwards for 21½ miles to the heights of the water-shed at Beinn Armuinn, which divides it from the parish of Farr. Its breadth varies from 3½ to 8½ miles, and its computed area is 75,912 acres, of which only about 1500 is cultivated, 283 are foreshore, and 1110 water, of which the pretty Loch Brora, famous for its salmon, is the largest. The north-western part of the parish is wild, bleak, and lofty, the confines of which form the central mountain range of the county. The central portion of it debouching upon the beautiful, glistening surface of Loch Brora is picturesque,

diversified by the intermingling of mountain and glen, wood and water, green slopes and meads. The south-eastern portion subsides into low lands, yet attractive, and diversified by the green glades and woody hill screens of the loch, the interesting surroundings of Brora village, the well cultivated arable land, and the low sandy beach, with a belt of sand hills, verdant and bent covered. The Duke of Sutherland Railway traverses the whole breadth of the parish, with a station on the north side of the Brora River and village.

The geological formation of this south-eastern part of the parish has a peculiar interest to the student of geology, from the occurrence in its rocks of a coal formation belonging to the Lias and Oolite periods, and for the juxta-position of that formation with granite. The coal was worked here as long ago as 1573 in connection with salt-pans on the shore. Although vigorously worked for many years, both these industries failed to be remunerative, and were for a time abandoned till, in 1812, the then Marquis of Stafford re-commenced operations, and spent £16,000 in opening a new pit, constructing a harbour, and a tramway from it to the coal pit, and four large salt-pans, buil at a n additional cost of £3500, to give employment to the evicted from the heights of the parish. Yet, though these works were continued for a number of years, they were discontinued again, the salt-pans are now objects of antiquity, but the colliery was again put into operation in 1872 by the late Duke, and 5000 tons a year brought to the surface. The coal is not of good quality, being, it is said, very sulphurous.

There are two quarries of excellent white freestone near Brora, worked for many years for domestic purposes and for exportation. Some of it had been taken for the building of London Bridge. This stone is full of petrefactions of trees, fishes, and various forms of shells, interesting to the geologist.

The arable land now cultivated in the parish is thus divided:—Clynelish farm, 230 acres; Inverbrora, 210; East Brora, 75; Clyne Milton, 33; Glebe, 40; Kilcalmkill, 60; while the rest is divided among nearly 400 crofters and cottars, an average of 2 acres each. The rest is entirely under sheep.

The population in 1801 was 1624, in 1881, 1812, concentrated now around Brora. In ancient times there must have been a considerable population in Strath Brora, judging from the number of "Kills" met with, the primitive abodes and worship places of the Culdee Monks. These will be noted in Place Names. They date back to a remote period. The parish church was dedicated to St

Aloyne, and a fair had been held in 1630 at Clyne on St Aloyne's day, but there is no further record of him.

There are several Pictish towns in this district, and various tumuli and cairns lie scattered over the interior, no doubt marking battlefields and scenes of conflict, in which the slain were buried, but their names and their deeds have passed into oblivion. Pennant had been informed that a tradition existed in the parish of a battle fought at Kilcalmkill between the natives and the Norsemen, in which the latter were severely defeated, possibly accounting for so few of these roving plunderers having located themselves in it, and imposing their language on its nomenclature.

MOUNTAINS.

Asca-na-greine—G., ascnadh-na-greine, the rising of the sun; 965 feet high; a hill on the eastern confines of the parish, two miles from the coast, upon which the rays of the rising sun first shine.

Beinn-armin—G., oir-na-minn, mountain of the limit of the kids, 2338 feet high, no higher could they go.

Beinn-nan-Corn—G., 1706 feet; mountain of the deer, or other horned animals; or of corn, a bowl like cup, from the shape of the lake below it. (See Golspie Place Names).

Beinn smeorail—G., 1592 feet; mountain of the bramble berries.

Cnoc-a chrabaich mhoir—G., 1560 feet; hill of the big bend.

Cnoc-coir an oir—G., hill of the hollow of gold, 864 feet.

Cnoc-garbh-leathad—G., 923 feet; hill of the rough side.

Cnoc-a-ghrianan—G., 689 feet; hill of the sunny place.

Cnoc-meadhonach—G., 1134 feet; middle hill.

Cnoc-na-leamhnachd—961 feet; hill of the sept-foil.

Cnoc raon-na-gamne—676 feet; hill of the sterile field.

Ceann-an-tuir—G., summit or end of the tower (Castle Cole).

Meall-coir-an-uisgeachaidh—G., the lumpy hill of the watery or swampy corrie.

RIVERS.

Allt-ach'-na-bāthaich—G., stream of the cowhouse field.

Allt-a-mhuillinn—G., the mill stream.

Allt-smeorail—G., stream of the bramble berries (smeurail).

Allt-na-seilge—G., stream of the chase.

Blackwater—Eng. form of "Amhuinn du," black, peaty water.

Brora—See place names.

Ghoileach—G., the turgid stream, or torrent.

LAKES.

Beann-ach—G., surrounded by mountains; $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 furlongs.
Bad-an-aon-tigh—G., of the one house place, 6 by 2 furlongs.
Bad-an-earba—G., of the grove of the roes; $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 furlongs.
An Eilthiraich—G., of the foreigner; 3 by 2 furlongs.
Brora—See place names; $4\frac{5}{8}$ miles by $3\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs.
Na Glaic—G., of the hollow.
Gruideach—G., strewn with boulders; $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 furlongs.
Gorm Loch Mhor—The big blue lake; 4 by $3\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs.
Gorm Loch Bheag—The little blue lake; 3 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs.
Tobarnach—G., full of springs.
There are in this parish other 22 smaller tarns.

PLACE NAMES.

Achrimasdal—G. and N., achadh, field, and raumsdalr, the dal or dale of giants; a district name in Norway.

Achnanirinin—G., field of the maids; irinean and irin are Sutherland words, for daughters, or daughter, or maid. In Welsh we have wyr, pro. uir, a grandchild. The first syllable, ir, of the Sutherland word is very similar to the British or Welsh one. In this connection it may be here noted that there are in Sutherland many words in common use and in its topography which are obsolete elsewhere in the Highlands. Is this word, irin and irinin, a remnant of the Pictish, or a corrupt pronunciation of inghean, inghin, and nighean, nighin, daughter, daughters?

Am-aite—G., ām-aite, pro. āām-aite. Am, as a noun, in Gaelic signifies time, season, but its old signification was circle. In Welsh, am, as a prefix, means round or round about, corresponding to the Lat. circum, and the Latins and Romans used "am" in the same sense. Hence in Latin am-nis, a river, which, by its sinuosities, goes round about from one side of a valley to the other, We have the syllable am in Am-an, Am-on, river names, from am, round about, and an, on, contraction for avan, avon, river, and in Gaelic we have the same in àm-huinn, river.

In the Siamese, am is water. In the Basque or Iberian, ame is sea, connected apparently with an original meaning of am, which meant in Gaelic, moisture, dampness; what Sutherland youth but remembers the injunction to keep out of the dàm (?) (dàum), mire, puddle? The place Am-aite is a semi-circular meadow on the side of the Blackwater in Strath-beg, the hills forming the half circle, the river the chord of the arc. Its aspect formed its name, the round place by the water. There are several places in the Highlands of the same name, all of them possessing the same aspect, and situated on a river or stream.

...ats with them to t
coming in view of th
their reach. Enrag
form a dam at the
to drown the Suthe
when down upon them
who routed and chase
after, this place at th
Daman," the dam.

Ascoil—G., eas-a-c
Sutherland charters, W

Badanellan—G., b
island, the place at, or

Breacachadh—G.,
brych; Arm., brec; M

Brora—G., lake a
Broo-ra; bru-an-t-sra,
strath; old form, in 15
name to the river and t
situated upon it, and th
near its end. The confi
shaped. It gradually ri
feet above sea level, in a
200 feet high, then as g
right angles across it she
one hand, and a declivity
presenting a form in the
begins at the lake end a
issuing from the lake is c

A Norse derivation ha

R. Gordon states that "ther wes good salt maid at Broray, which served not onlie Sutherland and the neighbouring provinces, bot also wes transported into England and elsewher." In 1601 Brora "was erected into a free burgh of barony and regality, with power to the burgesses of buying and selling wine and wax, cloth, woollen and linen, and all other articles of merchandise and staple goods; power to build a tolbooth and have a weekly market on Saturday, with four yearly fairs, with all other privileges, on account of the great expense incurred at Brora by the Earl of Sutherland, to the great advantage of the King's lieges and others." In 1614 the "cole heughs" were repaired and more salt pans erected. In 1619 the bridge of "Broray" was "repaired and rectified." G., bru; W., bru; Corn., bry; Arm., brun; Manx, breein.

Carrol—G., cathair-mheille, the honey hill. Carmel, Carmylie, or Carra-a-choille, the rock of, or in, the wood. Carra is, O.G., a rock, seen in many mountain names, and those of rocky places, such as Car-pathians, in Austria; I-car-ia, the isle of rocks in the Egean Sea; I-car-os, in Greece; Car-mel, in Syria. Old form of Carrol in Sutherland charters was Curreil. The rock gave the name to the habitation at its foot, a seat of the Gordons for three centuries. South side of Loch Brora.

Clyne—G., the parish name, from claoin, hill-sides, or declivities. This parish, in all its aspects, is all declivities throughout its whole extent. Old forms, Clun in 1230, Clyn, Clyne, Cline, 1512 to 1572. There are Clynes in Wales, the aspect of their situation on hill slopes overspread with brushwood, applicable enough to our Clyne.

Clynelish—G., claon, slope, or declivity, sing. of the other claoin, and lios, an enclosure, now garden, the slope to the garden; W., llys, a court, or walled enclosure; Corn., llys, a manor-house surrounded by a wall; Arm., les, a court, or enclosure; Ir., lios, as in Lismore and many Irish place-names; compare G. lios iosal, low garden, with Ir. lios iosal, and Arm. les izel, low court, or lower court; note the pro. of the Arm. les, not, lios, lish. The Sutherland pro. of certain words coincides more with similar words in Corn., Welsh, and Arm., than with the same words in Irish, in Argyle or Inverness Gaelic. In Sutherland the sing. is les, the plural, lish.

Craig-Bar—G., the high-topped rock? 664 feet high, on the south side of Loch Brora, above Carral. The description given of it in the "Old Stat. Acc.," 1794, is thus—"A steep and rocky precipice, fortified with a ditch of circumvallation, every way inaccessible, but by a narrow neck of land between it and a neighbouring

hill. It contains eight acres of land, and could be easily defended against any number of assailánts." The probability is that this rock fortress had been formed by some chief, in prehistoric times, of the name of Bar, and that hence its name, like Dun-Rabin. Possibly "Creag-Bar" has greater antiquity than Dunrobin.

Crioslaich—G., limit or border, old form, Crissaligh; here, in 1589, the Mackay Chief, "Huistean-du-na-tuaigh," with greatly inferior numbers, attacked and defeated the marauding Sinclairs, and recovered the spoil they "lifted" before the Sutherlands came up to his assistance.

Doll—G., old form in charters, Doill, corruption of dail, meadow, or plain, bounded by a river. This plain, upon which scores of crofters are located, is bounded by the Brora River. W., dal, what spreads out; W., dol, a dale or mead, through which a river flows; N., dalr, a dale; Eng., dale.

Dalbhain—G., dalbhàn, fair or daisy white meadow, or Dal-a-mhan, the meadow lower down.

Fothach—G., a pond, the place or habitation at the pond.

Glas-loch—G., the grey, green, or blue lake. W., glas, blue, verdant, and grey, a faded shade of either; Ir. glas, grey; Corn. and Arm., glas, blue, green, grey; Arm., march glas, grey horse; W. and Corn., marc glas, grey horse; Ir. and G., each glas, grey horse.

Gob-an-uisgaich—G., gob, beak or point; uisgaich, waters; the point or beak of land at the confluence of one river with another, not noticed by Joyce or Robertson, yet more expressive than Aber or Inver, about which so much controversy has so needlessly and so heedlessly arisen; Gob, in G., is a bird's bill, a beak, a snout. In W. gwp is head and neck of a bird, joining into the beak or bill; here in Sutherland, with all the imperfections attributed to its Gaelic, excels, in this and many other words and phrases, Argyll or Inverness in primitive words, more especially in topographical names. The word gob is frequently seen and heard of in Sutherland regarding the meeting of waters, and whichever way it may be taken, the meeting of the waters gave the name to the point of land upon which the habitation was fixed.

Grianan—G., sunny place, a place upon which the sun shone longest during the year. The Romans adopted the sense of this word from the Gauls and other Celts with whom they came in contact, and borrowed the word Grann-us, the sun or sunny spot, upon which they built a villa or summer house, and called it Grann-us, the very same way as we moderns say south bank, south side, or sunny side in Anglo-Saxon, and from no other cause and for no other reason. The Roman or Latin name for sun was

sol; the Gaelic word for light is sol-us. What is the derivation of that Gaelic word "Solus," it is "So-leus," light easily obtained from the sun, hence the Latin sol, solis, and the Greek zeilos, light, and the expansion of the Gaelic word solus into soillear, light, perceptive knowlege obtained by the eye, sul, suil, eye, eyes.

Inverbrora—G., inver, innbhior, point of land at the confluence of two streams or rivers meeting, or a stream or river falling into the sea, as at Brora and elsewhere. In this case it is misapplied, from the fact that Inverbrora is at the best a mile from the confluence, but it had been so imposed to distinguish it when the large farm of Inverbrora was made from what was of old called the Doll, and the real name of the confluence was the land beside it. The harbour and the salt-pans constructed on that land were, in the olden times, 1580 to 1601, called Inverbrora, but when these works were constructed and a village built, the place-name became Brora, and the real ancient name was transferred to an inland farm, erected in 1812. "Tempora mutantur, nos mutamur in illis," so do "Place-names."

Kilbrar—G., cill-brathair, the cill, or cell of the brother (monk), a Culdee, where he located himself on a beautiful site, amongst a large population.

Kil-calmkil—G., a cell, or chapel, dedicated to Columba of the Cells or Kills, a very beautiful spot on the north side of Loch Brora, eastward of the Grianan, at which was a hamlet named "Sheanval," to be hereafter noticed. The Gordons of Aboyne held it for 300 years after their introduction into Sutherland, and by them named Gordon-bush. In 1829, the Gordons sold it to the then Marquis of Stafford, great-grandfather of the present Duke of Sutherland.

Kilean—G., cell, or place of worship dedicated to St John.

Kilpheder—G., Kil-pheadair, place of worship dedicated to St Peter; this was called Kil-pheadair-mhor in contradistinction to another a mile lower down the Strath, called Kil-pheadair-bheag.

Pollie—G., place by or near a pool; here the river Black water is very stagnant for a quarter of a mile, and virtually forms a pool, or, in Gaelic, poll; W., pwll; Corn., pol; Arm., poul; the very Sutherland pro., N., pollr; Lat., pal-us; Gr., pel-os.

Scibercross—G., old forms in Charters; Shiberscage, Schibriskeig, Scheb or skaik, Serirscraig, from Sith, a high place; bior, a point; and es-caig, waterfalls; the elevated or high place situated on the stream flowing by it, and falling in cascades to the river which flows below it at a short distance. Sciberscross is 400 feet above sea level, the river, a quarter of a mile from it, is only 224 feet. Crossing the Sciberscross burn, 60 years ago, was a danger

in night time, which only the manly would attempt, and even with the manly it was a danger that could not possibly be avoided. Necessity, then as now, had no law. It was the abode of bogles and elfs and imps of the lower regions.

Sheanvall—G., sean-bhaile, the old hamlet; the ancient name of Kilcalmkill, and in its immediate vicinity here, without doubt, was the place of worship dedicated to St Columba, and near it is an ancient cemetery in which the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, and gone to dust, and where the heroes of those days rest. The grave of a chief of the olden times was here opened some years ago, and in it were found large human bones. It is yet distinguished by four stones and a covering one—"Sic transit gloria mundi"—forgotten, unknown.

1st MARCH, 1893.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—Honorary members—Colonel Alex. Macdonald, Portree, and Mr Duncan Chisholm, Colorado Springs, U.S.A. Ordinary members—Mr Dugald Maclachlan, banker, Portree; Mr John M. Morrison, Stornoway; Mr S. W. C. Gauld, banker, Balmacara; Mr Kenneth Cameron, factor, Ullapool; Rev. Thomas Mackay, Strath, Skye; Captain Mitchell, Georgefield, Uddingston; Rev. Duncan Macmichael, Duncansburgh, Fort-William; Mr John Mackenzie, banker, Inverness; Mr Alex. Fraser, grocer, Tomnahurich Street, Inverness; Mr James Logan, Music Saloon, Church Street, Inverness; Mr Keeble, of Morel Bros., Inverness; Mr Neil M. Cameron, grocer, Inverness; Mr Andrew Mackintosh, H.M. Customs, Leith; and Mr Hugh Fraser, Foyers Cottage, Inverness.

The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr Paul Cameron, Blair-Athole, entitled "Perthshire Gaelic Songs and their Composers," Paper No. II.[1] Mr Cameron's paper was as follows:—

PERTHSHIRE GAELIC SONGS AND THEIR COMPOSERS

Paper No. II.

DONNACHA LOUDUINN, NO, LOUDAIDH.

Bha an duine measarra so, a Gleann-Liobhan, far an d' rugadh e, mu 1730. A reir coslais dh'ionnsaich e an t-saorsainneachd agus

[1] For Mr Cameron's first paper. see Society's Transactions, Vol. XVII., p. 126.

a' mhuilleireachd, oir, tha cunntas agam air e a bhidh na mhuilleir ann an muileann Choire-Chòinnlidh an Lochabar. Anns an aite sin chaill e leanabh-caileig le i 'bhi air a bàthadh fo 'n chuibhle-mhuilinn. Mu thimchioll an sgiorraidh sin, rinn e laoidh do 'n ainm, "Laoidh na Leabach" a toiseachd—

"Ged a tha mi na m' leabaidh
Cha d' fhuair mi an cadal air choir."

An deighe dha Coire-Chòinnlidh fhagail, tha e coltach gu 'n tainig e gu 'bhi na thuairnear, agus na shaor chuibhleacha-sniomhaidh, maille ri Dughall Buchannain an Raineach. Bha e beagan bhliadhnachan a' fanachd an Gleann-Eireachdaidh, agus o sin chaidh e do Ghleann-Fonnchaistuil far an do thuinich e gu àm a bhàis, mu 'n bhliadhna 1812. Bha e na dhuine diadhaidh, dleasnachail, a' gabhail tlachd ann an eolas an Tighearna Iosa Criosd a chraobh-sgaoileadh.

Chaidh na "Sean-fhocail agus na Comhadan" a leanas, a chlòdh-bhualadh air tùs anns a bhliadhna 1797, agus an dara clodh-bualaidh anns a bhliadhna 1833—

"Sean-fhòcail gheur 'us comhadan,
Agus mòran do chomhairlean glice,
'S mo shaoileas tu gu bheil iad feumail,
Cuimhnich an leughadh ni 's trice."

SEAN-FHOCAIL AGUS COMHADAN.

Le Donnacha Louduinn.

'N uair a chailleas neach a mhaoin,
'S gnothach faoin 'bhi 'g iarraidh meas,
Ge do labhair e le céill
'S beag a gheibh e 'dh' éisdeas ris.

'S beag sgoinn do mhòintich am monadh ;
'S beag sgoinn do choille am fàsach ;
'S lugha meas tha 'dhuine falamh,
'N uair 'tha earras an deigh fhagail.

'S ioma caraid 'th' aig fear saibhir ;
Tha daoine bochda gun phrìs ;
'S gann a dh' aidicheas an cairdean
Gu 'm buin iad daibh 'us iad 'bhi 'n dìth.

'S fearr a bhi bochd na 'bhi' breugach ;
'S fearr fheuchainn na 'bhi' 's an dùil ;
'S fearr am fear a chostas beagan,
Na 'm fear a theicheas ann an cùil.

Eiridh tonn
Gheibhear ce
Eiridh gnoth
Bristidh 'm f

Tha 'ghainea
Cha 'n 'eil tu
'S dona 'n cài
'S cha 'n fhai

Is coltach fea
'S nach 'eil sg
Ris an duine
Agus a thilg

'S dona thig n
Cha dean fear
Cha dean fear
'S cha tig leigh

'S math 'bhi sl
Caillidh daoine
Is sona neach a
Ach caillidh lu

Smuainich mu
Ma 's àill leat d
'S fearr dhut se
Na sealltuinn f

Cha trom leis an loch an lach,
Cha trom leis an each an t-srian,
Cha trom leis a chaor' a h-olainn,
'S cha truimid a' choluinn a ciall.

Cha trom leis an fhiadh a chabar,
Cha trom leis a choileach a chìrein ;
'Ni a mheasas aon neach, mar leth-trom,
Chi neach eil' e, mar thoilinntinn.

Tha 'n neach 'tha gleidheadh seanchais dhiomhain,
'S a leigeas diadhaidheachd fo 'bhònn,
Mar a bha 'n té e thog a chàth,
'S a dh' fhag an cruineachd air an tòm.

Caillear mart an droch mhuthaich
Seachd bliadhna roimh a mithich ;
Tha sid a' feuchainn 's a dearbhadh
Gu 'n tig an t-carchall le mi-fheairt.

Cha 'n fhuirich muir ri uallach,
Cha dean bean luath maorach ;
Cha dean bean gun aire cugann,
'S cha dean bean gun fhuras aodach.

Far am bi bò bidh bean,
'S far am bi bean bidh buaireadh ;
Far am bi fearg bidh bruidhinn,
'Us as a' bhruidhinn thig tuasaid.

Am fear a bhrathas 's e 'mharbhas ;
Cha deanar dearbhadh gun deuchainn ;
'S gann a dh' aithn'eas tu do charaid,
Gus an tachair dhut 'bhi 'd éigin.

Cha 'n 'eil saoi gun choimeas,
Cha 'n 'eil coille gun chrionaich ;
'S fear beagan a mhathadh
Na sean fhalachd a dhioladh.

'S math caraid anns a' chùirt,
Ma thig neach gu trioblaid ;
Ach 's fearr eun 's an laimh
Na dha air iteig.

Mur bi l

Pigheid
Ged 'robl
Cha 'n fh
Ma bhios

Bean gun
Bean mhi
B' fhearr
Na do ch

Bean arda
Bean ghal
Is tùs trio
Dol ga d'

Am fear a
'S e 'm fea
Cha choir
Gu dol 'an

Am fear na
Cha dean e
Am fear na
Cha 'n fhai

'S fearr sìth
Bi faicilleac
'S furas sea
Ge d' theid

Is fearr an ceartas glan na 'n t-òr ;
Is beag air duine còir an fhoill :
An neach a charas thu o d' chùl,
Chuir e 'dhùil an cuid an doill.

Is ciatach gnothach follaiseach,
Ach 's dona comunn cealgach ;
An rud a gheibhear aig ceann an deamhain,
Caillear e aig' earball.

Is olc an toiseach cogaidh, geilt ;
Cha 'n ionann sgeul do 'n chreich 's do 'n tòir ;
Is searbh gloir an fhir a theich,
'S am fear a dh' fhuirich ni e bòsd.

Is fearr 'bhi tais na 'bhi ro bhrais,
O'n 's e is lugha cùram ;
Is fearr suidhe 'n tigh a' bhròin,
Na 'n tigh a cheòil 's an t-sùgraidh.

Cha toir neach air éigin beairteas ;
'S duilich droch chleachd a chuir fàs ;
Bheir gach Dòmhnach leis an t-seachduin,
'S bheir am peacadh leis am bàs.

Na bi eallamh air trodadh,
'S na bi toileach air tuasaid ;
Ach ma 's toigh leat do leanabh,
Na bi leisg air a bhualadh.

Bi 'n comhnuidh air taobh na siothchaidh,
'S na bi di-chaisg air bheag aobhar ;
'S fearr dhut amadan a bhreugadh,
Na dol g' a fheuchainn ann an caonnaig.

Na bi talach air do chuibhrinn,
Ge do robh i baileach sòmhail,
'S fearr greim tioram le siothchaidh,
Na taigh làn iobairt le còmhstri.

Dol a stri ri rud gun choslas,
Cha 'n 'eil ann ach gnothach faoin ;
Cha tig feur tre na clochaibh,
'S cha tig folt tre chlaigionn aosd'.

Us cea

'Neach
'Us gu
Is tric '
Ach 's l

Is fearr
Is fearr
An rud
Na dean

Thoir ai
Cha toir
Is tric le
Gu 'n cri

Bi eòlach
Mu 'n in
Na cuir d
Do neach

Na gabh
Ge d' sha
A' bheinn
'S an oirre

'S math ar
Tha rud ai
'S fearr dh
Na dol 'th

Is diomhain dut a bhi 'toirt teagaisg,
Do neach a chuir cùl ri eòlas ;
Mar thionnda 's a' chomhl' air a bannaibh,
Pillidh an t-amadan ri ghòraich.

Ge do robh thu dripeil,
'S coir dhut 'bhi air d' fhaicill ;
'S iad na tomha [1] trice
Ni na tomhaisean cearta.

Tha ar n-uine ruith gun stad,
Ceart co luath 's a thig clach le gleann ;
Ni i stad 'nuair thig i 'n lag,
Us bidh a h-astar aig a cheann.

Ceart mar a thig gaillionn, no sian,
An uair nach miann leat i 'bhi ann,
Is amhluidh sin a thig an t-aog,
Ge do shaoil thu nach b' e 'n t-âm.

Ceart mar a sgaoileas an ceò
'Nuair a thig teas air o 'n ghrein,
Is amhluidh sin a shiubhlas glòir,
Us ioma dochas air bheag feum.

Cha b' e comunn an dà ghann,[2]
A bha 'shannt orm 'dheanamh riut ;
Ach an rud 'bhiodh agad 'ghabhail uat,
'S an rud a bhiodh uat a thoirt dhut :

Nach b' e siud an comunn saor ?
'S cha b' e comunn nam maor mu 'n chlàr ;
B' e 'n comunn-sa 'bhi toirt a null,
'S cha chomunn ach null 's a nall.

Ma 's fior gach sean fhocal,
A labhradh le luchd géire ;
Bheir foid breithe agus bàis
Duine air atha 's air éigin.

DONNACHA MAC-DHIARMAID.

Bha an dhuine so ro-fheumail na latha, leis an taland chiuil a bh' aige. Cha robh gleann no srath an Siorrachd Pheairt, ach gann, anns nach robh e a' cumail sgoil-sheinn. Ged a

[1] tomachan. [2] Math-fhaoidte, do-ghann, neo-ghann, neo-phairteachail.

bha fradharc a shùl ga dhith, cha robh rathad mòr 's an dùthaich, no sraid 's a bhaile-mhargaidh nach siubhladh e, gun sgàth, gun sgiorradh. Rugadh e 'an Acheasain an Gleann-Dochard, mu 'n bhliadhna 1798. Mu 1850 chaidh e do Dhuneidinn, far an do phòs, agus an do thuinich e. Sheinn Donnacha an t-oran a leanas aig dinneir eireachdail a chaidh thoirt seachad, an taigh-osda—Dhrochaid-Choinneachain, mar ònair do dh' Fear Phort-an-Eilein—

ORAN DO FHEAR PHORT-AN-EILEIN TAOBH LOCH TEAMHAIL.

Le Donnacha Mac-Dhiarmaid.

'S i so deoch slaint an àrmuinn,
'S gun ol sinn i le failte ;
Mac-Dhiarmaid fear Bho-thàluidh,
Tha 'n drasta anns a Phort,
A shiol nam Baran prìseil
A chleachd a bhi 'n Gleannliobhan,
Na sair dhaoin' uailse sìobhailte,
Nach striochdadh anns an trod.

B' e sid am fior dhuin uasal,
'S gach faillein 'tha ris fuaighte ;
Cha chualas bonn de 'bhruaidhlean,
Ach suairc, 'us dileas ceart ;
An fhiorfhuil ghlan, gun truaille,
'S an fhine bho na bhuaint' 'thu ;
'S gur ioma fiuran uasal
A thainig uat a mach.

Thaobh eile, bho do mhathair,
Cha 'n fhaod mi fanachd samhach,
Ach labh'ram air na h-àrmuinn
A b' abhaist 'bhi 's a Phort ;
Na Stiubhartaich gu cìnnteach,
Do chinneadh math nan righrean,
A bh' againn ioma linn,
Anns an rioghachd so le ceart.

'S a' thaobh do cheile phòsda,
Gu'n dean mi beagan comhraidh,
'S bean uasal i 'tha sònraicht',
'Us coir aic' air le ceart ;
A thaobh an teaghlaich uasail,
'S an stoc 'ud as 'n do bhuaint' iad ;
Tigh Fas, 'tha cliuiteach fiachail,
Bho 'n chiad fhear thàin' a mach.

Nach fhaic sibh 'n t-oigfhear sunndach,
Tha againn anns an rùm dhiubh,
Gur mòr am meas 's an cliu do
Ar duthaich e 'bhi ann ;
Tha 'riaghladh, tairis, ciallach,
Gu tùrail, aoidheil, fialaidh ;
Le thargaid, 'us le sgiath,
Gu ar dionadh o gach namh.

Tha Fas 'us Seastal 'd' staoile,
'S a bharr air sin 'na d' oighreachd ;
'S tu 'n leomhan sgairteil loinneil ;
'S tu 'n saighdear anns gach càs ;
'S nan tigeadh namhaid streupail,
A bhagairt oirnn le eucoir,
Gu 'n tugadh tusa beum dha,
'S le creuchdan bhidh e leòint'.

Gur caomh an àm na sith thu,
'S gur garg an àm na stri thu,
Gur daoimein anns gach tir thu,
'S na miltibh ort an tòir ;
Gur laoch fearail, treun, thu,
'Nuair chuireadh tu 'm bogh'-grein oirr',
Gu 'm biodh i ann ad reir sa,
'Nuair labhradh tu gu stòild'.

'S tu 'm fiùran flàthail, fìnealt,
'S tu ceist, us gradh, nan nìonag,
'S tu' bheireadh dhaibh toilinntinn,
'Nuair tharladh tu nan còir ;
Ach guidheam céile uasal,
Gu grad a bhi riut fuaighte,
Le fearrunn 's airgiod fuasgailt,
'Us buaidhean bhanail, chòir.

Ach a Bharain mhoir Bho-thàluidh,
'S ann 'their mi fhathast pàirt riut,
Bho 'n 's tu Ceann-cinnidh àraid,
Is fhearr leam thu 'bhi ann ;
'S a thaobh nam fiuran àluinn,
A sheasas leat gu làidir,
'S toilintinn h-uile là dhuinn,
Na h-armuinn air ar ceann.

'Chlann Dhiarmaid bidhibh sìochail,
'S na togaibh dhasan mi-thlachd ;
Ach gluaisibh anns an fhìrinn,
'S air cridhe rioghail glan ;
O'n 's e 'n Ceann-cinnidh fior-mhaith,
A th' againn anns an tiom so ;
'S 'mhac oighre bidh dhuinn dìleas ;
'S mis dh' fhaodadh innse 'n uochd.

An t-oighre 's e gu cìnnteach,
Ard lighiche na tìre,
An t-oigfhear smiorail, rìomhach ;
'S gur grinn leam cainnt a bheòil,
A chron cha'n 'eil ri àireamh,
O chùl a chinn gu 'shàiltean,
Le aghaidh fhlathail, àillidh,
A thàladh nam ban òg.

Tha baintighearn' òg 's an tìr so,
'S i eireachdail thair mhìltibh,
'S bu mhaith leam i 'riut sìnte,
Air chinnt' a bharain òig ;
'S i sin *Miss* Emlidh Stiùbhart,
De n teaghlach 'ud 'bha cliùiteach,
An fhior bhean uasal iùlmhor,
'S gach glùlain air gach doigh.

Bidh 'n tànaistear na dhion duinn,
O'n fhuair e staigh do 'n riaghailte ;
Tha cumail ceart us siothaimh,
Us ciosnachadh na rìogh'chd,
'S gu'n cuir e romhainn seòladh,
'N uair 'theid sinn thun na còrach,
A bheir dhuinn mòran eòlais,
Us fòghlum anns gach nì.

Tha maighstir Rob. an dràsta,
Air faotuinn urram stàiteil,
'S gur toileachas gu bràth dhuinn,
An ràdh a thain' an nall,
Gu'n choisinn e buaidh-làrach,
Aig cruinneachadh nan Gaidheal,
Thug sid mòr mheas 'us ciatachd,
Do chlann Diarmad anns an àm.

Am fiùran sin is oige,
Nis guidheam sonas mòr dha,
Le onair, agus mòrchuis,
'Us fòghlum anns gach tìom,
Nis bidh mi criochnach m' òrain,
'S cha tug mi leth n' is còir dhomh,
Do'n chuideachd chridheil, chòir sin,
Thug sòlas dhomh nach gann.

ROB MAC-DHUGHAIL.

Tha mòr-mheas agam air gné-bhardachd an Ughdair so. Tha i soilleir, siubhlach, neartmhor. Bu mhac e do dh' Alastair Mac-Dhùghail, a bha na thuathanach 'am Braigh-Fasaidh. Chaidh e do dh' Australia mu'n bhliadhna 1843, far an do ghabh e tuineachas mu cheithir mile bho Mhelbourn. Bhiodh e aig an àm sin, a reir iomraidh, mu dhà fhichead bliadhna 'dh 'aois.

COMUNN NA STUAMACHD.

Le Rob Mac-Dhùghaill.

Seisd—Buaidh le comunn mo ghaoil!
Piseach air comunn mo ghaoil!
O! soirbheachadh math leis a chomunn
A chuir an droch obair ma sgaoil.

Gu'n tuigeadh an leughadair suairce,
An comunn a luaidh mi am rann;
'S e comunn fior ghasda na Stuamachd,
Mu'n togainn mo dhuan anns an àm
An comunn a dh' eulaidh mu thuath oirnn'
Feadh ghlacagan uaigneach nan gleann,
A' leasachadh cleachdaidh na tuath-chearnn,
'S a cheartachadh gluasaid nan Clann.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Tha 'n Comunn so urramach, feumail,
A chasgadh gach eucoir 'us gò;
'S thoirt caochlaidh ro mhathasach ceutach,
Air abhaist mi-cheillidh nan slògh;
Am fear a bha 'n uiridh le daoirich,
Na shìneadh 's an aolach gun treoir,
Tha 'm bliadhna, air fhein 's air a theaghlach,
Le 'aran 's le 'aodach a fòir.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

'S a bhean a bha 'n uiridh gle dhiùmach
'S le bochduinn fo thuirse 's fo bhròn,
Tha 'm bliadhna gu h-aighearach, mùirneach,
'S am pailteas mu tùrlach de lòn.
O 'n 'mhosgail fear tighe o 'dhùsal,
'S a dh' fhosgail a shùilean o chlò ;
'S a dh' eirich gu farrumach, sùrdail,
Mar dhuine as-ur a' tigh'nn beò.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

O 'n threigeadh leo cuideachd dhroch dhaoine,
'S an coluadar baobhail gun tùr ;
Fhuair fuasgladh a aimbeart an t-saoghail,
'Us mhothaich iad saorsadh as-ùr.
Faic 'nis iad gu h-aithreachail geamnuidh,
"'G ath-cheannach' na h-aimsir" le sgoinn ;
'S 'toirt eiseamplair 's airidh a leanmhuinn,
Le 'n oibribh 's le 'n sean'chas do 'n cloinn.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Gu'm b'ionmholt' gu'n teagamh 's bu chliuiteach
An gradh chuir air tus e air bonn ;
Gradh dian nach robh farasd a mhùchadh,
'Las cridheachan iulmhor nan sonn ;
Le curam mu an'ma neo-bhàsmhor,
A thearnadh gu bràth 's a chuir saor ;
Ged their a chuid mhor de na phràbar,
"Cha 'n 'eil iad ach 'sàbhal am maoin."
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Is ainmeil am ball *deth* 's is fheumail,
An sagart 'tha 'n Eirionn ud thall ;
Bu bhuannachdail sealbhach do cheudaibh,
A chuairt 'thug an treun-laoch a nall ;
Thug *Matthew math* iomadh fear dalma,
A' *purgadoir* gailbheach an òil ;
Chuir an sagart so comain air Alba,
Ged dhiult e 's a charbhas 'dhi feòil.
Buaidh le *Matthew* an laoch, etc.

Gur fhada 'bhios cuimhn' agus luaidh, air
A bhall sin deth, Ruairidh [1] nan glonn ;
A theann ris 's na h-eileanaibh tuathach,
'S a sgaoil *e* gu buadhach 'n ar fonn ;

[1] Mr Ruairidh Macleoid, ministear an t-soisgeil, 'an Ceann-loch-Sniosart 's an Eilean Sgiathanach.

Is dileas 's is gaisgeil an fhianuis
E, ged a bha iarmad gun cheill ;
A feuchainn ri 'sgaradh o 'n fhion-lios,
Mar mheangan de chrionuich gun fheum.
Buaidh le Ruairidh mo ghaoil, etc.

An fear a ghabh aisling neo-bhrioghar,
Nach bi e ga h-innseadh gach là ;
Ach e-san ghabh focal na firinn,
Sior sheasadh e dileas do ghnà ;
Ciod è, an droch mholl do na chruinneachd ?
No ciod e, an cruinneachd do 'n mholl ?
'N teid daoine glan stuama 'nan cuideachd,
Is daoraich gan luidreadh 's a pholl ?

Cha teid : oir gu deimhinn is lèir dhuinn,
An caochla 'th air beusaibh an t-slòigh
O'n thuig iad da rìreadh gu 'm b' fheumail,
'Bhi diteadh 's a seunadh na pòit ;
Na misgearan mosach le athadh
Cha tog, air an latha, an sùil :
Mu 's fheudar gu 'n caisg iad am pathadh,
'S ann dh' éigheas iad searrag do chùil.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Mo thruaighe ! air-son luchd nan taigh-osda,
Tha cusbair an dochuis 'dol eug
Cha'n ioghna iad 'chasadh an sròn rinn,
'S bhi 'g aithris droch sgleò oirnn 'us bhreug—
O 'n thachair do chomunn na Stuamachd,
Bhi seòladh an t-sluaigh air deagh cheum ;
Chaill moran diubh "dochas am buannachd."
'S cha 'n fhaigh iad na dh' fnuasglas am feum.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

AN II. CUID.

O ! c'ait a bheil obair cho suarach,
Ri suidhidh mu 'n cuairt air a bhòrd !
An conaltradh dana ri tuaileas,
Ri brionnal mi-chuannta ag òl ;
Co-fharpais gun tlachd agus buaireas
Mu dheireadh a' bualadh nan dorn ;
'S a mionnachadh, 'chaoidh nach duin-uasal :
An siachair nach sguab léis a chorn ?
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Fear rùchdail an leth-oir na luatha,
Fear eile 'na shuacan air stòl—
Fear 'brùchdail 's a sgeitheadh mu 'n chuaiche.
'S fear eile 'toirt fuaim air a cheòl ;
An namhaid gu ailghios ri lua'ghair,
Cha 'n iarr e ceol-cluaise ni 's fhearr ;
'M feadh dh'fhanas an cogaisean suaimhneach,
Oir tha iad gu luath a dol cearr.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

'S a mhaduinn an àm dhoibh sud dùsgadh,
'S neo-aoidheil an gnuis 'us am fiamh ;
Iad anshocrach, acaineach, ciùrta
Trom, airsneulach, bruite nan cliabh;
Cha chluinnear o'n slugan ach càrsan,
Oir theirig an tàbhachd 's an cli ;
Cha ghabh 'us cha'n fhulling biadh làidir
Cha fhreagair d' an càileachd ach *tea.*
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Nach anabarrach meallta am bruadar,
Bha 'n eanchainnibh luaineach nan Gàel ;
'N uair mheas iad an carraid 's an tuasaid
'An cuideachaibh truaillidh nam bàl.
Mar ghaisge, mar urram, 's mar chruadal,
Bha dhoibhsan tur dhualach 's an strì ;
Nach ioghna' nach tuigeadh na truaighain,
Ciod e chuir an t-uabhar 'nan crì.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Ach 'nis bheir an Comunn so buaidh orr',
'Us treigidh am fuath 'us am fraoch ;
Cha 'n fhaicear tuill' eabar mu ghuaillibh,
No sgrioba mu ghruaidhibh nan laoch ;
Cha bhi *fear-na-toiseachd* an uachdar,
A' cur nan daoin' uaillse fo shàil ;
Bi'dh iadsan gu ceannalta, suairce,
'Us paidhidh an tuath dhoibh na màil.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Cha 'n fhaicear fir chòire na stuaime,
Ni 's mò aig luchd druaibe an sàs ;
Mu 's èiginn gu'n iarr iad 'bheag uatha,
Leo iocar a luach dhoibh gun dàil ;

Dh' fhalbh cosnadh nan earraide crosda,
'Bha fiaradh, le brosgal 'an ròd ;
Chaill iadsan an greim bh' ac de 'n cusbair,
'S cha chluinnear an gusgal 's a mhòd.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Ach sibhse 'chuir Comunn na Stuamachd,
An aidbheil caoin-shuarach, 's an nòs ;
Tha mise 'g radh ribh anns an uair so,
Gu bheil sibh 'na 'r truaillidheachd fòs ;
Cha dan 'us cha nàr leam 'bhi 'g ìnnseadh
Gu 'n tug sibh do fhìreantachd fuath ;
Oir dearbhar gu beachdaidh o 'n fhìrinn
'Ur cleachdaidh 's 'ur h-inntinn 'bhi tual.
Buaidh le Comunn, etc.

Nach soilleir ri leughadh 's a Bhiobul,
'S na briathraibh a sgrìobhadh le Pòl ;
Nach sealbhaich luchd-misg' agus mì-ghniomh,
'Chaoidh cuibhrinn an rioghachd na glòir !
Gur ann a tha 'n an'ma fo 'n dìteadh,
'S gu 'm bi iad gu dillinn 'an truaigh !
'S nach 'eil aig an corpaibh do shiochaint,
Ach fhad 's 'bhios iad sinnte 's an uaigh !

'S truagh gum bitheadh clann-daoin,
Struigheadh an an'ma 's am maoin !
Nach neartaicheadh lamhan a' Chomuinn,
'S gu'n cuireadh droch obair cho faoin !

Nach treigeadh os-aird 'us os-iosal,
Na dòigheana millteach gun àgh !
Bha measail na latha aig *Dives*,
'S a threoraich na milte gu cràdh !
Nach aonadh ri Comunn nam fìrean,
'S an spiorad 's am fìrinn, ri 'n ceann ;
An caraid tha tairis 'us dileas,
'S gu suthainn nach diobair am fann ;

Ios an Slanuighear caomh,
Cia mor a ghradhaich an saogh'l,
'Nuair thainig e 'shaoradh a phobuill ?
'S a dhaingneachadh Comuinn nan Naomh.

chaidh e-fhein, 's

COMH-CHRUINNEAC

ANN A

A' boillsgeadh gu
Le àilleachd na m
Tha 'choisridh le '
Air fann-ghaoth a
Tha ard-bheann 'u
Gach tulach, gach
Nochdadh furain '
'S mac-talla gu siu

'S ro aoibhneach a
Là' àluinn cian-ain
Tha Ban-righ *Vict*
Air astar le h-Ailb
Beannachd ga d' le
Gach sòlas, 's gach
Tha togradh nam
'Chàraid rioghail a'

Athall mo ghràidh,
Craobh-sgaoilidh d
Gu dìlinn bi'dh lua
'S co-chruinneach' r
Le annsachd tha cl
Am balachan na ml

Tha uil' ghreadhnachas nàduir, 's uile shuaicheantas àrd-thìr,
Air àrd-ghleus gu h-àghmor, 's a phiob'reachd a' séid ;
Tha 'n luath-ghair a' meudach 's an ait-iollach ag éiridh—
Tha bhan-rìgh 's an astar 'an càrbad nan steud.

Failt' air na laoich—mìle failte 'us buaidh dhoibh,
'Tha teachd le Gleann-Libheann o gharbhlach nam beann,
Le targaid 'us claidheamh 'us cath-thuath Lochabar,
'S an snasadh mar eilid a' frith-leum 's a ghleann
Tha gaisgich Shrath-Mairidh, Shrath-Teimheil, 's Bhraigh-Athall,
Shrath-Arduil, Shrath-Tadha, Thulaich-mhaite 's Dhail-chàrn,
Gu deas uidheamaicht,' òrdail, 'glacadh geur air' na còdhail—
'S an t-ard-fhlath Dùn-blathain, 's Clann-Fhionnlaidh Bhraigh-mhàr.

Tha' Bhan-righ am fagus, 'nis séid suas an ealaidh,
Feuch bratach nam buadh air an ard-thùr a' snàmh :
Tha 'sùilean a' glacadh cuairt àluinn Dhùn-Chaillinn,
'S na gunnacha' mòra 'toirt sanas do 'n bhlàr ;
Cluinn an toirm-ghair ag éiridh, o ghillean an fhéilidh,
'S an iolach a meudach' air astar a chomhnàrd,
Tha *Victoria* 'us *Ailbeart* fo thearmann na Gàëltachd—
Buaidh chaithream gu suthainn, ò hi, ho rò ! !

'S flathail ged 's tlà, 's rioghail ged 's caoimhneil,
An ard-shuil 'tha dearcadh air trom-shreath nan laoch,
'S e ceud phears' na cruinne, is aobhar gach urram
Tha measadh fior dhìlseachd fir Athall da taobh ;
Cha do sheas riamh air àirich, 'thug barrachd a bhlàr orra
Cruaidh, calma, deas, innealt, gun amhluadh, 's gun ghò ;
'S baideal dionaidh an tràs iad do Bhan-righ na Gàëltachd—
Sliochd an sinnseir a mach biodh buaidh aig na seòid.

Tha 'm pàilliunn gu reachdmhòr measg boidhchid an réidhlein,
A' dealradh le seudan, 's tha chuirm air a sgaoil' ;
Tha ard ainm ar tir-bhreth, le fialachd 'Ghlinn-Libheann,
A' nochdadh gur rioghail tuath ghlinn an fhraoich ;
Tha 'n itheanaich is prìseil, 's gach lios-mheas is mìlse,
Us beò-dhibhe na fionain a' cuartach a bhùird—
'S an t-ard-fhlath an Ceannard, aig deas làimh na Ban-righ,
'S a chéile a' Bhan-mhorair 's am Prionnsa dhi dlùth.

Tha Bhan-righ a' fagail—beannachd nan Gàël le',
A cùis-sa 's i 'n cuis-sa cò theireadh no dh' fheud ;
Soraidh 's an àm le, 'us soraidh do dh' Ailbeart,
Am Freasdal g' an dionadh o dhochann 's o bheud—

'S o 'n tha iad air falbh uainn, air chuairt do Bhraid-Albann,
Tha Athall le fiughar beachd leanailt an cùrs'—
Cha di-chuimhnichear chaoidh leinn, dealas, giùlan, 'us caoimhneas,
Victoria 'us *Ailbeart* ar 'n annsachd, 's ar dùil.

Deoch-slàinte na Ban-righ 's a céile am Prionnsa
Sguab ás e, gach fior Ghàël le sodan 'us sunnt ;
Deoch-slàinte Ghlinn-Lìbheann, ard cheannard fir Athall,
'S a Bhan-mhorair àluinn—ni 's fhearra gu gbrunnd ;
Agus òlamaid uile, Faschoille 'us Urrard,
Bail'-na-Cille, 's an Tulaich, Ceanndrogan, 'us Leòid—
'Us òlamaid le fathrum, am fior ghaisgeach an Doire ;
Deoch-slàinte an fhreiceadain, ò hì, hò rò !

DONNACHA MAC-GILLEADHAIN.

Bha an t-ùghdar deas-dhànach so, na mhinistear diadhaidh, saothrachail, anns an Eaglais Shaoir 'an Gleann-Urchaidh ré cheithir bliadhna deug air fhichead. Chaochail e air an sèathamh latha fichead de *December*, 1871, 'nuair a bha e a dh' aois sé bliadhna deug 'us tri fichead. Bha Mr Mac-Gilleadhain fo 'n ainm "Fior Ghàël" na charaid dileas, deallasach, do 'n "Teachdaire Gàëlach" fad a reis ghoirrid. Tha 'n t-òran maiseach a leanas, a nochdadh "Aoibhneas a Bhròin," a mhosguil ann an cridhe an ùghdair air dha dearcadh air maisealachd tìr a bhreth 'us oige—agus theirear rium, gur ro-ainmig a chithear sealladh, a bheir barrachd air cruth 'us àilleachd na duthcha sin.

SEALLADH O MHULLACH SHROIN-A'-CHLACHAIN AIG CILLFHINN.

Le Donnacha Mac-Gilleadhain.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
Air mullach an aonaich,
Gun duine a' m' chuideachd—
Gu buileach a' m' aonar—
Tha smaointeanan iomadh
Air m' anam ag aomadh,
'Bha fada na 'n cadal ;
Ach innseam an t-aobhar.

Tha mo shuil air Loch-Tadha,
'S gach faileas is bòidhche
A chi mi na broilleach
Mur chaoin uchd caomh òighe ;

Mar leanabh na chadal
'Am maduinn na h-òige,
A ghaoth buin gu caomh ris
Mu 'n caochail a gloirmhais'.

Tha 'n sealladh 'tha 'sgaoil'
Air gach taobh agus laimh dhiom
Làn maise mar 'b' abhaist,
'S gnuis naduir gun sgraing oirr' ;
Na coilltean cho ùrar
'S luchd-ciùil air gach crann diùbh,
Le 'n ceileirean siùbhlach—
Mo rùn-sa gach ám iad !

Tha Dochard 'na dheannaibh,
A' teannadh ri Lòchaidh,
An coinneamh a chéile,
Bean bheusach chiuin chòmhnard ;
'S 'n uair thig i 'na ghlacaibh
'S a naisgear iad còmhladh,
Grad thréigidh a bhuirb' e
'Us striochdaidh a mhòrchuis.

Is maiseach an sealladh
Gleann-Dochard 's Gleann-Lòchaidh,
Le 'n lùban, le 'n glacan,
Le 'n leacain,' le 'n còmhnaird—
Le 'n sruthanan suibhlach,
Le dùsluinnean boidheach,
'S an cluinnear an smudan,
Am brùdhearg, 's an smeòrach—

Tha iadsan gun chaochladh
'S an aogasg a b'àbhaist ;
Ach c'ait 'eil a chuideachd
A chleachd a bhi 'tâmh annt' ?
Tha cuid fo na leacan,
'S a chadal 'tha sàmhach—
A' chuid is ro phailt'
Air an sgapadh 's gach àite !

C'ait 'eil a bhuidheann,
Bha mireagach, luaineach,
Ag iasgach nan sruthan
'S a tathaich am bruachan,

'Ni
De '
Bhi

Tha
A' di
'Na
Réir
Ach
A dh
'Us c
C'ait

Chi m
Gun n
Ach c'
A dhu
Tha 'n
Ach c'
Bha cn
'S bha

'Us chi
Air lom
Ach c'a
'Ga dun
C'ait an
A choisi
'S e frea
" Is bea

Tha comunn mo ghràidh
A bu bhlàth leam 's bu taitneach,
'S na dh' fhàgadh 'n an craobhan
Le aois air an seacadh.

Gu h-iosal mu 'm choinneamh
'N am folach 's an dusluinn
Am fochair a cheile
Tha 'n Caisteal* 's a chruislinn;
Tha easan 'na làraich
Na àros do 'n eunlaith,
'S ni 'm faicear ann lamh gheal
'Ni clàrsach a dhusgadh.

Threig a mhais' e gu sìorruidh,
O 'n thrial iad na h-àrmuin,
'Tha balbh agus tosdach
Na fhochair 'us lamh ris;
Sgal sionnsair cha dùisg iad
Mur bu dùgh 'us a b'abhaist;
Is cadal am feasd doibh
Gus an tig là a bhràth orr'.

Bha iad innleachdach, teòma,
'Us gaolach air beairteas—
'Ga thorradh ri chéile
Le eucoir no ceartas;
Ach faic mar a dh' eirich,
An tréine 's an tapadh
Do 'n aog b' eiginn géilleadh,
Iad fhein us an gaisgich!

Tha Cinnealla nan leòmhan
'S Acha-mhòr mar a bha iad,
Ach thriall na fir mhòra
Rinn còmhnuidh 'us tamh annt',
Chrion na stuic, shearg na fiùrain
Bha ùrar 'us làsor;
Tha 'choill air a rùsgadh
'S na fiùthaidh air basachd'?

'S iomadh mùgh agus caochladh
'Chi 'n aois nach bu mhian leath,
Bheir deòir o na sùilean
'S a dhùisgeas trom iarguin;

* Fionnlarig.

Leac-a
'Us sn
'S i fh
Le lot

Mìle s
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'S do r
Do bh
Gach r
Tìr na
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'Nis sl
Mu 'm
'Us slà
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Slàn le
'S Bein
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'S am b

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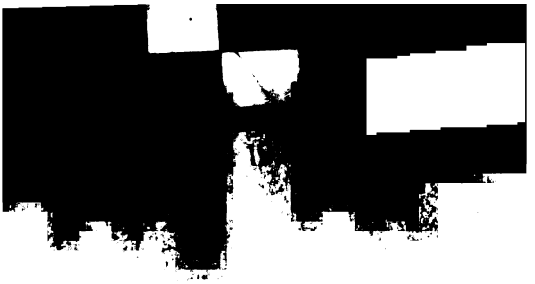
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